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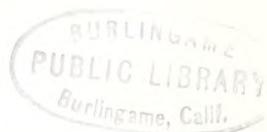
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INDEX

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INDEX

VOLUME 225 • JULY 1962 . . . DECEMBER 1962

Actual titles are in quotations; subject matter in capital type.

AFRICA

"East Africa: Birth Pangs of Independence," Sept. 55

AFTER HOURS

"Americans Transplanted," Aug. 22
"Channel 13 in Biz," Sept. 26
"Dining West of the Hudson," Oct. 30
"Dust Jacket, Case of the Fraudulent," Nov. 24
"FM Station That Could, The Little," Dec. 24
Heffner, Richard, of Channel 13, Sept. 26
"Montages," Oct. 33
Museum in Britain, American, Aug. 22
"Seattle Will Never Be the Same," July 20
"Soft Buy, The," July 25

AIR LINE PILOTS' UNION, Sept. 50
Allen, T.D.—Living with Your Husband's Coronary, Sept. 92

AMERICAN FEMALE SUPPLEMENT—Oct., pp. 117-180

Bettelheim, Bruno — Growing Up Female, 120
"Decline and Fall of Fashion" — Ann St. Code, 135
Decter, Midge — The Young Divorcee, 166
Dickey, William — Renting, 172
"Divorcee, The Young" — Midge Decter, 166
"Education for Women, Second Chance" — Esther Raushenbush, 147
"Fashion, Decline and Fall of," 135
"Female, Growing Up" — Bruno Bettelheim, 120
Fillers, pp. 123, 132, 136, 149, 151
"Foreword" — The Editors, 117
"Growing Up Female" — Bruno Bettelheim, 120
"Honeychile at the Barricades" — Florence B. Robin, 173
"How to Make Friends with Women" — David Yellin, 164
Illustrations — N.M. Bodecker, 180; Bernarda Bryson, 118, 119; Robert Cato, 175; Tom Keogh, 135; Norma-Jean Koplin, 120; Joseph Papin, 166; Mozelle Thompson, 154; Tomi Ungerer, 143
Marriage and Sex in Sweden, 178
Marshall, Paule — Reena, 154
"Mother and Jack and the Rain" — Anne Sexton, 153
"Nobody Here But Us Pompadours" — Marion K. Sanders, 141

Raushenbush, Esther — Second Chance: New Education for Women, 147

"Reena" — Paule Marshall, 154
"Renting" — William Dickey, 172
Robin, Florence B. — Honeychile at the Barricades, 173
St. Code, Ann — The Decline and Fall of Fashion, 135
Sanders, Marion K. — Nobody Here but Us Pompadours, 141
"Second Chance: New Education for Women" — Esther Raushenbush, 147

Sex and Marriage in Sweden, 178
Sexton, Anne — Mother and Jack and the Rain, 153

Sexton, Patricia Cayo — Speaking for the Working-Class Wife, 129
Southern Woman Today, 173
"Speaking for the Working-Class Wife" — Patricia Cayo Sexton, 129

"Swedes Do It Better, The" — Richard F. Tomasson, 178
"Thread" — Florence Trefethen, 177

Tomasson, Richard F. — The Swedes Do It Better, 178
Trefethen, Florence — Thread, 177

"Women, How to Make Friends with" — David Yellin, 164
"Working-Class Wife, Speaking for" — Patricia Cayo Sexton, 129
Yellin, David — How to Make Friends with Women, 164
"Young Divorcee, The" — Midge Decter, 166

"AMERICAN ROYAL PERSONAGE, AN" — Elizabeth Hardwick, July 86
Andrews, F. Emerson — Bounty from Beyond, Aug. 65

"ANIMALS' BEST FRIEND: THAT MRS. STEVENS," July 77

ANTHROPOLOGY

"New Findings on the Origin of Races," Dec. 66

ARCTIC, THE

July 59

ARMY ACADEMY — WEST POINT, Dec. 51

ART

Painting, Mexican Mural, Aug. 45
Review of Art Books, Dec. 100

Auerbach, Arnold M. — The Day Rembrandt Went Public, July 35

AUTOMOBILES

"Car Snobs, Commuters and Chaos," July 53

"BAFFIN ISLAND, NOTES FROM" — Mary Jean Kempner, July 59

Baker, Frank — When I Make Scones, Dec. 96

"BAPTIST INTELLECTUAL'S VIEW OF CATHOLICISM" — Harvey Cox, Dec. 44

Beard, James A. — Life at Its Best, Nov. 79

BELL, DAVID, AND HIS BUDGETERS, July 45

BEQUESTS TO CHARITY, Aug. 65

Bettelheim, Bruno — Growing Up Female, Oct. 120

BOOK REVIEW COLUMNS — See under Books, *Books in Brief*, *New Books*

BOOKS

"American Establishment, The," Aug. 51

"Art Books, 1961-1962," Dec. 100

"Blossoms in the Dust," Dec. 22

"Textbooks, The Trouble with," July 65

"BOOKS IN BRIEF" — Katherine Gauss Jackson, July 92; Aug. 97; Sept. 106; Dec. 116

Booth, Philip — Forecast, Dec. 94

"BORED AND THE VIOLENT, THE" — Arthur Miller, Nov. 50

Boroff, David — West Point, Dec. 51

"BOUNTY FROM BEYOND" — F. Emerson Andrews, Aug. 65

Bowers, Faubion — That Mrs. Stevens, July 77

"BREATH OF LIFE MACHINE, THE" — C. Harcourt Kitchin, Nov. 73

"BRITISH CLUBS, THE MYSTIQUE OF" — Anthony Sampson, Nov. 40

"BUCKLEY INTO THE ESTABLISHMENT, SHALL WE LET" — Richard H. Rovere, Sept. 40

Buckley, William F. — The Genteel Nightmare of Richard Rovere, Oct. 51

BUDGET, BUREAU OF THE, July 45

BUSINESS AND ECONOMICS

"Fashion, Decline and Fall of," Oct. 135

"Finance Company, Your Friend," Oct. 75

Labor and Industry, See also

Butler, Bill — October Song, Oct. 51

Callahan, Daniel — A Catholic Looks at Protestantism, Nov. 33

"CAR SNOBS, COMMUTERS AND CHAOS" — C.W. Griffin, Jr., July 53

"CASE OF THE FRAUDULENT DUST JACKET" — Joachim Remak, Nov. 24

"CATHOLIC LOOKS AT PROTESTANTISM, A" — Daniel Callahan, Nov. 33

Morgan, Thomas B. — Elia Kazan's Great Expectations, Sept. 66
Morris, Willie — Texas Politics in Turmoil, Sept. 76
"MOTHER AND THE GENERAL" — Hermine I. Popper, Aug. 56
"MUSCLEMEN AND DREAMERS" — Benjamin DeMott, Oct. 90
MUSEUM IN BRITAIN, AN AMERICAN, Aug. 22

MUSIC

"Chorus-Crasher, Memoirs of a," Nov. 57
Electronic Music, Oct. 49
Engineering Techniques in Record Making, Oct. 33
"Jazz Notes," July 96; Aug. 101; Sept. 112; Oct. 114; Nov. 124; Dec. 124
"Music in the Round," July 95; Aug. 100; Sept. 110; Oct. 110; Nov. 119; Dec. 121

"MUSIC IN THE ROUND" — Discus, July 95; Aug. 100; Sept. 110; Oct. 110; Nov. 119; Dec. 121
"MYSTIQUE OF BRITISH CLUBS, THE" — Anthony Sampson, Nov. 40
NAIR, KUSUM, Dec. 22

NEGRO

"Negro and the Enlisted Man," Oct. 16
"Negro Needs Most, What the," July 12

"NEGRO AND THE ENLISTED MAN: AN ANALOGY" — Douglas Scott, Oct. 16

"NEGRO NEEDS MOST, WHAT THE: A FIRST-CLASS CITIZENS COUNCIL" — John Fischer, July 12

NEW BOOKS, THE

"American Royal Personage, An" — Elizabeth Hardwick, July 86
"Art Books, 1961-1962" — Leo Steinberg, Dec. 100
"Books in Brief" — Katherine Gauss Jackson, July 92; Aug. 97; Sept. 106; Dec. 116
"Breakup of the Tribe" — Paul Pickrel, Sept. 98
"Changes That Time Brings, The" — Paul Pickrel, Aug. 91
"China, Some Current Books on" — Philip Alden Kuhn, Nov. 114
"Frost, Williams & Company" — Stanley Kunitz, Oct. 100
"Musclemen and Dreamers" — Benjamin DeMott, Oct. 90
"Sun and the City" — Paul Pickrel, Nov. 98

"NEW FINDINGS ON THE ORIGIN OF RACES" — Carleton S. Coon, Dec. 66

NEW GUINEA, MURDER OF A CHILD IN, Oct. 53

"NEW WEAPON TO GET BETTER TV" — Bernard B. Smith, July 27
NEWSPAPERS, INDICTMENT OF AMERICAN, Dec. 85

"NOBODY HERE BUT US POMPADOURS" — Marion K. Sanders, Oct. 141

"NOT QUITE POSTHUMOUS LETTER TO MY DAUGHTER" — Caitlin Thomas, Aug. 27

"NOTES FROM BAFFIN ISLAND" — Mary Jean Kempner, July 59

"NO-WIN POLICY IN THE KREMLIN, THE" — John Fischer, Nov. 16

"OHIO'S UNPREDICTABLE VOTERS" — John H. Fenton, Oct. 61
Oleson, Helmer O. — Statement of the Defendant at Police Line-Up, Nov. 31

"ON MAGNANIMITY" — Charles P. Snow, July 37
OREGON COAST, SUMMER EATING ON THE, Nov. 79
Orozco, Jose Clemente — An Eruption of Paint, Aug. 45
Ostroff, Anthony — The Hemingway Influence, Nov. 93
"OTHER ROOM, THE" — James Thurber, July 72
"PAINT, AN ERUPTION OF" — Jose Clemente Orozco, Aug. 45
"PALOMIA, SATURDAY BELONGS TO THE" — Daniel Garza, July 42
PARALYSIS VICTIMS, ELECTRONIC DEVICE FOR, Nov. 73
"PEER THE TRAPER" — Garfield Scrog, Oct. 79

PEOPLE

Baumann, Dr. Edward, TV Broadcaster, Dec. 21
Bell, David, Bureau of the Budget, July 45
Brandt, Willy, German Chancellor, Oct. 66
Buckley, William F., Conservative, Sept. 40
Bundy, McGeorge, White House Staff, Dec. 31
Castleberry, John W., Alabama Philanthropist, Dec. 16
DeGaulle, General Charles, Aug. 74
DiSalle, Michael V., Governor of Ohio, Oct. 61
Doring, Wolfgang, German Leader, Oct. 66
Dubinsky, David, Union Leader, Dec. 75
Dufhues, Josef Herman, German Leader, Oct. 66
Dugan, Ralph, White House Staff, Dec. 30
Heffner, Richard, Channel 13, Sept. 26
Kazan, Elia, Actor and Director, Sept. 66
Lausche, Frank J., Ohio Senator, Oct. 61
McDonnell, Father, Priest, Aug. 80
McPherson, Ray, Texas Banker, Dec. 16
Nair, Mrs. Kusum, Indian author, Dec. 22
Nyerere, Julius, Prime Minister of Tanganyika, Sept. 55
O'Brien, Lawrence, White House Staff, Dec. 32
O'Donnell, Kenneth, White House Staff, Dec. 30
Rock, Howard, Alaskan editor, Dec. 16
Salinger, J.D., Writer, Oct. 46
Salinger, Pierre, White House Staff, Dec. 32
Schlesinger, Arthur, Jr., White House Staff, Dec. 30
Schroder, Gerhard, German Foreign Minister, Oct. 66
Sorenson, Theodore C., White House Staff, Dec. 31
Stevens, Mrs. Christine, Animal lover, July 77
Strauss, Franz-Josef, German Defense Minister, Oct. 66
Taylor, General Maxwell, White House Staff, Dec. 33
Van Sinderen, Henry B., Community leader, Dec. 21
Wilson, Edmund, Writer, July 86
Yamasaki, Minoru, Architect, July 21
Perenyi, Eleanor — A Thoroughly Highbrow Cruise, Dec. 37

PICKREL, Paul — The Changes That Time Brings, Aug. 91; Breakup of the Tribe, Sept. 98; Sun and the City, Nov. 98
"PIANISTS, GENERATIONS OF" — Discus, Oct. 110
Plath, Sylvia — Private Ground, Aug. 55; Leaving Early, Dec. 82
POETRY, REVIEW OF THE YEAR'S BOOKS OF, Oct. 100

POETRY

"Animals Poems" — Pati Hill, Sept. 88
"Cop-Shooting: On a News Photograph" — Alan Dugan, Aug. 16
"Die Neuen Heiligen" — John Updike, Aug. 44
"Faithful Reader" — John Holmes, July 81
"Forecast" — Philip Booth, Dec. 94
"Fragments of Family Life" — Ellen Douglas, Nov. 76
"Leaving Early" — Sylvia Plath, Dec. 82
"Love of Dying, For the" — Malcolm Lowry, Sept. 38
"Many Happy Returns" — Laurence Lerner, July 48
"Mother and Jack and the Rain" — Anne Sexton, Oct. 153
"October Song (for Roy Davidson)" — Bill Butler, Oct. 51
"Private Ground" — Sylvia Plath, Aug. 55
"Renting" — William Dickey, Oct. 172
"Statement of the Defendant at Police Line-up" — Helmer O. Oleson, Nov. 31
"Temptation, The" — Walter Kaufmann, Sept. 95
"They Tell Me" — Eugeny Evtushenko, Nov. 68
"Thread" — Florence Trefethen, Oct. 177

POLITICS, See under Government

Popper, Hermine — Mother and the General, Aug. 56

"PRESS, THE REAL SINS OF THE" — Lester Markel, Dec. 85

"PRIEST, THE" — James E. Foster, Aug. 80

PRINTERS' UNION, FEATHERBEDDING IN, Sept. 47

"PRISONS, AN EX-CONVICT'S SCHEME FOR MORE PRACTICAL" — Hal Hollister, Aug. 14

Pritchett, V.S. — The Speech, Dec. 60

"PROTESTANTISM, A CATHOLIC LOOKS AT" — Daniel Callahan, Nov. 33

PUBLIC & PERSONAL — William S. White
"Farewell and Hail," July 84

"RACE TO CREATE LIFE, THE" — Leonard Engel, Oct. 39

RACE RELATIONS

"Negro and the Enlisted Man," Oct. 16
"Negro Needs Most, What the," July 12
"Saturday Belongs to the Palomia," July 42

"RACES, NEW FINDINGS ON THE ORIGIN OF" — Carleton S. Coon, Dec. 66

RADIO

WYFS FM Station, Dec. 24

Rauschenbush, Esther — Second Chance: New Education for Women, Oct. 147

"REAL SINS OF THE PRESS" — Lester Markel, Dec. 85

RECORD REVIEWS

- "Jazz Notes," July 96; Aug. 101;
Sept. 112; Oct. 114; Nov. 124;
Dec. 124
"Montages," Oct. 33
"Music in the Round," July 95;
Aug. 100; Sept. 110; Oct. 110;
Nov. 119; Dec. 116

"Reena" — Paule Marshall, Oct. 154

RELIGION

- "Baptist Intellectual's View of Catholicism," Dec. 44
"Catholic Looks at Protestantism, A," Nov. 33
"Priest, The," Aug. 80

Remak, Joachim — The Case of the Fraudulent Dust Jacket, Nov. 24

"REMBRANDT WENT PUBLIC, THE DAY" — Arnold M. Auerbach, July 35

REPUBLICAN PARTY IN TEXAS, Sept. 76

"RISING LEADERS OF GERMANY, THE" — Joseph Kraft, Oct. 66

Robin, Florence B. — Honeychile at the Barricades, Oct. 173

Roddy, Joseph — Memoirs of a Chorus-Crasher, Nov. 57

Rovere, Richard H. — Shall We Let Buckley into the Establishment?, Sept. 40

"ROVERE, RICHARD H., THE GENTLE NIGHTMARE OF" — William F. Buckley, Aug. 51

Rowen, Hobart — Washington's Unseen Powerhouse; David Bell and His Budgeteers, July 45

"SALINGER'S CLOSED CIRCUIT, J.D." — Mary McCarthy, Oct. 46

Sampson, Anthony — The Mystique of British Clubs, Nov. 40

Sanders, Marion K. — "Nobody Here But Us Pompadours," Oct. 141

"SATURDAY BELONGS TO THE PALOMIA" — Daniel Garza, July 42

"SCHIZOPHRENICS IN THE SUN" — Robert Littell, Sept. 62

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

- "Breath of Life Machine," Nov. 73
"Life, Race to Create," Oct. 39
"Races, New Findings on the Origin of," Dec. 66

"SCONES, WHEN I MAKE" — Frank Baker, Dec. 96

Scott, Douglas — The Negro and the Enlisted Man: An Analogy, Oct. 16

Scrog, Garfield — Peer the Traper, Oct. 79

"SEATTLE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME" — Russell Lynes, July 20

SEATTLE WORLD'S FAIR, July 20

"SECOND CHANCE: NEW EDUCATION FOR WOMEN" — Esther Raushenbush, Oct. 147

SERVICE ACADEMIES

West Point, Dec. 51

SEX AND MARRIAGE IN SWEDEN, Oct. 178

Sexton, Anne — Mother and Jack and the Rain, Oct. 153

Sexton, Patricia Cayo — Speaking for the Working-Class Wife, Oct. 129

"SHALL WE LET BUCKLEY INTO THE ESTABLISHMENT?" — Richard H. Rovere, Sept. 40

Sheehan, Edward R.F. — East Africa... The Birth Pangs of Independence, Sept. 55

Simpson, Howard R. — The Flag Waver, Aug. 84

"SINUS TONES, WITH NUTS AND BOLTS" — Paul Moor, Oct. 49

Smith, Bernard B. — New Weapon to Get Better TV, July 27

Smith, Bradford — The Sometimes Baffling Mind of India, Aug. 60

Snow, C.P. — On Magnanimity, July 37

"SOMETIMES BAFFLING MIND OF INDIA, THE" — Bradford Smith, Aug. 60

"SOUTHERN COLLEGES, UNREPORTED CRISIS IN THE" — C. Vann Woodward, Oct. 82

SOUTHERN WOMAN TODAY, THE, Oct. 173

SOVIET RUSSIA

"No-Win Policy in the Kremlin," Nov. 16

"SPEAKING FOR THE WORKING-CLASS WIFE" — Patricia Cayo Sexton, Oct. 129

"SPEECH, THE" — V.S. Pritchett, Dec. 60

St. Code, Ann — The Decline and Fall of Fashion, Oct. 135

Steinberg, Leo — Art Books 1961-1962, Dec. 100

"STEVENS, THAT MRS" — Faubion Bowers, July 77

"STUPIDITY PROBLEM, THE" — John Fischer, Sept. 14

"SUN AND THE CITY, THE" — Paul Pickrel, Nov. 98

SUPPLEMENT ON THE AMERICAN FEMALE — See under *American Female*

SWEDEN

"Schizophrenics in the Sun," Sept. 62

"Swedes Do It Better, The," Oct. 178

"SWEDES DO IT BETTER, THE" — Richard F. Tomasson, Oct. 178

TANGANYIKA, Sept. 55

TELEPHONE EPISODE, Aug. 34

TELEVISION

Channel 13, Educational TV, Sept. 26

"New Weapon to Get Better TV," July 27

"TERROR IN VIETNAM" — Stanley Millet, Sept. 31

TEXAS

Texas Cotton Pickers, July 42
Texas Politics in Turmoil, Sept. 76

"TEXAS POLITICS IN TURMOIL" — Willie Morris, Sept. 76

"TEXTBOOKS, THE TROUBLE WITH" — Martin Mayer, July 65

"THAT MRS. STEVENS" — Faubion Bowers, July 77

THEATRE

"Kazan's Great Expectations, Elia," Sept. 66

Thomas, Caitlin — Not Quite Posthumous Letter to My Daughter, Aug. 27

"THOROUGHLY HIGHBROW CRUISE, A" — Eleanor Perenyi, Dec. 37

Thurber, James — The Other Room, July 72; The Danger in the House, Sept. 43

Tillett, Lowell R. — The Little FM Station That Could, Dec. 24

Tomasson, Richard F. — The Swedes Do It Better, Oct. 178

"TRANSLATION, THE TROUBLE WITH" — John A. Kouwenhoven, Aug. 38

TRAVEL

Mediterranean Cruise, Dec. 37

Trefethen, Florence — Thread, Oct. 177

"TROUBLE WITH TEXTBOOKS, THE" — Martin Mayer, July 65

"TROUBLE WITH TRANSLATION, THE" — John A. Kouwenhoven, Aug. 38

UNEMPLOYMENT, Sept. 14

UNIONS

International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, Dec. 75

Pilots Union, Sept. 50

Printers Union, Sept. 49

"UNREPORTED CRISIS IN THE SOUTHERN COLLEGES" — C. Vann Woodward, Oct. 82

Updike, John — Die Neuen Heiligen, Aug. 44

"VIETNAM, TERROR IN" — Stanley Millet, Sept. 31

WASHINGTON

"Bell, David, and His Budgeteers," July 45

"Farewell and Hail," July 84

Government and Politics, See also under

"Kennedy's Working Staff," Dec. 29

"WASHINGTON'S UNSEEN POWERHOUSE: David Bell and His Budgeteers" — Hobart Rowen, July 45

"WEST POINT: ANCIENT INCUBATOR FOR A NEW BREED" — David Boroff, Dec. 51

"WHEN I MAKE SCONES" — Frank Baker, Dec. 96

White, William S. — Farewell and Hail, July 84

"WHY I WON'T BE GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT" — Roger Eddy, Nov. 48

WILL, CHARITABLE BEQUESTS AND YOUR, Aug. 65

WILLIAMSBURGH IN MINIATURE IN BRITAIN, Aug. 22

WILSON, EDMUND: AN AMERICAN ROYAL PERSONAGE, July 86

"WOMEN, HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH" — David Yellin, Oct. 164

WOMEN, SUPPLEMENT ON. See under *American Female*

Woodward, C. Vann — Unreported Crisis in the Southern Colleges, Oct. 82

"WORKING-CLASS WIFE, SPEAKING FOR THE" — Patricia Cayo Sexton, Oct. 129

WRITING AND PUBLISHING

"Books in Brief," July 92; Aug. 97; Sept. 106; Dec. 116

"Dust Jacket, Case of the Fraudulent," Nov. 26

"New Books," July 86; Aug. 91; Sept. 98; Oct. 100; Nov. 98; 114; Dec. 100

"Salinger's Closed Circuit, J.D.," Oct. 46

"Translation, The Trouble with," Aug. 38

WYFS RADIO STATION, Dec. 24

Yellin, David — How to Make Friends with Women, Oct. 164

"YOUNG DIVORCEE, THE" — Midge Dector, Oct. 166

Harper's magazine

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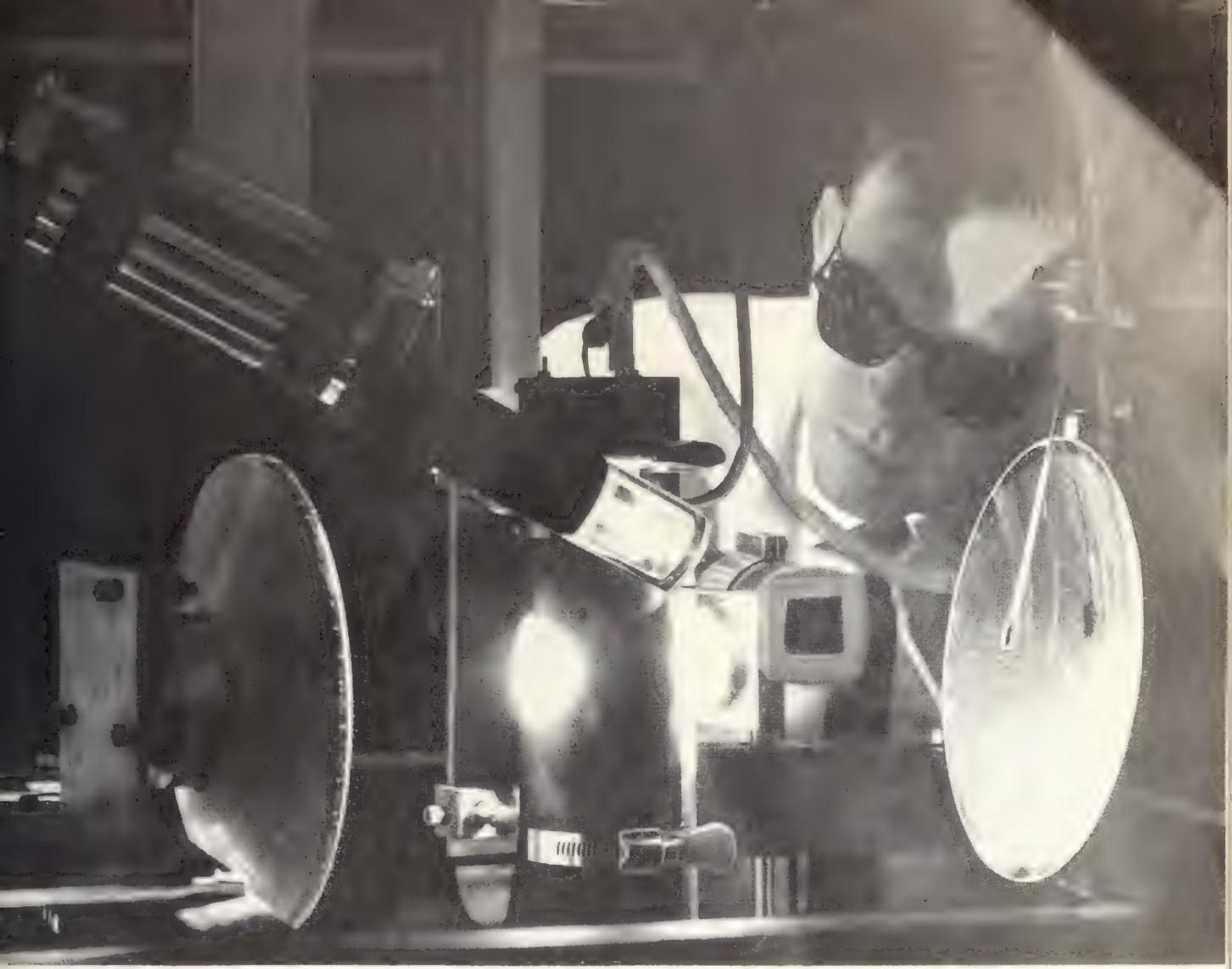
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JULY 1962

ARTICLES

- 27 A New Weapon to Get Better TV, *Bernard B. Smith*
35 The Day Rembrandt Went Public, *Arnold M. Auerbach*
37 On Magnanimity, *C. P. Snow*
42 Saturday Belongs to the Palomia, *Daniel Garza*
45 Washington's Unseen Powerhouse: David Bell and
His Budgeteers, *Hobart Rowen*
53 Car Snobs, Commuters, and Chaos, *C. W. Griffin, Jr.*
59 Notes from Baffin Island, *Mary Jean Kempner*
65 The Trouble with Textbooks, *Martin Mayer*
77 That Mrs. Stevens: The Animals' Best Friend,
Faubion Bowers

FICTION

- 72 The Other Room, *James Thurber*

VERSE

- 48 Many Happy Returns, *Laurette L. Grier*
81 Faithful Reader, *John Holmes*

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Letters
12 The Editor's Easy Chair—WHAT THE NEGRO NEEDS MOST:
A FIRST CLASS CITIZENS' COUNCIL, *John Lewis*
20 After Hours—"SEATTLE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME,"
Russell Lynes
84 Public & Personal—FARFWELL AND HAIL, *William S. White*
86 The New Books, *Elizabeth Hardwick*
92 Books in Brief, *Katherine Gauss Jackson*
95 Music in the Round, *Discus*
96 Jazz Notes, *Eric Larrabee*

ARTISTS: Cover, George Samerjan; 20, 35, N. M. Bodecker;
42, 43, 44, Gil Walker; 50, Charles E. Martin; 53, 56, 1.c., 1.b., 1.b.;
59, Kikshuk, courtesy of Associated American Artists, Inc.;
63, photo by Charles Gimpel; 72, 76, James Thurber

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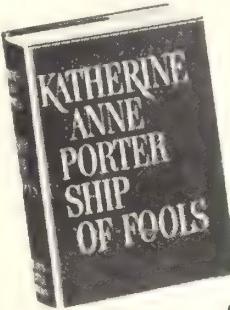


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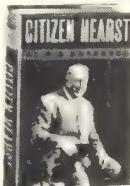
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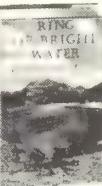
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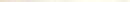
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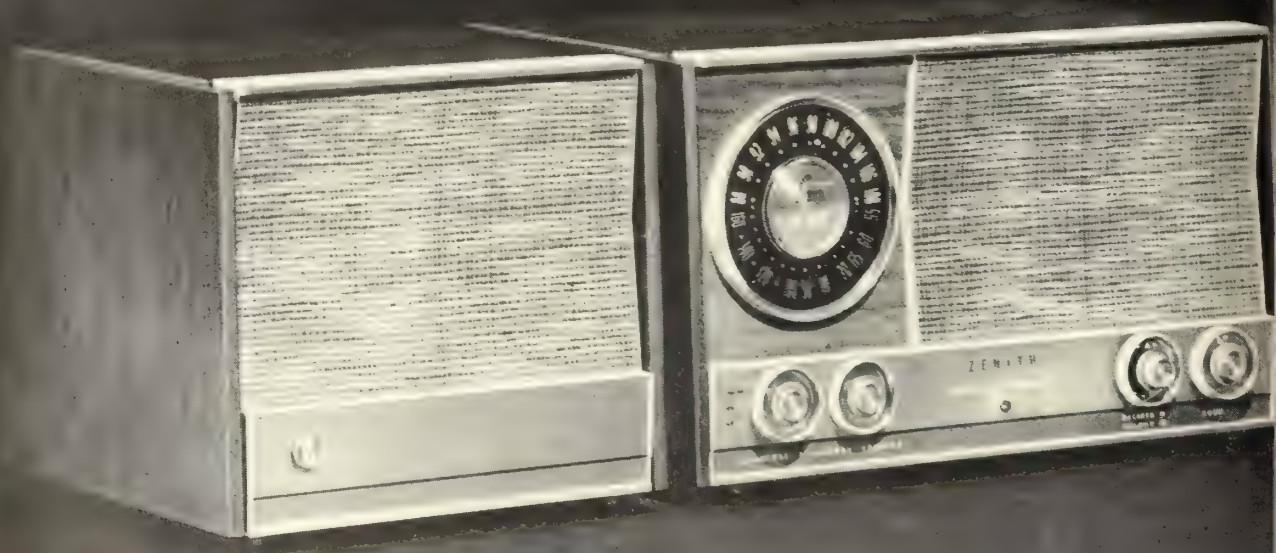
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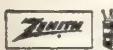
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LETTERS

Dixie's Suppressed Vote

TO THE EDITORS:

The tenor of Louis E. Lomax's article, "The Kennedys Move in on Dixie" [May] gives the impression that the Kennedy Administration has been helping on all fronts to give disenfranchised Negroes the right to vote in the Deep South. In terms of actually getting something positive accomplished, the Administration score is far lower than Mr. Lomax suggests.

A Constitutional amendment eliminating the poll tax, if passed by Congress and ratified by the states, would allow Negro voting only in federal elections. Small victory! Without the right to vote in local elections, Southern Negroes are taxed, governed, and administered justice (so-called) in all local matters without benefit of representation. Further, the Administration's poll-tax amendment does nothing about property-right qualifications, a prime source of abuse. Further still, the Administration has refused to back federal legislation which would give the Department of Justice the power to initiate injunctive actions in all cases involving denials of the equal protection of the laws.

The Justice Department may be as aware of the problem as Mr. Lomax says. Yet it has done nothing to help Negroes who have been accused of "disturbing the peace" and "criminal anarchy." A number of dedicated college students of a young organization called the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee . . . have been threatened, beaten, and even shot at by white supremacists. Several have been jailed on the aforementioned charges, one for fifty-eight days in solitary confinement. There are only two Negro lawyers in Mississippi, both of whom are understandably terribly overworked. No white lawyer has risen in the state to represent these accused students, nor has the Kennedy Administration used its moral suasion to act in their behalf.

President Kennedy's appointment of William Cox to the federal bench in Mississippi is a case in point. Judge Cox, a close friend of Senator Eastland, in the brief year that he has been on the bench has handed down at least two anti-Negro decisions in the very area of Negro voting rights. In the John Hardy case, Judge Cox handed down a notoriously unfair decision involving the right of a Negro to register. Cox was reversed

by the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, in favor of the Negro position. In another instance, Judge Cox saw no injustice in the fact that eighteen whites in Forest County were allowed to register with no tests at all, while Negroes were asked to pass an impossible literacy test. President Kennedy has yet to answer Negro misgivings about the appointment of Judge Cox to this sensitive post.

Were the Administration as deeply devoted to voter registration as Mr. Lomax hopes, it could find many other ways in which it could help. It could have backed effective legislation, supplied rallying leadership, firm moral support, and a better appointment to the federal bench. Judging by the Administration's record thus far, Mr. Lomax may be overly optimistic.

JOHN V. LINDSAY
Member of Congress, N.Y.
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

The article by Mr. Lomax . . . [says], "By early March, [Smith and Trammell] had raised a \$25,000 campaign kitty, some of it from 'private' white audiences who invited them to speak." The facts are, if you will notice in *Jet* magazine (Jan. 25, 1962, p. 21): "Rev. Smith and Rev. Trammell are raising \$10,000-\$25,000 campaign kitties for advertising, headquarters in local areas, and mailing literature." We are still in the process of raising this amount and as of this date we have not raised even one-tenth of [it]. Furthermore, I have not spoken to any private white audiences. . . .

REV. ROBERT L. T. SMITH
Candidate for Congress
Jackson, Miss.

MR. LOMAX REPLIES:

Congressman Lindsay sees fit to comment on what he deems to be the "tenor" of my article rather than the facts set forth by it. . . . I did not say the Administration was moving on "all fronts" to aid disenfranchised Negroes. Rather, I detailed a pincers movement involving the Justice Department and private foundation money. Granted the proposed Constitutional amendment would apply . . . only to federal elections. But this is no "small" victory. It would get rid of Senator James Eastland. If the Kennedy Administration did no more than that, Negroes would call his name blessed for generations. Granted Negro students have been abused while attempting to register Negroes in Mississippi and Alabama. But this has nothing to do with the pincers movement of which I wrote. There is a ques-

tion of federal jurisdiction involved and Mr. Lindsay could delight us all by inspiring his party (the GOP) to take the lead in sponsoring legislation giving the Justice Department the right to enter such cases.

I didn't like the appointment of Judge Cox any more than Mr. Lindsay did. Reportedly we got Thurgood Marshall in the exchange and that seems to be the way of politics. But what did the Republican Administration do in the same area of appointments? Obviously very little. Even though . . . after introducing the literacy bill the Administration did not go all out for it . . . not one of the top leaders of Mr. Lindsay's party worked up a sweat about it either. Mr. Eisenhower said nothing; Messrs. Nixon and Rockefeller said even less. Let Republican Lindsay be not proud.

. . .

I asked one of the Reverend Mr. Smith's campaign leaders about their budget and understood him to say they had reached the quota mentioned by *Jet*. I am sorry to know they are still in need of funds and trust my article did not dry up any of his financial sources. Readers interested in contributing should mail their checks to:

Rev. Robert L. T. Smith
Campaign Committee
1072 Lynch Street, Room 10
Jackson, Mississippi

LOUIS E. LOMAX
New York, N.Y.

We have our share of grimy, self-styled "political leaders" who specialize in getting their candidates large numbers of votes by a very simple device: the Voting Kit. This Kit consists of a paid poll-tax receipt, a sample ballot properly marked, and \$2 to \$5 for the inconvenience. And do these people march to the polls singing hymns and praying and then vote according to their convictions? No sir. They march in and vote exactly as they were told.

Why doesn't the Justice Department investigate this type of situation? What about my civil rights, when after spending weeks worrying about which candidate is best qualified, I find my measly vote blotted out by some clod who doesn't even know what election he is voting in? . . .

D. T. CURREY
Crockett, Tex.

Love's Tarnished Armor

TO THE EDITORS:

I have worked in the role of marriage counselor for some years and am in total agreement with Dr. Ernest van den Haag ["Love or Marriage?" May]. I only wish that these matters could be discussed with youngsters long before they



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Gifts to Candidates

TO THE EDITORS:

Philip M. Stern, in "A Cure for Political Fund-raising" [May], suggests that a tax credit be authorized for small political gifts. . . . I am old enough to remember the time when there was no such thing as Optional Standard Deduction. There was comparatively little moral restriction on such deductions as Charitable Contributions. To this extent, the introduction of the Optional Standard Deduction tended to make honest taxpayers out of dishonest ones.

Please forgive my cynicism if I express the belief that the tax credit for small political gifts will reverse this tendency. What taxpayer, having computed his tax liability, would hesitate to deduct \$10, whether he had made such a political gift or not? Would the Internal Revenue Service disallow a \$10 credit for lack of a receipt (which might legitimately have been lost by the time the return was audited)?

The effect of the tax credit would simply be to extend a reduction in taxes to the small taxpayer. I am all for this, but let us not delude ourselves that the goal hoped for by Mr. Stern would be attained, namely that winning candidates would be less "beholden to a few big contributors" . . .

JACOB GOLDBERG, CPA
Instructor in Accounting
Roosevelt University
Chicago, Ill.

Fate of the Big Magazines

TO THE EDITORS:

Woodrow Wirsig's perceptive article on magazines and their unhappy numbers game ["Will the Big Magazines Kill Each Other?" May] reminds me of a saying that real-estate wheelers and dealers have among themselves: "You can buy a sick dog with a sick cat." . . .

WILL YOLEN
Hill and Knowlton, Inc.
Public Relations Counsel
New York, N.Y.

Thank you for Woodrow Wirsig's interesting, nauseating article on the magazine industry, with its picture of the big magazines trying to be all things to all men, until suddenly nobody cares much any more. . . . *The Saturday Evening Post's* tragedy was that it spent all that time and money revamping its looks, without ever touching its 1920 mind and attitudes. . . . LAURENCE B. JOHNSON
Pitman, N.J.

Woodrow Wirsig did not mention *Sports Illustrated*, a magazine that has broken totally new ground and has definitely established itself as a success, thereby proving one of the points that Mr. Wirsig seemed to be trying to make. For instance, *Sports Illustrated*, still less than eight years old, has more than doubled its initial circulation to more than a million—92 per cent pre-paid subscriptions. . . . *Sports Illustrated* now ranks ninth among all magazines in pages of advertising and will probably move up at least another notch this year.

SIDNEY L. JAMES
Publisher, *Sports Illustrated*
New York, N.Y.

cluding myself) assume this new adult posture when they come out from behind their law books, their patient charts, and their blackboards of calculations? . . . R. HOPKINS HOLMBERG
Minneapolis, Minn.

Blasting the Arctic

TO THE EDITORS:

I am writing to emphasize the validity of "The Disturbing Story of Project Chariot" by Paul Brooks and Joseph Foote [April]. I spent some time in Alaska doing a series of TV reports for the National Educational Television and Radio Center. One of the documentaries was largely based on life at . . . Point Hope, now menaced by the AEC nuclear explosion planned for Cape Thompson a few miles to the south. . . .

If there were any practical reason for the Cape Thompson explosion, we might say that the happiness of three hundred [Eskimo] natives must not count against the necessity of the U.S. Yet, the AEC in its anxiety to blast lacks even practicality as an excuse. A harbor at Thompson would not conceivably open up the Arctic hinterland. Rugged mountainous terrain inland militates against any large-scale exploitation. . . . A natural harbor large enough to take a fleet of ships exists to the south at Teller and Port Clarence on the Seward Peninsula. Ten miles across . . . the Port Clarence Harbor is an entrance to comparatively low ground over which roads going inland could be easily constructed to the interior of the state. That would be a practical North Alaskan harbor. The proposed artificial harbor at Thompson would not. . . .

This is one community we should cherish and allow to live its traditional life. Nor should we uproot it brutally for no good cause except to show our neighbors across the International Date Line that we, also, can make bigger and better nuclear explosions.

JOHN MACVANE
American Broadcasting Company
United Nations
New York, N.Y.

Sinister Serpent?

TO THE EDITORS:

According to my sense of the fitness of things, Alan B. Rothenberg ["Peaceful Coexistence with Rattlesnakes," May] is no more fitted to write on any country thing than a rattlesnake is for occupying a lemon pie slot in a New York automat. His piece makes me realize how restful it is to walk where rattlesnakes inhabit.

J. FRANK DOBIE
Austin, Tex.

Challenge to Youth

TO THE EDITORS:

I want to congratulate Eleanor Foa Dienstag for the clear voice with which she speaks ["The New Adults," May]. What she forgot to mention were those of our generation who are still hidden away in the nation's graduate and professional schools. Will these people (in-

Eating Need Not Be A Problem For Chemists

We dairymen certainly believe there is much that is favorable to be said about the efforts being made to encourage the people of this country to select their foods on the basis of providing a daily diet that is well balanced in terms of good nutrition. However, it seems to us that some people tend to carry this idea to unnecessary extremes.

Judging by some of the more rabid food and drug advertising appearing these days, it would appear that we are all expected to take courses in chemistry, and perhaps physics as well, in order to select what we are supposed to eat.

If present trends continue, we may expect our favorite waitress in the corner restaurant to be asking us if we want our polyunsaturated acids boiled or fried, and in what proportion to amino acids do we want the lipids.

The way things are going, we could expect to hear the waitress holler back to the kitchen something along this line: "Scramble two vials of polyunsaturated acids with half an ounce of triglycerides. Mix in four portions of high grade amino acids, one portion of all purpose vitamin pills, and make it look like a T-bone steak."

It's surely miserable enough to have to read and to hear about medicine when one is ill, but we are still old-fashioned enough to believe that medicine ought to be prescribed by the physicians who have spent years being educated in how to care for the sick. Medicine-prescribing certainly is not a job for food advertisers, and it can certainly prove to be disastrous for people who are really ill. Sick people need the help of doctors of medicine and ought to ignore the pseudo-doctors of bewitching.

There is no good reason why perfectly healthy people should have to be exposed to all these efforts to take the joy out of a good meal. This is especially bad

when so many of the recommendations being made these days are nothing more than the latest fantastic ideas of food faddists and quacks who capitalize on the general public interest in good health in order to make a fast buck. Much of the information being offered to people today is based on research work that is far from conclusive and which certainly provides no firm basis for making general recommendations about what people should be eating or doing.

The time has certainly arrived when we must apply more intelligent appraisal to the kind of information which is being passed along to the public which is eager to learn what should be done to enjoy good health. Health news, in advertising or editorial form, deserves very careful consideration. Misinformation can mislead many people. The mass media, to which so many people look for guidance, have a very important responsibility to check facts.

Food processors and distributors also bear this same measure of responsibility in the kind of information which is presented to the public about foods. It would be most unfortunate if the high level of good health enjoyed by most people in this country today were to be endangered by any more failures on the part of food distributors and the mass media to be factual.

We dairymen pledge ourselves to continue our support of nutrition research which seeks to provide facts, and we further pledge that we will strive to present these facts to the American people.



american dairy association

Voice of the Dairy Farmers in the Market Places of America

20 North Wacker Drive

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This killer isn't dead yet

DDT and vigilance have wiped out malaria in the U.S. But the job won't be finished until we've helped destroy every malaria-carrying mosquito on earth.

The anopheles mosquito is the world's worst economic crippler. It breeds in fertile areas, striking down millions of farmers and robbing the world yearly of billions of man days of productive labor.

By 1952, the United States had conquered malaria. But 200 to 300 million cases still sapped the strength of the rest of the world. We picked up our spray guns and joined over 100 other countries in a drive to eradicate malaria completely, by carrying DDT into

every last hut in Asia, Africa, South America. Olin, a major world supplier of DDT, has been part of this all-out war, the results of which have been startling. In India alone, malaria cases fell from 7.5 million to less than 100,000, with almost no deaths.

There's still a lot of work to be done, but we're getting there. When malaria has been wiped out once and for all, the world will be a more productive place.

And we will all have learned a heartening lesson in international cooperation.



What the Negro Needs Most: A First Class Citizens' Council

By JOHN FISCHER

WHAT follows may sound offensive to a good many Negroes and to some white people. Nevertheless it needs to be said.

This is a proposal for a new Negro organization—a First Class Citizens' Council. Its purpose is the genuine integration of Negroes into the normal stream of American life.

So far the established Negro organizations—the NAACP, the Urban League, CORE, the Southern Regional Council, and all the rest—have made only limited headway toward this goal. With their ingrained patterns of thought and action, they probably can never go much further. Before the Negro community can make its next big forward step, it must find a new kind of leadership, a new type of organization, and a radically different method of attack.

The old organizations have, of course, performed an invaluable service—not only for the Negro, but for all Americans. After two generations of hard fighting, they have finally broken down nearly all the legal barriers which had walled the Negro into a separate world. Much hard fighting is still ahead before desegregation—in schools, jobs, housing, eating places, and public facilities—is finally wiped out; but the decisive battles have been won. At last the law, the full force of the federal government, and the overwhelming weight of public opinion have all come over to the side of racial justice. No matter how stubbornly pockets of resistance in the Deep South (and some Northern cities) may hold out, the result is no longer in question. The rest is a mopping-up operation, like the war in Europe after Bastogne.

So now the American Negro faces an entirely new campaign. It may prove harder than the old one. Certainly it requires different weapons: law suits, sit-ins, and freedom rides—still indispensable in the remaining battles of the old campaign—will not work in the coming one.

For the next inevitable objective is full-scale participation, on easy and equal terms, in the ordinary operations of American society. It will

be won only when the average Negro (not just the brilliant exception) is willingly accepted by the average white (not just the self-conscious "liberal") as a reliable neighbor, a good colleague to have in the office or plant, a welcome addition to the local political club, bowling league, trade association and PTA. This obviously will mean the erosion of a lot of white prejudices; but it also demands some big changes in the habits, character, and ambitions of a lot of Negroes.

The aim of the new Council would be to produce those changes. Its slogan: "Let's Make Every Negro a First Class Citizen." Its goal: not merely to win the full rights which belong to every American, but to make sure that these rights are used—that the average Negro is both willing and able to carry the full responsibilities of good citizenship. Once he does, he may be surprised to see how fast white prejudice begins to melt away.

FOR this prejudice is not altogether baseless—as a few of the braver Negro leaders are now beginning to admit. It cannot be erased just by scolding white people, nor can it be touched by any sort of law or demonstration. It will disappear only when a considerable majority of whites are convinced that they have nothing to fear from close, daily association with Negroes in jobs, schools, and neighborhoods.

The first task of the First Class Citizens' Council, therefore, will be to find honest answers to three questions:

1. What are these white people afraid of? Why do they begin to move out of a neighborhood as soon as any considerable number of Negroes move in? Why are so many desegregated schools becoming "resegregated," as white parents withdraw their children? (In Washington, for example, where desegregation was originally carried out with surprising success and good will, nearly 82 per cent of the students are now Negroes—although the population of the city is only 54 per cent colored. White families with children



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Lately we've been talking and listening to the moon to learn more about communications. And talking to the solar system we've learned a lot of other things. We've learned to track a missile plunging through space three times faster than a rifle bullet. Our Atomic Clock (it will vary but one second in 1500 years) will help in space navigation, where a split-second time error can throw spacecraft thousands of miles off course. We've developed the capabilities to solve almost any space problem including guidance, detection, telemetry, even building the spacecraft itself. / One notable accomplishment is Station KF2 XBR (2299.9 MC on the dial), the first radio station licensed for experimental radio transmission into space leading to commercial use. Together with a unique transportable space communications center developed by ITT, to be located in Brazil, it will be an integral part of NASA's coming RELAY communications satellite program. And ITT companies in New Jersey and London will be using this station to communicate by bouncing signals off the moon. Working together on project Moon Bounce, ITT scientists around the world have learned much to advance the art of communications for the benefit of people everywhere. / International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, World Headquarters: 320 Park Ave., New York 22, New York.

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of school age have either moved to the suburbs in large numbers, or have sent their youngsters to private schools.)

2. How much of this fear is rational, and how much is simply blind, unreasoning prejudice?

3. What can be done to remove the rational, valid reasons for such fear? Once they are gone, the purely irrational suspicions ought to be easier to cope with.

Nobody, so far as I can discover, has yet attempted a serious examination of these questions. White sociologists have shrunk away from them, for fear that they might be suspected of racism, or might give aid and comfort to the white supremacy fanatics of the Deep South. Most Negroes have refused to look at them at all; it is easier—and more popular in the Negro community—to blame everything on white prejudice. (A few Negro leaders, as we shall note in a moment, are exceptions.)

A CANDID, careful investigation would show (I think) that many white people are afraid—with some reason—of four things:

1. Crime

As the proportion of Negroes in a community increases, the crime rate usually rises sharply. The police chief of the District of Columbia has estimated that Negroes are responsible for 80 per cent of the serious crimes there, although they make up only a little over half the population. In Chicago, when Negroes were 17 per cent of the population, they accounted for 65 per cent of the jail inmates; in Philadelphia, the comparable figures were 21 and 80 per cent; in Detroit, 19 and 58.*

A few weeks ago a friend of mine—a middle-aged book editor—had to catch a train at the 125th Street station in Harlem. As he was walking up the stairs inside the station, he was slugged on the back of the head with a blackjack or some similar weapon. While he sprawled semi-conscious on the steps, his assailant snatched his wallet, and then kicked him violently in the face. (If the kick had landed an inch higher, it would have destroyed his right eye.) None of the scores of people in the station, mostly Negroes, made any effort to catch the criminal. None made any effort to help the dazed and bleeding man. As it happens, this editor has always been a quiet, effective fighter for Negro rights. He has never had a trace of racial bias, and has none now. But he may think twice before he catches another night train at 125th Street; and he might feel a little uneasy if he had to live in a neighborhood with a large Negro population. Can you blame him if he wonders whether those peo-

ple in the station behaved like first-class citizens?

Such crimes—particularly the assault and robbery of taxi drivers—have become so common in Harlem that most New York taxi drivers avoid the area like a battle zone. (This works a real hardship on many law-abiding Negroes, who find it almost impossible to get a cab to stop for them after dark.)

In Washington recently a gang of young Negroes assaulted and robbed a white bus driver. The passengers, who happened to be all Negroes, watched passively—and not one of them was willing to help the police find the thugs.

In many Negro neighborhoods (and a few white ones, too) the bystanders not only refuse to help the police; they help the criminals. During the first six months of last year, 1,171 New York policemen were attacked while trying to make arrests; about a fifth of these were hurt so badly they needed medical attention. Last summer one such incident in Harlem flared into a near-riot, and three hundred policemen had to be called to get it under control. *Jet*, a Negro news weekly, blamed this trouble on "politics, poor Negro leadership," and "the street-corner rantings and ravings of a motley crew of soapbox speakers who fancy themselves 'black nationalists.'" It added that local Negro leaders "seemed content to turn their backs on it, hoping the problem will go away."

So long as this remains true, are the fears of the white community entirely illusory?

2. Neighborhood deterioration

The commonest fear among white families is that their neighborhood will go downhill if many Negroes move in.

Sometimes this fear is plainly unjustified. A number of my Negro friends are as house-proud as anybody I know; one of them has made his home and garden into a town showplace. Nor is this true merely of the relatively wealthy "black bourgeois." A Negro home I visit fairly often is a single room in a slum district, but it always is spotlessly clean, tidy, and comfortable.

Yet this is not always true. A neighborhood where I once lived in Washington is now occupied almost entirely by Negroes; it has indeed gone downhill, swiftly and unmistakably. In part this is due to overcrowding, and to incomes so low that the owners can't afford to keep their places up properly. But it is also partly due to plain old don't-care. Garbage, broken bottles, and old bedsprings accumulate in many a backyard . . . a loose porch board goes unfixed for weeks, though all it needs is one nail and two licks with a hammer . . . broken windowpanes get stuffed with rags. Moreover, the same families that can't find money for a bucket of paint or a pane of glass somehow manage, surprisingly often, to drive fancy cars and buy a fifth of whiskey every weekend.

* Cited by Theodore H. White, on page 235 of his *The Making of the President*; the figures are for 1955, the latest available to him at the time the book was written.

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

Similar examples can be cited in almost any American city. Still—nothing about this matter is simple—I know of communities in Atlanta and the San Francisco Bay area which have improved, rather than deteriorated after an influx of Negro families. They prove a basic point: There is nothing inherently bad about Negro occupancy. Given ambition, energetic leadership, and a little elbow grease, it can result in neighborhoods as attractive as any. So the job of the First Class Citizens' Council is by no means hopeless; it is just overdue.

3. Civic Apathy

A kindred fear is that Negro newcomers will not pull their weight in the community boat. Few of them seem willing to invest time and effort in the web of civic, political, and voluntary organizations which holds every American community together.

As a precinct captain in a district with a considerable Negro population, I learned at first hand how hard it is to persuade them to register and vote—and harder yet to get them to ring doorbells for either political party. Such indifference is at last beginning to cause some concern among Negro spokesmen. The *Michigan Chronicle*, a Negro paper in Detroit, recently pointed out that a third of that city's qualified Negro citizens never bothered to register—and that "at least 40 per cent" of those who did register failed to vote. And Louis Lomax, in his notably outspoken book, *The Negro Revolt*, published this spring, noted that about 200,000 Negroes of voting age live in the Harlem district represented by Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, the most popular and flamboyant Negro politician in the country; yet he normally polls only about 40,000 votes, while his opponents seldom get more than 10,000.

"One reason why Negro leadership organizations think several times before launching highly publicized voter-registration drives," Lomax said, "is that they know Negroes simply will not go to the polls and register."

So, too, with many civic organizations. Negro parents are usually quick to complain (at least in Northern cities) about any covert—or even accidental—segregation in local

schools. But how many attend the meetings of their Parent-Teachers Association? How many help collect for the Community Chest or offer to lead a Girl Scout troop?

4. Moral Irresponsibility

White people also are bothered by the casual attitude of many Negroes about sex, and about their family responsibilities.

Such worries are seldom discussed out loud—maybe because so many whites know that their own morals aren't exactly impeccable. But they do have some statistical justification. About 2 per cent of the white babies born each year are bastards; among Negroes the illegitimacy rate is above 20 per cent. And even when they are married, Negro fathers tend to abandon their families with light-hearted frequency. About 8 per cent of the white families with children under eighteen are broken homes; for nonwhites, the comparable figure is 21 per cent.

One result is a heavy burden on the relief rolls, and a growing resentment among white taxpayers; nobody likes to support somebody else's bastards. Another result is that hundreds of thousands of Negro children grow up without a man in the family, to provide discipline and example; which in turn means a steady rise in delinquency. A third is the reluctance of white parents to keep their children in schools with a high proportion of Negroes—not because they are afraid of intermarriage, but because they worry about the habits and attitudes their youngsters might pick up.

Is this blind prejudice? Can a man who won't support his children call himself a first-class citizen?

TO all of these complaints, the traditional Negro leaders have a ready answer. The Negro's shortcomings, they argue, are the inevitable consequence of three hundred years of slavery and discrimination. When you hold a man down for that long, he can't spring upright overnight when the pressure is removed. He won't vote because he doesn't yet really believe that he can have any influence on government. He won't attend civic meetings because he has never been welcomed or listened to—and he is still afraid he will be in-

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by
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sulted, or at best ignored. Broken families and promiscuity were forced on the Negro during slavery, and the resulting pattern takes a long time to change.

Crime, so the explanation continues, is largely a result of the Negro's low place on the economic totem poll. "Most Negroes would rather work than steal," as Lomax puts it. "By the same token they would rather steal than starve." And so long as many jobs are closed to them—by their educational handicaps, or by union or employer discrimination—those are the stark alternatives.

Moreover, the "frustration crimes"—dope addiction, drunkenness, sexual assaults, sometimes murder—often are (to quote Lomax again) "rooted in the need to escape from the ugly reality of life in the Negro ghetto." Statistically they are closely correlated with overcrowding, slums, and—perhaps most important—the sense of hopelessness that afflicts so many young Negroes. Feeling that society has stacked its cards against them, they are likely to strike back at society. Especially white society. Much Negro crime, as Lomax points out, "has to do with getting back at white people."

THESE are valid explanations. For white people, they mean that Negroes need a great deal more help than they have yet had, to overcome the cultural lag that has been imposed upon them. They need—and deserve—the same concentration of money, talent, and organization that we are devoting to underdeveloped people in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Given the best teachers, the best social workers, special attention to vocational education and job placement, an extra share of understanding and patience, most Negroes will be able to close the cultural gap surprisingly fast. The experimental Higher Horizons program in New York City's schools has already demonstrated how quickly they can move ahead, with a little encouragement and special attention.

For the Negroes, however, these same explanations can be dangerous. It is all too easy to use them as an excuse for despair. And they offer no solutions. So long as the Negro blames his plight entirely on

circumstances, history, and the white man, he is going to stay in that plight. He will get out of it only when he begins to change his circumstances, make new history, and shoulder a bigger share of responsibility for the fix he is in.

For example, a Negro minister in a New York suburb recently called on his congregation to picket a dairy, on grounds that it had never hired a Negro deliveryman. The dairy replied that it had never had a Negro applicant.

"I'll have a half-dozen at your office tomorrow morning," the minister said. Not one showed up. The dairy then began a systematic effort to recruit Negro employees; after about six weeks it found one—just one—who was willing to take on the responsibilities of a milk route. A few months later he quit, apparently because the psychological burdens of the job were too much for him.*

Nor is this an isolated instance. For the last five years the National Urban League has been opening up more job opportunities for Negroes in "white" industries than it can find Negroes to fill. The industry I know best—publishing—has been open to qualified Negroes for many years; a substantial number have risen to positions of considerable responsibility. Many more would be welcome—particularly secretaries, bookkeepers, and computer operators—if qualified applicants could be found. Why they can't is something of a mystery, because the schools in New York and a dozen other big cities are presumably turning out thousands of Negro youngsters with the necessary training.

Maybe the answer lies in a parable frequently told by Dr. Benjamin E. Mays, president of Morehouse College in Atlanta. A zoo lion spent years pacing back and forth in his cage. Then one day somebody left the door of his cage open; but the lion still kept pacing back and forth.

So the job of the First Class Citi-

zens' Council will be to convince American Negroes that the door of their cage is at last open—not all the way yet, but wider than most of them realize. And each one who pushes through that door can help open it a little further for those who lag behind. Or, if he doesn't use his new opportunities well, he can make it harder for the next man to get through the door.

Take the case of five Negro drivers who worked for a taxi company in Williamsburg, Virginia. On the first day of the fishing season, not one of them showed up for work; nor did any of them let the manager know that they planned to take a day off—although they knew he had promised a half-a-dozen customers that he would get them to the airport early that morning. Their irresponsible behavior is not the main point; what is really sad is that nobody in the local Negro community thought it worth mentioning. No Negro newspaper, no minister, no teacher, no official of the NAACP bothered to tell them that they were hurting *all* Negroes. That pan of fish will make at least seven people—the cab manager and his six disappointed passengers—hesitate a little before offering any Negro a job.

FOR constructive self-criticism is a rare, and much needed, commodity among American Negroes. The Negro press is loaded with criticism of white people—some of it justified, some of it as racist and intemperate as any utterance of Senator James Eastland; but it seldom condemns a Negro politician who takes bribes from a contractor, or a clergyman who makes out notoriously well with his women parishioners. Nobody pickets the Harlem numbers game operators; nobody calls for social ostracism of the relief chiselers whom Lomax describes as "an abomination and an embarrassment."

Almost nobody, that is. Some of the more courageous Negro leaders are at last beginning to speak up—though not yet very loudly or often. The Reverend Martin Luther King has called on his followers "to admit that our standards do often fall short" and to do something about it. "Even the most poverty-stricken among us," he has written, "can purchase a ten-cent bar of soap; even the

* Nevertheless this story has a happy ending. The dairy refused to accept his resignation, and found another assignment for him inside a processing plant—not a menial job, but one requiring a fairly high degree of technical skill. He has learned to handle it to everybody's satisfaction, and the firm is continuing its efforts to recruit more Negro help.

THE EASY CHAIR

most uneducated among us can have high morals. . . . By improving our standards here and now we will go a long way toward breaking down the arguments of the segregationist."

Again, Whitney Young, the new executive secretary of the Urban League, is trying to reshape that organization for a new kind of attack on the Negro's problems. He is talking about mobilizing all sorts of community resources—from social workers to churches to the cop on the beat—in a concerted campaign against crime, broken families, and "social disorganization."

Curiously enough, the Black Muslims seem to be more effective than any other Negro organization so far in stimulating a sense of pride and self-reliance. Their doctrine springs from race hatred, and their political program is sheer fantasy; nevertheless, in teaching thrift, hard work, business enterprise, decorous conduct and self-discipline, they can claim some notable accomplishments.

But these are thin beginnings. If a First Class Citizens' Council, or something like it, tackles the job on a really big scale, I suspect that it will be led by new men, uncommitted to the rancors and tactics of the older organizations. Maybe by somebody like Bob Moses, a young man who gave up a bright career in New York to organize Negro voters in Mississippi. He is more like St. Paul than anybody I know; in spite of beatings, prison, and threats of death, he has plugged right ahead on his mission, setting a glowing example of selflessness, austerity, and honor. Maybe the leadership will come from men like Dr. Robert Weaver, who has risen to the highest post in government ever held by a Negro—not by demagoguery, but by long years of dedication to fair play and good housing for everybody, white and Negro alike.

Such men are not content just to demand their rights. They insist on carrying their responsibilities too. That's how you get to be a first-class citizen—as Crispus Attucks knew when he marched to his death in the Boston Massacre. The first man to die in the American revolution, he was a Negro who knew that citizenship is earned, not given. He might well be the Permanent Honorary President of the new Council.

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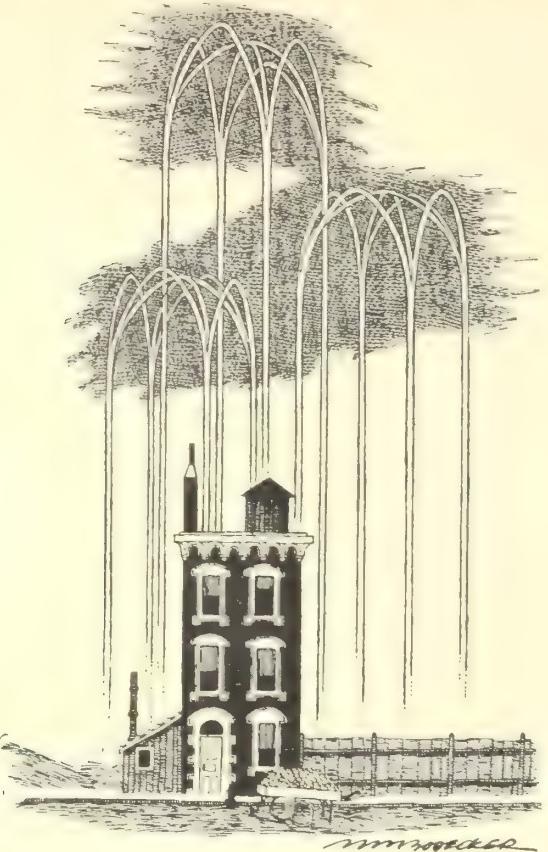
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AFTER HOURS



“SEATTLE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME . . .”

By Russell Lynes

SEATTLE, which sits like Rome on seven hills, was endowed by nature with remarkable vistas of water and mountains, with weeping birches and monkey trees and dogwoods as big as maples. Now and then “The Mountain is out,” as Seattleites say, and the snowy peak of Rainier emerges from the clouds and smiles in the sun. Azaleas and rhododendrons and hedges of laurel cluster like fire around houses everywhere in the spring, and the citizenry also smiles. It was smiling partly out of its natural good humor this spring when I was there and partly on order. “Operation Smile” is a by-product (or more properly a hope) of the Seattle World’s Fair which, as everyone knows by now, is officially called the “Century 21 Exposition.”

The Fair smiles. In fact it smiles rather more than it does anything else, and its smile is ingratiating. It is modest without being coy, and it is pretty without being seductive. It is

friendly and gay and fresh like a girl in a flowered hat. Compared with most world’s fairs, indeed with any that I can think of, it is petite, perky rather than portentous, and lovable rather than overwhelming. As one enters one of its gates through a pink and purple and yellow forest of tall pine trunks that have been lathed into twenty-first-century versions of totem poles, one’s immediate reaction is one of relief. The Fair not only looks like a carnival rather than a battle of industrial giants and competing sovereign states and nations, but one’s feet, which were tired in anticipation, suddenly seem adequate to the challenge. All of the next century, one is continually reminded, is encompassed in a mere 74 acres. The Brussels Fair of 1958 covered 500 acres and the New York Fair which presumably will emerge on Flushing Meadows by 1964 will occupy 646. One man could easily farm the site of Century 21, but it

took an arenaful of committees, commissions, culturettes, planners, architects, builders, impresarios, scientists, and press agents to grow this crop of pavilions and fountains, of towers and temples and domes, of flowers, “skin shows,” roller coasters, and sculpture.

The story of how the Seattle Fair came into being is a complicated one at the nub of which, you may be sure, there was a point when the cultural ambitions of the city found themselves hand in glove with its commercial ambitions. Such a meeting of commerce and culture is in the best fair tradition. The famous London “Crystal Palace” exposition of 1851, the apple of Prince Albert’s eye, was promoted as a marriage of art and industry, and so was our Centennial Exhibition (the biggest fair—236 acres—in the world up to that time) in Philadelphia in 1876. It is not easy to sort out whether culture or commerce was the more important motive for the Seattle Fair, but it is quite evident that culture is going to win its goal whether commerce does or not.

Briefly the story is this. There had been for some time in Seattle an uneasiness about its lack of a civic center. The Seattle Symphony, of which the city is justifiably proud, had to hold its concerts in an old Orpheum theatre, and other cities continuously threatened to woo Milton Katims, the conductor, away. There is no adequate opera house and no modern legitimate theatre. There was, furthermore, no adequate building to house large conventions or indoor sports events. One eager group got twelve thousand signatures on a petition to condemn a parcel of land on First Hill for a civic center, but a good many other citizens, including the Mayor, thought this was expensive nonsense, and so in March 1956 the City Council appointed a Civic Center Advisory Committee. It was made up of three members each from thirteen conscientious groups ranging from the PTA to the Symphony Society to those interested in sports.

Things began to move with a rapidity uncommon in municipal affairs. The committee members met at seven o’clock for breakfast so that they could get their civic duty done and be at their offices by nine. It called in some fifty experts to advise it—architects, real-estate men, and

city planners—and it had its report written and filed by the 26th of June.

Not long before this there had been somewhat nostalgic stirrings of interest in organizing a fair for 1959, the fiftieth anniversary of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, locally called the "A-Y-P." (It had been held on the site of the University of Washington whose School of Architecture, alas, is still housed in one of the residual buildings.) Talk about a fair first came up one afternoon in 1955 over drinks at the Washington Athletic Club. Alfred Rochester, a member of the City Council (and now an official at the Fair) thought it sounded like a good idea and drew up a resolution in rather vague terms in order to plant the seed. It was adopted by the Council and the local papers saw a glorious local cause and gave it a big play.

"It was just a gleam in the eye," Mr. Rochester told me. The gleam soon became a beacon. The beacon soon shone proudly on \$7.5 million of state bonds and an equal amount of Seattle bonds, and by this time the Civic Center Advisory Committee and the promoters of the World's Fair were marching hand in hand toward the dawn of the twenty-first century. It became apparent that their interests more than overlapped; they were strands in the same spider web.

THE public (city and state) owned fifty acres near the center of Seattle on which were an armory, an old auditorium, a stadium, and an indoor hockey rink and basketball court, all of them set about with what is today called "blighted area"—slum dwellings, small stores, warehouses, and garages. The Civic Center Advisory Committee recommended that the city acquire twenty-eight more acres at this site at a cost of \$2.5 million and put up \$5 million for a new opera house and a theatre. The City Council thought this seemed like a good idea and put it on the November ballot for a referendum. It was approved by the citizens of Seattle. It was then that the Fair promoters and the Civic Center enthusiasts got together, and Governor Albert D. Rosellini invited a group of labor, industrial, and cultural leaders to organize Century 21 Exposition, Inc. The Fair was in business, but it had

a long way, some annoying litigation, and a lot of money still to go.

"We had no more experience with world's fairs than a Chinese pheasant," a member of the committee said to me. (He may have meant to say "peasant," but I prefer to retain his poetical image.) "Perhaps the best thing we did was to hire Ewen Dingwall away from the Washington State Research Council he was executive director there—and make him joint General Manager of the Civic Center and the World's Fair."

Mr. Dingwall, I gathered from everyone I talked to about the Fair, has been a model of administrative efficiency, tact, and taste, but there have been others who did not get the credit they deserve.

Some of them are beginning to get it, to be sure, but since the impact of the Fair is primarily visual, none deserve it more than a small band of men who comprised the Design Standards Advisory Board. It was organized under the chairmanship of Perry Johanson, one of the ornaments of Seattle's architectural brotherhood. Its other members were Robert Dietz (now the head of the University of Washington architectural school), John Spaeth, Seattle's city planning director, Lawrence Halperin, landscape architect of San Francisco, John Detle and Paul Thiry, architects. Mr. Thiry, a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects and a rather steel-gray man in his late fifties, was retained as the presiding genius in charge of architecture for both the Fair and for the buildings which will ultimately become Seattle's Civic Center. The two jobs were inseparable. The principal buildings of the Fair will be the buildings of the Civic Center after the show closes.

The architectural hero of Seattle's leap into the future, however, is Minoru Yamasaki. "Yama," as everyone seems to call him, was born of Japanese parents in Seattle, went to school there, and graduated from the architectural school of the University of Washington. During World War II, when the West Coast was seized with the notion that every Japanese on the streets was a spy, and they were all packed off to what were to all intents and purposes concentration camps, Yama's family were among those who left home. Yamasaki, who has become one of Ameri-

PROSPECTS

The English economist John Maynard Keynes, in his "Treatise on Money," noted that Sir Francis Drake's world-circling expedition of 1577-1580 returned 4700% to the astute and fortunate folk who backed him in the enterprise. This may not be an all-time record, but it's a return that must have provoked some dancing in the streets on the part of its beneficiaries.

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AFTER HOURS

ca's most distinguished and original architects, set up practice in Detroit and had never returned to Seattle. It took some persuading to get him to act as a consultant to the Fair, but fortunately for everyone he acquiesced.

One of his recommendations made a problem for the Civic Center World's Fair people. The plan that had been presented to the people and on which they had voted their approval included a brand new opera house. Yamasaki took a careful look at the old auditorium and suggested that its steel frame and shell were sound and that it would be a great deal cheaper to keep these structural elements and use them as the basis for a new auditorium.

The Fair and Civic Center committees were delighted with this proposal, but a local lawyer raised his voice and said that the public was being gypped—they had voted a new building and they were going to get a secondhand one. He took his objections to court and got a decision against Yamasaki's proposal. Rather than waste the time to see if they could get the decision reversed in a higher court, the City Council got the question put to the people again on the ballot. It was a somewhat acrimonious fight, but the committee won its point. The result is an auditorium (not designed by Yama but by James B. Chiarelli and B. Marcus Priteca) that seats 3,100 and, though it is no architectural gem, it has a suitable theatrical splendor, is efficient, and is acoustically near perfect. It is planned with an eye to conventions as well as concerts and opera. The auditorium is flanked with press rooms, banquet rooms, and conference rooms, and fairly drips with marble and murals and plush.

Yamasaki's suggestion about the auditorium was not, however, his principal contribution to the Fair, as anyone knows who has seen photographs (they have been reproduced by the hundreds) of the United States Science Pavilion, which he designed, with its soaring and graceful open canopies of interlaced gothic arches, its courtyard of fountains and flowers and reflecting pools, its rectangular buildings delicately ornamented with a continuous lacework of slender arches. It was Warren G. Magnuson

who persuaded his colleagues in the United States Senate to approve the allocation of \$10 million in federal funds to construct the Science Pavilion. The money did more than just build the building. It gave the Fair "status," as one committeeman told me, and it gave a lift to the efforts of those who were working on the Fair in its early stages.

With the initial bond issues and the promise of the federal donation as a backlog, the immediate need was for working capital. It was at this point that the community had to put up or shut up. They put up handsomely. D. E. Skinner, the president of the Alaska Steamship Company, took on the job of chairman of the finance drive, and the bite was on. Small businesses, law firms, big businesses either loaned money or guaranteed credit at banks to the extent of \$4.5 million. Most of them thought that it was money down the drain in a good civic cause.

To their astonishment they are about to get the first repayment on their loan and 6 per cent interest besides. What happened? One of the things that happened was a runaway advance sale of admission tickets, sold at a discount. Several weeks before opening day, \$8 million worth had been sold.

IT may be that by the time full summer envelops Seattle some of the bloom will be off the Fair's cheeks. During its first week, not only did the buildings look fresh and the displays unmarred, but so did the young men who drove the yellow trains of cars that wove like caterpillars through the crowds, the young women selling tickets, expounding into microphones the beauties of electronic kitchens, or explaining to distraught mothers where the pound for lost children was. Most of the personnel who confronted the public—the guides and custodians of the exhibits in blue blazers with the insignia of the Fair on their breast pockets, the scarlet-caped elevator operators in the Space Needle, the girls who were explaining things and selling things—seemed to be in their early twenties. ("They look like college kids," I heard someone say.) Most of them will be around to see whether the Fair's predictions for the next century are anywhere near the

AFTER HOURS

mark. The Fair's façade, in other words, was youthful and exuberant, and this was true not only of the flesh but of the steel and mortar as well.

While I was waiting with a crowd of people to get into the Science Pavilion (a fresh mob is let in every twenty minutes), I heard a woman behind me say, "You feel like you're in another world out here."

"You're in the twenty-first century, dear," her companion replied.

The most interesting and ingenious and imaginative exhibit in the Fair to me (I don't pretend to have seen them all; I made only six visits in four days) was the first fifteen minutes in the Science Pavilion. It is a moving picture called "The House of Science" projected simultaneously on a long, curved wall by seven projectors. (One of the enthusiastic young men at the door told me that the most the Russians had ever used at one time was six projectors.) It is part animated cartoon in color, part close-ups of opening flowers and rolling surf, of scientists scribbling on pads and blackboards, boiling lava in volcanoes, faces arguing, hands manipulating laboratory equipment. Six pictures at a time appeared, divided from one another by heavy black lines, three above and three below. (The seventh projector was evidently used for background.) It sounds confusing and distracting. In fact it was mesmerizing, its message—the development, complexity, and poetry of science—clear and impelling. The background music had an appropriate electronic quality and the narration was direct, economical, and unpretentious. It was the only exhibit at the Fair that I went back to a second time. It was the work of Charles Eames, the creator of the Eames chair.

BY and large, what I saw of the twenty-first century was rather corny, though it was also, for the most part, good fun. In the Washington State Coliseum (designed by Paul Thiry), a vast hyperbolic-paraboloid exhibition hall under a shell of concrete, there was an exhibit called "The World of Century 21." It's up there in the ceiling somewhere in a construction of aluminum boxes that one gets to by stepping onto a circular platform enclosed in a glass or

plastic hemisphere. "Step to the rear of the sphere," the man who operates this hopped-up elevator says. He is dressed in gray denim trousers with silver stripes down the sides, and a cloth-of-silver jacket, for all the world like something out of science-fiction comics. What one discovers on arrival at the twenty-first century is a series of displays and transparent photographs that pop on and off; the narration is a tape-recorded voice of unnecessary unctuousness. It was a little like being in a Sunday school taught by Buck Rogers.

The Buck Rogers theme runs strong. In a "skin show" on "The Gayway," which is the honky-tonk segment of the Fair, there is* a number called "Planet Eve" in which some bare-breasted outer-space show girls cast their spells over some lamé-suited, plastic-bubbled astronauts. On top of the 606-foot "Space Needle" (which is to this Fair what the Trylon and Perisphere were to the New York Fair of 1939), the hostesses are dressed in skin-tight gold coveralls. By contrast the customers look rather drab as they sit at their tables on the slowly revolving platform which is the restaurant. The restaurant makes one complete revolution an hour, and the view of Seattle's watery and mountainous landscape is breathtaking. (The turntable which seats 260 is run by a one-horse-power motor which costs 2½ cents an hour to operate.) The only hazard on this lofty structure, which is reached by yellow capsules with windows that zoom up its open sides like rockets, is to women who put their purses on the window ledge next to the tables. The floor revolves, but the ledge does not, and the ladies are soon parted (temporarily) from their secrets. (There's a long waiting line to get up the Needle; some people, I was told, have waited as many as six hours. I kept hearing rumors of the establishment of a "Chicken-out" restaurant at the base of the needle for people who lose their nerve at the thought of the ascent.)

Even on 74 acres it is possible to have so many exhibits that the hu-

* Or was.... On May 16 a New York newspaper reported a "Fair spokesman" as saying, "We closed it up on professional standards, not moral ones."

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AFTER HOURS

man eye cannot take them in or the feet endure them. I looked at relatively few. I changed a dollar bill in an electronically operating gadget. I rode on the Monorail. I got to the art exhibitions (the show of Old Masters is selected with great skill, both for its quality and for the unusualness of its exhibits). I wandered in and out of houses-of-tomorrow, winged a few ducks in a shooting gallery, went to the peep show, watched the water climb sky-high from the hundreds of nozzles in the International Fountain (the competition for which was won by two young Tokyo architects), wandered through the Food Circus which was in the old armory and smelled of deep fat, looked for, but didn't find, any sign of a display of books, except for some encyclopedias. (Perhaps publishers think that nobody is going to read in the twenty-first century. In the General Electric version of the future house there were no books or magazines. Reading matter, they suggested, will be recorded on electronic tapes and projected on television screens.)

I TALKED to very few Seattleites who were not pleased with the Fair and even fewer who were not surprised that it was such a success. Many of those who had been suspicious of it, who thought a few months ago that it was merely "rampant commercialism," were softened by its amiability and—let it be noted—by the generally favorable bath of publicity which has drenched a city that has, up to now, thought itself neglected. There was some grumbling about the "gouging" that the Fair evoked from the avaricious, the high prices for accommodations, and the fact that there were rumors that old customers had been put out of their hotels to make way for Fair visitors. I saw one woman at the Fair wearing a little badge bearing the legend: "Don't gouge me. I'm a Seattleite." One man I talked to said he was a booster for a "lesser [not a greater] Seattle." Another man said, "You'd think from the science exhibit that there were no problems to solve, no bombs, no population explosion." But someone else said, "Short of a war there is nothing that produces community effort more than a world's fair." A travel agent

COMING IN

Harper's magazine

NEXT MONTH

How to Guess What Is About to Happen in Europe

A guide to the rivalries, visions, personalities, business pressures, bargains, and intrigues which are now being stirred together to make a new—and more hopeful—Europe.

By Joseph Kraft

William F. Buckley Jr., the sharp-tongued and witty spokesman for The Young Conservatives, comments on Richard H. Rovere's new book, *The American Establishment*.

NOT QUITE POSTHUMOUS LETTER TO MY DAUGHTER

About handling men, especially poets, artists, and millionaires.

By Caitlin Thomas

THE SOMETIMES-BAFFLING MIND OF INDIA

Why Indian intellectuals and politicians often irritate—or even shock Westerners who try to understand them.

By Bradford Smith

AN EX-COVT'S RECIPE FOR MORE PRACTICAL PRISONS

A really inside report on the kind of criminals who can be reformed—and those who can't.

By Hal Hollister

AFTER HOURS

referred to the Fair as "a get famous operation."

By agreement with the international body in Paris that gave its blessing to the Seattle Fair (but has not given it to New York), the show closes in October and will not reopen another year. There is some speculation about this. It may open again next summer, but if it does, it will be without its exhibits from foreign countries. This, I gather, would not violate the agreement.

But whether it opens again or not, it will leave more residue than any world's fair so far. Seattle will have its Civic Center. The Opera House is an accomplished fact; so is the Playhouse that seats eight hundred; so is the exhibition space where the three art shows are displayed (there are two "modern" shows as well as the Old Masters). Paul Thiv's Coliseum is a permanent building, and when seats are installed in it, it will hold eighteen thousand people; it is planned for conventions, displays, major sports events. ("Maybe someday we'll have a world championship fight here, or a national political convention.") On three sides of the Coliseum are buildings of permanent structure, but their uses have not yet been decided—display space, perhaps. The federal Science Pavilion is permanent, of course, but there is still a question of how it will be used. Most people with whom I talked would like to see it become a science museum, "a sort of West Coast Smithsonian." The refurbished stadium and the hockey rink will stay. So will the armory that now houses the Food Circus, and so, of course, will the Space Needle with its revolving restaurant. It was built by a private corporation on a handkerchief of land that it bought from the city right in the midst of the publicly owned property. If the Civic Center is a success so, it is assumed, will be the restaurant.

Only one thing remains to be seen. Now that Seattle has its vast Civic Center, will Seattle use it? I was assured that Seattle is hungry for culture. I was told that the Chamber of Commerce is already signing up conventions for 1965 and 1966. I was also told that "business leaders want to capture the momentum got up by the Fair" and make the Civic Center a continuously busy place. Seattle,

at this writing, is involved in organizing a temporary nonprofit corporation which will try to harness the enthusiasm, direct it, and make recommendations for how to keep up a head of cultural and commercial steam in the future. "We're not just going to take what comes to us in the way of concerts and operas and ballets; we're going to go out and get them."

One man I talked to, who is up to his eyebrows in this new corporation as he was in the early planning of the Civic Center, said: "This has been a lesson in democracy at work on the local level." And he added what some Seattleites deeply fear and some ardently hope for, "Seattle will never be the same again."

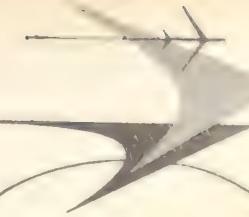
THE SOFT BUY

The following suggestions are extracted from Gaskell's Compendium of Forms, Educational, Social, Legal and Commercial, published, of course, in Boston (Alden and Hazel) in 1881:

COURETSEY in the store, exhibited in conversation with proprietors and clerks, is as necessary and commendable as the same quality in the drawing-room. A lady marks her goodness and wisdom by using polite forms of speech when, instead of saying, "I want," she says, "Will you, if you please?" after indicating the article she wishes to see.

Purchase some article at the counter if you find it possible, as the clerk will be discredited if he does not effect a sale after showing you many articles. Apologize for extra trouble given in any case, and when you leave the counter bow politely.

If another lady is examining goods that you wish to see, wait until she has finished with the article, and then take it in hand. Opinions given unsought indicate ill breeding, in a store as elsewhere. Especially avoid audible comparisons with the goods seen in other stores, and when only a small purchase is made after a large amount of trouble, apologize politely for the inconvenience you have caused. You need not carry parcels; the shopkeeper will be better pleased to send them in his delivery van.



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A NEW WEAPON TO GET BETTER TV

BERNARD B. SMITH

A practical, cold-cash incentive to encourage more good programs, plus a believable threat of punishment for broadcasters who don't provide them.

M R. NEWTON N. MINOW is probably the most determined—and certainly the most articulate—man who has yet served as Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. Ever since his celebrated “wasteland” speech, he has gone up and down the land announcing his intention to give this country better television.

Mr. Minow's tactics are a combination of needle and threat. He has used his wit and eloquence to prod the networks and TV stations into doing a better job; and at the same time he has brandished the threat of several kinds of legislative and administrative action to force them to improve if they don't do so voluntarily. But so far nothing much has happened. The entertainment fare—which is the bulk of TV programing—on the three networks has taken no noticeable turn for the better and the announced schedules for next fall look like more of the same. There

has been, to be sure, a modest increase in so-called public-affairs programing. Perhaps this is a reaction to Mr. Minow's needling. On the other hand, it could be argued that current history made this development inevitable. Americans in the past few years have been increasingly interested in world affairs, just as they were from the time of Munich to the end of World War II. News and comment dominated radio in those years, and in the past twelve months TV could scarcely avoid paying a good deal of attention to such stirring events as the Cuban fiasco, Laos, Berlin, and space exploration.

Mr. Minow's campaign is not bogging down for lack of zeal and dedication. But apparently there is something wrong with his weapons. The only one which sometimes concerns broadcasters stems from the FCC's power to refuse to renew a station's license (which it theoretically holds for only three years) because the FCC disapproves of its program performance.

No previous FCC Chairman ever tried to take away a TV station's license for program deficiency, and neither has Mr. Minow in the year and a half since he took office. For in fact the threat of license revocation is rather like invoking the death sentence to punish a series of traffic violations. If a penalty is too severe, no one really believes it will be used. Certainly the TV industry has not been sufficiently alarmed by Mr. Minow to change its ways significantly.

What Mr. Minow needs, it would seem, is a new weapon, which station operators will take seriously. He needs a punishment that really fits the crime—and that takes into account the economic facts of TV broadcasting as it is now organized in the United States.

To be sure, some critics think that our entrenched pattern of sponsor plus advertising-agency plus commercial-network plus local-station control condemns us permanently to a basic diet of mediocre, gutless, and shoddy fare.

I take a less gloomy view. There are enough bright oases in the "wasteland" to indicate that the broadcasters know what better programs are, and how to produce them. But we are not going to see many more good programs on our home screens (which is Mr. Minow's goal and my own) unless the FCC gets hold of an effective instrument which it is really prepared to use. Before proposing such a new weapon—and the strategy for its use—it is vital that we understand the terrain we have to fight over. Mr. Minow has come upon the scene very late in the day. More than a decade ago the government gave away the twelve precious channels on the Very High Frequency band to profit-making companies, without setting up yardsticks to define their real responsibilities. Mr. Minow himself has acknowledged that he is stuck with the status quo.

"No one has seriously advocated that we alter the underpinning of our television system," he said in a speech last January. "No one I know of has proposed governmental control or ownership of television. We are determined to preserve our own unique mixture: a television industry based on freedom of expression, privately owned, and operated for a private profit—but which, because it uses scarce channels on the public's airwaves, must also operate in the public interest."

The key phrase in this statement is "public interest." Before deciding just how it can be safeguarded we need to be clear about what it is. This looks like a relatively simple legal and semantic problem. But in fact it isn't.

To illustrate, let me refer to a particular Thursday evening when I arrive at my home in Manhattan, weary after a late stint at the office.

Bernard B. Smith is a Manhattan lawyer who has long been interested in the radio and TV fields, acting for producers and performers, and for the BBC. He is also counsel to the New York Building Congress, the British-American Chamber of Commerce, and the Irish Export Board. This is his twelfth article in "Harper's" since 1942.

I pick up the paper to see what solace TV can provide. On Channel 2 at 10:00 P.M. there is "CBS Reports"—a program titled "The Balance of Terror." Since I already know more than I want to about the horrors of nuclear war, I reject the chance to consider further my own slim prospects of survival. Channel 4 at the same time offers "Sing Along with Mitch," which I also turn down since I don't care much for popular music. After a quick look at the fare offered by the other New York television stations, I switch on Channel 7 and regress comfortably to the cops-and-robbers games of my youth in the form of "The Untouchables."

Now, in this simple choice, exercised nightly in many millions of American homes, I have apparently not acted in the public interest. By satisfying my perverse appetite for violence in dramatic form I have lent aid and comfort to a form of TV entertainment that is widely condemned. Further, by rejecting "CBS Reports" I have diminished its audience—and therefore its attractiveness to sponsors.

The behavior of audiences is, obviously, not always in the public interest. And there are other complications which become evident as I happily watch a dozen gangsters bite the dust of a Chicago brewery under the unerring fire of the three bullet-proof "Untouchables."

I notice suddenly that Robert Stack, playing the hero, has worn the same broad-lapel gray suit for almost three years. Presumably this is done to give a "period" flavor to the program but I doubt that many viewers care when these exciting events took place. I know enough about the men's clothing industry to realize that such things as the width of lapels and the number of buttons are changed from time to time. I also know that the industry suffers because men so seldom buy new suits. Would it not be in the public interest, convenience, and necessity (the basis on which TV stations are licensed) if the FCC required Robert Stack to change the style and color of his suit at least semi-annually? (The men's clothing industry, of course, cannot pay him to do it, for this would be payola.) But why could not the FCC insist—since employers and workers in a major industry would clearly benefit as well as the wool growers and cloth manufacturers?

Could it not also be argued that mass consumption, employment, and prosperity are advanced by TV advertising and that it is therefore contrary to the public interest to permit the sale of remote-control devices which enable viewers to switch off commercials?

And how about cigarette advertising? Since publication of the latest British medical report on smoking and lung cancer, tobacco commercials on TV in the United Kingdom now appear only in the late evening hours when the children are in bed. In Italy, all TV tobacco advertising has been eliminated. Would it not be in the "public interest" for the FCC similarly to limit or proscribe cigarette commercials on TV in America?*

The FCC, however, does not reason in this fashion. Instead it relies on a definition of "the public interest" which is, in my view, even less defensible because it is a relic of the age of radio and not in any sense pertinent to modern TV in the United States.

WHAT LOCAL STATIONS CAN'T DO

IN A report issued two years ago the FCC listed fourteen different types of programs "usually necessary to meet the public interest, needs, and desires of the community in which the station is located."

The first item is "Opportunity for Local Self-expression." Next comes "The Development and Use of Local Talent." The rest of the list includes religious and educational programs; editorializing by licensee; agricultural programs; weather and market reports; service to minority groups. Fourteenth and last is "Entertainment Programming."

Now, I submit that most of these local-service functions should properly be performed by local radio stations across the country. Television is the costliest of all mass media. It cannot and should not deal extensively with local community problems—except for major city and state events and political campaigns.

It is, in general, not economically feasible for a local television station to initiate programs of high quality. In fact—as most people who live outside the great metropolitan areas can attest—when a local station leaves the networks, the screen is usually turned over to an old movie, punctuated by the commercials of Main Street stores; or a newscaster reading bulletins from the wire services; or a speech by a local dignitary. Now all these programs, except for the ancient film, gain nothing by being seen as well as heard.

* The U.S. Supreme Court in *NBC vs. U.S.* (319 US 190) said: "The Commission has . . . the burden of determining the composition of that traffic." Traffic means that which goes on the air, i.e., commercials as well as programs.

They could be presented just as well, and far more economically, on radio.

It must be remembered that when sight was added to sound in broadcasting, Congress did not enact a new law or amend the old one to deal with this new medium.* By default it empowered the FCC to apply the same rules to TV as to radio. Sixteen years later, radio has become almost entirely a local community service, while TV has evolved into a national mass medium.

In this context the hearings conducted by the FCC in Chicago last spring seem rather ridiculous. The chief question discussed was what local community service was being provided by TV broadcasters. As could be expected, a churchman, a rabbi, and many minority groups complained bitterly. No one even hinted that the public interest is best served by using TV primarily as a national medium, with radio doing the job locally.

It is a fallacy to think of TV as chiefly a medium for "local" talent and interests. It is also a waste of time to berate the networks—as was done at the Chicago hearings—for trying to force too many of their programs on their affiliates. It is regrettable, of course, if actors and musicians are out of work in Chicago. But creating employment for them is not going to provide better TV fare for viewers in the Chicago area. Good TV programming is just too expensive for the resources of a single station, and it is getting costlier all the time. Nor will the local advertiser foot the bill. A local Chicago program, for instance, can reach less than 5 per cent of TV homes in America. For it an advertiser will not pay more than 5 per cent of what he would pay for a national network show.

Excessive network "domination" is not the problem. The real difficulty is twofold: (1) all too many local stations fail to let their viewers see the good programs offered by the networks,** and (2) with due deference to the public service performed by TV as the national tranquilizer,

* See: "Television: There Ought to be a Law" by Bernard B. Smith, *Harper's*, September 1948.

** In its spring 1962 issue the *Columbia Journalism Review* published a report on local "black outs" on public-affairs TV. A typical station turned down one out of four informational programs offered it. In one- and two-station cities the pattern ranged from high acceptance to almost total rejection. For example WLWD, Dayton, Ohio, refused eight out of nine informational programs offered to it by NBC and ABC while the one station in Ft. Meyers, Florida, and the two in Eugene, Oregon, accepted most of what was offered. Two Augusta, Georgia, stations turned down ten of thirteen programs.

the networks do not provide enough programs that stimulate thought or give information.

The FCC has no power to enforce its will directly on the networks. How, then, can they be compelled to do a better job? The most appealing answer is based on the classic American faith in competition. Instead of three networks, let us have four, five, or a dozen which will compete for the market through the quality of their product.

Attractive as is this notion, it is, in fact, unworkable—as we can see from a look at recent TV history.

COMPETING FOR ONE PIE

WATCHING television is a form of hearthside relaxation rather than an "occasion." Perhaps this is why the size of the audience fluctuates so little. A motion-picture manager can still fill his house with a Marilyn Monroe film while few people would trouble to go out to see "Gunsmoke" or "77 Sunset Strip." But TV is a habit.

For example, between the hours of seven and eleven in the evening in the first six months of 1958 (a period which critics often call "the Golden Age of Television") some 57 per cent of the country's TV sets were regularly tuned in. Three years later (when networks were heavily overcast with Western gun battles and *Private Eyes*), the same proportion—about 57 per cent—of all potential viewers were also in front of their screens. In other words the size of the TV audience does not change much, regardless of the cultural merits, or lack of them, of the evening offerings or the number of stations on the air.* What does change, however, is the slice of the constant audience pie that goes to different shows. And this division of the audience has less to do with the inherent merits of a particular program than with the immediate alternatives available.

Let us consider, for example, the sad fate of "Playhouse 90," the prize exhibit of the Golden Age mentioned above. On a typical November evening in 1958 this excellent drama was being

* Percentage of Television Sets in Use

	7:00 P.M. to 11:00 P.M., March 1959	Range	Median
2-station markets	30.5%	37.7	
3-station markets	45.5%	40.8	
4-station markets	41.8	38.0	
7-station markets	40.5%	50.8	

Source: *American Broadcasting Bureau*.

watched in more than ten million homes. A year later it had less than five million viewers. Yet in the intervening twelve months there had been no perceptible change in the total size of the television audience at that hour.

What had happened was simply that the American Broadcasting system had become a full-fledged network and was now offering "The Untouchables," a competitive dramatic program with the added ingredient of violence, which siphoned off more than seven million viewers from the other two networks at this hour. A year later "Playhouse 90" left the air because its audience was no longer large enough to justify the cost to the sponsor.

Before ABC appeared on the scene the two networks (without consultation with each other) engaged in what is known as "counter-programming"; that is, they avoided presenting shows of the same general character in the same time segment. For example, when NBC telecast "Robert Montgomery Presents," a serious dramatic program, CBS did not try to woo viewers with similar tastes, but presented a situation comedy called "December Bride."

Counter-programming served to increase the total audience, rather than to contract it. But in the fierce competitive struggle that followed ABC's emergence as a network, counter-programming virtually disappeared. A variety of dramatic programs vied with each other at the same hours, and, regrettably, Westerns, *Private Eyes*, and other violence-filled dramas won over the "Playhouse 90" non-violent type of dramatic offering.

Public-affairs and information programs are also affected by the lack of counter-programming. For instance, on Friday evenings from 10:30 to 11:00, CBS presents "Eyewitness to History" while at the same time, NBC offers "Chet Huntley Reporting." Both are excellent and it is irksome to many potential viewers to be forced to miss one of them. It is also senseless for two worthwhile programs to divide the one audience.

The salvation of TV does not lie merely in "more competition." A substantial increase in the number of television stations and, in time, the addition of a fourth or fifth network will not add to the size of the television audience. It will simply serve to divide an existing audience among more stations, and thus reduce the audience available for the better and inevitably more expensive programs, and thus render it less likely that they can attract commercial sponsorship.

For it is a fact that when there was less competition (that is, only two fully nationwide networks), high-quality programs had a far better

chance of economic survival—which is a necessity in the profit-based TV system to which we are committed.

In the public interest, broadcasters should work together toward insulating good programs from the competition of others which appeal to the same types of viewers. I am confident that such a positive step to provide better television fare for the American people could be taken without fear of antitrust action by the Department of Justice. Attorney General Robert Kennedy has assured the networks that they are in no such danger if they work together to provide better children's shows; the same principle would certainly apply to a genuine effort to give high-quality adult programs an improved chance of survival.

THE ADVERTISER'S ROLE

To be sure, there are certain kinds of documentary and other worthwhile non-entertainment programs which will never attract large enough audiences to justify their cost to the sponsor. The price of national network time alone can exceed \$100,000 for a single hour.

One remedy may be in what is known as the "magazine" concept of TV advertising. Magazine advertising rates are based on circulation and generally go up with each thousand additional readers. Similarly, TV advertising rates could be computed on the basis of the number of viewers reached (which could be certified, as are magazine circulations, by an Audit Bureau of recognized integrity). This system is currently used during the summer months on commercial TV in Great Britain.

Here is how it would work as a practical matter: The advertiser would not select the program on which his commercial is to appear. He would merely be allowed to specify his preference as to time segment (morning, afternoon, or evening). And he would pay only in terms of TV homes reached, on a cost-per-thousand basis.

This method of selling advertising space on TV would go far toward freeing the medium from the yoke of sponsor domination. The concept that the sponsor's product is "identified" with a particular program has caused a steady retreat from subject matter which might offend anyone. (In this connection it should be noted that supervision of programming by the government, or an official advisory committee, would not have an emancipating effect. Public officials are, if anything, more timid than businessmen about controversial subjects or personalities

which might wound the sensibilities of Congressmen or their constituents.)

Nor should any trade association be given the power of precensorship over TV programs. There has been considerable pressure for some kind of censorship ever since the lamentable "Bus Stop" episode starring Fabian, a teen-age idol, was telecast last December. This program, a tasteless witches' brew of murder, lust, and alcohol, rightly shocked many viewers. As a result, many Congressmen insisted that steps must be taken to prevent such revolting programs from being shown. However, the public—the only legitimate censor—by its lively protests has since insured that this single flagrant mistake is altogether unlikely to be repeated. The continuing problem on TV is not immoral programs but spineless programs. And the latter is what we will get if a trade association such as the National Association of Broadcasters exercises precensorship.

For example, the NAB statement at the time hinted that "The Benefactors"—a program on "The Defenders" which dealt with illegal abortion—should not be aired at a peak evening hour. This show (presented by CBS last April 28 at 8:30 P.M. in the East, 7:30 in the Midwest) was a striking example of the kind of controversy that scares official bodies—and sponsors—although it was shown on 174 stations and most subsequent audience comments were favorable. Beforehand three companies—Kimberly-Clark, Brown & Williamson, and Lever Brothers—withdrew from sponsorship.

CBS was sufficiently concerned about the show to take the unusual step of showing a taped preview to its affiliated stations. Only ten CBS American affiliates decided against it. The sponsor's spot was filled at the last minute by the Speidel Corporation, which apparently decided that the sale of its product, wrist-watch bands, could survive identification with a vital human problem.

I cannot believe it is in the public interest to let manufacturers decide that we cannot see certain programs because they might displease potential buyers of their cigarettes, cleaning tissues, or shampoos. Nor do I care to rely on the less tender—it would seem—sensibilities of watch-band purchasers.

This is why it is high time we adopted the magazine concept. Under this system the TV industry will derive huge income from the highly popular programs and less from more serious fare. Sustaining public-affairs programs will no longer be needed. Broadcasters will derive some rev-

enue from all types of programs and will have no further excuse for not providing balanced fare, free of sponsor control. But total broadcast income will not diminish, and good programs in the public interest can not only survive, but increase in number.

OPENING UP THE AIR CHANNELS: HOW FAR?

DESPITE strong evidence to the contrary, our American faith in competition persists as a remedy for most evils. Mr. Minow, like his predecessors, has paid obeisance to this principle and, like them, he has run into trouble.

The obvious way to increase competition in TV is to open up more channels. Why not license more stations to operate on the little-used seventy channels in the UHF band of the spectrum (Ultra High Frequency channels 14 to 83) as well as the twelve VHF (Very High Frequency channels 2 to 13) now overloaded with TV stations?

An attempt to do precisely this was made in 1952 when the FCC adopted a program to license both UHF and VHF stations in the same communities. The plan was a failure for—as it turned out—UHF cannot compete with VHF. This is chiefly because VHF can send its signal much further than UHF. Hence a VHF station has a much larger potential viewing audience. In 1960 the country's 458 VHF stations earned profits of \$210 million while the 76 UHF stations made an aggregate profit of only \$300,000. Most TV sets now in use in the U.S. can receive only VHF. They can, however, be adapted to receive UHF also by a device which costs about \$30.

In 1955 NBC undertook to operate a UHF station (WBUE, Channel 17) in Buffalo. This station received all NBC network programs, and large sums were spent to purchase and operate it. Nonetheless, NBC gave up the ghost in the fall of 1958, took the station off the air, and made an independent VHF station its Buffalo affiliate. WBUE could not compete even though, at this time, roughly 90 per cent of the television sets in Buffalo had been equipped to receive UHF. During this same period CBS was making a similar attempt to use a UHF station (WXIX, Channel 18) as its affiliate in Milwaukee. Like NBC, CBS finally took WXIX off the air and later sold it for some \$50,000. At about the same time a VHF station in Milwaukee was sold for close to \$4.5 million. As in Buffalo, at this time 90 per cent of the television sets in Milwaukee homes were equipped to receive UHF. Clearly a UHF station cannot prosper if it must com-

pete with a VHF station. The larger audience is the one that attracts the advertiser.

A different approach to the problem was formulated both by the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee in 1956 and by the Anti-trust Subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee in 1957. Both committees referred to the long-range solution of shifting all television to UHF, and recommended that in the meantime, "where the public interest requires," the FCC move all TV broadcasting—in markets where such a move is feasible—to the UHF band. This step would make materially more channels available in such communities; and all the stations in these localities could compete on equal terms for the same potential audience.

In July 1961 the FCC decided that such action would be in the public interest in eight cities: Madison, Wisconsin; Rockford, Illinois; Hartford, Connecticut; Erie, Pennsylvania; Binghamton, New York; Champaign-Urbana, Illinois; Columbia, South Carolina; and Montgomery, Alabama. Each of these was selected particularly because 75 to 85 per cent of the TV sets in the area are equipped to receive both UHF and VHF; hence the people would not be inconvenienced if all TV were moved into UHF.

Not surprisingly, a storm broke around Mr. Minow's head. For the broadcasters are well aware of the central economic fact that has been cited here, *i.e.*, that more stations and more programs do not mean more viewers in a given locality but simply a splintering of the same-size audience. Here was a real threat to profits built on monopoly or quasi-monopoly and the VHF broadcasters howled in anguish.

Stanch friends on Capitol Hill rushed to their defense. Many Congressmen are highly sympathetic to their local TV stations. Some indeed have a financial interest in stations themselves. But all of them depend more and more for publicity during and between campaigns on television. They are even more nervous about offending TV stations now that Mr. Minow has encouraged broadcasters to editorialize.

The pressure was such that Mr. Minow began to retreat by agreeing to a conditional moratorium. No change will be made for the present in the eight communities involved, nor will any new move to UHF be initiated in any other community. The existing VHF stations will therefore continue to enjoy their huge competitive advantage over the UHF stations. The move into UHF will take place, however, in four other communities where plans were well advanced.

Mr. Minow conditioned this moratorium on

passage by Congress of a piece of legislation known as the All-Channel Receiver Bill (which passed the House and was approved by the Senate Commerce Committee this spring). The bill authorizes the FCC to require that in the future all TV sets shipped in interstate commerce will have to be capable of receiving UHF as well as VHF telecasts. The theory behind this law is that, once the FCC implements it, there will be a rush of applications to operate UHF stations, since presumably, nearly all American homes will be equipped in time to receive UHF as well as VHF. Thus the benefits of wide-open competition will bring to all of us the blessing of better TV.

But in fact, nothing of the sort is likely to take place. Perhaps there will be an increase in the number of educational stations operating on UHF if large subsidies can be found for them. The \$32-million grant of matching funds provided by Congress this year (with no more than \$1 million going to any one state) is no more than a drop in the bucket compared to the cost of setting up and operating a worthwhile network of educational TV stations. For example, the new educational TV station in New York which expects to take to the air this fall anticipates a cost of \$3 million for its first year.

But even if the years ahead see a great increase in telecasts on topics like the Roots of the Democratic Process or the History of the Russian Drama, this is not the average, or even the superior, viewer's dream of better TV. The real need is for more and better dramas, concerts, and documentaries dealing with the real world around us. Unfortunately if such programs are of high quality they are extremely expensive.* And the money to produce them and pay time charges is available only in the marketplace of commercial TV.** As demonstrated by the experience of NBC in Buffalo and CBS in Milwaukee, it is close to impossible for a UHF station to compete if there are two or more VHF stations serving the same locality. And it cannot compete effectively even if there is only one VHF station. This has been found true even when most viewers

* Serious dramatic offerings such as Graham Greene's "The Power and the Glory" with Laurence Olivier and Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw" with Ingrid Bergman both cost over a quarter of a million dollars, exclusive of time charges. This is not, however, any greater than the cost of an hour of Bob Hope or Bing Crosby.

** More than a dozen years have elapsed since Zenith's Chicago experiment in Pay-TV. But there is no clear evidence as yet that it will ever be economically feasible and socially desirable for viewers rather than advertisers to pay for TV programs.

in the area can receive both VHF and UHF.

Clearly, then, the All-Channel Receiver Bill is doomed to fail in its long-range objective. It is fortunate, therefore, that Mr. Minow is not proposing to surrender—but has merely suspended—the power of the FCC to move all stations in a given area into UHF. Out of this power the FCC can fashion a new and effective weapon, and one it need not hesitate to use.

PLOWING BACK PROFITS

NO FCC Chairman really contemplates confiscating a TV station in which investors have built up a huge equity over the years. Hence the triennial applications for license renewal are rarely more than *pro forma* proceedings. The outcome is never in doubt. Indeed, all the FCC ever asks is that a station's program performance be in keeping with that promised when it received a license or its license was last renewed.

No sophisticated broadcaster has any trouble proving that he has met the hazy commitments he made when he got his license. He needs merely to show that he schedules a religious program on Sunday morning, an educational program on a weekday morning (before most people are awake), allows a local dignitary to expound the need for a bond issue to replace cesspools with a sewage system, and telecasts some local basketball games. Having thus "served community needs," he can now be sure his license will be renewed.

I propose that the FCC begin seriously to examine whether every station making a high profit out of a free franchise has in fact served the public interest, not on pain of refusing to re-license it, but with the threat of action that can drastically reduce the station's profits.

Take, for example, a community which has only two stations. One of these is in a position to choose between the programs of two networks and is reaping huge profits from its monopolistic position. If this station regularly selects programs like "The Untouchables" rather than "CBS Reports," the FCC could properly question whether this decision is in the public interest (despite my affection for "The Untouchables"). In effect, the FCC could say: "You are making far too much money in the use of a public franchise for which you paid nothing but which you promised to operate in the public interest, convenience, and necessity. You can continue to enjoy the near monopoly which guarantees your high profits only if it is exercised in the public interest.

"After sixteen years of experience with tele-

vision—without our having to spell it out for you—you know what kinds of programs you ought to eliminate and those you ought to add to your schedule. When your station license comes up for renewal, if we find that you are still making the same high percentage of profits but that you are still, for example, using the time between 5:00 and 6:30 P.M. to broadcast old movies in place of worthwhile children's programs or good dramatic or public-affairs shows, then we will be obliged to take appropriate steps to end your monopoly."

The appropriate step, of course, would be to move all TV in this city into the UHF band. The result would, in all probability, be five or six stations in operation with a sharp decrease in profits as the same-size audience is split six instead of two ways. This threat I believe would be a powerful inducement to the two VHF stations in the community to work together to ensure a better quality of programming immediately.

It would, of course, be unrealistic to try to hold all TV stations to the same standards. For example, in 1960 the three Cleveland stations earned a total profit of more than \$8 million (approximately equal to half of their gross revenues) and the three stations in Detroit and three in Boston did almost as well. Obviously a higher level of programming can be expected of them than of those in the Tacoma-Seattle level. There five stations—too many for the population served—had total revenues of about \$8 million and wound up the year with an aggregate loss of \$26,000. Manifestly the threat of reduced profits is effective only if a station is making money.

However, the vast majority of VHF stations have enjoyed steadily rising profits over the years. Network profits, on the other hand, have declined, although the network-owned stations continue to be highly lucrative. At the present time the networks are trying to induce the stations to accept decreased payments for the network programs they show.* It is essential, in my view, for the networks to have substantial revenues which they can plow back into better programs. For, as we have seen, it is primarily from the networks that first-rate programs must come.

The last thing any VHF broadcaster in the hundred or so rich markets wants is to be moved into the UHF band. To combat this threat, these stations will demand of their networks more and better dramatic and children's programs. As

* An affiliated station receives roughly 20 per cent of its total revenue from the network for network-sponsored programs, and 80 per cent from national, regional, and local sponsors.

a matter of good sense rather than civic virtue the stations will show all the worthwhile public-affairs programs offered by the networks and will ask for more. And they will be prepared to reduce payments from the networks to provide the wherewithal for better network programs.

If a station should fail to respond to this approach, the FCC will have to carry out its threat and move all television in the area into the UHF band. Passage of the All-Channel Receiver Bill gives real bite to this threat.* In any event, FCC administrative procedures—with the inevitable appeals—ensure sufficient delay to provide time for most homes in the city affected to be equipped with all-channel receivers. So local viewers will not be inconvenienced.

In such a city, profits of the once-lucrative VHF stations will dwindle sharply. But the lesson will not be lost on stations elsewhere. I believe that the threat of moving all stations in an area into UHF should be used circumspectly rather than on the sweeping eight-city scale Mr. Minow attempted last year and from which he is now retreating. For it is the threat rather than its consequence that is important. In the fear of diminished profits, rather than in the actuality of increased competition, lies our best hope for better TV.

Certainly, better programs are not going to result from competition between more stations and more networks vying with each other for the same-size audience; nor from any form of pre-censorship whether by a public body or a trade association. What is needed is co-operation between the networks and stations to provide better programming and an economic basis for television that among other things frees program content from any control by commercial sponsors. Above all, we must demand that the existing VHF stations pay for their lucrative monopolies by doing a better job in the public interest. Eventually, I hope, the television industry will see that it is only by behaving like a public utility that it can avoid being treated like one.

* Because an all-channel receiver costs more than the ordinary VHF set, the American people will have to spend approximately an extra billion dollars when the time comes to replace their present receivers. Chances are that \$900 million of this billion can be expected to be wasted as no more than 10 per cent of the purchasers will be exposed to UHF stations. (So far as educational stations are concerned—their programs on the average are rarely viewed by as much as one per cent of the people who own sets that could receive them.) However, this outlay will be well justified if it provides the FCC with an effective weapon for defending the public interest in better programs.

GENERAL STYLING

CONSTABLE & TURNER
LTD.

COLUMBIA
ARTS - LOGISTICS INC.

KANDINSKY, KLEE & CO

NATIONAL
SEASCAPES & SUNSETS
INC.

THE WAY-OUT BOYS
INC.

SOYER BROTHERS & LEVINE

SUMS PREMIERED

The Day Rembrandt Went Public

By
Arnold M. Auerbach

By 1967 or so, art collectors had discarded their outmoded aesthetic attitudes. They asked only one stark, logical query about a contemporary artist: Was he a sound, going proposition, with healthy prospects for capital appreciation, or were his assets watery? There were just two schools of modern painting: (1) Growth. (2) Income.

Works of the masters, of course, were no longer on public view. As values soared, thefts at galleries became frighteningly commonplace. It wasn't safe to carry even an etching down 57th

Street. After the National Gallery heist, in which a gang of smooth-talking gunmen, posing as Princeton art majors, got away with two Giottos and a Veronese, the government closed down the building and buried its contents in Fort Knox. Private owners hid their canvases in vaults, displaying only reproductions—or, as they became known, "cultured paintings."

The first person to take full advantage of the trend was an enterprising plastics magnate named Godfrey L. Willoughby, who issued stock and sold shares in his collection, incorporating on the Big Board under the name Consolidated Art-Lovers, Inc. (Ticker symbol CAL.)

Willoughby's gimmick was well thought-out. His portfolio of canvases was strictly blue-chip: solid, high-grade classicists, several gilt-edge post-Impressionists, and, for frosting, one or two up-and-coming nonobjectivists.

His prospectus was alluring. The collection, currently valued at over a million dollars, would be reappraised from time to time, as Willoughby bought and sold. Any weak sisters on the list would be ruthlessly weeded out. As the canvases went up in value, so would the company's shares. True, there would be no cash dividends. But growth prospects were enormous.

Moreover, at corporate meetings, stockholders, besides a box lunch, would receive beautifully-bound financial statements, illustrated with color plates of their holdings, to be distributed through the Book-of-the-Month Club. CAL stock certificates, suitable for framing, would bear a handsome reproduction of the company's prize asset—a small "Christ Driving the Moneychangers from the Temple," attributed to El Greco. All in all, for the discriminating investor seeking cultural as well as financial enrichment, a stake in CAL was certainly preferable to real-estate syndication.

CAL common, issued at 10, jumped to 32, steadied at 27½, and, as the *Wall Street Journal* declared, became "the widows'-and-orphans' art favorite." On the strength of his coup, Willoughby gained national fame, sold his holdings, and entered politics, becoming a leading contender for the Republican Presidential nomination.

A number of other collectors soon imitated his

Arnold M. Auerbach wrote the GI revue, "Call Me Mister," as well as many sketches for other Broadway revues and for TV. He worked for Fred Allen, the radio comedian, for five years and is now writing a play.

scheme. Investors could choose between General Still Life, Sover Brothers and Levine, and even The Way-Out Boys, Inc. (Admittedly highly speculative, but a vast profit potential.) All prospered.

Unfortunately, an unhealthy trend developed. Wildcat issues appeared: Nudes Preferred, Crazy Collages. John Canaday, president of the newly-formed Art-Stock Ethical Association, cracked down, banishing several offending underwriters. Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Parke-Bernet, brokers, published a series of chatty ads, advising caution. Still, the boom continued.

MANY analysts blamed the eventual debacle on the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which, after much secret debate, decided to sell shares in "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer." ("Rembrandt Goes Public" said the *Daily News*, that morning.)

The clamor to buy surpassed even the to-do over Ford's first stock issue. The canvas, now kept in a Monacan bank vault, was valued at over \$120 million, with bullish prospects. Everyone wanted a slice of the pie. ACBH, opening at 6, shot to 21½, and within two hours was selling at 63¼, carrying other art issues in its wake.

That same afternoon—the day became known forever as Chiaroscuro Thursday—the bubble burst. The decline began when a number of institutions simultaneously decided to take their profits on ACBH, and sell. A wave of rumors followed. "The insiders are dumping ACBH." "Maybe the trend is to compact Rembrandts." "The art cycle has had it."

Suddenly everyone wanted to get out. Prices crumbled, as the ticker was swamped. Vainly, Canaday pleaded for order. Billy Rose, trying to hold the line, sold his AT&T and poured the proceeds into art issues. Nothing helped. ACBH closed that day at 31¼. Thousands of bellboys, taxi-drivers and other art-lovers lost their savings. Outraged crowds stoned the Dutch embassy. Billy Rose announced that he'd have to go back to producing Aquacades.

Belatedly, the government stepped in. The President declared an Art Holiday. The PSC (Painting and Sculpture Commission) was formed. It forbade all speculation, share-owning, and trading in works of art. Unqualified persons were no longer allowed to become collectors. Speculative investors were diverted to new fields, such as outer-space real estate.

After a while, museums began to take their paintings out of hiding, and people hung them on walls and went back to just looking at them.

ON MAGNANIMITY

England's distinguished novelist, scientific administrator, and all-purpose sage finds one virtue which seems to be more plentiful among Americans than Britons.

JUST under three hundred years ago, the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge did a distinctly unusual thing. He decided that one of his pupils was a much better mathematician than he was, and in all respects more fitted for his job. He wasn't content with this exercise in self-criticism. He promptly resigned his Chair, on condition that his pupil be immediately appointed. In the light of history, no one can say that his judgment was wrong. For the Professor's name was Barrow, and he was a very good mathematician by seventeenth-century standards; but his pupil was Isaac Newton.

This is one of my favorite academic stories. It happens to be quite true. Don't let my telling it to you lead you into false hopes, though. I am not, I regret to say, such a swift mover as Dr. Barrow. Yet it is a pleasant thought just to imagine the state of affairs if all of us were. Politicians, academics, administrators, artists, businessmen—we all look round, see a better man, and do a Barrow. "Your place is up here, my boy, and mine down here!" I am not only imagining older men giving place to young men. The opposite would be equally salutary.

Among writers, for example, one can think of two or three people of the highest gifts, now getting old, who have had no luck at all. It is agreeable to contemplate some younger writers, who have had all the luck, suddenly realizing this truth and announcing that their royalties were not deserved, that their plays ought not to be in the theatres, and that they were giving everything up in favor of greater, if older, men.

In fact, if the whole lot of us looked round, took stock of ourselves and others, and acted, as Existentialists call it, "in our freedom"—I can't help thinking that there would be a very remarkable turnover.

Alas, it will not happen. Barrow is likely to remain a unique, and perhaps a somewhat extreme, example of magnanimity. That is why I like him so much. For, of all the virtues, this is the one that I admire most, and would most wish to have. When, one morning last November, in Middletown, Connecticut, I received the news that you had done me the honor of electing me, I resolved that it was about magnanimity that I should speak today. I think at the back of my mind I remembered that one of my predecessors, Sir James Barrie, had called his Inaugural Address, "On Courage." I don't possess anything like his invention or his eloquence, but courage, along with magnanimity, is the only virtue that in the very long run I seek for in those I love. Of course, since a man is a fool who sets up as a moral passport officer, I have liked and been interested in, and gained much value from, many people who did not possess either; but I don't think I could feel at ease or safe, certainly not as I get older, with someone who had not a share of both. So, I thought, courage had been incomparably dealt with here, in this place; I would like to have a shot at magnanimity.

What do I mean by magnanimity? Nothing very difficult. Very much what we mean by the word as we use it in common speech. If I were shaping a definition, I think I should begin like this. The virtue consists, first, of seeing oneself and another person, any other person, as both really are: for there is no virtue without clear sight. And then, exerting oneself to see the best in the other person, and trying to get that best out of him. Which means, of course, that in the process one is trying to get the best out of oneself. All this is simple—but the roots of the virtue are very far from simple. To those I shall return.

Just as I shall return to something that worries me, and the reasons for which none of us entirely comprehend. I mean that this major virtue, which at any level sweetens life, and at the highest glorifies it, seems to be in danger of passing out of our English society—and perhaps of our Scottish society too, though I hope not; of that I am not able to guess. I am certain, how-

ever, of a comparison between the only two societies I know pretty intimately—my own English one, and the American. I think most people would agree that in some respects the English society is more tolerant than the American—more tolerant, perhaps, than any largish collection of people has ever been. But I am also sure that in many respects, the English society is far and away less magnanimous than the American.

On that, too, I must say a bit more later. Meanwhile, it is arid and misjudged to attempt to define a virtue in the abstract. Virtues exist in action. Let us have a look at a few examples of magnanimity as it has been lived. The first is a Scotsman, not because of the patriotism of this occasion, but because through all the Amazonian undergrowth of literary history, he stands out as a man, generous and good. I am thinking of Sir Walter Scott. He was not, I suppose, one of the greatest of novelists, though he was very much better than he is at present considered to be, and was one of the most influential who have ever lived. But in his life, in his relations with other writers, in the way he took both enormous triumph and fantastic disaster, he sets a standard which ought to make the rest of us ashamed. If a fraction of the world's intellectual persons came anywhere near the goodness of Walter Scott, then the world would be a better place. Ask me to choose a personification of magnanimity from all the world's writers, and I think I should take him.

My next is Turgenev. He has a special interest for us this afternoon, for in 1879 the University of Oxford awarded him an honorary degree. I may have forgotten someone, but I believe that no Russian creative writer has become an honorary graduate of a British university since, until our honored guest today, Mikhail Sholokhov.

Turgenev had great literary success young, and in fact remained successful all his life. He was ten years older than Tolstoi, and when they first met, Turgenev was the most distinguished writer in Russia, and Tolstoi a beginner. Fairly soon, that position changed. Tolstoi published *War and Peace* when he was in his late thirties, and was, with surprising speed, recognized as the first

novelist not only of Russia, but of the world. Turgenev was not simply a fine writer. He was a man of acute critical perception. He knew, and said, that this estimate was just. It cannot have been easy. Turgenev had lived for his art more than most men—much more than Tolstoi had—and it cost him great suffering to admit that he had been surpassed. And yet his heart was large enough. As he was dying, he wrote Tolstoi one of the most moving letters in all literature, begging him to return to writing novels, calling him "greatest writer of the Russian land."

Men can behave magnanimously as well as meanly. Sometimes, in the blackest moments, one finds oneself thinking that the whole motive force of human kind consists of two factors, envy on the one hand, and on the other the brute desire of the flesh to persist. But that is not quite true. No, it isn't true at all. We have all met living exemplars to the contrary. You had only to meet Einstein for an afternoon to know it was not true. Or to put one's nose inside any of the great physics laboratories of the world during the 1920s or 1930s, the heroic age of physics: Franck's Göttingen, Bohr's Copenhagen, Ernest Lawrence's Berkeley, Rutherford's Cambridge. In those places one saw men trying to behave more generously than comes easily to most of us. Once there was a dispute between the Cavendish Laboratory and Paris, about whether Rutherford or Langevin had got in first with a not-unimportant discovery. Rutherford intervened, at the top of his enormous voice: "If Langevin says the discovery is his, then the discovery is Langevin's." Dear Rutherford. He had his frailties, but so many of us owed so much to him. Just, perhaps, by seeing how creative genius worked, how easy it was, how happy and how magnanimous it made him.

When men are drawn together, as these men were, in a collective enterprise, then their catch-phrases tell one something. There was one which used to be common in those laboratories. It was: "It doesn't matter who gets the credit, so long as the work gets done." Hypocritical? You're telling me. Haven't I spent a certain proportion of my time writing about how people really respond to such situations? When I was working as a scientist, not a very good one, years ago, I once got beaten at the post in a piece of research. The work was quite trivial, but my emotion wasn't. It mattered quite a lot who got the credit, I felt. Yet, hypocrisies can sometimes contain or express a part of the truth. If men tell themselves that in theory it doesn't matter who gets the credit, then a vestigial part of themselves may wish that

"On Magnanimity" is the address delivered by Sir Charles Snow at his induction this spring as Rector of St. Andrews University, Scotland. Famous for his series of novels, "*Strangers and Brothers*," C. P. Snow has also become known for his advocacy of greater understanding between the "Two Cultures" of science and the humanities.

it were so, and perhaps in our bleak and selfish hearts, a flicker of aspiration, of generosity, may be set free. Don't despise hypocrisies too much. See through them, but don't despise them. They are sometimes a sign of what we should like to be.

KNOWING ONE'S TALENT

MOST of the names I have mentioned as those of magnanimous men, are fairly familiar. I am now going to introduce one that is less so, that of G. H. Hardy. The name is less familiar simply because his subject, pure mathematics, is esoteric to most of us. In fact, he was a great man and a most magnanimous one, more so, I think, than anyone I have known. I had the luck to know him well during the last sixteen years of his life—that was the one good result that has ever come to me through an excessive addiction to the game of cricket.

His was the most beautiful mind that I have ever been in close contact with, and I learned more from him intellectually than from any single person. But I hope I learned even more from him in human terms than I did intellectually. As I say, I knew him intimately for sixteen years. His mind was biting, and his tongue exceedingly sharp. He had all the sardonic wit of vintage Cambridge of the turn of this century, or more specifically, of vintage Trinity. Nevertheless, during those sixteen years—except about one or two public figures whom he regarded as enjoying war—I never heard him say an absolutely unfair or an absolutely ungenerous thing.

Let me tell one story about him. One morning early in 1913, a large envelope covered with Indian stamps was waiting on his breakfast table in his rooms in college. He opened the envelope without much interest: and found, as he expected, that it contained a number of sheets covered with symbols. He was at that time thirty-six, already one of the best-known pure mathematicians in England. Eminent pure mathematicians suffer from a curious occupational risk, in that they are constantly being bombarded by proofs of the prophetic properties of the Great Pyramid—and so on. So Hardy gave the manuscript a perfunctory glance, and went on reading the morning paper. It occurred to him that the first page was a little out of the ordinary, even for a cranky correspondent. It seemed to consist of some theorems, very strange-looking theorems, without any argument. Hardy then decided that the man must be a fraud, and duly went about the day according to his habits, giving a lecture, playing a game of real tennis. But there was

something nagging at the back of his mind. Any-one who could fake such theorems, right or wrong, must be a fraud of genius. Was it more or less likely that there should be a fraud of genius, or an unknown Indian mathematician of genius?

He went that evening after dinner to argue it out with his collaborator, J. E. Littlewood, who Hardy always insisted was a better mathematician than himself. They soon had no doubt of the answer. Hardy was seeing the work of someone whom, for natural genius, he could not touch—who, in natural genius, though of course not in achievement, as Hardy said later, belonged to the class of Euler and Gauss.

Well, that was pretty good, less than a day after the manuscript arrived. But Hardy did not stop at passive recognition. He exerted himself, raised the money to get the author, whose name was Srinivasa Ramanujan, and who was a poor clerk in Madras, over to England. After a certain amount of delay, owing to the ambiguity of the wishes of the goddess Namagiri, in whom Ramanujan's mother passionately believed, he arrived. Then Hardy for some years, at the peak of his own career, devoted his whole professional life to Ramanujan. Hardy actually had to teach him a good deal of relatively elementary mathematics, for he had had little formal education. Hardy had his reward. Ramanujan produced, with astonishing speed, a great mass of original contributions. Hardy saw to it that he got all the proper honors, Fellowship of Trinity, Fellowship of the Royal Society.

The end of his life was sad. In a wartime winter, Ramanujan developed tuberculosis, and died in 1920 at the age of thirty-two. There is a touching story of Hardy visiting him, as he lay desperately ill in the hospital at Putney. Hardy, who was a very shy man, could not find the words for his distress. The best he could do, as he got to the bedside, was: "I say, Ramanujan, I thought the number of the taxi I came down in was a very dull number. It was 1729."

"No, Hardee, no Harddee, that is not a dull number in the very least. It is the lowest number that can be expressed in two different ways as the sum of two cubes."

Hardy knew his own talent to an inch. I once asked him—of course it is a question to which a mathematician might give a meaningful answer where others couldn't—just how good he was. He replied without any fuss that at his best, for a very short time, perhaps a couple of years, he had been something like the fifth or sixth best analyst in the world. And in his own scrap of

autobiography, *A Mathematician's Apology*, he writes with a serenity that is at the same time proud, humble, and generous:

"I still say to myself when I am depressed, and find myself forced to listen to pompous and tiresome people, 'Well, I have done one thing you could never have done, and that is to have collaborated with both Littlewood and Ramanujan on something like equal terms.'"

That is the exact equivalent of Yeats's poem, "The Municipal Gallery Revisited," where Yeats in his own person is standing in the Dublin Gallery looking at the portraits of his friends. The tone is the same. It is the tone of magnanimity itself.

A DISQUIETING CHANGE

WHY is that tone disappearing, at any rate, from our English life? That it is disappearing, I don't think there is reasonable doubt. For a very large proportion of us, life is better—not only in physical terms but in most others—than it was thirty years ago. And yet in certain ways we seem to be behaving less amiably to each other. An American observer said to me not long ago that he was surprised and shocked to see, just below the cozy, comfortable surface of professional England, a very ugly streak of malice. It may be that this particular tone, the opposite of the tone of magnanimity, doesn't reach very far into the population. I hope not. But in various public and semi-public fields, in politics, the arts, games, I am afraid it is obvious enough. Our new stereotypes tell their own story.

"Integrity," for example, has taken on a new meaning. It used to mean what it said, a quality of one-ness that one met with in characters like, say, Einstein, Rutherford, Hardy. It did not mean simply a capacity for never fitting in, for being alienated from all society, and as a consequence farouche and rude. It is possible that people who are farouche and rude may possess integrity, though it is not common: but being farouche and rude is not in itself a sign of integrity.

The stereotype is a curious one. But it is linked with a good many signs and symptoms which we ought to be uneasy about. Take an example which is no one's fault in particular, certainly not the fault of any sporting journalist, but which reflects the tone of our times. Would anyone without quite abnormal resilience care, at the present day, to captain England at cricket? The moment anyone does so, we all treat him like a suspect in the dock.

There are other stereotypes, other semantic changes or fashions, which are disquieting. What does "moral" mean, half the time it is used nowadays, other than "censorious"? What is the root of the contemporary passion for the prefix "anti"—anti-novel, anti-theatre? It is an expression of that nihilism which fills the vacuum created by the withdrawal of positive directives for living, whether religious or humanist. In my happier nightmares I see myself attending an anti-play, with an anti-audience, after a dinner prepared by an anti-cook.

The tone of our present society is not pretty. None of us easily escapes its creeping into our own voice. Certainly I don't. Eighteen months ago, writing about the late Lord Cherwell, I left out his positive achievements, such as his re-creation of the Clarendon Laboratory. This I much regret.

It is possible that this displeasing English tone comes to a society which has, fairly abruptly, seen its power decline. It is possible that it is connected with, and in part a reflection of, phenomena altogether deeper and more ominous. I should like to have another look at this on a more suitable occasion.

Just for the present, I will say only that we are in danger of forgetting what it is like to be generous to each other, and that we are not much better when, collectively, we think and talk about countries larger and more powerful than our own. Perhaps the Scottish experience since the Act of Union may make our Scottish friends more compassionate to the English over this. But how many Englishmen really understand, or want to understand, the great things, admirable by any standards, that the United States has done in the last generation? How many Englishmen understand, or want to understand, that during the past twenty years the United States has done something like 80 per cent of the science and scholarship of the entire Western world? We have done good things in our time, and are still doing them. It is all right to be proud of what we are doing, if we keep some sense of proportion.

Just as we have to keep a sense of proportion about the last war. How many Englishmen understand, or want to understand, that the Soviet Union suffered casualties—let us use the hard English word, deaths—on a scale which no great country has ever suffered? That the Soviet Union lost, killed in battle, killed by starvation, killed in ways to which our genteel imaginations will not stretch, something like one in ten of every man, woman, and child in the country? This

suffering is beyond our imagination, but if you read contemporary Soviet literature you will find it is not beyond theirs.

And how many Englishmen understand, or want to understand, that in 1915, immediately after this apocalyptic experience, the Soviet Union, as its first task, threw its creative energy into education? Education, which in depth and width, leaves us standing. We have already seen some spectacular by-products whizzing round in space. We shall inevitably see more remarkable results than those.

Up to now, I have been speaking to my countrymen. Now, if you will let me for a little while, I want to speak to us all.

I have said before, and I shall say it again, because it is the most imperative social truth of our age, that about one-third of the world is rich and two-thirds of the world is poor. By this I mean something very simple. In North America, in most of Europe, in Australia and New Zealand, and now in the Soviet Union, the great majority of the population get enough to eat and don't die before their time. That is what "riches" means, in a world whose harshness those of us born lucky don't willingly admit.

In the rest of the world the opposite is true. The great majority of the population don't get enough to eat; and, from the time they are born, their chances of life are less than half of ours. These are crude words, but we are talking about crude things, toil, hunger, death. For most of our brother men, *this* is the social condition.

It is different from *our* social condition. That is one reason why there is a direct call upon our magnanimity. If we do not show it now, then both our hopes and souls have shriveled. It may be a longish time before men at large are much concerned with hopes and souls again.

TWO OPPOSING VANITIES

I REMARKED that the social condition of most of our brother men is different from our own. Yes: but not for long. At the beginning of the eighteenth century here in Scotland, in the "ill years," the cottagers died starving on the village streets—as they might, and do, die in Asia today. In Ireland, which was a peasant country, totally unindustrialized by the British, nearly a million died of hunger only just over a hundred years ago. This was then our social condition. We have only just struggled out of it, but we have already forgotten, and, with a kind of unconscious selfishness we prettify the past—so as to prevent ourselves doing anything either

sensible or magnanimous about the future.

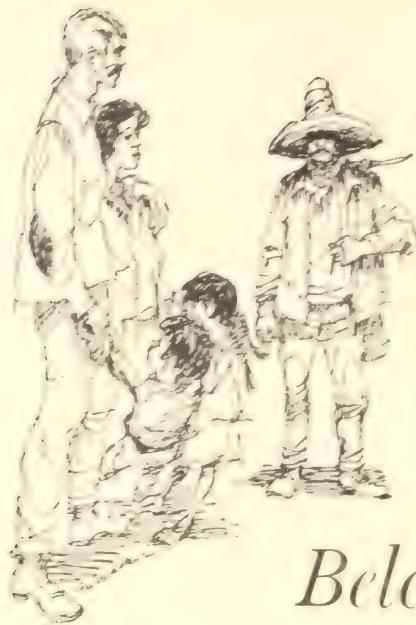
For the future is in our hands, if we can enough. The means exist for our saying to it that the poor of the world don't stay poor. The scientific and technical knowledge which we now possess is enough, if we can find the human means, to solve the problem within a couple of generations. I do not pretend that it is going to be easy to find the human means—but the knowledge exists and, since it exists, no man of the faintest imagination or good will can rest easy.

All this great social task—which is, of course, the major social task of our time—will call on every scrap of courage and magnanimity we can summon up. I said previously that magnanimity is in action a simple virtue, but that its roots are complicated. One of those roots is love, or compassion, or charity, or brotherhood, whatever one likes to call the glue which binds us together. Another is that sense of reality which is also part of humor. And another, I think, is a special sort of vanity: the vanity that makes us want to behave better than we naturally should. Don't be frightened of the word. We come from the earth, and the origins of human excellence are often a bit murkier than we expect. There are two opposing vanities which we have all noticed in ourselves: one is the vanity of self-regard—when we look into ourselves, fall in love with our own guilt and squalor, and are satisfied to stay in it. The other is the vanity which tries to make us better. In a book of mine, a character speaking for me, says: "I want a man who knows something about himself. And is appalled. And has to forgive himself to get along."

That is the vanity, it seems to me, which tries to make us better. We have to forgive ourselves, we have to find what good there is in us, we have to try to be better than we are.

We shall need all those sources of strength if we are to have virtue enough for our task. This world is ours; we can do something good with it, or we can destroy it. We cannot cut ourselves off. If we do not show virtue, this world is going to be a hell.

But I think we shall not show social virtue, or political virtue, if we fail to make the best we can of ourselves as individuals, in our human relations. We live in an age when frustration and fear make men harsh and full of hate, and hate is the worst motive either for private or for social action. We are not much. We are all poor devils. Virtue is hard for us. But remember: hatred is easy, destruction is easy. And that particular kind of easiness is ultimately nauseating to the soul.



Saturday Belongs to the Palomía

EVERY year, in the month of September, the cotton pickers come up from the Valley, and the gringos come from Mexico again. They come in the town in those places where I live all of them, the whole palomía. "Palomía" is what we say, something among my people, until I do not know how or whence it comes. It means maybe *nothing*. It means a bunch of people. It means . . . the cotton pickers when they come. You call the whole bunch of them the palomía, but one by one they are cotton pickers, pizcadores.

Not many of them have traveled so far north before, and for the ones who have not it is a ~~new experience~~. And it is an opportunity to know other kinds of people, for the young ones. ~~In the old days~~, it is only a chance to make some money picking cotton. Some years the cotton around my town is not so good, and then the pizcadores have to go farther north, and we ~~are~~ hem less.

But when they come, they come in full force to my little town that is full of gringos. Only a few of us live there who speak Spanish among ourselves, and whose parents maybe came up like the pizcadores a long time ago. It is more like the border country where there are many of both kinds of people; it is gringo country mostly, and most of the time we and the gringos live there ~~together~~—~~without~~—~~worrying~~ ~~about~~ ~~each~~ ~~other~~.

In September and October in my town, Saturday belongs to the pizcadores. During the week

they are in the fields moving up and down the long cotton rows with big sacks and sweating frightfully, but making centavitos to spend on Saturday at the movie, or on clothes, or on food. The gringos come to town during the week to buy their merchandise and groceries, but finally Saturday arrives, and the pizcadores climb aboard their trucks on the cotton farms, and the trucks all come to town. It is the day of the palomía, and most of the gringos stay at home.

"Ay, qué gringos!" the pizcadores say. "What a people to hide themselves like that. But such is life . . ."

For Saturday the pizcadores dress themselves ~~in a special and fancy style~~. The girls comb their black hair, put on new bright dresses and low-heeled shoes, and the color they wear on their lips is, the way we say it, enough. The boys dress up in black pants and shoes with taps on the heels and toes. They open their shirts two or three buttons to show their chests and their Saint Christophers; then at the last they put a great deal of grease on their long hair and comb it with care. The old men, the viejos, shave and put on clean plain clothes, and the old women put on a tunic and comb their hair and make sure the little ones are clean, and all of them come to town.

They come early, and they arrive with a frightful hunger. The town, being small, has only a few restaurants. The pizcadores—the young ones and the ones who have not been up from Mexico

before—go into one of the restaurants, and the owner looks at them.

One who speaks a little English says they want some desayuno, some breakfast.

He looks at them still. He says: "Sorry. We don't serve Meskins."

Maybe then one of the pachuco types with the long hair and the Saint Christopher says something ugly to him in Spanish, maybe not. Any how, the others do not, but leave sadly, and outside the old men who did not go in nod among themselves, because they knew already. Then maybe, standing on the sidewalk, they see a gringo go into the restaurant. He needs a shave and is dirty and smells of sweat, and before the door closes they hear the owner say: "What say, Blacky? What'll it be this morning?"

The little ones who have understood nothing begin to holler about the way their stomachs feel, and the papás go to the market to buy some food there.

I am in the grocery store, me and a few gringos and many of the palomía. I have come to buy flour for my mother. I pass a pizcador, a father who is busy keeping his little ones from knocking cans down out of the big piles, and he smiles to me and says: "Qué tal, amigo?"

"Pues, así no más," I answer.

He looks at me again. He asks in a quick voice, "You are a Chicano?"

"Sí."

"How is it that you have missed the sun in our face, muchacho?" he says. "A big hat, maybe?"

"No, señor," I answer. "I live here."

"You have luck."



AND I think to myself, yes, I have luck; it is good to live in one place. And all of a sudden the pizcador and I have less to say to each other, and he says adiós and gathers up his flow of little ones and goes out to the square where the boys and girls of the palomía are walking together.

On the square too there is usually a little lady selling hot tamales. She is dressed simply, and her white hair is in a bun, and she has a table

with a big can of tamales on it which the palomía buy while they are still hot from the stove at the little lady's home.

"Mamacita, mamacita," the little ones shout at their mothers. "Doña Petra is here. Will you buy me some tamalitos?"

Doña Petra lives there in the town, and the mothers in the palomía are her friends because of her delicious tamales and because they go to her house to talk of the cotton picking, of children, and maybe of the fact that in the north of Texas it takes somebody like Doña Petra to find good masa for tamales and tortillas. Away from home as the pizcadores are, it is good to find persons of the race in a gringo town.

On the street walk three pachucos, seventeen or eighteen years old. They talk pachuco talk. One says: "Listen, chabos, let's go to the good movie."

"O. K.," another one answers. "Let's go flutter the good eyelids."

They go to the movie house. Inside, on a Saturday, there are no gringos, only the palomía. The pachucos find three girls, and sit down with them. The movie is in English, and they do not understand much of it, but they laugh with the girls and make the viejos angry, and anyhow the cartoon—the mono, they call it—is funny by itself, without the need for English.

Other pachucos walk in gangs through the streets of the town, looking for something to do. One of them looks into the window of Mr. Jones's barber shop and tells the others that he thinks he will get a haircut. They laugh, because haircuts are something that pachucos do not get, but one of them dares him. "It will be like the restaurant," he says. "Gringo scissors do not cut Chicano hair."

So he has to go in, and Mr. Jones looks at him as the restaurant man looked at the others in the morning. But he is a nicer man than the restaurant man, and what he says is that he has to go to lunch when he has finished with the customers who are waiting. "There is a Mexican barber across the square," he says. "On Walnut Street. You go there."

The pachuco tells him a very ugly thing to do and then combs his long hair in the mirror and then goes outside again, and on the sidewalk he and his friends say bad things about Mr. Jones

Lieutenant Daniel L. Garza, now stationed at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, plans to teach after finishing Army service. His parents came from Mexico and he was born in Hillsboro, Texas. He received his A.B. from Texas Christian in 1961.

for a while until they get tired of it, and move on. The gringo customers in the barber shop rattle the magazines they are holding in their lips, and one of them says a thing about cotton pickers, and later in the day it is something that the town talks about, gringos and pizcadores and those of my people who live there, all of them. I hear about it, but forget, because September in my town is full of such things, and in the afternoon I go to the barber shop for a haircut the way I do on Saturdays all year long.

Mr. Jones is embarrassed when he sees me. "You hear about that?" he says. "That kid this morning?"

I remember then, and I say yes, I heard.

"I'm sorry, Johnny," he says. "Doggone it. You know I'm not . . ."

"I know," I say.

"The trouble is, if they start coming, they start bringing the whole damn family, and then your regular customers get mad," he says.

"I know," I say, and I do. There is no use in saying that I don't, because I live in the town for the other ten or eleven months of the year when the palomía is not here but in Mexico and the Valley. I know the gringos of the town and what they are like, and they are many different ways. So I tell Mr. Jones that I know what he means.

"Get in the chair," he says. "You want it short or medium this time?"

And I think about the pizcador in the grocery store and what he said about my having luck, and I think again it is good to live in one place and not to have to travel in trucks to where the cotton is.

AT ABOUT six in the afternoon all the families begin to congregate at what they call the campo. Campo means camp or country, but this campo is an area with a big tin shed that the state Unemployment Commission puts up where the farmers who have cotton to be

picked can come and find the pizcadores who have not yet found a place to work. But on Saturday nights in September the campo does not have anything to do with work. The families come, bringing tacos to eat and maybe a little beer if they have it. After it is dark, two or three of the men bring out guitars, and some others have concertinas. They play the fast, twisty mariachi music of the places they come from, and someone always sings. The songs are about women and love and sometimes about a town that the song says is a fine town, even if there is no work there for pizcadores. All the young people begin to dance, and the old people sit around making certain that the pachucos do not get off into the dark with their daughters. They talk, and they eat, and they drink a little beer, and then at twelve o'clock it is all over.

The end of Saturday has come. The old men gather up their sons and daughters, and the mothers carry the sleeping little ones like small sacks of cotton to the trucks, and the whole palomía returns to the country to work for another week, and to earn more centavitos with which, the Saturday that comes after the week, to go to the movies, and buy groceries, and pay for tamalitos of Doña Petra and maybe a little beer for the dance at the campo. And the mothers will visit with Doña Petra, and the pachucos will walk the streets, and the other things will happen, all through September and October, each Saturday the same, until finally, early in November, the cotton harvest is over, and the pizcadores go back to their homes in the Valley or in Mexico.

The streets of my town are empty then, on Saturdays. It does not have many people, most of the year. On Saturday mornings you see a few gringo children waiting for the movie to open, and not much else. The streets are empty, and the gringos sit in the restaurant and the barber shop and talk about the money they made or lost on the cotton crop that fall.



Washington's Unseen Powerhouse:

David Bell and His Budgeteers

He wields more influence than most Cabinet officers . . . his decisions reach into everybody's pocketbook . . . but curiously little has ever been reported about his views, his working methods, and his personality.

FROM the middle of May until early June this year, every member of President Kennedy's Cabinet—and the heads of about eight other federal agencies—made a personal call on a tall, quietly handsome man of forty-three named David Elliott Bell. Sitting in his office, they argued about the amounts of money—totaling around \$100 billion—they proposed to spend on behalf of the government of the United States.

For these men and for hundreds of others on the New Frontier, Mr. Bell is clearly one of the most powerful people in the country, although outside Washington his name is barely known. As Director of the Bureau of the Budget he must scrutinize their requests and arrive at a rough estimate of the money each federal agency will spend during the fiscal year 1964 (which will begin in July 1963). And between now and the President's dispatch of his completed Budget to the Congress next January, Mr. Bell and his staff will be combing through and squeezing down most of the major programs envisioned by our enormous federal bureaucracy, whether they involve missile bases in California, reforestation in Oregon, or economic aid to Africa.

David Bell's great power derives from the fact that he has the confidence of the President. Without it, he would be little more than a grandly placed central accountant—and indeed Budget Directors in the past have sometimes seemed to be just that. But Bell acts for the President

in reviewing fund requests of every agency, from the Department of State to the Smithsonian Institution. And while it is true that a Cabinet officer may in theory appeal directly to the President from the Budget Director's decision, this rarely happens in the Kennedy Administration. As Ted Sorensen, the President's Special Counsel, carefully puts it, "The reasons that Bell would advance for refusing an appeal would get great weight over here." Another White House staff member is frank to say that "Bell must be considered as a sort of eleventh Cabinet officer. After all, his jurisdiction cuts right across the others."

This doesn't mean that the Bureau of the Budget dictates the grand strategy of the Administration. But Bell and his relatively tiny agency of 456 employees have become so enmeshed in the Executive policy-making process that their operations vibrate through the entire economy. Last year, for example, Bell was deeply involved in the tense debate, behind the scenes, over the President's decision to balance the 1963 fiscal Budget. Some leading economists and close Presidential advisers argued that this decision was politically motivated, that it would put a crimp in the country's economic recovery. Bell was one of the advisers who influentially argued that the Budget should be balanced. And once the decision was made, he admits himself that he had "to do a lot of chopping and changing that was rough on many agencies." Now that the economy is moving more sluggishly than the Administration had predicted last year, Kennedy and Bell are again facing far-reaching decisions on the Budget.

In this situation, it is evident that Bell must be "The President's Man." Unlike Cabinet officers, his appointment is not subject to Senate confirmation, and lies in Kennedy's hands alone. And as it happens, Bell and Kennedy seem par-

A Washington reporter on national economic affairs, Hobart Rowen is on the staff of "Newsweek" and writes a regular column syndicated by the North American Newspaper Alliance. He has written for "Harper's" on the Business Advisory Council and on Kennedy's economists, and last year he won both the Sigma Delta Chi and Loeb Awards.

ticularly well suited to each other and in some ways quite alike. Only one year younger than the President, Bell was serving as a Marine Corps combat instructor at Quantico, and briefly at Pearl Harbor, while Kennedy commanded his PT boat in the Pacific. And he is the kind of pragmatically minded adviser Kennedy likes to deal with. Both approve of the usual liberal goals, but neither is marked by much liberal fervor. "Bell is my 'no man,'" the President has said—with apparent satisfaction at having one.

On one of his first trips back home from his post in India, Ambassador John Kenneth Galbraith asked Kennedy for an appraisal of Bell. "He's doing a great job," the President is reported to have said, "but he's a bit more conservative than I would have guessed." Galbraith then ambled across the street to Bell's second-floor office overlooking Pennsylvania Avenue, and asked the Budget Director for his view of Kennedy.

"He's doing a great job as President," Bell said, "but he's a bit more conservative than I would have guessed."

The story is perhaps revealing of an elusive quality in both men—a cautious hardheadedness in the daily decisions of government that may conceal an interest in larger policies of social change, even from one another. Throughout his varied career in the political, academic, and bureaucratic worlds, Bell has remained a soberly practical man, always much sought after by the more colorful men who gain political power. His job as Budget Director now seems a logical niche for him, as if he has unconsciously been getting ready for it all along.

The son of a Midwestern YMCA Secretary, Bell grew up in California, and first distinguished himself by graduating with highest honors from Pomona College in 1939, one of four Phi Beta Kappas on the basketball team. He went on to Harvard and took a master's degree in economics before the war intervened. He went straight from the Marines to work on the fiscal problems of the Truman Administration. Starting in the Budget Bureau, he soon moved on to the White House itself, where he helped draft

veto messages and pronouncements on money matters. He wound up as a Presidential Assistant during Truman's final years. During the 1952 campaign he became, a little surprisingly, one of the most effective speech writers on Adlai Stevenson's staff, a fast and graceful performer, with ideas that Stevenson liked, although the public scarcely heard of him.

Bell would have figured somewhere in a Stevenson Administration. But when Eisenhower was elected, he left for three years on a Ford Foundation mission to advise the government of Pakistan on economic development. Trying to introduce modern fiscal methods to this bizarrely transitional world gave him a concrete sense of the problems of underdeveloped countries that has been notably lacking in previous Budget Directors. In 1957 he returned to Harvard—not to the Department of Economics this time, but to the Littauer Center for Public Administration where he lectured and served as the school's acting secretary. Kennedy had never met him when he asked him to come to Washington after the election, but his appointment as Budget Director had been convincingly urged by two very different advisers: Clark Clifford, Truman's former counsel and one of the shrewdest operators on the Democratic political scene; and Professor Richard Neustadt of Columbia, a skillful academic analyst of the workings of the Executive Branch.

Bell thus became the highest-placed link between the Truman and Kennedy Administrations. In a sense, though, he seems to have been Kennedy's sort of man since he first entered public service. A friendly person to meet, he's known for a tremendous capacity for hard, meticulous work; but he's "not someone who thinks he knows all the answers," as one associate put it. He has a savvy political sense of how far Congress will go; and yet he is capable of saying, as he did last year on receiving an honorary degree at Pomona, "We share easily and without strain the objectives of the progressive leaders in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. . . . In a sense our own history has consisted of the triumph of one radical idea after another."

A BUDGET IN FIVE ACTS

IT IS not surprising, then, that the President likes to describe the Budget Bureau as "my good right arm," and that the arm itself is becoming more muscular—not only in shaping the Budget, but in additional functions as a kind of management expert for the other executive agen-

cies, and as a clearinghouse for legislation sent to Congress.

The making of the Budget, however, remains the Bureau's most important job, and under Bell the process can intermittently swell with the tension of a drawn-out historical drama:

Act I begins in March when the Budget Bureau staff consults with the Treasury and the President's Council of Economic Advisers, making some tentative assumptions about forthcoming federal revenues and expenditures. During April and May, Bell continuously discusses the Budget outlook with Kennedy, and sometimes at Cabinet meetings.

Act II starts when the rough dimensions of the Budget the Administration is shooting for have taken shape. Then the stage is set for the Cabinet officers and agency heads to arrive at Bell's office in May and June to make their case for the money they want. As might be expected, their total demands are nearly always in excess of expected revenues, and some discouragement is inevitable. But at this point the general fiscal atmosphere in which trimming will take place settles over Washington. As the economist Otto Eckstein has put it: "either 'the lid is on,' which means [that a Budget Director] will have Presidential backing in saying no . . . or 'the lid is off' and the spending agencies can have their way."

Out of the May-June sessions comes a so-called "planning figure" setting the upper limit for each agency. "Of course it is not final," a Bureau official explains, "but everyone has a pretty good idea of what the score is."

Act III grinds laboriously through July, August, and September as each agency, using its "planning figure" as a guide, prepares detailed breakdowns of the costs of its programs, along with supporting data. These are hopefully sent over to the Bureau.

Act IV opens at the end of September when the Budget Bureau summons each agency to hearings to review its requests. Some government officials, powerhouses on their home grounds, have been known to quail as the day approaches for their hearing at the Bureau's headquarters. What amounts to a moment of truth in our fiscal system is at hand. The agency representative—usually a sub-Cabinet officer—may spend an hour or so justifying his office's proposals. The examiners in turn poke questions at the figures—and they usually find something that must go. For the larger agencies, the hearing may last several days.

A good many of the Bureau's examiners have become thorough experts on the agencies they

deal with; and the hearings, while polite, often become spirited contests between highly knowledgeable professionals—with the agency always on the defensive. ("There's many an Under Secretary who learned things at a hearing he never knew before," a Budget staff man told me.)

Act V runs on into December. Bell keeps in close touch with Economic Council Chairman Walter Heller and Treasury Secretary Dillon to recanvass the economic outlook. At the same time, Bell himself reviews each Department's final figures. (Last year, so much crunching was necessary that Bell resorted to a novel system of hearing last-minute appeals from Cabinet officers in the company of White House assistants. He would "sit," for example, with General Maxwell Taylor or McGeorge Bundy, the White House men most concerned with military matters, to hear the arguments of Defense Secretary McNamara.) Then the completed Budget goes section by section to the President for his okay. (Last year, Kennedy made the final decisions in Palm Beach on December 19, the day he flew to see his stricken father.) By January, the Government Printing Office will have processed the document, and it is ready to go to Congress, along with the President's Budget Message, a statement written in close collaboration with Bell.

BELL is thus the final channel between the agencies and the President on money matters and there is no doubt that his views can affect the fate of many programs. These views are not easy to define. To the interviewer Bell will say with conviction that he tries "not to have a negative attitude—I don't want to be grudging." He bluntly rejects the claims of Chamber of Commerce types that a big budget is necessarily a bad budget. He recognizes that the federal government must inevitably grow—as the country grows—and the Budget with it. He agrees with Walter Heller that federal money policy should play a vital role in stimulating economic growth.

But all this may be of little help in dealing with many of the tough decisions that confront him daily. Take, for example, the perennially knotty area of medical research, where Congress tends to be a generous spender—often *raising* the ante, whatever the Administration's proposal. "That 'last million dollars' for, say, medical research might better be spent elsewhere," Bell observes, "but Congress will usually say, 'We're not interested.' Now this illustrates the difficulty of arriving at standards. None of us can claim in an intellectual sense that we have the right answer. But I think it's important to have some limits,

because surely, even in medical research, there is a point of saturation." Few if any programs merit an "absolute green light," in his view, even in wartime. There is, he feels, a strong role for "a budgetary attitude."

There is good reason to think that the "budgetary attitude" of the career men in the Bureau tends to be somewhat more conservative than Bell's, and he encourages the staff to take a "positive attitude" toward Kennedy programs. On the other hand, some of the staff members have shown that they can be amazingly adaptable. It is not generally known, for example, that after Kennedy's election in November 1960, and while working on the final Eisenhower Budget, the Bureau prepared on its own initiative some twenty-six "transitional memos"—rough fiscal programs based on Kennedy's speeches and the Democratic platform. Furthermore, since Kennedy took office, some twenty top and middle-level Budget Bureau officials have moved into

other Departments, including two Assistant Secretaries at the Pentagon, the Executive Secretary of the Peace Corps, and several well-placed administrators in the Agency for International Development.

THE POLICEMAN FOR SQUABBLING AGENCIES

TH E high respect for Budget Bureau talent in Washington is altogether understandable. It is not only that staff members acquire close and perceptive knowledge of the agencies whose budget they review. In addition, the Bureau has quietly taken on a number of other functions which have made it, in the words of Bell's predecessor Maurice Stans, the "government's Business Manager." This aspect of the Bureau is even less well known than the Budget-making process, but its impact on the agencies is pervasive, and growing:

1. The Bureau has become an authoritative clearance point for many different Executive Branch decisions. If an agency drafts a bill, or an executive order, or a Presidential message, or a reply to a Congressional request—or even a questionnaire to be sent out to private industry—it must check it with the Bureau. It will in turn get a reply from the Bureau's Office of Legislative Reference, indicating whether its work is "in accord" with the President's program. The same service is performed for Congressmen who want to know the Administration's position on their own legislation. In this way the Bureau attempts to co-ordinate the aims and improve the language of government papers, and in doing so it has been able to settle interagency disputes that might otherwise have broken out in the newspapers.

"Clearance" of this sort inevitably becomes entwined in policy-making, given the complexity of the federal government today. Once a bill passes Congress, for example, the Bureau collects the opinions of the various Departments concerned and then gives the President its *own* considered advice on whether it should be vetoed or approved.

2. Of all the Bureau's management activities, potentially the most significant are its current attempts to revamp the fundamental mechanics of long-range federal planning. Bell has insisted that most Cabinet members look beyond the coming fiscal year and supply at least tentative estimates of their spending plans for the three following years as well. Some thinking along these lines had been encouraged by Maurice

LAURENCE LERNER

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

you have not changed a bit
Wearing that mohair suit
And that immaculate mouth:
The black skirt tight on your knees,
The red lips firm on your teeth.
Nobody says to you yet
(Nobody, surely, would dare)
That you're not as young as you were.

That elegant stride's unchanged—
Tight hem, and upstretched neck;
Recurrent like birthdays your heels
Give their definitive click;
If the powder cakes on your cheek
You can make it up as you turn
Into your thirtieth year,
Not quite as young as you were.

The crack in the mirror cuts
Your perfect face in two;
A tooth drops out of your comb;
Another hole in your sleeve?
Buttons drop off like the years;
Your hairbrush is losing its hairs.
All of it, all of it is true—
No one's as young as he was.

Stans during the Eisenhower Administration, and now Bell is strongly advocating that "four-year projections" into the future be used systematically in executive policy-making. Thus, he and the President have recently had available to them very preliminary figures for agency budgets in 1964, '65, and '66. This project is still experimental, but within the next few years the Bureau hopes that emerging problems of defense, space, housing, automation, education, and urbanization, among others, will be anticipated more swiftly and more rationally than they are today.

3. Touchy about giving the impression that it is a penny-pinching watchman, the Bureau does not much like the suggestion that it acts as an "efficiency expert." But it does so perform, and some of its quieter advisory operations give credence to the notion that the President on occasion uses it as a kind of latter-day Hoover Commission. For example, the Bureau worked for months on a plan to fuse the government's miscellaneous foreign-aid agencies into a cohesive unit. It did the spade work for the proposed Department of Urban Affairs. It worked out the changes in federal regulations made necessary when Alaska was transformed from Territory to State. And in other ways, the Bureau steadily prods the agencies toward sharper operations. It runs a course in efficient management, it hires private consultants to straighten out some administrative tangles, and dispatches its own personnel to deal with others—as it recently did to the Post Office Department. Few agencies have not been made aware of its needling pressures: get rid of surplus property; install automatic data-processing equipment; analyze all procedures, from scratch.

The Bureau of the Budget, in short, has come a very long way from the days when it was first set up as an obscure little office in the Treasury Department during the Harding Administration. As late as 1935, it had fewer than forty employees. It only began to acquire the kind of authority it holds today in 1939 when the Roosevelt Administration gave it independent status in the Executive Office of the President—and indeed its wide powers under the Kennedy Administration reflect the growth in the institution of the Presidency itself. Bell told me that Kennedy uses the Budget Bureau in much the same way as Roosevelt and Truman, and this may be true so far as procedure is concerned. But Kennedy has been strengthening the White House establishment, and as he does so, the White House draws increasingly on the expertise and services of the

Bureau as it attempts to cope with the sprawling federal bureaucracy.

Because the Bureau can remain small and in close and knowing touch with what is going on nearly everywhere in Washington, it is obviously a splendid instrument of control in the hands of a strong President. No former President gave his Budget Director more opportunities to impose Executive will throughout the government than Kennedy has given to Bell. And it is to be expected that these opportunities will increase.

WHY THEY BALANCED IT

IN VIEW of this, it is regrettable that public understanding, not merely of the Bureau, but of the Budget itself, is so painfully limited. There seems no doubt, for example, that the debate within the Administration over the balancing of the Budget last year was one of the most significant—and least understood—events to take place since Kennedy was elected. And the issues and maneuverings of that debate are sharply relevant to the large economic decisions that are being made in Washington today.

It all began when the Berlin crisis was at an emotional peak last summer. In the course of announcing sudden increases in military spending, Kennedy made a public promise that the Budget for the following fiscal year—which would begin on July 1, 1962—would be balanced. This assurance was not lightly conceived. It was intended to allay the fears of conservatives at home—and bankers abroad—that federal spending would get out of hand.

As promised, the Budget Mr. Kennedy presented to Congress last January for fiscal 1963 seemed tidily in balance: \$92.5 billion would be expended, while federal revenues would total a half-billion more. Nevertheless the Budget was immediately attacked by the conservative community as evidence of new governmental expansionism.

But in fact this Budget represented a *decline* in the federal government's willingness to spend, so far as the nation's total wealth is concerned. The expenditures projected in the Budget amount to only 15.7 per cent of the predicted Gross National Product—compared with 16.3 per cent in fiscal 1962, and 16.1 in fiscal 1961. Indeed, since 1955, the federal Budget has remained in a narrow range of about 16 to 17 per cent of the Gross National Product, despite a steadily growing population and continuing high unemployment.

When we examine the Budget itself the tight fiscal intentions of the Administration are made abundantly clear: while the Budget shows a total increase of \$3.4 billion in expenditures over fiscal 1962, virtually all of this increase is allotted to space and military programs, higher interest charges on the national debt, and government pay raises. Domestic spending for the civilian economy remains nearly unchanged—\$25.4 billion *vs.* \$25.3 billion in 1962.

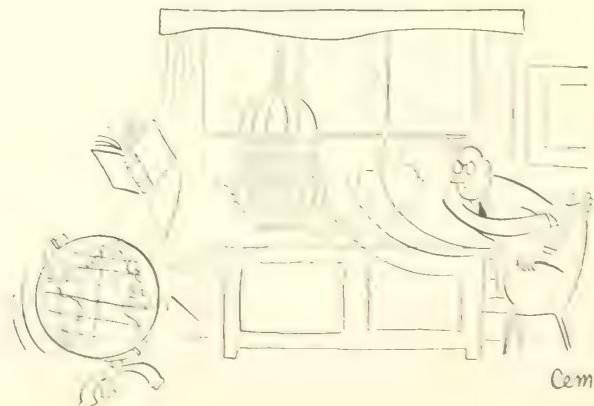
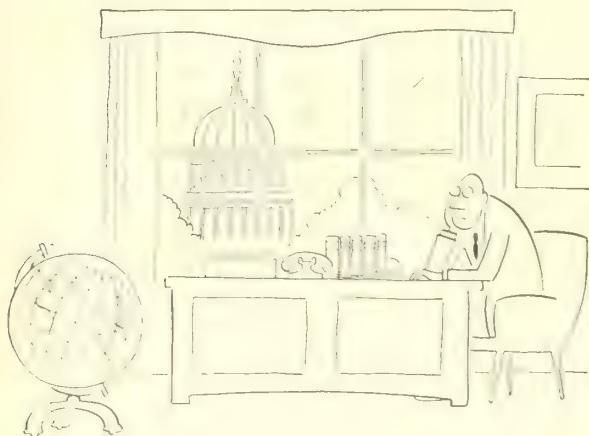
Within this total the Budget did include some new plans for spending on health, education, labor problems, and urban affairs—but a good deal less than many “liberals” in the Administration had hoped for. To their surprise (and that of some conservatives as well) it became apparent that the Administration was going to make a really determined try to come up with a balanced Budget in fiscal 1963—in spite of the fact that some economists felt a deficit would be desirable.

And in fact it was not hard to find government advisers who admitted this last fall and winter. Yes, they conceded a planned Budget deficit would be a sound policy—a good way to ward off

a slump in the economy, not necessarily inflationary. But Congress would take such a deficit as a sign of fiscal irresponsibility and cut crucial programs. And foreign bankers would conclude that it meant inflation, lose confidence in the dollar, and thus increase the already dangerous drain on our gold supply. And so despite the economic soundness of a deficit, we could not afford to announce one. As Professor Seymour Harris of Harvard, now an adviser to the Treasury, wrote last October, the “President may well lose votes and suffer defeats if he bases his policies on economic advice alone.” And later he confessed that “*qua* economist I would accept larger deficits, but in view of other considerations I am not equally enthusiastic. . . .”

What did the President himself think? According to one of Kennedy’s top associates, there were three principal reasons for his decision to strive for a balanced Budget, and they are “all true today.”

First, the President was keenly aware that for eight years the Eisenhower Administration had been chanting the virtues of a balanced Budget and now the idea had wide appeal among the



public and in Congress. To re-educate the nation in fiscal matters would be a slow process. He feared that if he offered a Budget with a deficit of say \$5 billion, Congress would balk at some of his most important legislation. (For instance, it might well clip \$1 billion from the foreign-aid program.)

Second, the President believed that the nation ought to be able to balance its accounts over the course of the business cycle. If it couldn't be done in fiscal 1963—hopefully a prosperous year—when could it be done? Why not try?

Third, after fourteen years in Congress, the President thought that a government going to the Hill with its book showing red ink risked suffering an even bigger deficit. If some key government proposals like foreign aid would be lopped off, Congress would nevertheless feel free to spend too heavily on others, driving domestic prices up, and adversely reflecting the country's balance of payments. Moreover the President was sensitive to the charge that increased civilian spending would hardly jibe with his own pleas for national sacrifice. A balanced Budget was an effective answer to those who claimed there was too much butter in a guns-and-butter economy.

Kennedy came to these conclusions after meeting with Bell, Sorensen, Heller, Dillon, and Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin. Heller, as chief Economic Adviser, warned that a balanced Budget after a deficit of \$7 billion in fiscal 1962 could abort the country's economic recovery. The President fully recognized this danger, but he outlined with great frankness his belief that other considerations must be weighed along with the economic argument. The psychological impact of a deficit would be risky. He felt, and Bell agreed, that discretionary powers to spend more if necessary—and an open willingness to use them—would be enough to choke off any threatened recession, and keep the economy moving; requests for such powers were included in the Budget message. And so the "lid" was on, and Bell went to work. "Often," he recollects, "the President would tell me to go back and cut something in half."

KENNEDY'S STEP BACKWARD

THERE is a most unfortunate irony at work here. So strong is the sentiment—real or imagined—for a balanced Budget that the Administration feels compelled to adjust to it. But the Budget itself is a highly misleading document, and when it is "balanced" it does not reflect what most corporations—and many foreign

governments—mean by a "balanced budget" at all. The Budget the President sent to the Congress as "balanced" is the so-called "Administrative Budget," an undifferentiated list of government expenditures which lumps together operating expenses, loans, and capital investments.

However, when corporations and many other governments acquire capital assets—for example, when they invest in land or buildings—they are careful to separate these from their operating expenses (such as salaries and rent) when they calculate their budgets. The government's Administrative Budget simply fails to do this—and it oddly groups loans along with expenditures. "If American Telephone kept its books the way the government does," a leading Washington economist observes, "it would be in the red most of the time."

(The same can be said of the European countries which claim to balance their budgets. Senator Paul Douglas, an eminent economist himself, has estimated that, if it followed the American concept of budget accounting, West Germany would have shown a government deficit in four out of the last six years; and France in each of the past ten.)

The Administration's balancing of the Administrative Budget did not pacify its critics—the AFL-CIO called the Budget "timid," and the *Wall Street Journal* thought it reflected "the prevalent notion that unlimited government is the key to economic well-being." Nor, as we have seen, did the prospects for a balance improve. By spring, the Administration conceded the economy sluggish, and in response to prodding from Heller and labor leaders, Kennedy proposed an "emergency" \$600 million works program for low-employment areas.

Why did the economy need a shot in the arm? Some clues are provided by a second government Budget called the "National Income Account." Familiar to economists, but almost unknown to Congress or the public, this version of the Budget is in many ways a better guide to the current economic impact of the government's spending than the Administrative Budget. For the National Income Account tabulates government contracts and commitments when they are actually made, not when they are paid; and it lists tax payments when they are set aside by corporations, not when they reach the Treasury. Also it includes social-security and unemployment-insurance funds, which the Administrative Budget omits. Now, the National Income Account indicates that planned expenditures for fiscal 1963 will be \$111.9 billion and receipts \$116.3 billion

—a hefty *surplus* of \$4.4 billion. Thus the government is planning to take much more out of the private sectors of the economy than it will put in, causing, as the Joint Congressional Committee has charged, "a somewhat repressive effect."

This prospect was reasonably clear to some distinguished economists when the Budget was first announced. Professor Alvin Hansen of Harvard, a well-known expert on deficit spending, has said that the advance commitment to balance the Budget was the "most serious step backwards" in the formulation of public policy in recent years. What are the prospects for taking steps forward in the future?

As Kennedy, Bell, and Heller sit down to their worksheets this year, they will have to face again the standard pressures for a "balanced Budget." They know that conservatives will exaggerate the size of the Budget—as they do the importance of the national debt—in an effort to limit public expenditures. Cries about the dangers of inflation, and our loss of gold, and the encroaching Welfare State will rise in the Washington air.

However, by any measure it should be clear that our spending for health, labor, and welfare of civilians has risen very slowly indeed over the past ten years—from .7 per cent of the Gross National Product in 1950 to .9 per cent of the GNP in fiscal 1963. Surely an advance of two-tenths of one per cent over thirteen years hardly justifies fears of the total Welfare State.

It should also be clear that the effect of a government deficit on a sagging economy—where consumer demand falls far short of potential economic output, as it does today—need not cause a rise in prices. As a matter of fact, prices have been stable despite this year's \$7 billion deficit, a phenomenon lately noted with approval by Treasury Secretary Dillon.

Of course I am not suggesting that welfare, or any other programs, can be determined by statistical comparisons—or that there are easy answers to our complex international monetary problems. But it is apparent that the prevailing image of the Budget and what it stands for has been grossly distorted—and this distortion seriously inhibits the economic planning of the Kennedy Administration. Some reforms are surely in order:

The Budget must reflect more accurately the distinction between operating expenses, loans, and capital investments. A seldom-noticed section of Mr. Kennedy's 1963 Budget indicates that 40 per cent of government spending is to be in-

vested in physical assets, loans, and other non-operational expenditures. The Joint Congressional Committee, and the AFL-CIO have argued convincingly that a radical change is needed in the presentation of the Budget to show how some federal outlays are in fact converted into new forms of public wealth.

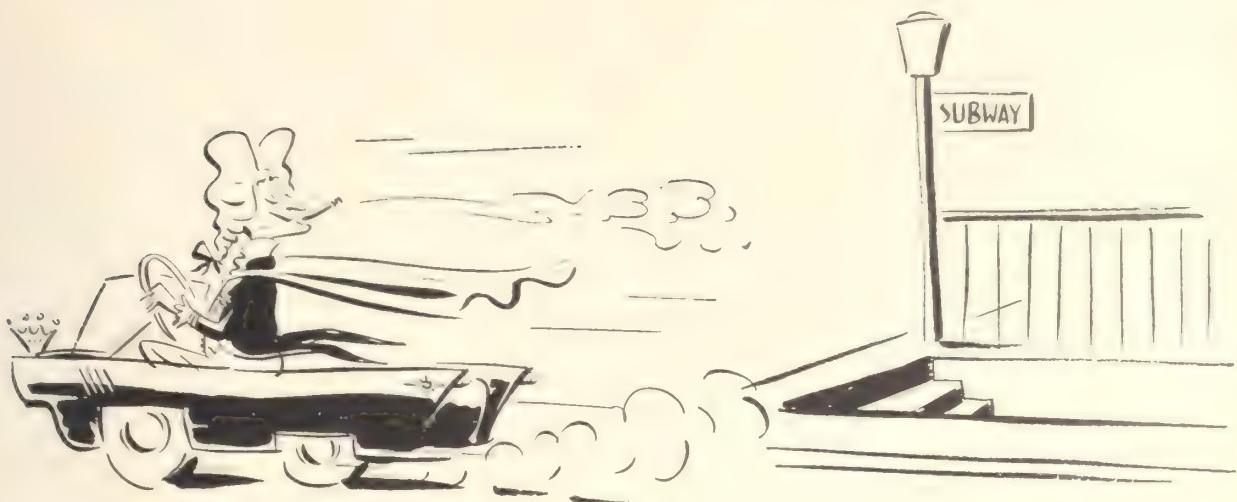
Furthermore, the National Income Account would serve as a better guide to the economic implications of government activity than the present Administrative Budget. For the fiscal year 1962, the National Income Account will show a deficit of half a billion dollars, while the Administrative Budget deficit will be seven billion. It seems clear that a full-dress overhaul of the form of the Budget should be undertaken at once.

The Joint Committee has also suggested that a quarterly review of the Budget and its relation to the economy would bring the public abreast of changing needs for government action. At the same time, reforms should be made by the Treasury and Commerce Departments to encourage a more valid statistical accounting of our international balance-of-payments position—the numbers now used are suspected of overstating, at times, our real payments deficit position.

But even more than realistic statistics, the most urgent need is for Mr. Kennedy's action to match his excellent rhetoric. His own Council of Economic Advisers has stated that "accelerated economic growth will require increased public investment." Unemployment and unused industrial capacity remain major national problems, and our rate of investment in public services like housing, health, and education have been maintained at the same narrow level. Obviously we will not have the rising public investments the President's own advisers are calling for if Mr. Bell is ordered to "keep the lid on."

Any Washington observer can appreciate Professor Harris' defense of the Kennedy Budget and tactics: The President must bring to economic planning a sense of practical politics. But it is high time that the President tried to teach the practical politicians that occasional Budget deficits can be rational and necessary economic tools—they are not immoral devices which undermine our system. Certainly, our friends in Western Europe have had little fear of deficits, and they have prospered. Those who look to Mr. Kennedy to advance humane national growth must bring their own strong pressures on him to cast overboard, once and for all, the outworn shibboleths about a "balanced Budget" to which he has paid such deference. It is one myth the nation can no longer afford to perpetuate.

C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.



Car snobs, Commuters, and Chaos

*Because millions of Americans believe subways are
for slob—*and one-man-one-car* is a sacred
constitutional right—more miles of freeways and
acres of parking lots can't rescue our cities.*

SAM JEPSON is an intrepid knight of the highway who lives in northern New Jersey and works in Manhattan. At half past seven on a typical weekday morning, he lights a cigar, pulls out of his driveway in Lake Hontapocus, and starts the thirty-mile trek to New York.

After a short spell of easy driving, Sam is in stop-and-go traffic as cars, trucks, and buses converge on the main highway. Now he draws upon his long experience as a commuting motorists. Negotiating each bottleneck is a test of skill, brains, and daring. Tense and eager at every impending showdown, he questions and admonishes his unresponsive enemies aloud while cunningly gauging their speed and intentions—and above all, their determination. Occasionally, Sam discreetly chickens out when an undaunted rival stubbornly holds his lane as the highways merge. A sudden swerve of the Lake Hontapocus bus nearly forces Sam into the guard rail. He jams on the brakes, mutters un-Christian sentiments about the bus driver, but, hardened by

years of such irritations, quickly regains his grim composure.

Approaching the Lincoln Tunnel, traffic slows to the speed of chilled molasses. Sam's tactics now become more aggressive—and so do his adversaries'. At this crawling pace, you can usually count on the other fellow's brakes if you cut in front of him.

As traffic oozes through the tunnel, Sam dourly puffs his cigar, inhales the exhaust fumes perfuming the tunnel, and mumbles about "too damned many cars on the roads." Finally—an hour and twenty minutes after his departure—he pulls into his midtown Manhattan garage, slightly jaded and cheered by the thought that driving home will be worse than driving in.

Even in summer, on those horrible Monday mornings and Friday evenings when his trip may take two hours or more, Sam's faith remains unshaken. Never will he yield the sacred right of the commuting American to jam streets and highways; never will he submit to the ignominy of riding the train or bus.

Sam Jepson is a life member of the brotherhood of commuting motorists who cause so much of our transportation mess. Their cars crawling in and out of our cities are as costly as they are inefficient. Even the most rabid automaniac knows that rapid transit is a far faster and

cheaper way to move masses of people into densely built downtown areas. (A single rapid-transit track can carry as many people as sixteen to twenty freeway lanes occupying ten times as much land.) But the automobile manufacturers, the automobile clubs, and the bridge and tunnel authorities whose revenues swell with traffic congestion defend motorized commuting as a basic American Freedom. "Freedom of Auto-mobility," a slogan of the National Highway Users Conference, is the citizen's inalienable right to drive his car wherever and whenever he damned well pleases. Aiding the automaniacs are some disreputable psychological and social sentiments that are seldom discussed publicly.

Inertia and physical flabbiness partly account for the car lover's irrational behavior. For commuters like Sam Jepson the automobile is a comfortable second home, offering in exchange for the nervous strain of rush-hour driving a minimum of physical effort. Sam and his brothers on wheels are a flabby lot. A recent "journey-to-work" survey made by the New York-New Jersey Transportation Agency showed that the prospect of a two-block walk puts some New Yorkers in their cars. A company located several blocks from a subway station may have eight times as many employees driving to work as a company in the same area right next to the subway. In Houston, a planned office building features "desk-side" parking (a slightly exaggerated claim). Los Angeles, however, will doubtless erect the world's first drive-in office building, a fitting temple to the cult of the automobile in the city that has most devotedly cherished it.

BIG WHEELS ON WHEELS

APART from habit and sloth, a more subtle, but no less real stimulus to automobile commuting is snobbery. Commuting by private car is a symbol of aristocratic superiority—sometimes a matter of personal honor. I have heard grown men boast that no snowstorm ever forced them into the humiliation of taking the bus or subway. And I suspect that race prejudice as well as snobbery inspires their aversion to common carriers. In New York, as elsewhere, public transportation chiefly serves the lower-income groups. Middle-class New Yorkers often complain of the subway's dirt, dinginess, and rush-hour crowding. Some object to the "characters" one encounters in the subway. This kind of New Yorker pays in time for his prejudice, for the underground is quicker than any form of surface transportation. "Shall we walk, or do we

have time to take a cab?" is no joke in Manhattan.

Prejudice snarls transportation in other ways. To help carry their tax burdens, segregated, exclusive suburbs often woo industry so long as the lower-level employees live elsewhere. This creates "reverse commuting"—a highly inefficient operation for public transit and a growing problem in the New York area. A few years ago seventeen companies were lured across the Hudson from New York City to an industrial park in Fair Lawn, New Jersey. But hundreds of their plant workers—including many Puerto Ricans—continue to live in New York. Fair Lawn's residential zoning, which limits most housing to the \$20,000-plus range, effectively bars Puerto Rican, Negro, and even most white factory hands. The consequences: heavier rush-hour traffic on the highways of Manhattan and North Jersey; a continuing tax burden for New York City, which has to provide health, education, and other municipal services for the commuting, low-income residents despite the loss of taxes formerly paid by the vanished industries; and a tax windfall for the affluent residents of Fair Lawn.

Snobbery also seems to pervade government transportation policies. In 1960, for example, \$62 million in federal subsidies (an average of \$11 per passenger trip of 190 miles) went to the hopelessly inefficient local-service airlines. Yet in the same areas rail passenger service—which could do the job far better—was allowed to die. Train riders, apparently, are riffraff compared with the elite air travelers, also pampered by municipal governments. Cities whose mass-transit equipment is ready for the museum compete in erecting luxurious air terminals to attract and impress air travelers. At the same time they are alienating their own city-dwelling pedestrians. While mass transit founders, they carve, flatten, and sprawl the cities for freeways and parking lots to attract more automobiles; they herd pedestrians into narrowed sidewalks, exposing them to ever-increasing hazards, noise, and exhaust fumes.

The national bias favoring highway transportation is supported by a durable myth—long cultivated by automobile manufacturers—that highway users pay for their facilities. This

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premise is false, especially in the big cities. A Chicago study in the mid-fifties revealed an average annual city subsidy of \$84.54 for each motor vehicle using the city streets; a similar study in Milwaukee showed an annual average subsidy of \$90. Bureau of Public Roads statistics indicate that in 1960 the nation spent about \$1.5 billion more for building, maintaining, and policing streets and highways than was received by federal, state, and local governments from highway users.

Commuting motorists also receive other less direct subsidies. Real-estate-tax assessment policies in most states reward owners for using valuable land for parking lots. According to the general manager of the Chicago Transit Authority, the city loses an estimated \$6.3 million in tax receipts a year because some thirty-five acres of privately owned land in the Loop are devoted to parking automobiles and are hence assessed far below the potential value. Expressways are even more parasitical devourers of land than parking lots. The vast acreages they carve out of cities are removed from the tax rolls to become a permanent financial liability. In short, the city's property owners subsidize the street and highway users.

Because of the bias favoring automobile travel, federal highway spending is not balanced by any comparable program for mass transit. Since Washington finances 90 per cent of the cost of urban freeways under the interstate program, the highway solution to surface-transportation problems is almost irresistible, for a city must bear the full burden of financing a mass-transit system. Thus a rapid-transit network that costs only one fifth as much as a federally aided expressway system would actually cost the local government twice as much.

PEOPLE VS. AUTOMOBILES

DESPITE the generally dismal prospects, there are a few hopeful signs of common sense in transportation planning. By far the most encouraging are President Kennedy's recommendations to Congress for drastic overall reform of the federal government's chaotic transportation policies. To help solve urban transportation crises and partially balance federal aid to highways, the President recommends extension of a modest mass-transit aid bill enacted by Congress last year to a three-year appropriation of \$500 million to aid cities planning mass-transit systems. Since rural domination of state legislatures precludes fair treatment of the cities,

federal aid for urban mass transit is indispensable. And the President also wants interhighway construction co-ordinated with other transportation facilities.

In some cities, heretical officials have even stopped pandering to the automobile. In March 1961, the New York City Planning Commission, resisting intense political pressure, vetoed a \$57-million program to provide ten thousand additional parking places in midtown Manhattan—which needs more automobile traffic about as much as Los Angeles needs more smog. The Mayor, the Traffic Commissioner, the big merchants, and others backed the plan, despite the evidence that in densely populated downtown areas more cars mean fewer people. (The number of persons daily entering midtown Manhattan and Chicago's Loop has actually declined with the sharp increase of automobiles during the past three decades.) But the City Planning Commission stood firm, explaining that "new parking garages in the midtown core would attract many commuters, business travelers, and shoppers who presently use mass transit or less convenient parking facilities. This means, in effect, not more business travelers, not more shoppers—but more automobiles."

A more recent feud in New York City displays the emotional heights sometimes attained by proponents of automobile commuting. The energetic new Traffic Commissioner, Henry Barnes, suggested that permitting buses on the city's parkways (restricted roads linking the city with the highways outside) would cut down on the number of cars entering the city. He was roundly denounced both by Parks Commissioner Newbold Morris, who declared: "People who are going to drive cars are going to drive cars. A parkway is sacred . . ." and by veteran official Robert Moses, who joined in the battle with: "Let Mr. Barnes work to put his express buses on new expressways, where they would be legal. Parkway standards do not permit buses. Neither do the laws."

Freeway-building programs are also getting some sour second looks. City dwellers are protesting the uprooted businesses, demolished homes, and mutilated neighborhoods sacrificed to flood the cities with automobiles, and city planners are turning to mass transit. San Francisco, Chicago, and even Los Angeles are planning new rapid-transit lines. Cleveland, like Philadelphia, is offering faster trains and expanded parking space at outlying stations.

If the citizens of San Francisco's Bay area okay a \$790-million bond issue this November, work

can start on their new 75-mile rapid-transit network: subway lines in downtown San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley, elevated lines in less concentrated urban sections, and surface tracks in outlying areas. The plan calls for light, electrically driven cars, built of aluminum or stainless steel, racing quietly along at eighty miles an hour. Outlying stations, three to five miles apart, would provide free parking space and feeder bus service. Rush-hour drivers who now spend forty-three anguished minutes bumper-to-bumper between San Francisco and Oakland could speed through a trans-Bay rapid-transit tunnel tube in eight minutes.

In Chicago, the Congress Street Expressway's two rapid-transit tracks already outperform the eight automobile expressway lanes flanking them. Built at one fifth the cost of the highway, they can carry three times as many passengers—an efficiency-capital-cost advantage of fifteen to one.

Proliferating traffic jams make banning cars from densely built downtown cores sound sensible. In February 1961, when New York City's Mayor Wagner banned private automobiles from Manhattan after a heavy snow, the idea gained some new supporters—the delighted pedestrians temporarily free from the hazards, delays, and poisonous fumes of normal traffic. Moreover, retail volume declined insignificantly during the ban, thus demonstrating Manhattan's lack of economic dependence on the private automobile.

One of the most radical proposals to date calls for permanent weekday banning of private automobiles from Manhattan, except in the downtown financial district and the midtown shopping and theatre district. The architect-writer team of Percival and Paul Goodman proposes a basic pattern of traffic arteries forming grid squares roughly 400 yards on a side. This would mean closing to general traffic about four out of five crosstown streets and alternate avenues. With its 25 per cent gain in usable space, each block could add recreation areas and trees. The closed streets would become pedestrian walks, as well as roads for service vehicles. An occasional tennis court, ice-skating rink, or softball diamond might bloom in the largest traffic-free intersections. Buses and small electric taxis could shuttle people around at speeds far greater than today's congestion permits.

Along the Hudson and East Rivers, multi-purpose piers would house the banished cars; ramps would link main bridges and tunnels with pier-based garages. The rules could be lenient enough to allow loading the family car for a trip



and expressway travel across Manhattan. On weekends, when truck and bus traffic lightens, the ban on private cars might be lifted.

Less utopian but more likely is a car-banning scheme designed for downtown Fort Worth by architect-planner Victor Gruen, who has long been a champion of the pedestrian. Although his plan has been stymied for the past six years by lack of funds, it is still very much alive. Gruen proposes converting the present downtown core—about one square mile—into a pedestrian island. Electrically powered shuttle cars would transport the lame, the lazy, and the package-laden, and tunnels would admit trucks and taxis. Six huge garages along the belt roadway encircling the core would project into the island, as would bus loops, so that the longest walk would be about two hundred yards.

For Fort Worth to try to satisfy the automobile's voracious appetite for space would be disastrous. At the prevailing ratio of automobile use, Gruen estimates that by 1970 the downtown core would have to triple its present street area. In other words, the city would have to sacrifice over half its total core area for streets, and even more valuable space for parking. This would mean blasting the core wide open and scattering its buildings, creating, in turn, the need for still more automobile travel. And in return for

tremendous additional expenditures—for demolition, clearance, and reconstruction—Fort Worth would lose a convenient, beautiful, and vital center.

The warning sounded by Gruen's Fort Worth study applies almost universally. In northern New Jersey, for example, traffic is growing much faster than the rising population. Projecting present trends to 1985, the Regional Plan Association foresees an automobile increase of 120 per cent, accompanying a population increase of 70 per cent. And present zoning policies in these counties will compound the crisis by scattering population too widely for efficient public transportation. If present trends continue, the region's rush-hour travel and automobile commuting will rise sharply.

On the other side of the continent, the undistinguished core of Los Angeles' smog-polluted, traffic-harassed metropolis is well on its way to becoming a vast complex of intersections bordered by parking garages and a few buildings standing as nostalgic reminders that once upon a time the downtown had a purpose. Less dismal but similar prospects menace just about every metropolitan area in the U. S.

THE RIGHT TRACK

MANY measures, well this side of utopia, can help counter the threat. An obvious first step is to institute rush-hour tolls on all congested highways, bridges, and tunnels in and around a city. Adjusted to limit traffic to manageable volume, these tolls would not only put the charge where it belongs, they would also make the motorist aware of expenses other than operating costs. They might even convert him to mass transit. Cities imposing rush-hour tolls would gain multiple benefits: eliminating congestion would mean faster travel for everyone; charging for highway use would help support mass transit and offset subsidies to motorists. And the delays and manpower expenses usually associated with toll gates need not mar the plan. William Vickrey, a Columbia University economics professor, has explained that these problems can be solved by electronic "interrogators." Scanning lanes with electromagnetic waves, they would identify each car as it crossed a zone boundary and relay the information to a data-processing center. There a computer would assemble records, determine the proper tolls for each individual, and issue an itemized monthly bill ready for mailing. Like consumers of electricity, water, and telephone service, motorists

would pay fair user charges. And the cost of such a system in Washington, D. C. could easily be written off within the first year, says Professor Vickrey.

Toll control would reverse the policy of most bridge and tunnel authorities, which encourage rush-hour driving. The Port of New York Authority, for example, charges the occasional, off-hour tunnel user double the toll of a regular commuter who buys a thirty-day ticket book.

To make a toll-control policy fair and effective, Congress would have to repeal the no-toll provision on federally aided highways—a step recommended by the Commerce Department several years ago. Other helpful Congressional actions, some contained in President Kennedy's recent recommendations, would include:

- Repeal of the 10 per cent federal transportation tax on interstate rail and bus fares, which tends to encourage automobile commuting.
- Amendment of federal highway legislation to include financing of rapid-transit track construction on the rights-of-way of urban expressways.
- Reversal of this year's House vote against President Kennedy's Department of Urban Affairs and Housing. Such a bureau could best focus federal, state, and local efforts on transportation problems and function as a research center for cities experimenting with "park-ride" schemes and other transit solutions.

Revenue to support mass transit could come from special city or county taxes levied on parking fees and superimposed on state and federal gas taxes, thus relieving property owners who often subsidize both drivers and transit systems. Tough enforcement of traffic and parking regulations would discourage some city driving—and incidentally increase safety. Bored policemen should be instructed to do more than watch as motorists illegally bull their way through pedestrians crossing with the light.

Along with policies discouraging automobile commuting, cities would, of course, have to expand and improve public transportation. Reserving street or freeway lanes for rush-hour buses speeds commuters' trips in several cities—notably Chicago, Baltimore, and Nashville. Express buses are four times as efficient as cars; in bumper-to-bumper traffic, probably fifteen times as efficient. Park-ride service between strategically located parking lots and downtown cores, with buses speeding along a reserved lane while cars fight with trucks for the remaining lanes, should win friends for public transportation.

The stale arguments against public transportation disintegrate in the light of a few facts. Con-

trary to anti-transit propaganda, many commuters who don't use the antiquated mass-transit facilities generally available today will patronize a modern system. Within three years, Philadelphia's subsidized rail program, with its improved schedules and faster trains, has increased patronage of commuter railroads by 44 per cent—and at a bare fraction of the public cost of building freeways for the added riders. In the San Francisco area, according to consulting engineers Parsons, Brinkerhoff, Quade & Douglas, 77 per cent of the commuters patronize mass transit if it's as quick as car travel. And 2,600 commuting drivers in three major cities questioned by *Fortune* magazine in the mid-fifties overwhelmingly favored mass transit if it could match their driving time. For a saving of ten minutes or more a day, five out of six said they would desert their cars.

Car worshipers, however, have another pet theory. Mass transit, they explain, entails inefficient use of capital equipment because it gets maximum use only twenty hours a week, whereas highways serve a variety of users twenty-four hours a day.

This argument boomerangs. A plan to widen a four-mile stretch of Shirley Highway (linking Washington, D.C. with some of its Virginia suburbs) will cost \$20 million, but the extra four lanes will be needed *only* during rush hours. Through the rest of the day this highway carries less than capacity. At night, says Senator Harrison Williams of New Jersey, it could double as another landing strip for National Airport.

Professor Vickrey estimates the cost of expanding a freeway system designed for normal Washington, D.C. traffic to accommodate rush-hour demand at \$23,000 for each additional car. If each rush-hour driver were charged the additional cost that his presence adds he would pay about \$4 per round trip in tolls. But on federally aided freeways, the rush-hour driver repays, in gasoline taxes, only an insignificant fraction of the cost of such wildly extravagant schemes.

The propagandists urging ever-increasing hordes of automobiles in the cities have neither economics nor civilized values on their side. They understand little of the need for dense, pedestrian-oriented development to preserve the cities as thriving centers of commerce and culture, and they care even less.

Like the freedom to pollute air and water, the unrestricted right to jam city and suburban highways can't be tolerated as we crowd ever more densely around our great urban centers. We must stop treating the commuting motorist as an aristocrat whose whims must not only be indulged, but subsidized. We should treat the commuting motorist as a public nuisance. He hogs a disproportionate share of public space; he robs pedestrians and bus riders of time, lost in the traffic jams he creates; he endangers public health as his idling engine pollutes the air with poisonous exhausts. As Lewis Mumford counseled the American Institute of Architects:

"Forget the damned motor cars; design the cities for friends and lovers."

TRY A SEAT BELT

A TRICYCLE RIDE. At the Hammersmith Police-court, a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons appeared in answer to a summons for furiously riding a tricycle. The constable stated that he saw the defendant riding furiously. The defendant denied that he was riding fast, and said he was fatigued, as he had been a run of sixty miles. The magistrate, however, was of opinion that he was underrating his powers, and fined him 40s and 2s costs. The defendant complained of having been taken to the station, followed by a number of roughs. To be riding a tricycle so rapidly after a journey of sixty miles argues well both for the powers of endurance of the rider and the excellence of the machine ridden. On the same day, several other tricycle-riders were fined for furious riding. It is possible that, in the pleasurable muscular excitement and rapid movement, accurate sense of speed is lost. When, however, a mounted constable has to gallop his horse to overtake a tricycle, it is obvious that the tricycle in question is going at a rate exceeding six miles an hour. This is not safe in the streets of a large town.

—*The British Medical Journal*, October 28, 1882



Notes from Baffin Island

MARY JEAN KEMPNER

Unconcerned with war but unremittingly concerned with survival, the Eskimos practice the danger-arts of the nomadic hunter and fisherman and the delicate arts of the sculptor and engraver with equal skill.

TO THE Arctic, the rest of the world is Outside. For modern man, security stems from being Inside. Small wonder then that the Eskimos are the most secure people on earth. When an Eskimo goes to bed at night, he immediately falls into a sleep so deep that another man sharing his one-room snow house can, and often does, have intercourse with the host's wife, without waking him. (Furthermore, it would be unspeakably uncouth if the husband he and his wife having agreed on the matter beforehand—were to stir.) A sense of property, like jealousy, does not exist. Stealing is unheard of. Men rarely lose their tempers, it wastes valuable energy.

Most Eskimos are seagoing nomads, traveling the Arctic fords and seas by boat or sled. No enemy covets their land, or ever has. War is outside their concept. Besides, they couldn't afford it. Their battle is against cold and for food. To survive, they must share everything. An expert on survival, the Eskimo lives in a politically bland but nonetheless socialist society. No one starves, or everyone does, and did as recently as

ten years ago. If one feasts, everyone feasts. Eskimos are the last of the big spenders. There is no thought of tomorrow, which may never come in a precarious world where life expectancy is twenty-seven. (Infant mortality in the first year is one out of three babies, and only a minimum of this possible infanticide.)

Our chartered PBY flew from Moosonee, at the southernmost tip of James Bay, over Hudson Bay, across Hudson Strait, landing seven hours later on a small cove called Tellik Bay, nestling in the rocky shore of Baffin Island. We were far north of the tree line, at a latitude of 64 degrees, 1,600 miles north of New York, close enough to the magnetic pole to make watches erratic and compasses almost useless. We carried sleeping bags, grilse and spinning rods, rifles, binoculars, heavy clothing, although the Arctic is still 85 per cent clear of snow in August. Our shooting licenses specified that meat and skins belonged to the Eskimos. A liquor license permitted us to import liquor into the Northwest Territories of Canada; another license somewhat reluctantly sanctioned our drinking it. We were an odd, heterogeneous group. But I rather imagine that as we first looked at that grim lunar landscape, rock upon rock, and brown-gray tundra, we shared an emotional return to some forgotten past, a time slip back into the Stone Age.

The harsh sweep of Arctic emptiness hits the new arrival like a blow to the belly. So does a savage wind. Here at Tellik, a wide, boulder-cluttered beach (suitable footing for an ibex) stretched some forty feet inshore, marking the

playground of normal Arctic tides. Further up the hill, on the tundra, a gaggle of tents, white and pavilion-shaped with pastel-colored wooden doors, seemed frivolous and incongruous.

One learns from the start, there's nothing easy about the Arctic. Settlement rooftops needn't be canted as hundred-mile winds sweep them clean of snow in winter. No man can get away with two mistakes, probably not even with one. Four minutes overboard in the summer seas is an icy death sentence. In winter, a minor oversight, like not wearing a woolen cap under a parka, can be reason enough for a man's death. An inferior pair of boots is the cut-off point in life. Yet this unrelenting country, with its fierce and multiple challenges, evokes in men who go there an irrevocable attachment mixed with hatred.

James Houston and Eskimo Art

The area administrator when we were there was James Houston, a big, handsome Canadian in his early forties, articulate in English and Eskimo. A descendant of Sam Houston, he was full of vitality and a contagious self-assurance; quick to laugh, he considers laughter "good survival technique." Dedicated for the past fourteen years to Eskimo mores, Houston is a major authority on this northern world. (The Russians invited him to speak last winter in Leningrad at an Arctic conference.) His area of responsibility extended some 60,000 square miles, over a region inhabited by three hundred Eskimos and a few dozen whites. Dorset, his headquarters, consists of a clutch of houses—his own and those of a couple of white aides, the schoolteacher's house, the Anglican church, the clinic, the Hudson's Bay Post, and three or four buildings belonging to the West Baffin Eskimo Co-operative. Houston was fish-and-game warden, justice of the peace, arbitrator, Crown representative, organizer of the Eskimo Co-operative, adviser, and friend. He also happens to be a fine artist whose work has been exhibited in New York and London.

Against a backdrop of sparsity, the scope of Eskimo aesthetic sense startles and impresses: the restraint, delicacy, and symbolism that go into embroidering the duffel lining of a parka; the fish, or other animal, delicately etched on ivory buttons; the men's sealskin boots, strong as iron, and creased as elegantly as the boots of

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fifteenth-century noblemen. Above all, the untrammeled beauty of carvings in soapstone, serpentine, walrus-ivory, and whalebone. The carvings depict the animals of the hunt, or fish, or children in the mother's *amoutik*; or a hunter with raised harpoon. Usually they are small in stature, imposing in concept. (The carver's tools are an axe, then a chisel, then a file.) Almost inevitably the best carvers are the best hunters: their carvings, offerings of gratitude, of hope, of apology even, to the Spirits. Unlike so many primitive art forms, they have no distortion, no innocence, just knowledge of the subject inherited and acquired by experience.

Beginning about twelve years ago, an interest in Eskimo sculpture was aroused in Canada and New York, which with publicity has grown into a hungry market, fanned by the Hudson's Bay Company department stores and, all too rarely, by a handful of wise art dealers. To supply such a market, inferior work has been encouraged in many parts of the Arctic. (The Japanese make plastic copies.) In his dual role of artist and administrator, Houston rejected this denial of creative art and as a result his settlement of Dorset has become the Florence of the Arctic.

In Dorset, sculpture, provided it meets Houston's standards, sells to and through the West Baffin Eskimo Co-operative. Organized on a shoestring three years ago, this Co-operative, a landmark in imaginative administration, banked assets of \$100,000 last July. Membership costs the Eskimo five dollars, entitling him to vote in annual policy decisions and to share in the profits. Carvings bought by the Co-operative are paid for in cash, sold for a small profit—five dollars markup on a thirty-dollar carving. Within the past two years, Houston also developed important interest in the graphic arts—stone-block prints and skin prints.* Each print is limited to a set of fifty; then the design is filed off the rock. Prints are submitted to the Canadian Eskimo Art Board in Ottawa, who destroy any that do not meet their aesthetic standard.

Co-operative vs. Hudson's Bay Company

The West Baffin Eskimo Co-operative, in addition to its art center, runs an extraordinary bakery, producing really good, old-fashioned bread, cookies, and bannock, all made from recipes out of a Scotch cookbook translated into Eskimo; a Finnish-type sauna-bath in a Styrofoam igloo (set up for winter testing); and a store for buying and trading. The store this year

*The stone-block print reproduced on page 59 is by Kiakshuk and entitled: "Two Men Killing a Giant."

provides the Hudson's Bay Company with new competition; Dorset in the summer of 1962 may well see the first clearance sale in Arctic history.

Incorporated 292 years ago, on May 2, 1670, with the title "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England, Trading in Hudson's Bay," the Hudson's Bay Company held and retains the right of flying its flag with the initials H.B.C. in white on a red field and the Union Jack in its upper left corner—the only private company in the world allowed such a privilege. The Bay's officers became the rulers, under the Crown, of Canada plus what later became Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana.

Until quite recently, the Bay issued trade tokens with a fox mask engraved on them; cold cash, in fact, is a newcomer to the Eastern Arctic. In its long business span The Bay has dealt in everything from furs and canoes to electronics and minerals, and very profitably. The editorial page, not the business section, of the *New York Times*, stated on July 22, 1961, that the following week Hudson's Bay Company was "expected to propose a 100 per cent stock dividend."

Fishing and Shooting

Fishing for Arctic char follows the pattern of trout or salmon fishing throughout the world. Ideal tackle could be either a light salmon rod, with 3/0 streamer flies, the emphasis on yellow and red, Mickey Finn, Orange Blossom, etc.; or spinning tackle with Daredevil and Abu reflex lures. Were it more accessible, the Tessiuakjuak River would probably rank as one of the great fishing rivers of the world, certainly of North America. Running some twenty miles inland, it's a boiling, mountain-fast stream, with ancient weirs beginning about a quarter of a mile inland, and enough fish to unnerve the angler.

Arctic char, *Salvelinus alpinus*, like the Atlantic's incomparable *salmo salar*, returns each year from the ocean to its home stream to lay its eggs and hatch its young. Again, like salmon, char apparently strike the lure out of combined curiosity and rage, more than hunger. Running anywhere from five to fourteen pounds of fishing dynamite, they indulge in all sorts of aerial gymnastics if given a chance, and hooking one is a far cry from netting him. (Ideal fishing conditions, in July and August, are the two days before and after the full moon, when tides run their highest, literally propelling the char into the river. Fish at those times are so plentiful that anglers rarely work the Tessiuakjuak more than a mile or so up its left bank.)

Pinker than salmon and a bit less oily, char is marvelous eaten raw with a touch of lemon juice—Japanese fashion—or lightly broiled, for more cautious palates.

Summer seal-hunting involves techniques of sea-borne stalking. Armed with 22 rifles, we set out in a thirty-foot trawler. Our course lay through the fiords toward Shartowetok and Hudson Straits. Wind complicated hunting. Spotting the sleek black head of a two hundred pound Silver Jar seal, or even the thousand-pound Ukjuk swimming in choppy water is tricky. Binoculars and keener Eskimo eyes scanned the water ahead. Suddenly an Eskimo pointed to a no longer visible speck calling out the sealer's tallyho, "*Tuga*."

In summer seals lack their heavy protective layer of blubber. If they are squarely hit by a .22 bullet, they sink instantly and a valuable part of the Eskimo harvest vanishes. One aims to hit the water just short of the seal's head or just over it. Frightened into sudden submersion without sufficient oxygen to travel, the seal surfaces in short order. Again and again the guns repeat their ploy. All the while, the Eskimo helmsman tries to calculate the seal's course, where he might reappear, and steers the boat toward that spot, trying to keep between the seal and open water. It takes from thirty minutes to an hour until the tired beast surfaces close enough for an Eskimo to harpoon him.

Butchering the seal catch usually is woman's work, done ashore, with deft and bloodless surgical skill. By custom, seal liver, the supreme Eskimo delicacy, is eaten in silence, and a portion—symbolizing the seal's soul—is returned to the sea. Men must eat to live, so it's proper for the "envelope"—flesh and blubber surrounding the liver—to be eaten without ceremonial silence.

Seal spirits are strong; one of them, the mermaid Telluijh, with her woman's head and seal body, waves to hunters, calling, "*Kali-Kali* (come to me)," and those who obey are lost forever. (Strangely enough, the old unicorn legend was probably bolstered throughout time by an Arctic mammal: the narwhal, a twenty-foot whale, has a single ivory tusk growing straight out of its mouth; narwhal tusks have been prized for centuries for their aphrodisiac powers.)

Food—Sleep—Cold

We ate broiled seal liver for our first dinner—a gift from our Eskimo hosts. A gourmet's delight, it tastes like a cross between goose liver and calves' liver, slightly flavored with mushrooms. With it were some banal dehydrated

vegetables and exquisite lettuce (grown in Houston's storm windows converted to cold frames during July and August). Although summer's sun is low, it's fairly steadfast even late into the night. When plants do grow, according to Stefansson's authoritative *Arctic Manual*, "They produce a growth per week twice as rapid as the maximum tropical growth." Although classified as a desert—precipitation is only about fifteen inches a year—the permafrost lying below the tundra catches and hordes precious moisture for summer use, making possible a myriad of tiny, brilliant Arctic flowers. They grow in clumps, like Victorian pincushions—orchids, buttercups, daisies, and willow—no bigger than colored pine-heads. (Eskimo children, who have never seen a cat, call willow buds "puppy tails.")

It was close to midnight when I finally went to my tent. At night the tents glimmered, white and beckoning, lit from within by Coleman lamps. (Snow-houses start melting in spring and Eskimos move into tents, which must be white, blending with the snow, to avoid frightening the game.) The hissing of the Primus stove in my tent at least suggested warmth. One learns to be grateful even for hints of comfort. Twenty-eight degrees on a windy summer night is cold, although sixty below is colder. (At sixty minus you can throw a glass of water ten feet only to have the fluid freeze before reaching its target: caribou are almost invisible through their own fog of body heat.)

Arctic sleeping involves getting into the sleeping bag with the bulk of one's clothes on. The stripping process begins immediately, but all clothing remains snugly in the sleeping bag to preserve some warmth for the morning. Those first fifteen minutes of nakedness seem unbearable, but finally body heat rises in the snugly zipped bag, and any clothing might produce perspiration followed by freezing.

Where Tact Is Priceless

In spite of their squat, Mongolian frame, the Eskimos are handsome, less dark-skinned than one expects. Men chiseled in granite, with surprisingly volatile personalities, they are infinitely subtle and complex, highly sophisticated in the best sense of the word. Their language, according to Houston, stems from the Urdu-Altaic. (So does Hungarian.) An Eskimo noun, for instance, has two thousand possible infixes, and there are hundreds of verb endings.

Eskimos are versatile mechanics, can replace an airplane part with a bit of whalebone, repair a zipper, or make a set of false teeth from walrus

ivory. Probably the greatest natural sailors since the Vikings, without charts, soundings, or compasses, they rely on intuitive radar and a well-spring of inherited knowledge to navigate the mammoth tides, gales, and fogs that drop from sky to sea (like spilling giant rolls of absorbent cotton), blotting out all sense of horizon.

Although nowadays Eskimos own and use rifles for hunting, this doesn't mean that they've abandoned their traditional tools. (Many of these are identical with those discovered among the artifacts in nine 3,000-year-old stone houses found near Dorset.) For example, the *ulu* remains the ideal instrument for skinning seal. Seal thongs are infinitely stronger, more maneuverable than any rope made. For walrus hunting, nothing replaces the walrus harpoon, tailored to a man's height and weight. As walrus hunters spread out over the ice, each Eskimo moves forward cautiously tapping the ice ahead with his harpoon like a blind man with his cane. If the harpoon's chisel-shaped butt sinks in the ice, the Eskimo moves sideways, repeating the process until he finds ice ahead strong enough to support him. (In the meantime, a shorter, lighter man could take up the position that was untenable for the bigger fellow.) When the Canadian government suggested that Eskimos feed powdered milk to their children so they would grow taller, the suggestion was spurned: "Who wants to grow tall and ungainly?"

Whatever Eskimos do, they do wholeheartedly, even handshaking. In Dorset, Eskimo dances take place in the schoolhouse each week during the summer. Rightfully considering themselves hosts for the occasion, the Eskimos insist that visitors join in. A single Eskimo dance number, played to a galloping rhythm by a kind of Gene Krupa of the accordion, often lasts an hour. It is an endurance test, as well as a challenge to versatility, to follow the superimposed intricacies of a sailor's hornpipe, a square dance, and the mating dance of the Great Bear. But once in an Eskimo dance, there's only one way out, and that's to swoon.

These people have infinite tact, possibly a requirement of life devoid of privacy. They neither ask questions of others nor are they apt to confide in them. Great natural mimics, Eskimos enjoy doing witty, usually unmalicious imitations. They love smoking and take to all games with enthusiasm and skill. No matter how sad or distraught an Eskimo might be, if he met a laughing friend he would never mention his own sorrow but would laugh too—one never "breaks into another's happiness."



At the same time they are fatalists. When an Eskimo is ill, for instance, he says "Iyonamut" (meaning "it can't be helped"), and says it with such conviction that it often affects his will to live. The Eskimo feels that illness comes from bad luck or evil spirits and it's useless to try to fight them; but given tangibles to cope with—wind, snow, dogs, polar bears—he is *Inuk*, meaning superior man or Eskimo, to differentiate from *Kaloona*, or white man.

Children

Children lead a deliciously permissive life. Spoiled, indulged by parents and the community at large, allowed every possible freedom and few restraints, they nevertheless obey instantly, without whining or arguing. This relates to the survival theme which penetrates even the infant world, rather like the young of the animal kingdom. The Dorset eight-year-old is infinitely more mature than his American contemporary. Adults rarely supervise the children, who do it for themselves. If a fight starts, no one thinks of urging the fighters on; instead their contemporaries quickly separate the combatants. Even at eight, fighting is wasteful.

This is a society based on the survival of the

fittest. A mentally retarded child is treated like the medieval jester-booted, tripped, a figure of cruel fun. Occasionally, a desperately sick infant is flown out to a hospital by Canadian authorities, but even if he recovers, no concessions will be made for his weakness. Can such a child grow up and will it be worth it to him? These are the insolubles of primitive society versus the paternalistic conscience of the Outside.

Sexual life among young people is free and realistic. Marriage is unthinkable without profound and lasting sexual affinity. A wife becomes a man's companion and full partner. Divorce is unheard of. Considerable experimentation is, therefore, encouraged among young teen-agers with the community's hearty approval. A girl who doesn't marry by the time she's seventeen probably contracts a trial marriage. This recognized liaison usually lasts six months before the final decision. Sometimes more than one trial marriage is required before a lifetime contract is made binding. Strangely enough, in spite of pre-marital promiscuity, pregnancy is rare even through the first year of marriage. Experts on the Arctic have difficulty explaining this phenomenon, although some suspect the existence of a contraceptive moss or seaweed.

Dogs

Dogs are the horsepower of the frozen wastes. Eskimo dogs, whether called Husky or Malamute, are a symbol of an Eskimo's manhood, a necessity, and a source of pride, but never of affection. The dogs work willingly and loyally, although disdainfully. They never bark, eye humans appraisingly and aloofly, have enormous dignity.

These animals have little in common with dogs from the Outside. Even the confirmed dog lover is shocked by a growing sense of fear, mixed with guilt, after forty-eight hours' exposure to Eskimo dogs. A puppy, raised as a pet, at three months is affectionate and gay. But let him steal a slab of meat from a picnic basket and try to take it away from him; then one faces a primitive animal. Last summer, in Dorset, dogs killed a year-old baby.

These dogs, however, are bred in what was described as "a refined fashion," like horses in England; Clydesdales for pulling, Thoroughbreds for racing. In parts of the Arctic where walrus meat is plentiful, dogs are bred to reach an optimum weight of over a hundred pounds; they have enormous pulling power, limited speed; and it doesn't matter, with the normally ample meat supplies, that each dog eats about ten pounds of meat daily.

In Dorset, on the other hand, walrus is not plentiful. Here speed is essential and an ability to go without food for as long as fifteen days; the most desirable weight is eighty pounds and adequate nourishment, a pound a day. With such breeding specifics and variations, teams might easily become inbred. There are two alternatives: trading dogs with remote Eskimos with somewhat similar size requirements, and breeding to wolves. When wolves are running, bitches in heat are often staked out. Sometimes as many as three out of four are eaten, but one usually gets bred. Of this litter, all but the best are destroyed. The survivors are later bred to sound Eskimo dogs. These puppies, and their descendants, for several generations have immense pulling power, and ability to survive with little food. Incidentally, contrary to general belief, bitches, because they are more responsive, make the best lead dogs.

In summer, Northwest Territories law requires that all dogs in settlements be chained—usually in dog-lines with each animal in approximately the same position as when he's in the sled traces, but given more space to move around in. Food and water are brought to them, and the area is cleaned up regularly.

The alternative is to free the dogs on rock islands to fend for themselves—with little "tend-

ing" possible in tundra, except for an occasional lemming, fresh water held in rocky pools, and sick or wounded fish washed ashore. (While we camped at Tellik, several dogs, smelling food, swam two miles in icy water only to be driven off with stones—a safety measure for food caches and the Eskimo babies in camp.) Sometimes when hunting is superlatively good, Eskimos carry food to the islands, but this is rare, and usually dogs lose twenty pounds by the end of the two-month summer. (Within two weeks they're back to normal.) The dogs howl, never bark, and their sad and fearsome cries haunt the still Arctic night, ringing out over the fiords by day, as boats sail past their rocky prisons.

When dogs die in winter, they're often buried standing up in the snow, icy watchdogs. Jim Houston tells of traveling with an Eskimo whose lead dog died of "dog sickness," a particularly virulent form of distemper that swept the Arctic recently. As the loss of a leader is no joking matter, Houston was startled when after the traditional burial the Eskimo started laughing hilariously. Asked the cause of his merriment, he explained he "laughed thinking of the second dog's pleasure now that he was leader and wouldn't have to look at the tail of the deceased any longer."

Religion and Superstition

Christianity appears to make little impact on the Eskimos. Their myths are imaginative but with a strong earthy note, and little or no reference to a supreme being or beings. In summer attendance is good at the Anglican church in Dorset. Services, in Eskimo, last three hours because of hymn singing at a dirgelike tempo. Visiting is the greatest joy of Arctic summers, and these Sunday festivities seem more social than spiritual.

Eskimo superstition and legend mix whimsy with practicality. Summer fogs are caused by "young people making love on the cold tundra." It's unwise to throw rocks down a cliff "for fear of irritating the atmosphere and causing a storm." The aurora borealis is "the spirit of still-born children dancing." Certain Genesis-like aspects of Eskimo legend are mentioned by the late Arctic explorer, Peter Freuchen. "Then there came a great flood and everybody drowned except two men, who then moved together into the same house and lived as man and wife. Then one of them became pregnant and they conjured until the pregnant one could absorb his penis and become a woman." Eskimos can never be accused of being unrealistic, even in fantasy.

MARTIN MAYER

THE TROUBLE WITH TEXTBOOKS

A critical look at books which shape our children's minds—and the reasons why so many of them are dull, inaccurate, and badly written.

TEXTBOOKS, curiously, receive less public criticism than any other kind of writing. They are never reviewed in the general press, and even the educational press gives them no more than perfunctory notice. A few noisy pressure groups, usually of the Radical Right, make a business of attacking textbooks on ideological grounds, but no major citizens' organization has ever paid systematic attention to the quality of the books used in our schools.

Yet nobody would deny their importance. These texts—casually ignored or given merely statistical treatment in the recent controversies over American education—must influence what gets into the heads of all our children. When the books are poor, they can lead to a contempt for education, and even for the printed page. Many a boy leaves school with an ingrained conviction that *all* books must be a bore, because the books the school takes most seriously are nothing but a bore.

Moreover, textbooks are big business, both to their producers and to the taxpayer. Just as the school budget dominates the economy of a small town, so the textbook dominates the small industry of book publishing. Profits are greater in this field, and risks smaller. Promotion occurs, as at school itself, mostly through seniority; a firm's position acquired in one generation tends to sustain itself into the next, provided the publisher keeps up with slight changes in fashion. The books look much alike; mostly, they read alike. Competition is stabilized on a basis of personal salesmanship, elaborateness of product, and marginal difference in the handling of ma-

terials. Thus it was, also, in cigarettes in the late 1940s and automobiles in the mid-1950s; such situations seem inevitably to foreshadow big changes in an industry.

But in textbooks the change has not yet come. The schools are still waiting, in their typical attitude of inarticulate patience, for publishers to supply the great variety of text materials required by the great variety of children in the nation's classrooms. Textbooks are still, as Scarsdale Superintendent of Schools Harold Howe II recently told a publisher who tried to hire him, "the dead hand holding down American public education."

There are some stirrings in the ooze. There is, for example, the Addison-Wesley Publishing Company, the fastest-growing textbook publishing house in the United States, fashionably located off Route 128 outside Boston. Most of the company's gain of 80 per cent over the last two years came from expansion of its established business—college- and graduate-level texts in mathematics, science, and engineering. But an increasing fraction derives from new ventures in high-school mathematics—textbooks in algebra and geometry significantly different from the others on the market.

In spirit and often in the flesh, the American algebra text displays a cover with a four-color lithograph of an incredibly handsome young man, staring straight ahead with firmly American determination; and from the cauldron between his temples emerge rockets, atom bombs, television sets, and skyscrapers. In contrast, the Addison-Wesley text has a solid red die-stamp cover, no illustration at all. Inside, there are no photographs of eminent scientists solving problems at the consoles of giant calculators, no colored drawings, no cute cartoons of Mr. Mathematics explaining to awed boys and girls how you make money with numbers. The level of dis-

course in these texts (which come from the hands of Charles Brumfiel and Robert Eicholz of Ball State Teachers College, and Merrill Shanks of Purdue) assumes a respect for and interest in mathematics: the "motivation" is in the material. And while there is a teacher's manual explaining carefully what the text hopes to accomplish, the "answer key" does not give the teacher worked-out answers to all the problems in the books. "We felt," says Stuart Brewster, the young editor of the firm's new elementary and high-school division, "that our market would be in strong schools." And in strong schools, of course, math teachers would never dream of assigning textbook problems they had not worked (or, in the ultimate horror, were unable to work) for themselves.

The Ball State series is only the beginning of Addison-Wesley's plans for high-school math. Soon there will be a somewhat more conventional series of texts based on the recommendations of the College Entrance Examination Board Commission on Mathematics, plus texts in geometry and matrix algebra based on the original materials developed over the last five years by the School Mathematics Study Group. On the elementary level, Addison-Wesley has contracted for books by Paul Rosenbloom of the University of Minnesota and Robert Davis of Syracuse and of Webster College in St. Louis, two of the giants who are abroad in the land laying paths through the mud of the traditional arithmetic program.

"We are fully convinced," says Melbourne Cummings, a quietly amused Bostonian who is president of Addison-Wesley, "that real mathematics will be taught in our schools, starting from kindergarten."

Mathematics education is a field in wild agitation, and the Addison-Wesley texts are inevitably something less than perfect. Everybody who writes on this subject, for text or other uses, has hobbyhorses to ride and compromises to defend. There are other "modern algebra" texts on the market. What sets off the Addison-Wesley books is, simply, their seriousness of attitude, their respect for both students and teachers. What makes

them significant is the fact that they show a profit. It seems there are more "strong schools" than the rest of the textbook industry believed.

Some other departures from the textbook norm are also making money. D. C. Heath has made available to high schools the interesting Amherst series of source-material pamphlets in American history; and the same firm is blanketing the country with the physics text prepared by the Physical Sciences Study Committee, which spent \$5 million of National Science Foundation money—and months of the time of "physicists of Nobel laureate quality," to quote Jerrold Zacharias, who ran the committee—to develop a spectacular, all-new high-school program. *Scholastic Magazines* are doing just fine with a pre-assembled package of many different paperback books to provide reading matter for high-school literature courses. The idea here is admirable, though the execution is not strong—many of the books are junk (the paperback anthologies specially published for these packages, which are the only books the whole class will read, are full of magazine pieces even more distressing than what is in most of the hard-cover text anthologies); and the teachers' manuals which accompany the packages seem to be written on the assumption that the course will be taught by one of the less-bright students rather than by a teacher. Macmillan has allowed Preston James of Syracuse to write the geography text he wanted to write, and is selling the unconventional result quite well, thank you. Row, Peterson and Company has finally come out of the woods on its ten-year-old program of pamphlets about science for elementary and junior-high use. These pamphlets vary vastly in quality, but nobody can quarrel with the idea behind them—the idea of making materials available in brief, adaptable, topic-by-topic morsels rather than in the monstrous dog biscuit of the predigested "course."

A few other novelties are also in the works. Houghton Mifflin has prepared new and relatively ambitious reading materials for an experimental kindergarten and first-grade program in Denver, and will presently make them available nationally. Both Scott, Foresman and the Blaisdell division of Random House will issue versions of the books prepared by the School Mathematics Study Group for seventh and eighth grades. Warren Blaisdell, a founder of Addison-Wesley, has gone out on his own under a flag with the device "we're not interested in publishing conventional books," and this summer will put out a wholly original batch of arithmetic texts, called "Sets and Numbers," based on the

While gathering material for "The Schools"—a best-selling report and appraisal—Martin Mayer began his study of textbooks. He is now working on a project for the American Council of Learned Societies to investigate the possibilities for major improvement in the teaching of social studies. He is also music critic of "Esquire" and the author of "Wall Street: Men and Money" and "Madison Avenue, U.S.A."

work done by Patrick Suppes at Stanford and in the schools of Palo Alto, California. Paperbacks are in everyone's mouth and on a few men's presses. All publishers are doing a ritual dance, a kind of Twist, about the surprisingly hot fire lit by "programed instruction," though it remains doubtful whether anything significant will be published in this form during this decade.

WHERE THE MONEY IS

THESSE stirrings and heavings may break the smooth surface of textbook publishing some day, but not yet. By and large, textbooks for any given subject at any given age are still homogenized and padded, and so lavishly produced that they will break even only if they can be sold to thousands of schools for hundreds of thousands of youngsters to use in dozens of different educational programs. And the textbook publishers, all claiming to be educators, make one simple (very possibly inaccurate) defense of these procedures: that's where the money is.

In 1960, the last year for which full figures are available, some fifty-odd publishers sold some \$230 million worth of elementary and high-school textbooks—almost exactly \$100 million more than they had sold in 1954. This rise does not come from the purchase of more texts per student—in 1954, the average number of new books per elementary student was 2.01, and in 1960 it was only 2.05. But enrollment in the schools was up 26 per cent and the price per book was up 29 per cent, so expenditure went up 65 per cent. Wall Street brokers began to regard textbook publishing as one of the nation's "growth industries," and investment bankers underwrote the sale of publishing stocks to the public at prices only remotely related to current earnings or dividends.

As a business enterprise, textbook publishing is built on the skills and resources of the field staff. "We cannot sell books by direct mail," says Maynard Hites of Row, Peterson, which is in the process of merging with the ancient house of Harper & Brothers to form Harper & Row. "Nobody can do it. We have to have these boys out there hammering doors. The company that has no manpower out in the field is down at the bottom of the list every time."

By and large, each publisher puts one salesman in the field for every \$70,000 to \$120,000 of sales. The salesman is a man who once had a strong interest in education and sometimes still does—almost all textbook salesmen are former teachers or school administrators. But his pri-

mary interest is now concentrated on selling his employer's product. Occasionally, though not nearly as frequently as in past years, he may even try his luck at kickbacks and a spot of bribery.

What made corruption profitable in the old days was the purchase by state governments of a single "basal" textbook for each child in each subject. This procedure was obvious nonsense—there is no state (or city or town or school) so small or homogeneous that every fifth-grade child in it should be using the same book. Reason prevailed, and by 1961 only North Carolina was still buying from publishers in 100,000-book lots. Eighteen states still approve only a limited number of texts per subject (usually three to five), but "adoption" by such a state is a hunting license rather than a sale, and thus less likely to be worth a bribe. Even political influence is no longer so valuable as it used to be, though one publisher brags of a salesman "really more powerful than the governor."

Today, textbook selection in most places has passed into the hands of committees of teachers. Salesmen must sell their wares in the open (though there is still, unfortunately, virtually no press coverage of the sessions at which purchasing committees hear pitches from textbook salesmen). They must knock on doors, see teachers, even give demonstration lessons before they can make a sale. In some cities, each high school now chooses its own texts, and there are even a few school systems which have had the wisdom to allow each elementary school to spend its own textbook budget for its own needs.

Yet the shift to more sedate selling procedures may have hurt rather than helped the quality of textbooks. When a salesman could work by bribery or influence, he did not care greatly about the book itself; once he had to sell a product, he became considerable of a nosy Parker about what was printed on the pages. Editors began to lose control over their books. Every salesman knows what he *can't* sell, and will insist that such things be kept out of his satchel. In the obvious case, nobody who works a Southern territory can tolerate anything that smacks of integration. Rand McNally, showing more courage than most firms, printed two versions of a social-studies text, one of them with a picture of a New York chemistry class which showed some Puerto Rican faces at the lab tables (for Northern distribution), the other with a picture of a lily-white chemistry class (for Southern distribution). Most publishers simply avoid any picture of the races together. A Macmillan civics text got into final proof with a picture of an integrated play-

ground; a salesman spotted it and screamed; and Macmillan, with a gesture of rebuke to the editor responsible, remade the book with a different picture. Row, Peterson's American history text, complete through the 1960 election, deals with Southern resistance to the Supreme Court in a single sentence: "Many states, believing the ruling of the Supreme Court was an infringement on state authority and on the rights of its citizens, employed legal devices to prevent integration of the public schools."

Even where pressures from part of the national community do not give a plausible excuse for fuzziness, most salesmen want to be sure no book contains an idea most teachers have not already learned to love, and to teach. "The three magic words in selling a textbook," says Maynard Hites, "are 'easy-new-free.' In that order." Thus, there must be the manual that takes all the drudgery out of teaching, the lovely teacher aids that will make your classroom the envy of your friends, the objective tests prepared by modern scientists in our own laboratories, all absolutely up-to-the-minute yet tested and proved coast-to-coast. The books must be weighed on almost meaningless "readability scales," though everybody but the *Lumpenproletariat* of "language-arts specialists" knows that children and adolescents read what interests them on one level and what doesn't interest them on another. To prove it is "easy," the salesman must show that his eleventh-grade American history text measures tenth-grade on the "readability scale."

Alfred North Whitehead once said that "Whenever a book is written of real educational worth, you may be quite certain that some reviewer will say that it will be difficult to teach from it. Of course it will be difficult to teach from it. If it were easy, the book ought to be burned, for it cannot be educational." But Whitehead was a philosopher, not a textbook salesman. He did not understand how important it is (to sales) that a teacher (*any* teacher) be "comfortable" with the textbook. He was not "in touch with the market."

WHO WRITES THEM?

THE textbook is the original "non-book"—the book that someone feels he must publish rather than the book that someone feels he must write. Except on the college level, textbooks rarely grow out of an initiative from the author. Letters come to publishers all the time from teachers who would like to write textbooks—but these teachers have been goaded to this

ambition by their dislike for existing texts, their desire to present something quite unusual in the field, and salesmen know that the market wants the usual because the market is buying the usual. Occasionally, an original idea does win approval from the front office, but everybody is relieved to find, once the manuscript has gone through the meat grinder, that the result is really not very different from what is selling right now.

Still, the books must be changed, if only because a committee adopting a textbook looks first of all at the copyright date, to see whether the book is "up-to-date"—and you cannot get a new copyright unless you make some changes. Most textbook publishers, too, do want to improve their product, provided they are sure the improvements won't bother anybody. Editors attend teacher conferences, get in touch with people who write articles in education magazines, consult with administrators and professors of education. Salesmen feed back reports from the field on why schools are buying other books, what features would help sell a new book, what reputations are being made and unmade in the little worlds of "subject matter" and theory of education.

The ideal team of authors for a textbook series (very few textbooks are admittedly the work of a single author) includes a university professor who is an expert on the "subject matter," a professor of education who is an expert on how to teach it, and one or more teachers who are actually wrestling with the problem here and now. For elementary texts, the "subject matter" expert is usually omitted—if only because so few university people have the faintest interest in the fascinating problems of elementary education. In a few cases, authors are chosen because they have a political position that will sell books; they are head of some national council or other, or they are spokesman for a school of thought. Usually, though, textbook editors honestly try to get the best people they can to write their books. Most of the time, they fail. Textbook writing is hard work, and first-rate people find it dull—especially when committees of editors and fellow authors are virtually certain to remove from the manuscript anything that smacks of personal communication from writer to reader.

On the rare occasions when a first-rate scholar is persuaded to work on a text, the results are often highly disappointing. He goes at it, usually, with a view to himself when young, and tends to teach what was taught to him. He forgets the work he and his colleagues have done recently, because this is by definition "advanced"

work. A decade ago, for example, Oliver Dicker-
son demonstrated that the transfer of colonial
customs control from London to Boston in 1767
had profoundly influenced the events leading to
the Revolution; few American history texts yet
mention this transfer. Even routine factual
errors remain embedded in the texts—it is now
known, for example, that the slogan “Fifty-four
forty, or Fight!” was not coined until 1845, but
a brand-new high-school text by a former presi-
dent of the American Historical Association
still proclaims that Polk won the 1844 election
on this platform.

In science and mathematics, these inhibitions
are gradually disappearing, because some curious
mathematicians and physicists discovered that
certain notions basic to their own recent work
could be taught directly, without massive prior
preparation, to young children. This discovery
was probably as important as Sputnik, and the
rockets of cash that followed in revitalizing these
areas of American education. Such procedures
may be possible in other fields of inquiry, too—
but nobody yet knows how to develop them, and
the textbook publishers, though they always want
the name of the innovator on their book, are not
always very much interested in the work.

Practicing teachers who write textbooks work
harder at the job, if only because it relates more
directly to their daily concerns. The money can
be spectacular too. Craig Senft of Holt, Rinehart
& Winston recently spoke of the “enormous re-
sponsibility a publisher undertakes when he
picks an author for a text in a basic subject.”
His reference was to a personal as well as an
educational responsibility: he had just sent off a
royalty check for \$126,000 to a teacher whose an-
nual salary was \$7,600. The working teacher, how-
ever, is too likely to have more crotchets than
scholarship. And textbook writing is invariably
part-time work, to be done in the summer or
after class.

“How good is any of us,” asks Wallace Murray
of D. C. Heath, “after the kids are put to bed?
That’s one of the reasons the editor is necessary.”

Editors of “trade” books—novels and general
non-fiction sold through bookstores—are usually
midwives: their job is to get out of an author
what may be in him. Editors of textbooks, how-
ever, on the elementary and often on the high-
school level are usually progenitors. They have
suggested the book and the angle, they have
picked the author, and they will probably rewrite
the prose. Differences in royalty rates reflect the
relative importance of the editor in the writing
of the book. Authors of trade books, once sales

go over a minimum, receive 15 per cent of list
price. Authors of college texts typically receive
15 to 18 per cent of publisher’s *net* (four-fifths of
list price); of high-school texts, 8 to 10 per cent;
of elementary texts, from 4 to 6 per cent (the return
on school books is somewhat lower than on col-
lege books). Some houses have been known to
prepare elementary texts in the shop, then get an
eminent professor of education to go over the
results and put his name on the cover for a one
per cent royalty.

Most textbook editors started life as teachers
(it is extremely rare for any of them to have been
a scholar or a writer) and put in some years as
salesmen before they were allowed to settle down
in the home office. They are, notoriously, experts
in what cannot be done.

“The National Council of Teachers of English
is a wonderful group,” says Lee Deighton of Mac-
millan, “but you can’t rely on their opinion of
what books will go. They’ll get you into trouble.
The books they want are a lot better than what
you can sell, because they’re much more ambi-
tious than the ordinary teacher.”

So-and-so won’t like this; you can’t sell this in
that state; how many thirteen-year-olds will know
that word? Worse yet, they know what cannot be
omitted: they have all the “curriculum guides”
that keep the duplicating machines busy in the
educational provinces, and they insist on the in-
sertion of every little unrelated or wrongheaded
bit of “subject matter” that any local school
politician has picked up on his travels. “In this
office,” an editor says rather proudly, “we are
all salesmen.”

CONTROLS ON QUALITY

WHAT emerges from this machinery is
usually shoddy and sometimes scandalous. Many books lack distinction, integrity, and
style. The teachers’ manuals that accompany
them are commonly an insult to the professional
competence and common sense (let alone intel-
ligence) of the teachers to whom they are de-
livered. Even when a book is aimed at a special
market, rather than at a standard “course,” the
publisher and authors may be unwilling to con-
cede that the material it contains could interest
anyone. For example, Holt’s text on “Space
Science” begins with the sentence, “There was
no World Series game on October 4, 1957”—
presumably because no student would take an
interest in the launching of the first satellite un-
less the event were linked to baseball.

Errors abound. Chicago had to instruct its

teachers to avoid certain errors contained in *all* biology texts on the market. Elementary texts dealing with geography typically teach the nonsense of "frigid, temperate, and torrid zones," which has been out of date for roughly four centuries. (There is no point along the Equator anywhere near so hot as Death Valley, which is in the "temperate zone," and much of the Arctic never gets as cold as Missoula, Montana.) The prose is vague, characterless at best, cluttered with chatty avoidance of the issue. ("The cow has many uses," runs a caption in Allyn & Bacon's *Our World and Its Peoples*, "so Hindus refuse to kill it, and there is always a shortage of meat in India.") One of the reasons students write so poorly is their constant contact with the glue that passes for English in their textbooks.

The American Textbook Publishers Institute is proud of its members' products, at least officially. "Delightful reading," prates an ATPI pamphlet, "pleasurable reading, profitable reading, reading that builds a taste instead of a distaste for learning." But William Jovanovich of Harcourt, Brace & World, an ATPI member, asks why "so much bad writing persists in today's textbooks. Why do we do it? Why do we allow so much syntactically careless, inflated, jargon-ridden, grotesque writing to be published?"

The officers of ATPI publicly request that people note "the generous use of color in the illustrations." But less publicly, in a professional journal, the same men warn that these splashes from the printer's palette may not be "in the best interests of education. . . . There is a temptation simply to use color for its own sake, or to include a good deal of illustrative material which may or may not be conducive to good teaching." ATPI urges parents to "take a look at the copyright page" to make sure their students aren't being fobbed off with some old textbook. But William Spaulding of Houghton Mifflin, another ATPI member, warns that insistence on a brand-new copyright date leaves a publisher "no recourse but to exercise his 'revising' ingenuity within the honest limits of the copyright laws."

Most defenses of American textbooks as they exist quickly reduce to assertions that teachers, parents, and children are all inferior creatures. (A few defenses are less neurotic: confronted with a mathematician's criticism of arithmetic texts, Homer Lucas of Ginn & Co. said, "We won the war, didn't we?") "The community," says Frank Redding of ATPI, rather savagely, "gets the textbooks it deserves." It also gets the television shows it deserves, the state legislatures it deserves, the polluted waterways it deserves. The

argument sounds very modern and runs on the greased wheels of statistical analysis, but it is really ancient: If God had meant us to fly, He'd have given us wings.

Yet the materials for major improvements are certainly present. Most informed people who do not have a vested interest in current textbooks are fairly sure that American teachers, for all the poverty of their training, are better than the materials with which they must work. (And, at worst, can be successfully retrained to teach specific materials once the materials have been developed.) Where a book or a series dominates a market, it is always among the better and usually the best available version (keeping in mind that questions of "better" in this context may be like Samuel Johnson's famous "question of precedence between a louse and flea"). The Harcourt literature anthologies are available in two "tracks" for better and weaker students; the "high" track has enormously outsold the "low" track. Rand McNally has stolen the largest single chunk of the American history market with a text most observers regard as marginally more serious than its rivals—and has done so, by the way, without "adoptions" in backward states, which other publishers say they *must* have. Where the product at the top of a homogeneous cluster is garnering the largest share of market, there is sound business reason to cut in on top of it. Natural competitive forces should be driving textbooks to improvement.

Unfortunately, the system contains a number of built-in brakes against advancing quality. Far too many school systems still "adopt" a single book for use in every school in the city, preventing what may be a fairly large adventurous minority of teachers from rewarding the publisher with the courage to put out an original book. The argument that a book is "too difficult" for teachers or students is always a reason for rejection by a purchasing committee—which by definition regards itself as a group superior to teachers not on the committee and feels obliged to defend them against "difficult" books. Nobody ever argues that a book is "too easy," because one can always provide "enrichment" for above-average students—and, of course, your first-rank teacher typically throws the textbook out the window anyway. The notion that bad textbooks teach children contempt for the materials of learning is simply too rude a thought for a well-mannered committee, and ill-mannered people somehow never get asked to join committees.

Within the publishing houses, the tradition of compromise (to give the thing its kindest name)

is deeply rooted. Many of the men who work on textbooks—particularly at the top level in their firms—are far more interesting and distinguished than their product. They retain their self-respect by arguing that the pap they dump on the schools is the very best and purest pap, and the only nourishment teachers are able to ingest. Many of them have made a psychological commitment to the publishing of bad books, as cigarette manufacturers have made a commitment to the wholesomeness of smoking; they could not live with themselves otherwise.

Effective pressure from the outside has been brought to bear only by the Modern Language Association for "audio-lingual" elementary-school foreign-language materials, and by the National Science Foundation through the various "study groups" of scientists and mathematicians, who have created guaranteed markets for new material. Even here, however, one of the two major publishers without a textbook division (Doubleday) bid more than any textbook publisher for the Physical Science Study Committee collateral reading materials. Pressure from the teacher organizations, all of which are more or less dissatisfied with existing texts, has accomplished almost exactly nothing. The only other source of organized influence is the Radical Right, which is no longer quite so idiotic as it used to be, and often mixes with its paranoiac complaints ("anti-American and anti-Christ" for a definition in a school dictionary) a certain number of perceptive objections. But there is, of course, an obvious danger in a situation where *only* Right-wing extremists read textbooks seriously.

WHAT WILL DRAW TALENT?

PUBLIC interest touches textbook publishing at every point. More than four-fifths of the elementary and high-school texts are bought with tax moneys; and, on a more serious level, what is available in text form often determines the limits of what can be studied in an ordinary school. The sameness of existing text materials restricts all but the brightest teachers and children, or the richest communities, to a "national curriculum" accidental in origin, disabling in effect, and incredibly slow-moving. There has been no major change in a quarter of a century in the grade-levels at which elementary textbooks introduce ideas about history, language, math, etc. With more than a hundred thousand teachers and four million children now working on each grade level in the elementary school, it is nonsense to say that the tiny range of difference

among the existing text series can cover the natural range of needs in the schools.

There are many areas where textbooks are probably undesirable, however good they may be. "I don't see why we have 'readers,'" says William Spaulding, who publishes such stuff himself. "I don't know why we don't have a lot of books for children to read." Physical equipment for experiments is probably more important than books in elementary science; source documents and passages from the work of real historians, economists, *et al.*, are probably more valuable than four-pound textbooks in high-school social studies. Even where text materials are necessary, the teacher's ability to supplement and interpret are vital to the creation of interest—and the incredibly unimaginative publisher-supplied manuals murder interest in both teachers and students.

If the current furor over American education is to produce more than mounds of unread committee reports and self-congratulatory messages from the Fund for the Advancement of Education, something must be done to provide more stimulating written materials for use in the schools. Despite the bits of encouraging evidence dredged up for the beginning of this article, despite the occasional crusades of individual publishers (Harcourt for structural linguistics, Heath for direct-method foreign-language films and records), despite the obvious economic logic of a more ambitious effort, it is doubtful that the established houses will pull up their own socks.

New materials must be independently created, by groups of scholars and teachers working together with minimal interference from the educational bureaucracy—and published, probably by the university presses, which have learned to break even on low sales figures. (Distribution rights for the more successful items could be licensed to the textbook publishers, if desired.) Not all these materials—probably not many of them—need be "textbooks." Both quality and variety would be served better by the use of relatively short, deliberately incomplete pamphlets and paperbacks that might draw the talents of people who are repelled by the tedious crutch-making of textbook construction. (There is also a desperate need for quality films, a need which has been hidden, almost deliberately, under the noisy propaganda for educational television, which is cheap to produce by comparison.)

Obviously, the job is important—far too important to leave in the not-highly-skilled, not-very-ambitious, not-always-clean hands of the textbook publisher.

THE OTHER ROOM

A Story by JAMES THURBER



THE bar of the Hotel Continental in Paris is large and comfortable, and never too crowded, especially in October, when the American invaders are beginning to thin out, and it is presided over by an efficient and amiable waiter named Jacques. He had just brought drinks for my wife and me and an English painter we know. You can lean back in the Continental bar, drinking for pleasure, slowly, in the European manner, without the urge to see how soon you can reach the point when you no longer know you're drinking, in the American manner.

An American woman, at a nearby table, was explaining to a friend the reason for her dermatitis, insisting that it had been caused by aluminum pots and pans.

"My allergist says I have an emotional conflict or something," she said. "Doctors always say there's something the matter with you, but it's almost always something you use around the

house, or wear, or eat. Of course, I'm terribly high-strung, I know that," she said, "but it isn't that. If it was I'd know it."

The Continental bar, like any other place where Americans gather, is used largely for the exchange of symptoms, complaints about French coffee, and the enumeration of hotels and restaurants on the Continent and in England which one should, at all costs, avoid.

We were waiting for three persons to join us, all of them compatriots of ours—one a twenty-two-year-old American girl, the daughter of friends of ours back home, and the other two a man and his wife, friends of friends of ours, neither of whom we had ever met. We had got, a few days before, the usual note from somebody in New York, saying that she had instructed the Barretts to look us up at the hotel, and, in the unfailing routine of such matters, they had telephoned and we had made a date for drinks, hoping they would not recite too many symptoms or complaints before we could get rid of them.

The painter was telling us about his own favorite hotel, a mythical composite one, invented in the imagination of a friend of his, and called the Hotel Pas-de-Calais-et-Pas-de-Confort, when a nine-year-old girl, unmistakably American, and loose momentarily from her parents, materialized at my elbow. She had dashed into the bar to look at the television set near the door leading into the dining-room.

"It's in French," she said. "It ought to be in English. Why isn't it in English?" I explained to her that it was not in English in the same way that television in America was not in French, but she was unconvinced and clearly unimpressed by my knowledge of such things. The small interruption annoyed me, because I had been on the point of describing my own favorite French hostelry, the "Hotel-de-l'Univers-et-de-Massachusetts."

"Tell me a story," commanded the little girl. "My name is Eunice." She squirmed into a chair and stared at me.

"Well, did you ever hear of the Teapot Dome scandal?" I asked.

"I don't think I like it," she said. "What is it?"

"You surely know what a teapot dome is," I said. She got up, frowning, stood on her toes a moment, and sat down again. "Yes," she said.

I began to drink faster, in the American manner, and said, "A scandal is when a teapot dome doesn't obey its parents, but runs in and out of bars, and won't eat anything for bekkus except lint and buttons. Well, this particular teapot dome was—"

A large woman, obviously the child's mother, loomed up suddenly out of nowhere, like a pirate ship. "We never say *bekkus* to Eunice," she said. "She loathes it."

"I loathe it," said Eunice.

"Sorry," I said. "It has been so long since I was a little girl, I have forgotten."

"Now, now," said my wife. "You were going to be nice this evening."

"For a change," our painter friend asked, "or just as a noble experiment?"

"Well!" said the ignored mother, and she dragged the little girl away.

"What happened to the Teapot Dome scandal? You can't just leave it hanging there, you know," said the painter, but I left it hanging there, for my wife said, "Here's Linda now."

LINDA GRAY, fresh-looking and pretty, with the eyes of an angel, said she was sorry she was late, but I reminded her that American girls were always late, and she was introduced to our English friend.

"Mr. Middleton would like to paint you, I am sure," I said.

"I am a gifted man," Middleton said, "but not that gifted. The portrait of this lady would require something more ethereal than paint."

My wife asked Linda what she would like to drink, and she asked for a Coca-Cola. "I have had an adventure," she said. "Not a very pleasant one."

"I hope it isn't too racy," I said. "My wife has led a cloistered life, and believes that the storks find babies under cabbage leaves."

"Oh, it wasn't like that," Linda said, with a slight *frisson*. "I had just turned away from the window of a shop on the Rue de Rivoli when this American—he must have been about sixty—spoke to me. It's terrible, or sad, or something, but it's usually an American, a middle-aged American, who speaks to us girls on the street, not a Frenchman or any other foreigner."

"What did he say?" my wife wanted to know.

Linda paused a moment. "He said, '*Combien pour toute la nuit?*'" she said.

"He must be at least sixty," I said. "That goes back to the battle of Paris in the first world war. I know all the verses."

"You would," my wife said.

"I used to sing them with the fellows," I said, "but I never said them to the girls."

"I just looked at him," Linda said, "and told him 'I am an American girl.' I really put my best Sunday virtue into it. Funny, he seemed to look at me and past me too. It was odd, and

gave me the shivers a little. Then he said something I didn't understand and walked away."

"Travel is broadening, but disillusioning," said Middleton.

"I know the type," I said, "for I make a study of morbid things. He probably hadn't made a pass at a woman for twenty years back home. Over here, on summer holiday, they get away from their wives, who are out shopping, and the devil takes hold of them. He was probably just trying to recapture his lost youth. Paris has a strange effect on the middle-aged American male, something like the loss of inhibition that takes place on shipboard. Of course, it happens to the American woman, too, sometimes. I knew a cruise director, once, who told me that he had had affairs with women on ships who wouldn't have spoken to him on land."

"Human nature, as Montaigne or somebody said years ago, is capable of curious behavior," Middleton put in. "The dark unfathomed caves of notion, to coin a phrase—a rather pretty phrase, if I may say so."

"My God, there he is now!" said Linda. The man she was looking at had just come into the bar and begun looking around. He was sixty, all right, with a familiar harried look, and the sagging shoulders of a man who has sat for years at a desk.

"I hope it isn't Barrett," my wife said, but it was Barrett. He headed straight for our table, walking with a slight limp.

"In the midst of life we are in *worse* than death," Middleton said.

"I'd better go," Linda said. "I'd better go."

"He won't remember you," I told her. "Don't recognize him."

"If he could forget this girl's eyes," Middleton said, "he is something less than normal."

I said, "Are you Mr. Barrett?" before he could say anything, but managed to keep both hands busy, one holding my drink, the other my cigarette. I didn't know what to say, but I had to say something.

"You been behaving yourself, Mr. Barrett?" I asked.

"Have to," he said. "Got the little woman with me, you know." We managed the introduction

James Thurber, author of "*The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*," "*The Male Animal*," and hundreds of stories and sketches, died in November 1961. "*The Other Room*" will appear in a new collection, "*Credos and Curios*," to be published this fall, with an introduction by Helen Thurber.

somewhat. Barrett recognized Linda, there was no doubt about that. He was for three seconds a statue in bronze, a frightened statue, a little tired, a little older than the man who had walked into the room. My wife did her best to cover it over with roses, asking where Mrs. Barrett was, and how she was, and how long they were going to stay, and how our mutual friends in New York were, trying to bring some ease to the bronze figure of a trapped, middle-aged, middle-class American man, whose lack of social resource was as evident as wind on a prairie.

Jacques appeared, and more drinks were ordered, and the ease that Jacques invariably brings to a table of Americans helped a little to break the tableau and the spell.

"I'll have a scotch and soda, this time," Linda said.

"Do that twice," Barrett said, and it seemed to me I had known he was going to say just that. Middleton sat studying us all as if he were about to sketch in a composition, a conversation piece.

BARRETT sat down stiffly and uneasily on the edge of a chair, the unhappiest man I had seen that summer—or any other summer, for that matter. I felt enormously sorry for him.

"Were you in the first war, the war the French still call '*La Grande Guerre*'?" I asked, and he sat back a little and came as close as he could to relaxing.

"I was there, Charley," he said, almost as if to himself. "This is the first time I have seen Paris since those days. I was at Fère-en-Tardenois, and I got shoved around up there. It was pretty rough going."

"Never rougher anywhere," I agreed. "I knew two guys who were there," and I told him their names, but I don't think he was listening.

"Yeah, sure, yeah, sure," he said. "The Heinies knocked off a lot of us. It was like fighting in a room. They were on all sides of you. I drove out there the other day, hired a car and drove out there. As I got closer to the battlefield, I got scared, I don't mind saying. I wanted to tell the guy to turn around and drive back to Paris, but I didn't. We came to this sign that says 'Fère-en-Tardenois—14 km.' and it seemed like two hours from there. There's a big American cemetery there now." He was glad to get the scotch he had ordered, his hand shook when he picked it up.

"One of the men I knew was made a sergeant on the field," I said. "All the sergeants of his company had been killed. He got out of it alive, but he carried shrapnel with him all his life, and was in and out of hospitals."

"Yeah, sure," said Barrett. "I got some stuff in me, too. I got a silver plate, I got two silver plates." He touched his right leg and then the left side of his head. "It seems to me I was always in hospitals, army hospitals, in my twenties." He gave a troubled sigh. "What I seem to remember most is hospitals. When I get nightmares, even my office turns into a hospital, even now."

There was a softening of the tension in the air, a little, I thought, like candlelight replacing the glare of torches. Nobody said anything for a moment except Linda. "I'm sorry," Linda said.

"Where is Mrs. Barrett?" my wife asked, tactfully shifting gears.

"I don't know," Barrett said. "I was to meet her here. She's always on time, she's always ahead of me."

"Perhaps she left a message for you at the desk," my wife said. "Shall I find out?"

Barrett stood up, saying, "No, no, I'll go out and ask," and he went out of the bar.

"He's kind of nice," said Linda, after a long moment. "He has a nice smile. I wish he had smiled when he spoke to me on the street, but he didn't."

"I think he needs another drink," I said. Barrett had finished his drink fast, as nervous men do, and so I signaled Jacques. "The same again, all around," I told him.

"I don't know anything about him or his wife," my wife put in. "All that Ella said in her note was something about 'Please be nice to the Barretts. They have both been through a lot. I'll tell you about it later.' Ella signed the letter, 'Hastily.' Everybody is always in such a rush."

"You never know what the boys who survived Fère-en-Tardenois are going to say or do," I said, "or how much they are going to drink. You've either been through a battle like that, or you haven't."

"I don't think he should have driven up there," Linda said. "I don't think it was good for him."

"I do," Middleton said. "Maybe he'll get it out of his nightmares, now. Maybe his office will turn into an office again in his dreams."

Barrett came back to the table, looking even more tired, and somehow grayer. "Martha is lying down," he told us. "This trip has pretty well tuckered her out. We shouldn't have done that Châteaux tour, I guess. It took a lot out of her." He didn't sit down. "Well, thank you for the drink," he said. "It was nice of you to ask us."

"You're not going yet," I told him. "We've

ordered you another drink." His face brightened a little and, after a slight pause, he sat down again, this time farther back in his chair.

"Tell us some more about the war," I said. "Maybe it will get those hospitals out of your nightmares."

He gave us his slow, gentle smile. "It wasn't so much the battle, or even the hospitals," he began, finally. "At least, that's what one of the docs in the States told me back in the 'twenties. It was something that happened in the battle of Paris, I guess. Anyway, this doc said so."

The new drinks arrived, and he picked up his eagerly.

"What was it?" Linda asked.

"Kind of a silly thing, it was," he said. "We come from Iowa, you know, Cedar Rapids. I was only twenty-one when I got to France, and I thought it was a million miles from anywhere. You get homesick when you're that young, and are that far away from home. It's worse than the battle. You get through the battle, somehow, and you don't think much about it till later in the hospital, or when you fall asleep. They had given me a lot of stuff to make me sleep, and I'd never taken dope before." He drank some more of his whiskey and soda. "I remember Paris clearer than anything," he said, "but I can't remember how I got here, or just when it was. I got out of the base hospital, because I couldn't take it any longer, and I got to Paris. I was AWOL. It's all pretty hazy."

AFTER this confession, he sat for a long time without saying anything, and we waited.

"I remember walking along the Champs Elysées," he began finally. "I never could pronounce it right." He was correct about that, but none of us pronounced the words for him. "Then, there was this girl, this French girl. She wasn't any older than I was. She spoke English, though, and was I glad for that! Well, we sat out in front of the Café de la Paix. We drove there in a taxi. She said she thought I didn't look very well, and she said she thought I should have something to drink. And so we had a couple of drinks. Then she told me about herself. She came from some place in southern France, and her father was a drunkard, and used to beat up the family on Saturday nights, so she ran away to Paris, and got some work in a garment factory, but all they gave her was a few francs a week, and she saw all these other girls in fur coats and things, and so she took to—well, making the boys feel better, she called it." This time,

there was an even longer silence, but we all waited politely and attentively.

"I never told Martha about all this," he took up again. "But the other day, I took a taxi up to the street where this French girl used to have an apartment. I remembered the street, and even the number, I remembered the number, too. They call it Rue Marcadet, and it's up there in Montmartre. I didn't get out of the cab. Maybe I should have, but I didn't get out. I just looked at the building, the windows on the second floor. Nobody there would know about her now. Her name was Françoise, but she told me to call her Frances, and so I called her Frances. She would be sixty now. Doesn't seem possible, but she would be sixty now. Well, like I said, she was only twenty herself then, but there were pictures of guys all over her living-room, guys in uniform, guys of all the allied countries. The picture I can't forget was a picture of a young Canadian soldier. She had it framed, and it was sitting on her piano. He was a handsome fella, and he couldn't have been more than twenty himself."

He looked at Linda, as if she were too young to hear the rest of the story, but she said, "I'm much older than any of you were. I'm twenty-two."

"Well, of course, I never saw this Canadian boy, but he gets into my dreams, too, kinda banged up, with his uniform all bloody. You see, she found out from a buddy of his later that he had been killed in action. This friend of his brought her this note he had written her, the last note he had ever written, I guess. She showed it to me one day in her apartment—the first and only time I ever went there," he added hastily. "I remember what it said, all right, every word of it, though I don't remember things as well as I used to." He took some more of his drink and set the glass on the table.

"Finish that," I told him, "and we'll get another one."

"No, no," he said, with his little smile, "I never have more than two. Well, she had a bottle of port wine at her place, and we sat there drinking this port wine, too much of it, I guess. After a while, she went out of the room into—the other room, and left me sitting there with the whole damn war all around me, it seemed like. This good-looking boy on the piano kept staring at me, and looking sad, and awful young—like that part from 'St. James Infirmary.'"

"So young, so cold, so fair," Linda murmured.

"Yeah, that's it," Barrett said. He picked up his glass again, and leaned back in his chair, and

sighed deeply. "Well, I sat there, thinking of too many things, thinking of everything, the way it all floods back on you, you know." We all nodded together. "I thought of a girl back home in Iowa, who was only seventeen then, I thought of Martha. Then I heard this French girl calling to me from—the other room."

He sat forward again, and seemed to stiffen, and his voice, when he spoke again, seemed very far away. "Well, I got up and left the place. I guess I kinda ran out on her. It wasn't until I got into the street that I realized I was carrying my glass, and it still had some port wine in it. I put it down somewhere, and went on walking. I must've walked for miles. The next thing I really remember, I was back at the hospital. I guess the MPs got me."

He broke off his recital to finish his drink, and then he stood up. "After that, for a while, I went into a nose dive, kinda what the docs call nervous prostitution," he (and Sigmund Freud) said. None of us laughed, or even smiled. "There were a lot of songs we all sang in those days," he said, "some of them, well, kinda naughty, as the ladies say. I was thinking of them today, walking around Paris, I was thinking about a lot of things. Seemed like it was 1918 again, and I was young and back in Paris." He picked up his glass from the table and drained the last drop, and set it down again. "This girl, this Frances, gets in my dreams sometimes, too. But the door is always locked, or something, or the floor to the other room is gone, like it was blown away."

"All doors open sooner or later. Maybe this one will now," I said, trying to be cheerful.

"Well," Barrett said, "you've all been very nice to me today, and I appreciate it, and I know Martha will, too. I wish you could meet Martha. She's very sweet. I don't know what I would

have done without Martha. She's got me through a lot of things."

"Oh, we'll see you again," my wife said, "and Martha, too. Tell her I'll send her some flowers. How long are you going to be here?"

"Three days," Barrett said, "three days, and then we're sailing back on the *Liberté*. I like the French ships, I like France."

Linda suddenly stood up, and ran, rather than walked, around the table. She was tall, in the manner of American girls of today, almost as tall as Barrett, so she did not have to stand on tiptoe when she kissed him on the forehead. "I like you, too," she said, warmly. "I think you're lovely." He patted her hand twice, and then said something none of us could understand, and hurriedly walked away.

"I'm sixty years old myself," I said, "but mighty spry for a man that age, and I'll be even spryer if we have another drink."

"I should say we all need what you Americans call a flock of drinks," Middleton said. My wife called Jacques.

B E F O R E we left the Continental bar, all of us except Middleton had reached the point where we weren't quite sure we were still drinking. At that point, I have an inveterate tendency to sing, and my wife sensed this moment had come. "Not here in the bar," she said. "You can sing in the cab on the way to the Chôpe Danton." In the cab, I said, "How about 'It's a Long Long Way to Tipperary,' or 'Where a Nightingale is Singing and a Pale Moon Beams'?"

"Not that, not one of *them*," Linda said. "I want to hear '*Combien pour Toute la Nuit?*'" And so I sang for her, in fair voice, and on key for once in my life, "*Combien pour Toute la Nuit?*"



FAUBION BOWERS

THAT MRS. STEVENS

the animals' best friend

How one shy, slender woman has managed to bully Congress, terrorize the meat industry, alarm a lot of doctors . . . and convert herself into the most effective lobbyist to hit Washington in many years.

ONE day in 1958, a group of friendly Congressmen called on President Eisenhower "just to keep him informed on what people are thinking." They were specially thanked, because, as the then President commented wistfully, "If I depended on my mail, I would imagine humane slaughter the only thing anyone is interested in." That same year the Humane Slaughter Bill was listed officially as "Major Legislation" for the Eighty-fifth Congress along with Statehood for Alaska and Hawaii, Atomic Secrets, and the Space Agency.

The *New York Times*, in an editorial, referred to the issue of humane slaughter of animals that we eat as "offbeat and less than world-shaking." True as that may be, it still allowed Senator Humphrey of Minnesota to remark, in connection with his mail, "Man, I've never seen anything like it . . . thirty-five, forty-five thousand letters." And in turn Senator Ellender of Louisiana, the arch-opponent of the Humane Slaughter Bill, spoke from his side with more rue than surprise in his voice, ". . . never so much pressure in all my twenty-two years on Capitol Hill." The *New York Times* at a later date again referred to the matter as, ". . . long-controverted."

Wrapped at the center of this miscellany of facts—beginning well before 1958 and continuing today in countless ramifications—are the urge and push of a unique personality, Christine Stevens.

At fashionable parties in New York, Christine Stevens is familiar, by sight at least. Sometimes the gatherings are theatrical, where her husband (he produces plays) will be deferentially surrounded by actresses. Or the occasions may be political ones where her husband (he has fund-raised for Democratic candidates) will be locked in colloquy with party stalwarts. Or they may be society affairs where the rich like to match money with other rich—whether the money is in oil, real estate, politics, or the arts—and here again her husband will be in the forefront. He is Roger Stevens, the man who once bought and soon sold the Empire State Building. "For the fun of it . . . and the prestige," he says with humor and frankness.

The party-giving and -going New Yorker is inclined to see Mrs. Stevens, physically, as tall, pretty, graying, blue-eyed; and, psychologically, as silent, rather withdrawn, tranquil, placid, and hard-to-know. But down in Washington, if you say "Christine Stevens," the response is electric and the name carries with it an exclamation point independent of husband or money. There she is "relentless," "sure-footed," "finagling," "frightening," "a real jewel," "meddlesome," "impeccably on the side of right," and "a nuisance but I like her"—all according to which of four hundred members of Congress you happen on. No one who was involved in the 1958 uproar over humane slaughter or who has been drafted into her present efforts—which range from wild horses (lately made famous by the movie, "The Misfits"), through marine mammals on the high seas, to experimental animals—will deny that virtually single-handed she brings to bear the most powerful and persistent lobbying force Washington has met in a long while. As a lobbyist she inherits the Mark Twain tradition

(his lobby-horse was copyright protection) of dignity, grandeur, a righteous ideal, and unyielding pressure. It is *not* to be confused with the more familiar and less savory lobby of the cocktail party, payoff, and horse trade.

The Mrs. Stevens that one might overlook at a public function is, however, where animals are concerned, inescapable. So much so, in fact, that within the span of a decade she has managed to establish herself as America's leading protagonist for animal protection in all its sensible forms—as against groups as far-ranging as various meat-packing associations and the antivivisectionists. Her aim has *not* been that of the Buddhists, who advocate "protect animals by not eating them," nor that of the antivivisectionists who reckon the iron lung in terms of the twenty-three cats it cost and insulin by its thirty-three dogs and find the price too high. She is simply "against cruelty . . . that's needless."

Mrs. Stevens' first distinction is that she is the president of the Animal Welfare Institute (AWI), a ten-year-old, tax-deductible organization whose motto is "Animals work for you—AWI works for them." And the work is sufficient to have offices at 22 East 17th Street in New York and to employ two full-time secretaries. As the core of this outfit, the advisory committee, Mrs. Stevens has assembled a galaxy of dedicated enthusiasts whose names include best-selling biologist, Rachel Carson, and book-award-winning Joseph Wood Krutch. Nor does AWI balk at nepotism. Dr. Robert Gesell, until his death a couple of years ago, graced the masthead as guiding light. Head of Michigan University's physiology department, he also was the brother of the celebrated child psychologist, Arnold Gesell, and father of Christine Gesell Stevens herself. (Despite her academic background and the fact that she met her husband on the campus at Ann Arbor, neither Mrs. Stevens nor Roger ever finished university.) And perhaps chief among the working members of AWI's roster of names, Kittybel, the Stevens' daughter, is probably the wisest young woman in America when it comes to animals and political lobbying on their behalf.

Around this nucleus of the famous and the family, but apart from the lengthy list of paying

contributors to AWI, are several notables who "sympathize." Mrs. Roosevelt is one, and her most recent action was to write a letter to the PTA deplored uncontrolled classroom experiments on live animals. Another is Adlai Stevenson. Long before Governor Stevenson had met either of the Stevenses he had endeared himself to animal lovers in Illinois by vetoing the "Act to Provide Protection to Insectivorous Birds by Restraining Cats." However it was phrased, the measure was designed to declare cats a public nuisance and to require their licensing, and by Governor Stevenson's reasoning, to legislate against cats in favor of birds would only open up further combat areas—cats versus dogs, say, and birds versus worms.

Adlai Stevenson is not only a friend of animals and of AWI, but of another of AWI's great friends, Dr. Albert Schweitzer. According to Schweitzer, "one of the three most important and enduring marks of a civilized person is kindness to animals," and his writings and concern with the "boundless ethic" and "reverence for life" have been well publicized over the years. In 1955, Christine Stevens conceived the idea of an annual award for humane activity to be known as the Schweitzer Medal, and along with this honor goes a medallion stamped with a picture of Schweitzer and his dog.

The first recipient of this Schweitzer-endorsed Schweitzer Medal was a young scientist who resigned from his radiobiology laboratory on being denied permission to destroy a dog suffering from "twenty-seven different fractures as the result of radioactive injections." Last year, the prize went to an African chief, the Tanganyikan head of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. At Mrs. Stevens' invitation, Adlai Stevenson made a presentation speech and used the opportunity to tell the AWI a Schweitzer story. It seems that once when the two men were standing outside the leper hospital in Lambaréne, Stevenson noticed a mosquito on Schweitzer's shirt and swatted it without thinking. Schweitzer, however, "looked very stricken . . . 'It was my mosquito,' he said. 'You had no right.'"

From loving animals to lobbying for them required another step in Mrs. Stevens' life. Since AWI is a non-profit institution with tax-deductible status it cannot legally "agitate or influence legislation." And because the urgency of humane slaughter was increasing (the eleven million members of the General Federation of Women's Clubs were becoming aroused), Mrs. Stevens created the Society for Animal Protective Legislation or APL. Here, Mrs. Stevens is the secretary

Oklahoma-born Faubion Bowers has written four books dealing largely with the theatre arts of Asia and Russia and is working on a biography of Scriabin. His articles have appeared in many magazines, and his play, "The Daytime Moon," will be produced off-Broadway in September. He is married to Santha Rama Rau, the writer.

treasurer and her close associate and friend, Mrs. Ludwig Bemelmans, is president.

APL has no office, only a room stacked with books (*King Solomon's Ring*, *Living Free*, etc.), papers, and unanswered letters in the Stevens' chic apartment on Madison Avenue (around the corner from the Bemelmans Bar and the Carlyle Hotel). Its staff is one part-time stenographer and the mascot, Barney, a giant Newfoundland dog.

APL is registered under the federal lobbying act for the privilege of skulking in corridors, buttonholing our lawmakers, and propagandizing, along with several thousand other associations, including the mighty enemy of much of Mrs. Stevens' work, the American Medical Association.

IT BEGAN WITH A FILM

WHILE the AMA spent \$160,000 on lobbying last quarter (a figure which scandalized more people than Mrs. Stevens and her friends), APL usually spends between \$3,000 and \$8,000 a year. Most of this money comes not from the Stevens' pockets but from interested citizens in almost every state of the union. A few give substantial sums; hundreds send a single dollar bill or a few stamps. (Stamps are more than welcome since mailing information is the most expensive part of any "propaganda" operation.) Those who work for Animal Protective Legislation are volunteers and, of course, don't get paid.

Eight years ago APL faced its first great challenge—the Humane Slaughter Bill. Here, in Mrs. Stevens' words, is how it happened:

"Back in 1954, Arthur Redman, a man from Seattle in his seventies, had a film of a hog slaughterhouse, with a sound track full of screams. He'd sell it for \$25 and it was decided to have it as part of the American Humane Association's convention in Atlanta that year. It was pretty horrible and people ran for the doors. I'd never been to a meat packer's or packing house myself, but after that I did go . . . in Europe. They're ahead of us there, more gentle. Switzerland, for instance, had legal humane slaughter in 1874, and English doctors learn their surgery under the humane act of 1876. It works. . . .

"After that movie, we all resolved to get a bill going to stop that kind of senseless cruelty. What I say when I give talks here and there is that all we mean to do is eliminate the inflicting of great pain and fear on animals. It's part of our coun-

try's moral growth . . . to treat animals as humanely as possible.

"It's horrible for the 'knockers' too, and dangerous. [Knockers are the men who with long ten-pound sledgehammers hit the cattle on the head as they are forced through slaughterhouse passageways.] They miss half the time and lots of them drink before coming to work. I can't blame them, but it doesn't help their aim any. The knockers often get hurt, the animals panic and bruise their meat or become 'stiff' which means that they don't bleed properly and can't be butchered well. Some estimates on this kind of careless slaughter and callous transport go as high as \$50 million a year, and 'cherry bruises' on hams alone represent a \$90,000 loss a year. Frightened animals are poor bleeders and poor bleeders are 'dark cutters' [off-color meats].

"L. W. Murphy had already invented the CO₂ tunnel—gas that puts animals to sleep and makes killing them easy, while they're unconscious. There are lots of ways . . . the Captive Bolt Pistol, Electric Stunning Tongs, the Stun-o-Matic for killing turkeys, but the packers (except for Hormel and Seitz, they're marvelous) wouldn't use them. Around 90 per cent of all our meat, they say, is handled by about ten companies, although there are a couple of hundred big slaughterhouses and 3,000 little ones. We wrote to lots of them. Some answered; some didn't. Some promised that they were using humane methods already and we'd go see for ourselves and they wouldn't be at all. Lip service, that's all.

"We particularly objected to shackling and hoisting. One foot of the animal is chained and he's hoisted upside down by a long conveyor belt. A man slits his throat to let him bleed into unconsciousness. Sometimes they'd miss but still the animal would be shunted straight into the scalding vats—alive.

"We were quite ruthless about getting the right man to introduce the bill. Hubert Humphrey was deliberately picked, not because he's intelligent (he is) but because he's a fighter. We needed a fighter, and we needed one more than we knew at the time. We had against us the Secretary of Agriculture, Benson, and his whole department; the American Meat Institute; the Farm Bureau, the National Grange, the National Cattlemen's Association.

"You would have thought the bill asked for the moon. Aled (that's Welsh) P. Davies was the lobbyist for the American Meat Institute (they're all the big packers) and the Senate kept turning the bill into a Study Bill, which is another way of putting it aside forever. They even made it a

religious issue. They got the orthodox rabbis to oppose us. Actually kosher killing is humane, as they cut the head almost entirely off, and death comes instantaneously. All we objected to was the shackling and hoisting that are no part of the Jewish ritual. People called us Nazis. They said that Goering sponsored a German antivivisection law and that's why the Nazis experimented on human beings. Well, we checked it all very carefully and it isn't true. There never was an antivivisection law in Germany. The idea was to undermine us.

"It's hard to explain why the packers were against us. No one is *for* cruelty to animals. The installations we recommended cost very little and would save them a fortune. But I guess it boils down to the fact that nobody likes to be told what to do.

BETTER THAN OPENING NIGHT

WE WERE almost deadlocked when finally Bob Poage of Texas—he was vice chairman of the House Agricultural Committee—came up with a stroke of genius. His committee had visited a lot of slaughterhouses and saw the need for our bill, but he said instead of trying to make it a *criminal* law to make it an *incentive* law. Instead of punishing packers for killing inhumanely, to reward them for killing humanely. Every last one of those ten major companies has government contracts, some for as much as a million dollars a year. (*Time* says that the government buys \$250 million worth of meat products a year; and *Newsweek* puts it at a billion and a half.) So the bill was changed to read that the government would only buy meat that had been humanely killed, from packers who killed *all* their meat humanely.

"Then our foes started calling it a 'make-believe bill' because it had no penalties. In those days Kittybel and I were in Washington twice a week. We'd split up to visit every Congressman and Senator in town. In lobbying it's very important to distribute literature and answer questions. They must be informed. They only want to know facts and definite information, and that's just what we wanted to give them, or their assistants. We'd talk to whoever in the office would see us. You don't always get to the top, but I once called Senator Hickenlooper off from the floor—and he came. You have to sign a little card, stating your name and your business, and the Senator himself came right out to the hall and met me. He wanted my facts, and I wanted him to have them.

"You see, the secret of lobbying is to wear the man down. Keep on. Don't let an issue die. When they tried yet once again to turn Humane Slaughter into a Study Bill, I sent telegrams to every newspaper in the country, and we got hundreds and hundreds of editorials on our side. (AWI has two enormous scrapbooks full of sympathetic press clippings.) People are glad to know if something is going on. That's the secret. . . . No. The real secret, and there's only one, is to get people to write to their Congressman or Senator. That is what works.

"That's our real secret, but you know what our main strength is? Never exaggerate to get a person excited, and never be wrong. You lose your usefulness. Our literature may be boring, but it's accurate. You must avoid the emotional aspects of Animal Welfare, otherwise you get—oh—the antivivisectionists: 'Women! Your sex participated in cutting the windpipes of eight dogs.'

"The Humane Slaughter Bill took three years' work, from 1955 to 1958. It finally came to a vote, and Roger and Kittybel and I were in the gallery. Humphrey had to talk for eight hours. If he left the floor they'd start misrepresenting and he had facts. It's a technical subject, how much new installation costs, how much waste there is. He'd only race out for a cup of coffee and back he'd come. It was one of the biggest turnouts the Senate ever had. We were all surprised. The first issue to vote on was whether to make it a Study Bill or Mandatory. For this the vote almost went against us and then Senator Kennedy and two others came in and we won—forty-three to forty. Roger said it was more exciting than an opening night. Later the same day, they voted on the Mandatory Bill and there the vote really went in our favor—seventy-two to nine.

"We weren't really worried about a Presidential veto, because as you remember Black Angus were an Eisenhower specialty and we had lobbied fair and square.

"Our work should be over, but now we've got HR. 1937 (introduced by Representative Martha Griffiths) and S. 3088 (introduced by Senator Joseph S. Clark) logjammed down in Washington. They're to ensure the best care for all the millions of animals now being used in scientific experiments, and the humane design of those experiments. Some animals are very badly treated, like those sub-basement beagles. In the Food and Drug Administration, the beagles were kept for years without exercise, without room to stretch. . . .

"But to return to humane slaughter. There's

one thing I never will understand—why anyone would seriously oppose the concept to begin with."

Many people, however, must still be won over. The major slaughterhouses with government contracts were reached by the Humane Slaughter Bill but hundreds of smaller firms are exempt from federal control and inspection, so the fight has been carried down to the state level. To date, thirteen states have supplemented the federal law. In New York and New Jersey, religious protests are complicating the issue, despite the fact that kosher meats would be unaffected by measures of this kind.

When you meet Christine Stevens it is hard to reconcile the immediate picture of reserve and quiet with the bullying and cajoling which lie behind the successful passing of the Humane Slaughter Bill and on which her measure of fame rests. You find yourself searching for clues as to what would turn an affection for animals into a passion for their defense. Mrs. Stevens herself has made the search too. Perhaps it was the

traumatic experience when she was a child of having a Belgian stud horse belonging to her father die at the hands of a neglectful caretaker. Or perhaps it was a result of the idleness the war forced on her. In Florida, where her husband was stationed in the Navy, she had nothing better to do than make paintings of breeds of dogs for the local humane society. (She is an artist by profession and has illustrated a couple of children's animal books.) But if ever the final spur to action was needed, it came from a handshake. Finally, after her observations in Europe in 1954, Mrs. Stevens had the courage to visit a slaughterhouse in Chicago. As she was about to leave, one of the workers standing there simply shook her hand without opening his mouth.

"Perhaps it was my imagination, but that silent handshake seemed to say, 'Do something about this. . . . I work here, and can't.' I don't even remember what he looked like, but I can still feel his grip."

Imagination or not, it was an important handshake. Mrs. Stevens did do something about it.

JOHN HOLMES

FAITHFUL READER

I'D RATHER read stories that end before I want them to,
Than long, long stories I don't want to finish but should
Before I begin the next—which might be one that ends
Without my hearing the red-headed girl whose wit I like
Speak her wild mind out—or might be another long one.

I read about a wronged husband who boiled his black-hearted
Wife's betrayer down to the bones, an artist in a limited way,
But why get to it years later, around page five hundred fifty?
I knew one preacher with terminal facilities, but only one.

All my visitors overstay an hour, and when I go to call,
Even on the most famous man I know, I catch myself wishing
To have been there. Music backs up one measure, goes two.

Funerals and weddings are over before the principals know it,
And with or without words, love-making makes its own end.

And a story is a story as long as there are new happenings.

Inaugurals and college commencements would never get raves
On the drama page, it takes so long to lose new characters
In the old plot, and there are too many, many, speaking parts.
I'm in a hurry for new action, not in westerns. In easterns.
Hungry like the end of the world and all the stores closed.
But even if I had forever, I'd break it up and out of there,
To the library for a one-week book, and finish it before bed,
Chewing and talking, the music on, the family in and out.

Here are the fun cars from Chrysler Corporation

... the sporty jobs with bucket seats, fancy trim
and plenty of action. *And just look at the price tags!*



VALIANT SIGNET prices start at \$2,230*

Surprised? Many are. It's America's *lowest* priced hardtop with bucket seats. And the low price includes plush deep-pile carpeting, vinyl interior trim, cockpit

type dash and plenty of room for five.

The performance you'll get may be equally surprising. This is the compact that gives you enough "snap" to pass safely at highway speeds as well as pert, easy handling in city traffic. The Economy Slant-Six Engine gives you a lot more action on a lot less gas—*regular* gas. Valiant won the Society of Illustrators' 1962 Styling Award. See it at your dealer's—you'll understand why.



LANCER GT prices start at \$2,257*

This spirited 2-door hardtop costs a little more than other Lancers, and it's worth every penny.

The way these cars are fitted with pleated vinyl interior trim, leather-grained all-vinyl bucket

seats, padded dash and full carpeting, it's fun just sitting in them.

The big 170 cubic inch engine up front gives you the kind of power that costs you extra in many other compacts. It will clip along comfortably at turnpike speeds, but it uses gas sparingly, as a compact should.



DODGE POLARA 500 prices start at \$2,960*

Nobody ever said ho-hum to this one. In fact, *Cars* magazine rates it "Performance car of the year!" Another professional comment: "Strictly a high-performance piece of automobile."

Notice the bucket seats. They're standard in the convertible model (above), priced at \$3,268*.

One of the things the experts get excited about is the 36 cu. in. engine with 4 barrel carburetor. Another is the sure steady handling of smooth Torsion-Aire Ride—still rated the finest in American cars.

We bet you'll fall for the two-tone all-vinyl upholstery and the aluminum console before you turn the key.

CHRYSLER 300 Prices start at \$3,323*

irely has a sports-luxury car ed more sporting blood and ore lavish luxury than this one. The 300 is a direct descendant the big, powerful Chrysler ries that holds an unequalled year record for performance. The convertible shown 3,883*) has genuine leather icket seats. A broad, plush mrest in front folds back and akes room for a third seat. Outside it looks as sleek as a t—a big cat. And it's sureted like a cat. For though is is a *big* car, its Torsionire Ride gives it the deft, quick andling and smooth road-igging ride of a sports car.



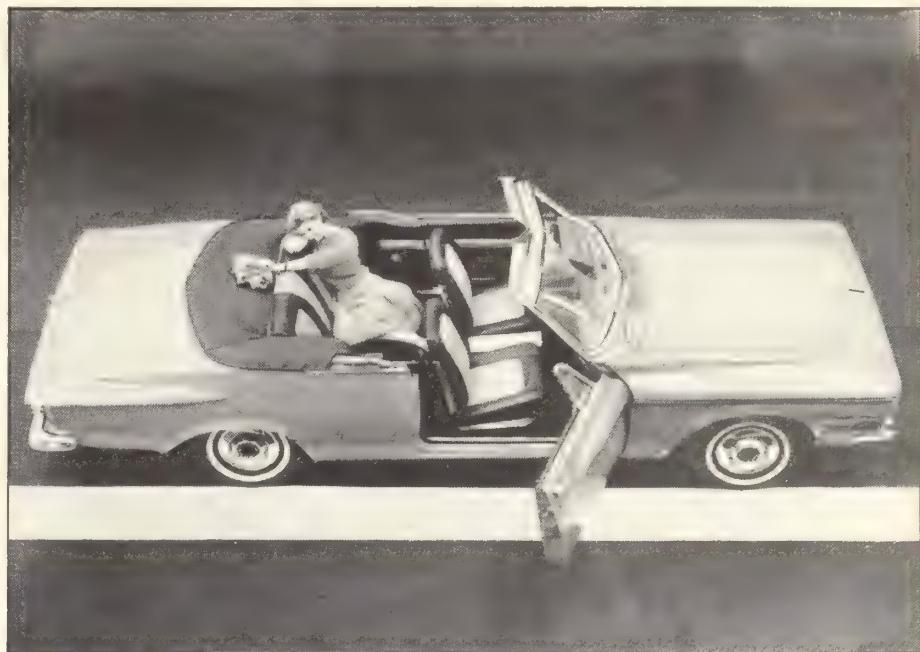
PLYMOUTH SPORT FURY

Prices start at \$2,851*

on't miss this one. It's America's newest bucket-seat fun car. With debonair new styling and action-loving Fury 800 V-8 engine—it's the most playful Plymouth ever made!

The convertible model shown 3,082*) sports a texture-reinforced aluminum console between the front bucket seats, a safety-padded instrument panel, special trim and special wheel covers—all as standard equipment. Also a low-friction steering gear for the easiest turning plus side of power steering.

If you like to play, you'll like this one. It's even fun to park.



HERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT MAKE THE FUN LAST LONGER

ike all the cars from Chrysler orporation, these fun jobs have ult-in advantages that help them

keep their youth a lot longer.

Their all-welded *Unibody Construction* keeps them solid, snug and silent regardless of rough roads and potholes.

A 7-soak rustproofing process guards against rust and corrosion.

Alternators (a Chrysler Corporation first) keep the current flowing even when the engine's idling. Your battery will last a lot longer.

Have fun and *drive* one at your Chrysler, Dodge or Plymouth dealer's.

Manufacturer's suggested retail price exclusive of destination charges, white sidewalls shown optional, extra.

Chrysler Corporation

Where engineering puts something extra into every car

PLYMOUTH ■ VALIANT ■ DODGE ■ DART ■ LANCER ■ CHRYSLER ■ IMPERIAL ■ DODGE TRUCKS

A CARS ■ DEFENSE DIVISION ■ MISSILE DIVISION ■ SPACE DIVISION ■ MOPAR ■ AIRTEMP ■ AMPLEX ■ CYCLEWELD ■ MARINE AND INDUSTRIAL ENGINES

PUBLIC & PERSONAL

WILLIAM S. WHITE



Farewell and Hail

To our regret, this is the last "Public & Personal" column Mr. White will write for "Harper's." We hope that articles by him will appear in the magazine from time to time; but for the reasons he indicates, he finds it impossible to continue a regular monthly contribution. A Pulitzer Prize winner in letters and one of the most respected of Washington newspapermen, Mr. White already has had a distinguished writing career; we are confident that our readers join us in the warmest wishes for his new undertaking.

"Harper's" new Washington correspondent will be Joseph Kraft, who has written often for this magazine and for such publications as "The New York Times," "The Saturday Evening Post," "The Reporter," and "The Observer" of London. Instead of writing a monthly column, Mr. Kraft will contribute frequent full-length reports on national and international affairs. He is the author of two books, "The Struggle for Algeria" and "The Grand Design," published last month. In 1958 he won the Overseas Press Club Award for the best magazine reporting of foreign affairs. —THE EDITORS

WASHINGTON—Not since Speaker John N. Garner led a massive and merciless attack upon President Herbert Hoover in the early days of the Great Depression has the House of Representatives been so awkwardly contentious a political force as it is today.

Old Cactus Jack found and used to the last ounce the great latent powers of the Speakership to make his Democratic House both an obstructive and a punitive force against the decent but politically unskilled Mr. Hoover. Before Garner was through, Herbert Hoover had lost to a man not yet even nominated, Franklin D. Roosevelt, in a campaign for re-election that had not yet even been opened. The unfortunate Mr. Hoover became responsible in the public mind for all the people's manifold ills, ranging from a world-wide depression for which he was not responsible down to about everything except the drought in the

Middle West and the boll weevil in the South. Some even blamed him for these calamities.

Garner made his House of Representatives a "strong" House, for a time overshadowing even the Senate, by exploiting the special circumstances of the time: an able and slightly vengeful Democratic majority; an angry and frustrated and frightened country; the persistent incapacity of Mr. Hoover himself to make people believe that he cared as much for them as he really did.

The House became dominant upon Capitol Hill primarily because it had, in Garner, a cheerfully ruthless leader, and because its deliberations, if they could be called that, were not, as were the Senate's inevitably, sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought.

There is in the present House no parallel save one: This, too, is an awkward chamber from the White House point of view, but not because

it is determined to destroy a Democratic President, John Kennedy, and not because the country is either unduly upset or suffering. This time, it is a difficult House not by any intention to be that way and certainly not because it has a powerful leadership at the very top. Rather it is so simply because of a series of happenstances.

It is hard to handle—and therefore more nearly decisive in a negative way than the present Senate on most issues—simply because its sole mandate came from the same, and still recent, election which only barely put Mr. Kennedy into office. The House has on the whole proceeded and not unnaturally, from where it sits, as though the election-night returns of November 1960 still reflected the mood of the country. The President's manifest gain in public favor since that night has not yet been translated into a comparable gain of influence within the House of Representatives. The Congressional elections next November conceivably could transform all this; but not for the here and now.

It is a contentious House because the loss of its great patriarchal leader, Speaker Sam Rayburn of Texas, has left not so much a vacuum of power as an odd diffusion of power. The present Speaker, John W. McCormack of Massachusetts, has by no means done a bad job. All the same, in inheriting Rayburn's official place in the large chancery,

urmounting the House floor, he has not inherited, and could not have inherited, the immense personal influence of Rayburn.

THE POWER FLOW

THE consequence has been that direction of the affairs of the House has inevitably no longer been centered in the office of the Speaker. A vital part of it has now been turned off into several channels represented by the senior committee chairmen.

The most important of these channels leads to Representative Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, the able, pragmatic head of the Committee on Ways and Means. In a more rational world, parenthetically, Mills would have been chosen as Speaker in succession to Rayburn. In the real world in which we live, this was impossible. To attempt to replace one Southerner, though an untypical one, with another Southerner, though equally an untypical one, would have been to repeat, in political terms, the firing on Fort Sumter. Worse yet, Mills is undeniably from Arkansas—and Little Rock is inalterably in same.

Another main channel leads to Representative Carl Vinson of Georgia, head of the Committee on Armed Services. Yet another ends up at the door of Representative Clarence Cannon of Missouri, head of the Committee on Appropriations. And subsidiary flows are found in the vicinities of even some subcommittee chairmen, including Representative George Mahon of Texas, who has charge of military appropriations for the Cannon committee.

All this does not mean, of course, that the titular leadership of the House is insignificant. The Democratic Floor Leader, Representative Carl Albert of Oklahoma, has done the quiet, steady, competent job which his friends had always thought he would. His principal assistant, Representative Hale Boggs of Louisiana, the Democratic Whip, has done likewise. Nevertheless, the essential authority of such functionaries is always qualified by the ultimate degree of authority—moral and personal more than merely institutional—which is held by their ultimate boss, the Speaker.

And in Speaker McCormack's case, that ultimate authority is nothing

like it was in Rayburn's case. In the first place, the reluctance of the President to see McCormack ascend the dais was not lost on the least member of the House, nor has it yet been forgotten. It was not in fact a reluctance proceeding in any real sense from past Kennedy-McCormack "feuds" in Massachusetts. Rather, it sprang from the President's genuine, and understandable, fear that John McCormack, though a devoted Democratic partisan, was a bit on the parochial side. There was also the subsidiary concern that since the President is a Catholic and the Democratic Senate leader, Mike Mansfield of Montana is, too, some of the country might think that to have yet a third Catholic sitting atop the House would be a bit too much.

MIXED MOTIVES

IN the second place, McCormack was, oddly, far less acceptable to many of the ultraliberal Democrats from the North than was Rayburn—in spite of the fact that Rayburn never gave them much of his time. And in the third place, McCormack rose to the dais mainly on the powerful influence of the very members who most of all would never think of accepting his personal leadership in the way they did Rayburn's—the Southerners themselves.

They stood with him from the beginning for two mixed motives. As a class, they put special value on both loyalty and seniority. And toward Rayburn, McCormack had always demonstrated the one, while, through years of patient service, he had earned the other. And they thought that the alternative to a McCormack Speakership might well be something really hard to take from where they sit—a Speakership in the hands of some chap really amenable to the left wing of the party. McCormack, taking it all in all, was a Massachusetts Compromise in a way not too dissimilar to the Missouri Compromise. His election postponed North-South hostilities though it did not enchant Dixie and it positively did not enchant Anti-Dixie as represented by the ADA-oriented House Democrats.

Thus, the position comes to this: Garner's House of three decades ago was a fractious critter because it

knew what it wanted and how to get it—which was most of all to get a good clutch upon Mr. Hoover's neck. The present House is a fractious critter precisely because it does not exactly know where it wants to go—and certainly does not know quite how to get there.

OF MEN AND BOOKS

NOW to adopt a personal tone, I have dealt here with the House, in what is to be my final column in a series in this magazine which has stretched through four warm and fruitful and journalistically memorable years, for reasons both of farewell and hail. The choice of subject is not inapposite; for the House as a point of interest is indirectly involved in the decision which most reluctantly I have had to make to cease my present labors for *Harper's*. In a word, I am going to do a book about that large and clamorous institution, the House of Representatives of the United States.

My principal work and principal interest, as some readers will know, is and must be the syndicated column I write for what is still my first love and will always be—newspapering. My secondary interest, however, is, and equally will always be, the writing of books. While I could continue my *Harper's* work without harm to my newspaper column, I could not do both and ever return to books.

For the newspaper column has, happily for me, waxed and burgeoned; and unashamedly I give it my highest priority. I could not contemplate an exile forever from book writing. So something has had to give; and that something is this column in *Harper's*.

I depart with a sense of nostalgia and loss; these four years have been good years. The views of the editors of *Harper's* have been in many ways not my views—and vice versa, as some indignant readers have pointed out from time to time in the most spirited way. I have tried to express the philosophy of what I hope myself to be, a moderate Conservative. *Harper's* has been fair enough to print these views, without censorship, suppression, or distortion. I hope *Harper's* regrets the necessity of my decision as much as I regret it myself. *Hasta luego.*

the new BOOKS

ELIZABETH HARDWICK

An American Royal Personage

*Appraisals of a great critic
... of a remarkably useful one . . .
and of three ambitious novelists.*

WALLACE STEVENS is reported to have said about Robert Frost, "The trouble with you is that you write about subjects." I remembered this in thinking of Edmund Wilson's brilliant new book, **Patriotic Gore: Studies in the Literature of the American Civil War** (Oxford, \$8.50). "Subjects, of course, are not Wilson's trouble; indeed, the incredible variety and significance of his various researches and reflections are the truest mark of his genius and, perhaps, the trait in him for which we are all most grateful. Nothing would seem easier than the discovery of a figure, a topic, upon which to fling one's passion for literary criticism and social history. And yet, how few critics have subjects in Wilson's sense; how few can gather more than a harvest of opinion on some subject or another, detail a plot, or find the theme of a poem. The true sense of the large critical subject seems to be as rare as the inspiration for the plot of a great novel. Winters' *Primitivism and Decadence*, Empson's *Some Versions of Pastoral* and a few others come to mind. For the most part the capacity for seeing unity in diversity is unusual. This is a difficult and high art for which few are chosen.

Edmund Wilson is one of the great men our culture has produced. He is a sort of royal personage in the immense dignity and uniqueness of his career, the special nature of the continuing effort he has made with life and literature. But the royal image does not fit too justly, because there is never anything ceremonial or self-conscious about Wilson's writing. He never strikes the lofty note of the "master." He does not, as many others do, seem to stand aside and view himself—at the least without displeasure—in the act of forming his own opinions. "Here I am on the State of Israel; here I am on the American Indian; here I am as an old friend of Scotty Fitzgerald; here I am as an old radical; here I am on the horrors of war."

There is an innocence about Wilson as he approaches his great themes, gives over to his pas-

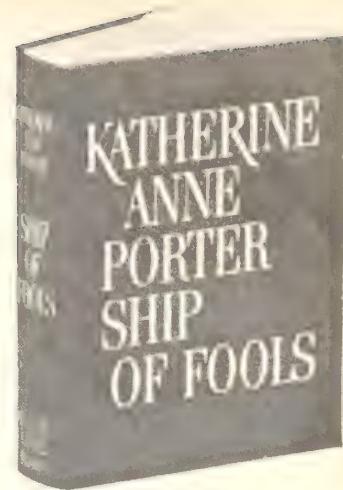
sionate curiosity about all aspects of modern life. He is almost grubby in his industry, and we see him chuckling over his gallery of figures—large figures and very often small ones. His wonder is touching, his willingness to learn is peerless. He takes up Russian, grinds away at Hebrew, puffs about the Dead Sea, huffs with indignation about the American Indian; he can turn tricks such as the old writers could: he composes a long story in French, writes poems, attempts a play. His curiosity and his good will astonish. Almost humbly (and with what Victorian resolution!) he submits himself to his task.

Wilson has a mind of absolute freshness and seriousness, and yet how clear he dares to be, how simply he dares to write in his old-fashioned, pure, balanced, and pleasing style. He has never had to search for his "identity"—the kind of word he refrains from using. It has always been possible for him to do as he pleases, without affectation or fear of absurdity. His security is a novelty in itself and allows him to be without vanity as a writer. Wilson has never been a professor, never had students or disciples; he has always kept faithful to his arduous independence.

His literary infatuations are sometimes strange. His long book, *Apologies to the Iroquois*, about the present-day tribe of Indians, is a kind of curiosity. Wilson's deep purity of motive and sentiment about our living Indians and their fate are very moving, but he could not quite make the individual Indian come alive. This must be due to the fact that they hadn't written anything! The case was "worked up," the callous destruction of Indian life and rights was impressively shown, but Wilson makes literature from men's writings. They do not need to be professional writers or great artists, but he sees the man from the word, always.

Wilson has written on great writers, many of them, and yet he writes very well on men, occasional or political writers, who make history, or who embody in themselves important intellectual ideas. He has a special feeling for the extraordinary person, and for the odd, but instructive, bits of writing he finds in the corners of history. This is the method of his new book, *Patriotic Gore*. It is a collection of portraits from Lincoln to forgotten writers like Kate Chopin.

When you read "Ship of Fools"
you'll know why Katherine Anne Porter's
long-awaited novel became
AMERICA'S #1 BEST SELLER
more quickly than any other book in years

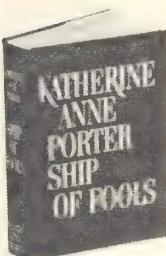


Here are some compelling — and extraordinary — reasons:



THE AUTHOR

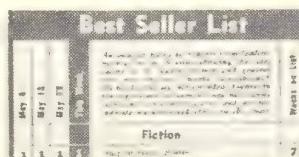
Katherine Anne Porter is no ordinary writer. She has long been recognized the world over as one of America's most important modern authors, ranking with such Nobel laureates as Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner. What is unique is the fact that her great critical reputation has grown from such a small body of writing. Her stories and short novels have included such masterpieces as *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*; *Flowering Judas* and *The Leaning Tower*. The beauty and polished perfection of these few books have become the model for a whole generation of American writers.



THE BOOK

For twenty years the literary world has been waiting with mounting suspense for Katherine Anne Porter's first full-length novel, *SHIP OF FOOLS*. Now her book is holding hundreds of thousands of readers spellbound. Sex, violence, loneliness, hate are all woven into the story of a unique transatlantic voyage. She tells of people so real the reader feels himself rubbing shoulders with them on deck, stumbling

over them making love in the shadows — and wondering what he would do or say if he were invited to join the captain's table or buy a ticket for the preposterous party that turns the last night of the voyage into a rout. As W. G. Rogers writes of *SHIP OF FOOLS*, "The sizzling white-hot pitch at which this story is written never drops; there is never a second's let-up in the gripping intensity."



THE RECORD

The publication of *SHIP OF FOOLS* is being acclaimed on the front pages of every one of America's leading book reviews. • Mark Schorer in the N. Y. Times Book Review compares this novel to the best novels of the past hundred years. • Within two weeks after its first appearance on the N. Y. Times best-seller list, *SHIP OF FOOLS* was the nation's #1 best seller, a record univalled by any other novel in nearly a decade. • The Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen *SHIP OF FOOLS* for its members. • Shortly after publication Hollywood announced that after tense bidding, the film rights have been purchased by producer Stanley Kramer for a major motion picture production. • In England, France, Italy, Germany and Sweden translations of *SHIP OF FOOLS* are being readied for the press. • Is it any wonder that in America *SHIP OF FOOLS* has shot to the top of the best-seller list?

THE ACCLAIM

Every corner of the United States is ringing with praise for *SHIP OF FOOLS*. These comments, chosen from hundreds, are typical: "Not a dull page; not a word you want to skip. The reading of it is sheer delight." — *Philadelphia Bulletin*. "A vivid, beautifully written story bathed in intelligence and humor." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "A major novel, seething with all too recognizable life." — *Newsweek*. "It throbs with life on every page . . . A dazzling performance." — *San Francisco Chronicle*. "A literary event of the highest magnitude." — *Washington Post*. "An absorbing novel . . . bursting with a wealth of beautifully realized and diverse characters, brilliantly analyzed." — *Dallas Morning News*. "I say and I think I shall go on saying, My God, here is a book." — *Dorothy Parker* in *Esquire*. "Awaited for an entire literary generation . . . now suddenly, superbly here." — *N. Y. Times Book Review*.

AND YOU

If you are already reading *SHIP OF FOOLS* you know why it has won such overwhelming praise and why it has overnight become the most widely read, eagerly discussed novel in the land. If you are not reading it, now is the time to begin. *SHIP OF FOOLS* is a long novel, a rich novel, a big novel in every sense. It offers a unique and rewarding reading experience. It is a novel you will want to own, for it is destined to take its place as one of the great books of our time. At all bookstores. \$6.50



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And each person in it is fascinating and seen in an unusually fresh and serious way. The main thing, however, is that *Patriotic Gore* is a book about war, all wars, and all societies of the modern era in time of war. Among Wilson's books it most closely resembles his fascinating *To the Finland Station*, a book, among other things, about the Russian Revolution. But *Patriotic Gore* is not really much like any other book by anyone. It is literary history of a new kind.

The Civil War horrifies Wilson. He doesn't always like the Abolitionist mind with its piety and self-congratulation; he is not taken in by Southern unreality, either. But most of all he does not like war, or the pressing of claims and power ideas by armies and the brutal strength of the state. His preface, a notably personal and controversial document, says, "Having myself lived through a couple of world wars and having read a certain amount of history, I am no longer disposed to take very seriously the profession of 'war air' that nations make." Wilson does not find a moral necessity in any of the recent wars, including the last one, the second world war. His ideas on that subject have been the occasion for a good deal of comment. Into World War II "we were gradually and furtively brought" by President Roosevelt. About the attack on Pearl Harbor, Wilson is much impressed by the ideas of Charles A. Beard and Harry Elmer Barnes who think the attack was known about in advance and deliberately not prevented. All of this is the critical air in which Wilson's examination of the Civil War gradually unfolds.

Patriotic Gore is already a classic American book. It could be read for a number of reasons: as a work of American literary history, a work of national history, a work of sheer pleasure, full of ideas and new insights, delightfully brought together. There is hardly another book that comes to mind which can make us feel our country so strongly. The American spirit with its peculiar temperature, its swings of feeling, is the true subject. The author is not disposed to exalt anyone, not even Lincoln, whom he sees in a steady way. His picture of Lincoln ends, ". . . and it was morally and dramatically inevitable that this prophet who had crushed opposition and sent thousands of men to their death should finally attest his good faith by laying down his own life with theirs." However, on the way to the apotheosis, we have a Lincoln a little cold and self-absorbed, involved in the use of the power of the North.

Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, and Justice Holmes stand out in Wilson's book. Holmes, in particular, seems rather different than one had imagined—more the Bostonian, a bit more cool and upper class than his role as the liberal jurist and the magnificent Yankee would allow. When Wilson looks at even the most famous characters

in history around the time of the Civil War, he looks as if they hadn't been "fixed" by legend. He sets out to find out what they meant, their true characters. Perhaps he managed to clear his head of the symbols and legend by his horror of the war through which these symbols lived. *Patriotic Gore* shows us how hard it is to think about what we all know, especially about national images. But when the effort is made, a book can change history and people, too, all of us.

THE HARD JOB OF THE CRITIC

Contemporaries by Alfred Kazin (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.50) is dedicated to Edmund Wilson. Even though Kazin is not exactly a disciple, his admiration for Wilson would seem to flow naturally from common, nonacademic literary interests. This large collection of essays and book reviews is Kazin's best book. He has truly improved as a writer over the years. Only V. S. Pritchett seems as easy and yet as substantial in the short form of the book review. In many ways, Kazin's book comes as a surprise—the whole makes a somewhat different impression than one remembers of the parts as they appeared here and there. One might not have been prepared for the strength, the clarity, the reasonableness of the tone. And again and again, as his title indicates, Kazin takes on the burden that everyone else casts off: the judgment of his contemporaries. No writer wants to bear the load: he is never thanked for it, never liked for it, neither by his elders nor by his juniors. It is a serious matter and the critic can always be more comfortable with general speculations on accepted figures. Still, someone must do what Kazin does. Someone, in print, must seriously ask the questions that are asked in private conversation among those who read and deeply care about literature. With sensitivity and systematic effort, the new books and the new writers must be judged and weighed: people you've just seen at a cocktail party have to be dealt with. The pros and cons of the popular press are not at stake—it is the true attempt to judge and to place that counts.

So Kazin asks himself, "How good is Norman Mailer?" He does not ask in the manner of the philistine weeklies for whom Mailer is "out" as a writer and a person at the moment. The thanklessness of the asking cannot be stressed too much. It is demoralizing to go on and on reading new books and saying what you think of them. The task is supposed to be for the young, and each generation is to produce its critic along with its poet and novelist. In England, A. Alvarez and John Wain might qualify, but not many Americans younger than Kazin seem to wish to do this regular literary work. (It is always with astonishment that I remember what hostility the Abstract Expressionist painters feel

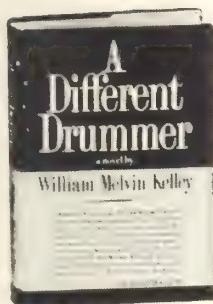


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For the reader of fine fiction, four books so endowed in one season is cause for special celebration.



In his first novel, Mr. Kelley tells the story of how the people in a Southern town, both white and Negro, come to a curious crisis. Archibald MacLeish comments: "American Negroes have been myth-makers in tales and tunes from the beginning of their culture, but here is a young Negro novelist who has used that mysterious power in a new way: he has imagined, not a myth of time gone, but a myth of time going — a myth for now. Many readers of novels will be glad, I think, to have met William Kelley at the beginning of what promises to be an exciting career, and particularly glad to have met him in this book."

A DIFFERENT DRUMMER a novel by
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RANDOM HOUSE

THE NEW BOOKS

toward the critic who put them on the map.)

Kazin is fair and serious. He does not go in for demolition. That is an art—or sometimes an art—that would require a different style and temperament. He does go in for judgments, and for the man, the writer, in society. On the late James Agee, Kazin says, "He was not only one of the most gifted writers in the United States, but such a natural as a writer that he found a creative opportunity in every place where drearier people pitied themselves for potboiling." On Lawrence Durrell: "the literary can be the enemy of literature." Among Kazin's subjects are Salinger, Saul Bellow, Kenneth Tynan, Paul Goodman—and even President Kennedy is "reviewed" in an extended, most interesting essay.

Unlike, for instance, Leslie Fiedler, Kazin does not have a thesis. In fact he seems to be looking at each book separately. True, he is a sort of gloomy liberal; he hints at a radical past and at an admiration for radical politics; he is sympathetic with the outward novel, rendering life's complexities as an intellectual feels them; he is a man of the city; he likes prose, even prosiness sometimes, clarity, and a certain degree of good behavior. He cannot be identified with any group, except what is called sometimes "the New York intellectual." *The Reporter* magazine for which many of these articles were written in recent years is not an "identity" and that is fortunate for Kazin's writing.

Sometimes, when he becomes personal, nostalgic, he is less real than when he is objective. He may go a little soft about Brooklyn, about memories. But as a member of the literary community—a man who lives by his writing—he has become more complex rather than less and of very few of his colleagues can that be said.

ALL ABOUT LOVE

James Baldwin's new novel, *Another Country* (Dial, \$5.95), distresses me because of my enthusiasm for his work, my belief that he is actually a very important writer of great courage and originality. *Another Country* is Baldwin's big fictional effort, in mid-career—and it is to fiction that he apparently wishes to

direct his unusual talents as a writer and a thinker. In certain respects, this novel is a representation of some of the ideas about American life, particularly about the Negro in American life, that Baldwin's essays have touched upon. But what is lacking in the book is James Baldwin himself, who has in his non-fictional writing a very powerful relation to the reader. Essentially *Another Country* is a conventional, hard-boiled novel of love and sex; and *conventional* is true even though the sex is often between Negroes and whites and between homosexuals. It is written in a perfectly competent but uninspired realistic manner; it lacks humor and the true wildness that would express what Baldwin seems to have in mind. The novel has very little of the complication, the wit, the style of his other writing.

The trouble seems to come from Baldwin's literary approach. What is so exhilarating and shocking about *Lolita* is the exuberance of the writing on a sordid theme, the shock of the poetry, the madness of it. A writer like Mailer, nearer to Baldwin, puts (some of the time at least) humor and language and real outrageousness into his sex scenes. But Baldwin has been "serious." It is all about Love, Love, Love. There is something innocent, a little dull about it, and there is hardly any action in the book, hardly any demonstration of character that isn't sexual.

The novel is divided into three sections. The first and the most important has to do with the short life and the suicide of a young Negro drummer, Rufus. He has been living in a disorienting swing from his family in Harlem to his friends all over New York, especially in the Village. Rufus inspires love, physical and symbolic love, in both men and women. He takes up with a rather pathetic white Southern girl, a good-hearted "cracker" named Leona. She falls in love with him and he with her, but Rufus, in his paranoiac surges, his self-hatred, the damage life has done to him, treats her brutally. She, broken, goes back home to the South and he wanders around New York for a time, hungry and alone and confused to the point of madness. At the end he jumps off

THE NEW BOOKS

the George Washington Bridge.

Rufus is a strongly charged figure, even though deeply sentimentalized. The reader frequently encounters in fiction a charismatic character for whom everything is claimed, but unless the claims are dramatized and given life the character is very hard to understand, fictionally, and leaves one with the feeling that he has come directly from some deep experience in the author's life that cannot be realized on the page. In any case, much is claimed for Rufus by all the characters—nearly all the men and the women have been in love with him. But he is dimly perceived except in his suffering, his confusion. He is a link between the black and the white world, a largely sexual link. The "Village characters" around him are people of a good deal of sweetness and openness to life; they are not particularly sordid or "beat," but they aren't very believable, either.

Part Two—"Any Day Now" it is called—begins in Paris and tells a curious love story of an American from the South, Eric, and his lover, Yves. Eric leaves for New York, where he is to work in the theatre. He too has been "in love" with Rufus. Part Three bears the curious title, "Toward Bethlehem," and has to do with Vivaldo, an American of Italian descent who hopes to find love through the Negro race. Vivaldo had loved Rufus and, now that Rufus is dead, falls in love with Ida, the dead boy's sister. Again, paranoia, suspicion, self-destruction, the Negro's psychological heritage from the daily pain of American life, destroy the relationship. Vivaldo has a night with Eric, a section of homosexual love described with the same realistic expansion as the other sexual scenes.

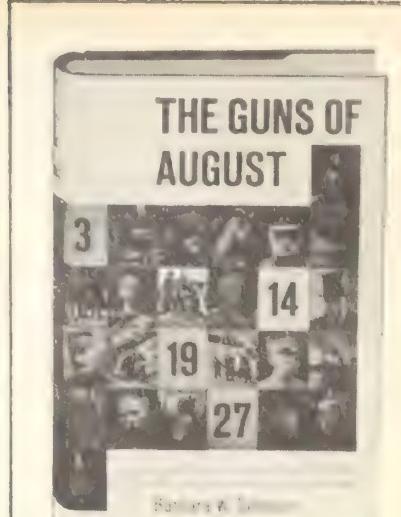
To repeat, all the action of the book is in some way sexual; there is very little else. The one marriage, that between Richard and Cass, does not go very well and Cass has an affair with the homosexual, Eric. In thus pulling out the affairs like so many index cards, the progression of sexual involvements may appear to be comic. But Baldwin's book is about The Search for Love and, consequently, the inability to find love. The white people who hope to find love from the Negro are the

most disappointed; these who have been hated and debased cannot easily receive or give love. The individual case, the single heart, is burned by the racial fire.

In the end, Eric's French boy friend, Yves, is hopefully coming to America. He sees, as he alights at Idlewild, Eric standing to meet him, wearing an open white shirt and khaki trousers. His heart is full of hope. "All his fear left him, he was certain, now, that everything would be all right . . . he strode through the barriers, more high-hearted than he had ever been as a child, into that city which the people from heaven had made their home." This is a grisly joke and of course we know his hopes will be doomed. We assume that he, too, will search for love, but it will end in a crucifixion, as all the other affairs do. How far we have come, in this homosexual ending, from the last words of Richard Wright's autobiography, *Black Boy*: Wright is heading for New York, leaving the South, "and thinking that if men were lucky in their living on earth they might win some redeeming meaning for their having struggled and suffered here beneath the stars."

Baldwin's novel is actually a sexual fantasy not really changed into art or fiction. Its defects somehow seem to me tied up with Baldwin's turning away from his own powers of mind, his determination to fight his way down to the body. For myself I cannot feel this is where his gifts lie. But it is wrong and pompous to legislate about art, to decide what books are right for society or for the individual writer. Baldwin is a first-rate prose writer and perhaps it is not to the point that he is not a first-rate novelist.

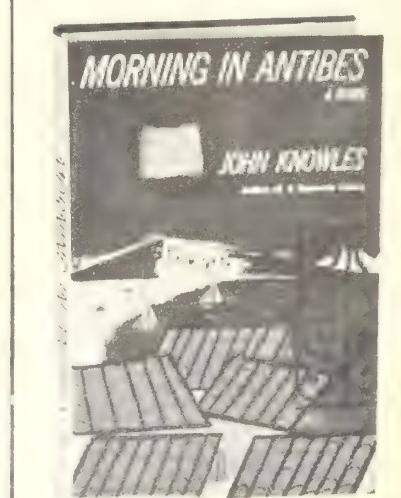
Astonishing works of fiction have been written by men who are not exclusively fiction writers. Santayana's *The Last Puritan* is one of the best American novels; in some ways Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County* is his most fascinating book; there are the painter Fromentin's novel and the novels of Henry Adams. To reverse it somewhat, remember the novelist Mrs. Gaskell's great book on Charlotte Brontë. So, only the most conceited would go on about Baldwin's fiction in relation to his essays. There must be in him



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—Carroll Kilpatrick, *Washington Post*
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

a very good novel waiting to be born.

Another Country is too long and so also is Philip Roth's new novel, *Letting Go* (Random House, \$5.95)—a section of it appeared in *Harper's* June issue.

Why is everyone's novel getting longer and longer, at just the time when the ability to create character and significant plot development seems to be getting shorter and shorter? Even Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools*, brilliant as most of it is, is repetitive. From mere length so much is hoped, obviously, so much uncertainty on the novelist's part is meant to be disguised. Length has become an aesthetic principle, like the three unities, but it is not a principle, it is really a decision—frequently due to the demands of commerce and, more often, due really to the author's lack of plot security. Indeed, by sheer energy one might go on indefinitely, with the plots as vague as most of them now are. "I am writing a long poem," and "my novel will be seven hundred pages"—how often one hears this. The curious belief in the power of length has to do, I believe, with the loss of the ability to create significant form.

Roth's *Letting Go* is very interesting and has the same command of amusing idiom that made his *Goodbye, Columbus* so often delightful. It is another, in part, of those academic novels. At the beginning one thinks of Malamud's *A New Life*, and it has similarly a grim, rather depleted young man as one of the central characters. Roth's is a rich book, full of incident, and genuinely novelistic complications. It is wry and sad and even in its most desolating scenes somehow amusing. The subject is most unlikely: the effort of a rather mismatched young couple, graduate students, to have an abortion and then, later, to adopt a baby. It is a jarring and dismal enough story, but there are other characters and other plots and subplots of great interest and charm. Roth reminds one a little of Saul Bellow in this book, even if he is less intellectual and experimental. A series of Thanksgiving visits to New York are brilliant; the dialogue is unusually good and *Letting Go* seems in every way a book worthy of Roth's first promise.

A GROUP of critical articles about J. D. Salinger (*Salinger: A Critical Portrait*, Harper, \$4.95) has been collected by Henry Anatole Grunwald. I'm not mad about Grunwald's introduction. True, it has a very clear grasp of the kind of rejection of Salinger that has been growing in some circles in recent years and, of course, of the acknowledged strength of Salinger's creations. But sometimes he does not quite seem to understand what the critics of Salinger are about; he is too ready to turn their objections back toward themselves. He does not want to take seriously some of the problems represented by Salinger's strange presentation of the Glass family. On the other hand, his selection of essays is very fair. This is a useful book and makes clear what we all suspected—the graduate students are already writing on Salinger and can use this compendium of opinion.

BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Dearly Beloved, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

This book is a tour de force of a very special kind. It is a picture of three generations of family life as told through the inner monologues of nine people contemplating their own marriages during the June wedding ceremony of the granddaughter of the family. What makes it extraordinary is the way in which Mrs. Lindbergh enters not only into the mind but into the language of characters as diverse as the grandfather of the bride, whose wife is dying; the psychiatrist, philandering husband of one of the aunts; the mother of the bride; a divorced woman remarried in middle age; a young Frenchman, best man to the groom, and so on. This is not a novel in the sense that there is any interaction among these people or any lasting growth or promise of change because of their actions during the time they are gathered together—except, of course, for the bride and

BOOKS IN BRIEF

groom. Mrs. Lindbergh herself prefers to call it "reflections in a fictional frame."

So it will not be a book for everyone. It is a little like reading a series of very personal diaries. These are long, long thoughts about the nature of life, about the way people in our society during three generations have lived—in and out of marriage—both well and ill. And as always in Mrs. Lindbergh's work, the reflections are given poetic intensity, this time because they take place against the moving moment and language of the marriage sacrament. If there is one idea that emerges first, it is the author's belief that one must experience the fullness of life, the wholeness; and her examination of what that means for each of her characters produces the richest passages and imagery in the book.

Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.95

Learner's Permit, by Laurence Lafore.

On an outlandish wager a young man who never finished high school takes over the new teaching job of a Ph.D. in English at a Hudson River university called Parthenon (no one there knew either of them), and of course thereby hangs a fantastic and thoroughly enchanting tale.

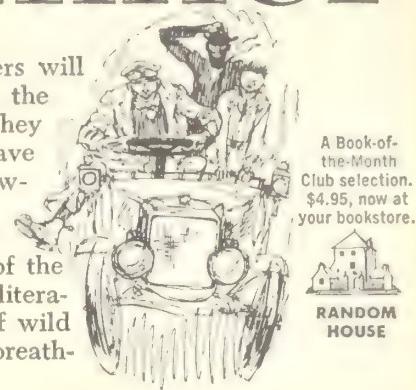
With the high-school *innocente* as a foil, academic jargon and poses become as fantastically incomprehensible and patently absurd as they sometimes are, and yet it is all done so affectionately and so wittily that even—or maybe especially—academics will, I think, roar with delight. Particularly since in the end it is really the integrity of the scholarly mind that—without bathos—wins out.

There is no way to go into the intricacies, the hijinks of the plot. The miracle that Mr. Lafore accomplishes is that though one starts out reading simply for the pleasure in outrageous situations, handled with uproarious wit, suddenly one is humanly involved. The people are never pushed around to make a point or to make for fun. They themselves create the situations; they live and breathe and laugh and cry, and the suspense as to success or failure of the hoax keeps the pages turning more and more rapidly. It gets to be very important indeed what happens to these people. In short, Mr. Lafore

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THE REIVERS



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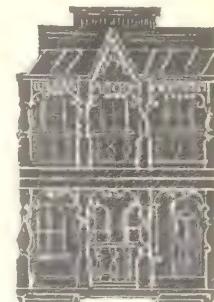
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is not only a very funny man with an outsize sense of the ridiculous, he is a serious novelist who has written a brilliant and endearing first novel.

Doubleday, \$4.50

NON-FICTION

Labyrinths: Selected Stories and Other Writings, by Jorge Luis Borges.

Although almost unknown in this country, the Argentinian Jorge Luis Borges last year shared—with Samuel Beckett—the \$10,000 International Publishers' Prize and has already a substantial reputation abroad. His stories, essays, and parables are all short, intense, dramatic. André Maurois in one paragraph of a most illuminating preface says:

Jorge Luis Borges is a great writer who has composed only little essays or short narratives. Yet they suffice for us to call him great because of their wonderful intelligence, their wealth of invention, and their tight, almost mathematical style. . . . He is akin to Kafka, Poe, sometimes to Henry James and Wells, always to Valéry by the abrupt projection of his paradoxes in what has been called "his private metaphysics."

New Directions, \$5.50

Novelists on Novelists, an anthology edited by Louis Kronenberger.

This collection is not merely what the title indicates, which is fun enough in itself—to have, for instance Elizabeth Bowen on Jane Austen or E. M. Forster on Marcel Proust, and other delicious combinations. But through the wit of the editor we are presented with such pleasant and illuminating double-takes as W. M. Thackeray on Charles Dickens followed by Charles Dickens on W. M. Thackeray; Henry James on Ivan Turgenev juxtaposed with Louis Auchincloss on Henry James and the Russian novelists; F. Scott Fitzgerald on Ring Lardner shadowed by Glenway Wescott on F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Doubleday Anchor Original, \$1.45

Seven Winters and Afterthoughts, Memories of a Dublin Childhood and Pieces on Writing, by Elizabeth Bowen.

These dozen short essays on aspects of her first seven years, lived in

Dublin, are, Miss Bowen says, the only autobiography she will ever write—"directly." She believes that much of an author's life comes out indirectly in his writing and certainly Miss Bowen's attitudes and visual as well as intellectual observations of her world appear in the critical literary essays here called "Afterthoughts."

The childhood memories of the years in the house in Herbert Place in Dublin whose rooms had "a watery quality in their lightness from the upcast reflections of the canal" are charming and deceptively simple. The disciplined recollections of those all-important first seven years keep casting their own reflections in the later essays on the books and authors that have meant a great deal to her in her adult years. (The pieces on her childhood have never been published in this country before. Many of the critical articles have appeared in *The Saturday Review* and *The New York Times Book Review*.)

Knopf, \$5

The Grand Design: From Common Market to Atlantic Partnership, by Joseph Kraft.

Harper's readers will be particularly interested in this examination of the objectives of the Kennedy Administration, a part of which appeared in the February issue under the title "The Grand Design Takes Shape."

Harper, \$2.95

News in Series

Great Battles of History, edited by Hanson Baldwin, is a new series of short accounts by authorities in the field, of famous battles, telling the stories and putting them in their historical perspective. The first three have just been published:

Red Sun Rising: The Siege of Port Arthur, by Reginald Hargreaves, a retired Major in the British army, author of *The Enemy at the Gate*. **The First Battle of the Marne**, by Robert B. Asprey, an ex-Marine, ex-member of the American Army Intelligence, and Fulbright Fellow at Oxford.

The Cowpens-Guilford Courthouse Campaign, by Burke Davis, author of *Gray Fox*, a biography of Robert E. Lee, and of a novel, *The Ragged Ones*, about this same campaign.

Lippincott, \$3.95, each volume.

The Natural History Library

Doubleday Anchor Books in conjunction with a committee of the Natural History Museum of New York started last fall reissuing a distinguished series of paperback books of special interest to the natural scientist, professional or amateur. The four just issued are attractive small volumes, easy in the hand, and all illustrated either with photographs, sketches, maps, charts, or all four, depending on the need of the subject matter. To this highly amateur naturalist, the series (there are now twenty-three in print) is of an amazing variety and interest. The new issues vary in price:

Between the Planets (Revised), by Fletcher G. Watson, \$1.25

Grand Canyon, by Joseph Wood Krutch, \$1.25

Puffins, by R. M. Lockley, \$1.25

Early Man in the New World, by Kenneth Macgowan and Joseph A. Hester, Jr., \$1.45

Observations and Experiments in Natural History, by Alan Dale, 95 cents

FORECAST

Suspense for Summer (and After)

August and September will bring three mystery books from Random House—James Yaffe's *Mister Margolies*, Stanley Ellin's *The Panama Portrait*, and an anthology, *Ellery Queen: To Be Read Before Midnight*; two from Harper, *The Cry of the Owl* by Patricia Highsmith and *The Chinese Nail Murders* by Robert van Gulick; and one from Knopf, *Mission of Fear* by George Harmon Coxe. Save time for favorites.

Old Names, New Books

The judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club have chosen as their midsummer selection *Uhuru*, another African story by Robert Ruark, the author of *Something of Value*; and for fall Scribner has announced James Jones's new 500-page novel, *The Thin Red Line*; Random House will publish Jerome Weidman's novel *The Sound of Bow Bells* (not set in London); and Harper has scheduled Glenway Wescott's collection of essays, *Images of Truth*, and *A History of American Business* by John Chamberlain, author of *Farewell to Reform* and *The American Stakes*.

MUSIC in the round

BY DISCUS

SOME FALLACIES ABOUT STEREO

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The question is not academic. Today the record companies, as sound-conscious as they ever were, have stereo to play with, and some of them—London Records, for example—by their own admission are recording not as music sounds in the concert hall, but as music sounds on stereo. There is a difference. The series of operas recently recorded by London aim to bring out elements of the orchestra, and of the voices too, that are obscured in the opera house. Is this leading toward a new perspective in listening? Or is it tonally and esthetically false?

Another aspect of the problem concerns great performances of the past versus the latest thing in hi-fi. For several years, Angel has been releasing a series named Great Recordings of the Century, in which great artists in the EMI catalogue are once again made available, this time on LP instead of 78-rpm shellac discs. These records sell for \$5.98 list price, the same as a stereo spectacular. There is a strong feeling among many in the business that these Angel issues are overpriced; that the now discontinued Camden series that Victor brought out for \$1.98, often duplicating the material on the \$5.98 Angel discs, was more in line with reissue philosophy. Victor had in mind something analogous to the paperback book business.) Now many listeners, flushed with the expensive and glorious sounds on stereo, completely ignore reissue discs. Those discs are non-stereo to begin with. They were not cut above 10,000 cycles per second. Often the answer contains surface noise. So why bother?

Why bother, indeed? The only thing is that the Angel series, and comparable ones, offer interpretations, vocalism, and repertory that often cannot be matched today. So the question must be asked again: is sound more important than content?

All this came to mind while listening to Artur Schnabel's performance of Schubert's Sonata in D (Op. 53), reissued on Angel COH 118. Schnabel was most likely the greatest Schubert player who ever lived. But he has been dead about ten years, and is beginning to be forgotten. He recorded this Schubert sonata in the middle 1930s, with the characteristic recorded sound of those days—sound that in some respects is more faithful to the piano than stereo, but nowhere near as exciting as regards presence or color. Therefore most people interested in having a recording of the Schubert D major will turn to Emil Gilels (who has a stereo recording on Victor LSC 2493) or to the highly-touted Sviatoslav Richter, on a monophonic LP made in Russia (Monitor 2043).

But neither of those two artists can approach Schnabel in style, authority, or communication. Even technically—and Schnabel was not considered a great technician—he runs away with the show. In the delicious last movement of this sonata, for example, he uses virtually no pedal, letting his fingers do the work. This can be classified as a feat of pianistic daring that nobody today would follow. Yet the charm of the music emerges threefold this way. And Schnabel's layout, his clear dynamics, the logic of his playing, and the grace of his phrasing—these add up to consummate art. Next to this kind of mastery, Richter sounds sentimental, willful and erratic (his is a stop-and-go pianism, full of "expression" that ends up being inexpressive); and Gilels, whose approach is honest and strong, tends to sound square and unimaginative.

The point is that Schnabel's ideas

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about Op. 53 may not be hi-fi (though the sound is serviceable enough), but the interpretation is incomparably the best ever made and must be purchased if this work is on the agenda. Or take Schubert's famous *Trout Quintet*, another Angel reissue (COLH 40) with Schnabel and the Pro Arte Quartet. There are some dozen available, modern recordings of the *Trout*, several of them the very latest thing in stereo, and some of them very fine performances. But very fine does not mean incandescent, which the Schnabel Pro Arte is. This was the standard when it was recorded in 1935, and it has remained the standard. All the improved tonal developments of records in 1962 do not alter the fact that if it is the music of Schubert's Op. 114 that you want, the Angel disc is the one to get.

Ping-pong Piano

Anyway, there is something of a fallacy in certain aspects of stereo. When it comes to opera, stereo is unbeatable. It has a depth and an illusion that are the next best thing to the stage itself. Orchestral music also is improved by the stereo process, provided it is not gimmicked. But, in descending order of size, it is doubtful if stereo applied to chamber music, to solo voice and piano, makes that much difference. Indeed, it can be annoying. There is, to cite one example, a new stereo recording of Schubert's *Grand Duo* (we seem to be on Schubert this time), played by Gold and Fizdale (Columbia MS 6317). The guess here is that the duo-pianists are playing the *Grand Duo*, which was originally written as a four-hand work at one piano, on two pianos. That is, Gold and Fizdale have not changed any of the notes, but one pianist is playing the *primo* part on one instrument, the other pianist taking the *secondo* on a different instrument. And, in stereo, the interpretation sounds like nothing that ever was heard in the concert hall. Instead of a nice, rounded quality of tone, there is a ping pong effect, with *primo* pinging in one speaker, *secondo* ponging in the second. Seldom does the piano sound merge and fuse, and the result is a disservice to Schubert and, indeed, a disservice to the two fine artists who are presenting the music.

Here, then, is one instance where stereo is more a hindrance than a help. It need not have been, had the engineers in charge of the recording session exercised a little taste instead of letting the urge to engineer overpower their hot little hearts. Assume, though, that all engineers are trained musicians, and make records of solo voice and solo piano that are absolutely ungimmicked. In which case, only a highly trained ear will be able to detect the difference between monophonic and stereophonic versions. The stereo may have slightly more depth and color, but those subtleties are not immediately apparent.

What Is Minimum Hi-fi?

And, to tell the truth, very few reproducers sold in America would be able to point up the difference. A large amount of the equipment that is advertised and sold as hi-fi is simply not hi-fi. There is more misrepresentation in this area than in almost any other one could think of. One reason is that the manufacturers themselves have never been able to come up with standards for what could be considered minimum high fidelity. Naturally those who build cheap sets—and they are the majority—would not want to let the consumer know how bad their product is. Nor are the high-priced sets immune. There are on the market sets selling upward of \$750 that contain cheap changers and sapphire-tipped ceramic cartridges, all housed in a handsome cabinet; their performance is to high fidelity what a Hoboken special is to a Stradivarius. Most honest experts will frankly state that a minimum high-fidelity outfit cannot be assembled for under \$500—and that only in component playback equipment, without radio. Most console equipment on the market today is a poor excuse for high fidelity. So-called hi-fi equipment in today's average American household gouges the life out of records, is full of high-frequency distortion, cannot begin to handle the bass end of the spectrum, and in general is thoroughly incapable of bringing out what is on a record. And yet people rush out to get "stereo" discs that their machines cannot handle. And Schnabel is ignored in favor of cheap tonal technicolor.

JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

THE RHAPSODY

When the mail produced still another record of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, my first thought was that I might someday write a roundup comment on its extant versions. One glance at Schwann's catalogue, which showed some thirty of them, disabused me of the idea. The *Rhapsody*, in fact, long ago established itself as the foremost "jazz" item in the symphonic repertory.

When Paul Whiteman caused the *Rhapsody* to be written, in January 1924, as a showpiece for his "Experiment in Modern Music" concert at Aeolian Hall the following month, neither he nor the composer seems to have seen what was coming. Whiteman filled the rest of the program with Zez Confrey and Victor Herbert, and years later Gershwin was still talking about jazz as "the basis of serious symphonic works of lasting value." Both attitudes are about equally absurd.

As we can now appreciate, nothing about the *Rhapsody in Blue* is right. It is a pseudo-Lisztian pastiche, with a Tchaikovsky-like major theme, which borrows from jazz only those few blue notes and dance rhythms necessary to make it seem fresh and keep it moving. As proper jazz, it is nonexistent. As a "serious" classical composition it is, to quote the *New York Times'* Olin Downes on its first performance, "at times vulgar, cheap, in poor taste, but elsewhere of irresistible swing and insouciance and recklessness and life." It will outlive anything you or I say of it.

What finally occurred to me was to note below (1) the earliest *Rhapsody*, (2) the first on LP, and (3) the latest. The first on LP with Levant and Ormandy—is a fair witness for all the other "symphonic" performances in which full-orchestra dynamics and appreciative conducting attempt to render the *Rhapsody* into something it is not. The earliest and latest, both under Whiteman, remain to reassure us that it makes sense now, as it did then, only in the hands of those who take it less than rhapsodically. Only Whiteman, treating it as a fake and put-up job, can reveal in Gershwin's ephemeral extravaganza the pathos and pertinacity which bid to make it permanent.

Gershwin, *Rhapsody in Blue*. Whiteman, the composer (pf.). Victor 35822 (12-inch 78-rpm). *Rhapsody in Blue*. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, Oscar Levant (pf.). Columbia CL-700. Paul Whiteman Conducts George Gershwin. Leonard Pennario (pf.). Capitol T-303, (duophonic) DT 1678.



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VOL. 225, NO. 1317
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ARTICLES

- 27 **Not Quite Posthumous Letter to My Daughter,**
Caitlin Thomas
- 34 **Clear the Line for Long Distance,** *Rufus Jarman*
- 38 **The Trouble with Translation,**
John A. Kouwenhoven
- 45 **An Eruption of Paint,** *José Clemente Orozco*
- 51 **The Genteel Nightmare of Richard Rovere,**
Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.
- 56 **Mother and the General,** *Hermine I. Popper*
- 60 **The Sometimes Baffling Mind of India,**
Bradford Smith
- 65 **Bounty from Beyond: How to Give the Most Good**
with Your Bequests, *F. Emerson Andrews*
- 74 **Europe Against de Gaulle,** *Joseph Kraft*
- 80 **The Priest,** *James E. Foster*

FICTION

- 84 **The Flag Waver,** *Howard R. Simpson*

VERSE

- 16 **Cop-shooting: On a News Photograph,** *Alan Dugan*
- 44 **Die Neuen Heiliger,** *John Updike*
- 55 **Private Ground,** *Sylvia Plath*

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 **Letters**
- 11 **The Easy Chair—AN EX-CONVICT'S SCHEME FOR MORE**
PRACTICAL PRISONS, *Hal Hollister*
- 22 **After Hours—THE AMERICANS TRANSPLANTED,**
J. A. Maxtone Graham
- 91 **The New Books,** *Paul Pickrel*
- 97 **Books in Brief,** *Katherine Gauss Jackson*
- 100 **Music in the Round,** *Discus*
- 101 **Jazz Notes,** *Eric Larrabee*

ARTISTS: Cover, Harold Siegel; 22, N. M. Bodecker;
34, Morton Garchik; 56, 59, Sherman Labby;
84, 87, 89, Howard R. Simpson



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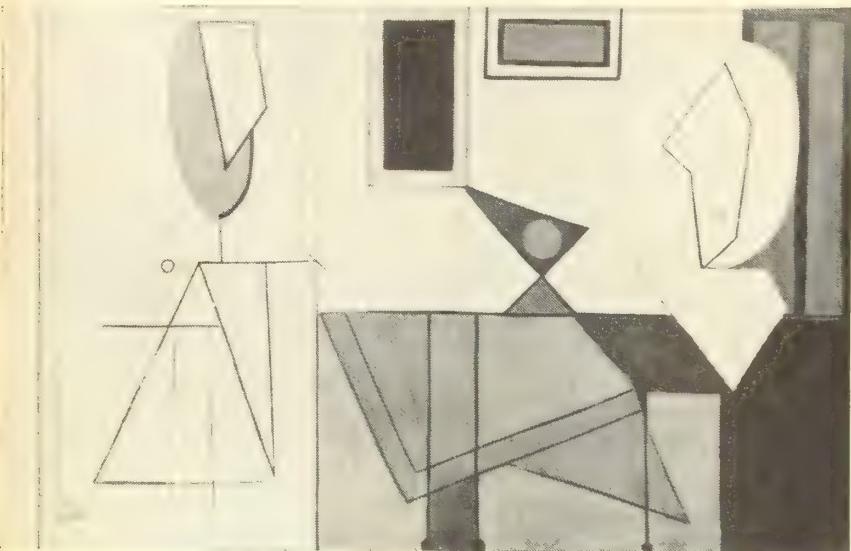
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LETTERS

Shakespeare's Babbitt?

TO THE EDITORS:

I was most interested to read Mary McCarthy's penetrating article, "General Macbeth" [June]. Her arguments are very convincing and well stated, but like nearly all Shakespearean criticism, it is a point of view impossible to accept completely. The great parts in Shakespeare cannot be pinned down so easily.

To say that because Macbeth enters with the lines about the weather he is therefore a commonplace and bourgeois man is to ignore the fact that Shakespeare here wished to convey the atmosphere of an uncertain, stormy day, suitable to supernatural happenings; without scenery or lighting the only way he could possibly do it was [by] giving Macbeth the line in question. In fact, this line echoes the witches' scene before it, which is far more significant, both dramatically and poetically, than to say Shakespeare wrote it to show Macbeth as a boring, unimaginative Philistine. . . .

Miss McCarthy finds Lady Macbeth imaginative, where Macbeth is not. This seems to me far too sweeping a statement. In the murder scene she says, "It was the owl that shrieked," and makes practical references to explain away Macbeth's fears. Shakespeare surely uses this practical quality in her, so that he wonderfully contrasts it with the inner workings of her nerves in the sleep-walking scene. The great difficulty in the part of Lady Macbeth as one of our finest actresses has told me—is that we do not see quite clearly the moment when she breaks. Is her fainting after the murder real or simulated? And is the breakdown meant to begin from there? Shakespeare, of course, writing for the boy actor, kept the part much more subordinate than it has since become as a vehicle for a star actress. I fancy he relied very much on the physical fact of one woman among a crowd of men. The effect of the skirted figure in the banqueting scene (as also in the first scene of "Hamlet," when the Queen is the only woman at the council table) was obviously particularly effective in the Elizabethan theatre where the Queen occupied such a unique significance at royal functions.

Miss McCarthy also does not take account of what an actor can (and must) do in applying his own personality to a great tragic part, yet hoping to achieve

fidelity to the text of a great author. When Laurence Olivier played Macbeth, he implied on his first entrance that his mind was already corrupted, and he was full of evil ambition. I was dismayed by this conception, as I had always felt very strongly that he should enter as a hero from a great victory, tired, and therefore at a vulnerable moment. But Olivier's conception was so superbly handled, and the part played right through with the same conviction, that all my previous theories on reading the play were swept away.

Miss McCarthy suggests very cleverly that the man is not a poet, and that many of his speeches are rhetorical bombast. She interprets the line, "She should have died hereafter," as a thoughtless, practical remark. But at such a great moment in a dramatic scene, I cannot believe such a frivolous modern attitude is wholly justified. However, the essay is full of fascinating points, brilliantly observed.

JOHN GREGG
London, England

The most first-rate article of literary criticism I have read anywhere for a very long time is Mary McCarthy's "General Macbeth." She is a marvel.

WALTER LIPPMANN
Washington, D.C.

. . . Rather than explore the play's greatness—some of which may still, after all, remain unrevealed—Miss McCarthy is content to reduce Macbeth to a man in tight white armor and Dunsinane to just a split-level trap, a Scottish Scarsdale. And so Miss McCarthy makes a sale. This must please those who believe that Shakespeare was at his most intense when peeking over the ticket taker's shoulder into the till or when peering out from his ghost's costume to count the house. So far, however, he has survived the myriad feeble attempts to destroy him and even the probably more feeble (and happily unnecessary) efforts to defend him.

HERBERT R. COURSEN, JR.
The Choate School
Wallingford, Conn.

Common Market Crisis

TO THE EDITORS:

I was pleased to see Peter Drucker's "The New European Nationalists" [June]. This is one of the most complete and brief discussions on the European Common Market that I have seen. We

have from business as well as students an increasing interest in the Common Market and the problems that it may raise for the United States. If only the members of Congress would take time to read this article it would cut out a lot of the unnecessary talk and might lead to action.

JOHN E. GEORGE
Document Librarian
Dallas Public Library
Dallas, Tex.

Thank you for Peter Drucker's article concerning the Common Market. . . . Our choice is clear: to meet this challenge and thereby achieve tremendous benefits for the U. S. and the free world or to retreat and suffer the inevitable consequences of rising production costs at home and the gradual disappearance behind the Iron Curtain of many of our neighboring nations. . . .

(Miss) M. E. TRUSSELL
North Bend, Ore.

Feminine Therapists

TO THE EDITORS:

Thank you for the article by Maya Pines, "Training Housewives as Psychotherapists" [April]. I read it with suppressed tears of pleasure—almost of joy! My resignation to the fact that I have simply missed the kind of work I am most interested in—psychiatric social work—is unsettled and my hopes rekindled. I received my undergraduate degree too late in life to enter the master's program in social work at a university in the nearby metropolis. The age deadline for entry . . . is forty. Yet I feel younger than I did when I was young; I can offer more stability to any profession or employer than I could when my family was young and my husband was struggling and moving about to make the climb in his profession; and . . . I have some measure of wisdom as the result of having lived a full life which included rearing three children.

Many of the characteristics of the women described in the article fit me too. Nevertheless, I seemingly must live out my life nursing a frustration resulting from rigid barriers set up by a profession which, according to the literature, is desperately in need of more workers. How fortunate the Washington area women are!

JUANITA RUSH
Boulder, Colo.

Newsman Corrects Score

TO THE EDITORS:

I enjoyed Philip M. Wagner's article very much ["What Makes a Really Good Newspaper," Easy Chair, June]. I found myself personally agreeing with

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HOMERIC LESSON

Homer had a host of epithets for Odysseus: ingenious, artful, various, subtle, many-sided. The list could go on and on. All these adjectives suit his wandering hero, but it seems to us that none of them really sums him up or explains why he was equal to everything he encountered—Sirens, Scylla, Cyclops, all.

The real genius of Odysseus was his adaptability. He was always willing to change his course of action if it seemed advisable to do so. It's a quality that would have stood him in good stead if he had been an investor, since investors, too, must always consider changing circumstances and act accordingly, seizing opportunities when they are offered.

Of course, it's only fair to say that Odysseus had Athena on his side, and the favor of the goddess of wisdom was worth a good deal. Athena could have helped Odysseus immeasurably with her wisdom if he had been a share-owner, but unfortunately he was born too early.

If you're an investor or thinking of becoming one, take a leaf from Odysseus's book. First, be adaptable—willing to change your holdings when there is good reason to do so. And second, take advantage of any worthwhile help that's offered. Let us be your Athena, if you will. You provide the cash and the adaptability, and we'll provide moral support and plenty of information to help you make the right investment decisions. Let us know whenever you're ready.



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him and we are flattered by the compliment from the editor of a great newspaper.

But . . . he is wrong when he says that "the individual British papers" have no correspondents in Moscow. We have one, Mark Frankland, and the *Daily Telegraph* has one, Jeremy Wolfenden, both full-time in Moscow, both staff men, both fluent Russian speakers. The *Daily Express* has one too, Stephen Harper. So this would bring the Anglo-American Moscow coverage index from love-three to three-all. Incidentally, my so-called "bureau" is also a one-man affair, worse luck.

GODFREY HODGSON
The Observer (London)
Washington Bureau
Washington, D. C.

The Image Merchants

TO THE EDITORS:

David Finn in his advice to "Stop Worrying About Your Image" [June] wants us to take it for granted that there is such a thing as an Image Merchant, which he contends he is. But he never gets around to . . . one important fact: nobody—public relations man, advertising creator, or industrial designer—can create an image, attach it to a company, and then go out and peddle it to make a business or save one from disaster. So Mr. Finn has set up his own whipping boy—industrial designers—and then proceeded to take a poke at his own creation.

There is no such thing as an Image Merchant, because no one can put his hands on an image and sell it. I ought to know. As an industrial designer I am credited with having improved, revamped, or created anew the corporate images for such companies as U. S. Industries, Ametek, Youngstown Steel, American Hardware, and the 3M Company. Not so. What we have done is to design very concrete elements of visual corporate and product identification. These include the co-ordinated designs of corporate trademarks, signatures, packaging, stationery, product identification, signs, exhibits. . . . But no matter how encompassing such design programs become . . . none of them are image-building programs. And no responsible, professional industrial designer goes around touting what beautiful images or "icons" he can build as the *sine qua non* of success. . . .

Mr. Finn . . . admits that a confusion exists, but he doesn't clear it up. The confusion lies in distinguishing between "corporate identity" and "corporate image." Here's one distinction: "Image" . . . is supposed to refer to the total impression people have about a com-

LETTERS

pany. "Identity" is very specific. It includes the corporate name, brand names, trademarks, company signature, stationery, business forms, advertisements, promotion materials, packages and labels, and the products themselves. Industry calls on industrial designers to organize these varied elements to make sure they are co-ordinated, consistent, and appropriate for the company. . . .

Management is concerned with . . . taking to [its] markets the best-designed product in the best-designed and best-functioning container. Those are specific goals to which, among other things, the responsible industrial design profession is dedicated. We all know there are quacks in every profession. . . . But Mr. Finn is amiss in placing the unsavory burden of image-chest-beating on industrial designers. Indeed it is far more likely that publicity people were the very first to seize on the "image" word and build around it all the other jargon to confuse and perhaps even frighten business into their doorways. . . .

GERALD STAHL, Pres.
Gerald Stahl, Industrial Designers
New York, N. Y.

Voter Research

TO THE EDITORS:

I have read with considerable interest "The Kennedys Move in on Dixie" by Louis E. Lomax [May]. The writer creates the impression that the Voter Project is a program of the Kennedy Administration. . . . I would like to emphasize that the Voter Education Project undertaken by the Southern Regional Council is a nonpartisan research program in every sense of the word. Prior to the public announcement of this program, both the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee and the Republican National Committee advised us in writing that they supported the aims of the Project and wished it success. This Project is . . . not intended to serve as a program of the Kennedy Administration or as an instrument of any political party.

WILEY A. BRANTON, Dir.
Voter Education Project
Atlanta, Ga.

Author on Faith Healing

TO THE EDITORS:

Melvin Mencher, assistant professor of journalism at the University of Kansas, commented on my piece, "Oral Roberts: High Priest of Faith Healing" [February]. He seemed to assume that my assignment was to determine the authenticity of so-called faith healings. My purpose, however, was to draw a word-

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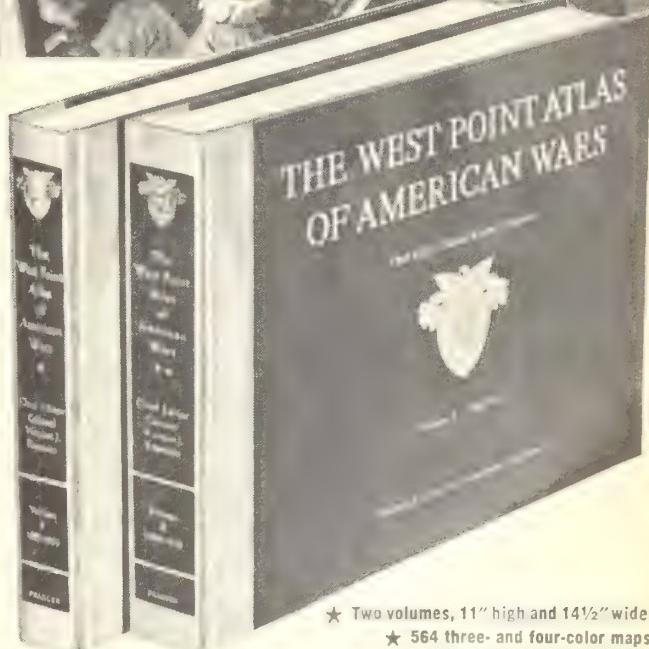
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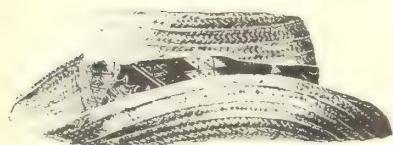
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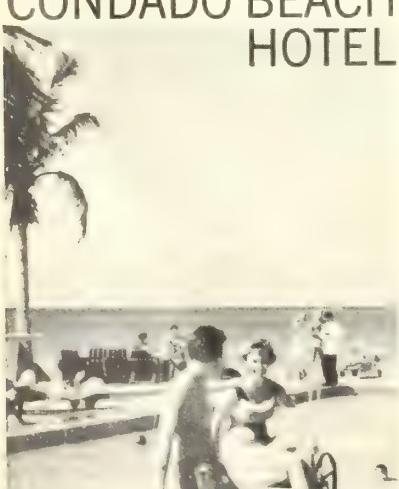


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LETTERS

portrait of Roberts the man. In carrying out that assignment I did considerable leg work that is, I'm sure, reflected in the article. Moreover, Mr. Mencher's implication that zealous newsmen can "track down" and "document" a few patients' case histories and arrive at answers having much statistical validity is quite absurd. The two examples of "documentation" he cites [reports by physicians: see April Letters] are, in fact, as flimsy on the negative side as those widely circulated in faith healers' literature to support the positive argument.

As I pointed out in my article, the conclusions of "a physician" as to who is sick, well, healed, or unhealed have but limited significance and limited validity. Doctors continually disagree with each other, and (thank God) habitually refer patients to each other in search of corroboration or refutation. Mr. Mencher, when he was a leg man, cannot have covered many malpractice or disability trials, nor have associated closely as a journalist with the medical profession, else he would not be so willing to accept the word of "a physician" as gospel. He would surely admit that the fact that a man dies of cancer three weeks after supposedly being healed does not prove that the healer never heals cancer. And perhaps the case was wrongly diagnosed at the outset: doctors are as fallible as newsmen and professors.

I hope Mr. Mencher's students do not emerge from the University of Kansas to join the too-large journalistic fraternity whose members mistake "opinion surveys" and "personal interviews," hurriedly scooped up in a few days, as Absolute Proof. Such surveys and stories are sometimes colorful and interesting, but frequently biased, and always oversimplified and superficial.

HAYES B. JACOBS
New York, N. Y.

Love Unlimited?

TO THE EDITORS:

Ernest van den Haag's article "Love or Marriage?" [May] has touched on one of the central philosophical difficulties of Western culture: . . . the enormous confusion surrounding the word "love." Dr. van den Haag's contribution toward the clarification of the meaning of this word, and its non-identity with marital love, should be welcomed by Christians, for as he put it, "love as we know it is a Christian legacy."

In the last year or two there have appeared contemporary Christian alternatives to the Augustinian position quoted by Van den Haag that Christianity "accepts passion only when God is the object." I refer to Paul Tournier's "Meaning of Persons" and C. S. Lewis'

"The Four Loves," and especially recommend the latter. . . . In a magnificent passage Lewis destroys Augustine's position as "a thousand miles from the mind of Christ" and urges Christians to passionate, unlimited liability and caring for other persons, however costly and unfulfilled such relationships may prove to be.

RUSTUM ROY
Prof. of Geochemistry
Pennsylvania State University
University Park, Pa.

Nonstop Frenchmen

TO THE EDITORS:

It was with great delight and many chuckles that I read "Driving in England and France" by Eric Larrabee [After Hours, June]. I was reminded of a French friend of mine in Paris who never stopped for red lights, and the one and only time she did, another car slammed into the rear of her car, completely ruining it and leaving her with a broken leg. She swore never to stop for a red light again. . . .

ANNE HARRINGTON
New York, N. Y.

Snake Charm

TO THE EDITORS:

To Alan B. Rothenberg and others trying "Peaceful Coexistence with Rattlesnakes" [May], I suggest J. Allen Boone's illuminating book, *Kinship with All Life*. He says that Indians have almost complete immunity from attack by rattlers, that when they meet in the desert they pause, contemplate each other for a few minutes, then move on their respective ways, each extending to each the privilege of attending to his own business. . . .

I report an encounter in the California foothills. Four [of us] congenial oldsters stopped for lunch in a field streaked with spring flowers. . . . Retiring after the meal to the protection of a small juniper, I looked over my shoulder into deeper shade, and there coiled within three feet of my exposed derrière, was a good-sized rattler. I thought of those Indians, moved a foot or two further away, and talked to him quietly for a few minutes. No gust of fear or hatred passed between us. He made no move, just looked at me with his shiny black eyes. We parted with what I think was mutual respect and amity. . . . Later my nephew wrote: "It is obvious discretion took over [when] you realized there are parts of the human body a tourniquet just won't fit." . . .

A. ERFTY
Azusa, Calif.

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We believe that food advertisers, including us, ought to present to consumers the facts about how a particular food product fits into the well balanced diet recommended by nutrition scientists. No one food in itself is adequate for a balanced diet, and too often there is a tendency to over-state the case for any one product.

We do not believe that food advertisers should assume the role of medical advisers to you and your family. We think, too, that the time has come for the mass media in this country to consider much more carefully the reporting of science and health news to avoid sensational approaches which mislead many people into making dietary changes that are not advisable. No newspaper or magazine column can prescribe successfully the correct medicine—or diet—for you and for each member of your family.

It is quite important for us to remember that each human being is an individual. He or she is completely unlike any other human being, and most of us are happy for this! If doctors were able to prescribe exactly the same kind of diet or medicine for all of us, obviously, we would soon have little need for doctors and hospitals.

Medical authorities agree that excess weight is not healthful for any of us, but any sound weight control plan is a lifetime program and must be tailored to the individual. You are much more likely to develop a successful weight control program if you work with your physician to develop a plan specifically for you.

This is true of other health problems. You need the aid of your family physician, or the specialist to whom he sends you, to diagnose your illnesses and to decide what treatment is best for you. Trying to build a health program on the basis of some of the excessive claims made in food and patent medicine advertising is the modern version of falling for the line of the medicine man who provided entertainment for the village population years ago.

Jumping from one sensationalized bit of advice about health or diet in the news or feature columns of the mass media to the next day's dose of perhaps conflicting advice is certainly not a very good health development program either. You want to keep yourself informed about news in the science of human health, but it makes sense to rely upon your physician—the person who specializes in figuring out the best health program for you as an individual—to decide whether you should take pills or change your diet or change your way of living. You have learned to rely upon an expert garage mechanic to keep your automobile operating at peak efficiency. Don't think so much less of your own good health, and that of each member of your family, that you will make changes in your diet or take pills without sound medical advice.

Hypochondria can become a serious illness. Anyone who follows some of the food and pill advertising these days and some of the reporting of health news might easily come to the conclusion that Americans are becoming neurotic about our health. In a nation that boasts the highest level of good health in human history and which has enjoyed a steadily increasing lifespan, it seems very ridiculous for so many people to be worrying overtime about health.

For your own good health's sake, we hope that you will agree with the overwhelming opinion of medical scientists that we ought to follow the plan of eating a well balanced diet and enjoy the food we eat. In addition, seek regular medical and dietary advice, based on your individual needs, from your family physician, a man competent to help you because he specializes in helping you to enjoy life through maintenance of good health.



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An Ex-convict's Scheme for More Practical Prisons *by Hal Hollister*

The guest in the Easy Chair this month is on parole after spending several years in a state penitentiary on a life sentence. In World War II, he served with the 509 Parachute Infantry Battalion, and was wounded and captured at Anzio. After eleven months in Germany as a POW, he was repatriated and honorably discharged.

MEASURED strictly on performance, the American penal system is a scandalous flop as a correctional institution. This conclusion is unarguable because more than two-thirds of the population of the country's "correctional" institutions are repeaters—that is, inmates who have received the prescribed treatment, but were not corrected. It is satisfying to me to point out this failure because I served thirteen years in one of these institutions (a state penitentiary), didn't like a minute of it, and harbor a grudge as well as the next man. Still, I believe that our penal system can be substantially improved—though by no means perfected—if we will simply agree to be realistic about it, and about the nature of certain criminals.

My vantage point for observing current prison failures was a good one. For seven of the years that I served on my life sentence, I edited the prison's monthly inmate magazine; for two years I worked as a clerk-typist in the treatment and classification department; and for another two or so's I taught in the prison school. During the period I served, the prison changed from an oversized, cockroach-infested medieval jail to a fairly typical modern penitentiary.

But uniformly, the percentage of reformation was low. There is, it seems, no relationship between cockroaches and recidivism; clean sheets and pastel cell walls have nothing to do with moral reawakening; and stuffing filing cabinets with personality inventories and psychological prognoses does not influence the attitudes of convicts any more than sticking pins in a voodoo doll affects the health of an enemy.

Prisons cannot, in fact, be a reforming influence so long as they are also assigned the task of inflicting punishment. The two goals are contradictory.

The atmosphere of a general prison is, at best, authoritarian and therefore breeds resentment. At worst, it is openly and enthusiastically punitive. It was the avowed position of one administration, for example, that convicts are sent to prison, not as punishment, but to be punished. That regime had the heads of all newly-committed prisoners shaved; enforced strict silence in the dining-hall and in all lines and formations; and made prisoners walk with arms folded, in mess- or work-lines. As in all prisons, under all administrations, the standard punishment for rule infractions was confinement—usually solitary—in the segregation cells or "Hole." In this case, however, the therapeutic value of the Hole was supplemented by therapeutic use of a blackjack or baseball bat.

Usually, this treatment was applied in seclusion but sometimes indignation overcame restraint and punishment was administered on the spot, in front of everyone.

There was, for instance, the time that Little Smitty made his ill-advised attempt to steal a laundry truck and crash the gate. I happened to be passing by when he was dragged from the cab by a guard and knocked to the ground. Another guard straddled Smitty's body and, with squeals of what sounded like rapture, beat him unconscious with a sawed-off baseball bat.

Though I could cite many more examples of outright sadism, physical brutality is on the wane in prisons. But punishment, as such, is as much a part of prison policy as ever. So long as substantial sections of the public demand the satisfaction of seeing the sinner sweat and suffer, it is wholly unreasonable to expect prisons to perform the miracle of reformation.

Consider, too, the other limitations under which the great majority of prisons must operate. Their primary goal, obviously, is to "keep the



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count straight"—to keep the inmates behind the walls, where they belong—and to maintain order. Since prisons house paranoiacs and other incendiary types along with more docile law-breakers, they are compelled to enforce security measures so strict that they nudge the most tractable prisoner to the edge of rebellion.

I speak as an expert. Fresh out of the wartime Army and admirably conditioned to respect authority and obey orders, I started my life jolt as a tractable first-timer. Outwardly, I never changed; but for years it was a question of whether ulcers or an explosion would come first. At a certain point, the facial expression of a prison guard stops looking like simple vigilance and turns into the pig-eyed malice of a coward who knows he is out of reach.

Where reformation is concerned, the quality of a prison's employees is of critical importance; yet for reasons which are easy to discern, but difficult to change, it is, generally, abysmally low. Not only is the financial reward for prison employment far below what might attract high-grade employees, but the very nature of prison work is unappealing to most people. Almost nowhere else in modern society can a man wield the direct, personal authority over other men that a prison guard—and, to a lesser degree, a non-custodial prison employee—wields over convicts. This "watchdog" aspect of prison work attracts chiefly men who have sadistic inclinations or who, perhaps to compensate for feelings of inadequacy, find reassurance of personal worth in exercising authority over others.

In view of these almost wholly negative influences it might seem surprising, not that two out of three convicts return to prison, but that one out of three stays out. There is no mystery here. Many prisoners, probably the majority, are accidental or circumstantial criminals. Generally holding with conventional values when committed, they are in no need of reformation. These are the convicts, for the most part, who do not return to prison, and they owe their "reformation" not to the influences of institutional life, but to their ability to resist those influences.

BUT there is another major reason why prison can't be expected to bring about the general reformation of inmates: a good many prisoners are, quite bluntly, impervious to all known corrective techniques. This conclusion has a dogmatic and arbitrary ring. I am sorrowfully convinced, however, that it is quite accurate and that we can improve prisons only by accepting it—and acting accordingly.

Blinky Taylor (as good a name as any) was an extreme example of this type. I first met Blinky when he started his fourth sentence for larceny. (He subsequently completed two more jolts and was working on still another the last time I saw him.) Blinky was highly intelligent,

superficially likable, and came from a good family in comfortable circumstances. As far as "advantages" were concerned, he had had them all, including the advantage of having received continuous psychiatric treatment from his early teens until the time he started his third prison term, at the age of twenty-two. At that point his family—and apparently his psychiatrists too—gave him up as a bad job.

Blinky enjoyed talking about himself, and after we became acquainted he frequently took me on a guided tour of his problems and his personality. He was articulate and candid. He had, he told me, begun stealing at a very early age. He stole money from his mother; he forged his father's signature on checks and cashed them; he stole personal property from his friends and relatives and sold it to get spending money. When his father finally sent him to work, in the hope that he would develop personal responsibility, Blinky forthwith stole his employer's car and sold it.

The remarkable thing about Blinky's reminiscences was the tone of them. At no point did he hint at shame or remorse; when he told of betraying the trust of his friends, of preying on, and no doubt humiliating, his family, he sounded as matter-of-fact as a farmer discussing his crops. The closest he came to self-criticism was to describe the theft of the motorboat (his brother's) that had landed him in prison as "a damn fool trick—I was bound to get caught."

You aren't in prison long before you are struck with the "differentness" of people who seem to feel no guilt. Like Blinky, they are as impulsive, as unrestrained by reason or the fear of con-

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ALAN DUGAN

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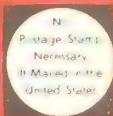
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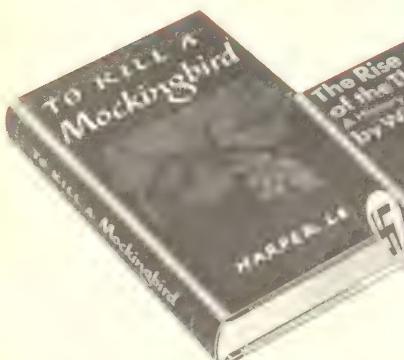
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THE EASY CHAIR

sequences, as a two-year-old child; they act as though there would never be a tomorrow and are almost totally self-centered. What clearly sets these people apart, however, is their unfeelingness. Their imperviousness to such normal emotions as compassion, pity, and guilt marks them as fundamentally unreformable.

A prisoner I'll call Clint Powell gave me an exceptionally long and close look at the nature of unreformability. Clint, an affable, articulate man then in his late twenties, had originally been sentenced to three years for larceny. With less than sixty days left to serve, he was working on a trusty labor gang when he assaulted a guard and escaped in a stolen car. He was captured an hour or two later, tried on a new set of charges, and sentenced to thirty years.

I MET Clint by buying a typewriter from him shortly after I came to the prison. A few days later, he gave me a handwritten letter addressed to his mother, and a note. The typewriter, it seemed, was a gift from Clint's mother, and he didn't want her to know he had sold it. Would I, therefore, please type his letters to her and spare her needless pain? I typed the letter for him, and from it I gathered that Clint's mother was a working woman and far from affluent. Clint wrote her that he wouldn't mind having a new pen-and-pencil set (he specified a particular and expensive brand) and that his fund for canteen purchases was running low. I typed three letters before I decided that, in sparing his mother pain, I was costing her too much money.

After serving ten years, Clint was paroled. Less than two weeks later he jumped parole and went on a cross-country check-writing spree. In a matter of weeks he was arrested and sentenced to prison in another state. While there he wrote an autobiographical article and had it published in a national confession magazine: all of his trouble, Clint declared to the world, was traceable to his mother's methods of child rearing.

Several years later, Clint became a trusty. He promptly escaped, got hold of a fountain pen, and resumed writing phony checks until he was

once again arrested and returned to prison. He ground out another two or three years, failed in another escape attempt, and finally was returned, as a parole violator, to take another crack at his thirty-year sentence in his first prison.

In another few years, he was re-paroled and again arrested—this time for transporting a stolen car across a state line. He is at present serving time in a federal penitentiary, after which he will be returned to whittle another chunk off the thirty-year jolt he started working on almost two decades ago.

PEOPLE like Clint and Blinky (and they are by no means rare in prison) are going to inhabit one penal institution or another until the day they die. They are unreformable, not because of the number or the nature of their misdeeds, but because they lack the qualities necessary for reformation. Emotionally stunted, they are immune to appeals to conscience and moral sense, and to the painful logic of cause-and-effect punishment. They are failures simply because they are incomplete human beings, and the notion that human agencies can make them whole isn't borne out by experience.

If correction is to be one of the serious goals of prison, then we must start by weeding out the unreformables. This would not be hard to do, for their characteristics are impossible to conceal. The sorting-out machinery, in fact, is already available, in the ordinary prison classification systems. This marking is now used—not to promote any corrective end—but merely to simplify the job of running the institution.

When I worked in the prison's classification department, my job was to type up case histories. They are revealing documents compiled by experts. Each one includes the prisoner's criminal and military records; reports from many sources including his schools, former employers, members of his family, friends, and other institutions he has served in. It includes a personality analysis, based both on test results and on an interview with a psychologist. This information can be, and is, used as a guide for institutional job placement, and in detecting escape risks. It also discloses, clearly and unmis-



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takably, the human failures who, in the light of all present knowledge, should be set apart as unreformable. But no use at all is made of this disclosure; in the existing framework of the penal system, no use can be made of it.

Shunting these prisoners out of the way need not end efforts to unearth a remedy. Research into the enigma of the "unreformables" should certainly continue. But the notion that the puzzle necessarily has a key—the assumption that every convict somehow can and should be "rehabilitated"—has for too long beclouded the aims of our penal system. If my thirteen years in prison did nothing else, they convinced me that we will not begin to do a creditable job of salvaging the convicts who are reformable until goals that are clear, realistic, and achievable replace the impossibly ambiguous and sentimental ones that make the nation's prisons chaotic and ludicrously ineffective today.

This is not likely, however, so long as two powerful and opposed groups hold out against change. The first, and probably strongest are the eye-for-an-eye traditionalists: no great advance in penology is likely until they relax their insistence that prisons must be places of punishment. The second are those kindly (and often sentimental) folk who believe that every transgressor can be converted into a good citizen by good treatment: they cannot admit that nature creates just as many irreclaimable failures among the human species as among any other. Only if both of these extreme positions are modified can prisons begin to serve the one overall goal that makes sense—protecting society.

IT is possible, without being starry-eyed about it, to visualize a prison system that would have a fair chance of doing just that. The first step would be the acceptance of two basic truths. One is that long-extended punishment and reformation are antagonistic and mutually obstructive. The other is that convicts come in all degrees of tractability and reformability; that to subject them all to the same treatment is certain to produce more failures than successes.

Starting at this point and with the protection of society as the goal, prisons could be vastly different.

First of all, there would be more of them; they would be smaller, and much cheaper to build and operate. There would be more because the policies and methods of treatment in each would be geared to inmates of a specific level of reformability. In most of them (for the majority of prisoners are tractable), regimentation would be slight and custody considerations minor. Such prisons would try to develop sensible methods of helping prisoners fit themselves for law-abiding life. In others—those housing prisoners who are less tractable, less reformable, more hazardous to society—security would be progressively tightened as the situation required. But however forbidding their records, the door would never be closed on these men; experience has shown that essentially reformable prisoners, many-time losers though they may be, are never hopeless cases.

But on those prisoners who clearly show the personality defects that mark them as unreformable, it is futile to try any of the methods we now use. Once we have segregated them, perhaps some kind of treatment could be devised. At present, they must be removed from the path of those who can be helped.

The system here proposed would be difficult to achieve; operating it would probably require more brains, determination, good judgment, and imagination than the penological world can now supply. But the benefits of flexibility would be immediate and considerable. Such a system, properly administered, would end the economic absurdity of throwing prisoners into huge cellblock complexes, behind million-dollar walls, when the great majority could be confined just as safely in plasterboard shacks behind barbed wire fences. It would end the cruelty and stupidity of needlessly embittering the majority by subjecting them to the humiliating discipline required by only a few. It would relieve prisons of the magician's task of confining the prisoner physically, while uplifting him morally, while punishing him unrelentingly. It would, in short, give prisons a realistic purpose—which has been missing in our penitentiary system for all of the hundred-odd years that it has been in existence.



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AFTER HOURS



THE AMERICANS TRANSPLANTED by J. A. Maxtone Graham

A Scottish farmer and writer explores a stately English country manor and finds some surprising and authentic Americana—from a Valuables Bag to a Snow Snake.

SOME years ago, my wife, glancing through our mail and coming on a friend's change-of-address card, exclaimed: "Oh, I see Jack's now working for someone in Virginia; who on earth is Colonel Williamsburg?" A little research in *The World Almanac* soon straightened out the misunderstanding; later, I read more of how early American life had been reconstructed there for the benefit of the twentieth century, but I doubted whether I would ever have a chance to see it.

Now, since July 1961, it has been possible for Britons to visit Williamsburg in miniature at the American Museum in Britain, a couple of miles outside Bath in Somerset. A fortnight after it opened, I drove down to see it, and joined the crowd which thronged the rooms of Claverton Manor.

"Textiles," said the middle-aged Old Etonian behind me, "are a Great Bore. Let's move on." I myself was due to move on anyway; half an hour later I remembered I'd left

my light meter in the Textile Room, and going back for it I found the O.E. and his wife still there, greatly unbored and enthralled by the careful gay patterns of the two dozen eighteenth-century quilts, the making of which was the communal social activity of early American girlhood.

Claverton Manor is like that; I would defy the most hardened museophobe not to enjoy his visit. You start off in a seventeenth-century Keeping Room whose heavy ceiling and foot-wide floor boards were taken from a house in Wrentham, Massachusetts. Here you can see the family parlor, completely furnished and set for a Bible reading. The master of the house, naturally, had the best chair, a fine ladder-back of maple and hickory; the rest of the family had to make do with plainer stuff. Every detail is there—the clock, the betty-lamp, a table which was once the property of the first-born white American, Peregrine White, the great brick hearth, the diamond-paned window, and, in the adjoining entry staircase, the Valuables Bag, always ready for a quick getaway.

This last item makes us, who live in a country where no enemy has set foot for 900 years, realize how precarious was life in early America; Hollywood has given us the impres-

sion that the Indians were rarely successful in their forays against the white man, but the Valuables Bag is a terse reminder of how many settlers must have lost their lives or homes to the natives.

IT WAS partly to counter Hollywood's somewhat unbalanced portrayal of American life that D. Dallas Pratt, chairman of the Halcyon Foundation, and Mr. John Judkyn, its treasurer, decided to set up an American Museum in Britain. Three or four years ago the Skirring family, who had owned Claverton since the 1860s, decided to sell it to pay death duties—and here was the ideal house for the Museum. Not large, as Georgian country houses go, some eighty feet by sixty, it was built in 1820 by Sir Jeffry Wyatville using the local light-brown Bath stone in the Greek revival manner. It has a double bow-front, with breath-taking view straight down into the Avon valley, and over to a lonely farmhouse perched half-way up the far slope.

Inside I could see just how much work has been put into the Manors in the last two years. Ian McCallum, the young architect who is the museum's director, showed me the dozen complete rooms which he has to build into the framework of the

AFTER HOURS

house. Several rooms from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries include, besides the Keeping Room, a "birning room," which was sometimes used for guests but whose nearness to the facilities and warmth of the kitchen made it most suitable for use during illness and childbirth—and Conkey's Tavern.

It was here that Captain Daniel Shays plotted his "Little Rebellion" against the State of Massachusetts in 1786. Now, in Somerset, the room has been rebuilt around the original fireplace lintel. The large hearth had a glowing wood fire; next to it was a beehive oven from which a cute young eighteenth-century lady was raking the ashes when I arrived. (You heat this kind of oven by lighting a fire inside, clear it out when it is hot enough, and then go ahead and cook.) She was making gingerbread from an old American recipe—and no electric mixers allowed, either. I stayed for several batches of gingerbread; while I waited she showed me how the barmen in such joints had to be protected from their customers by a solid, a very solid, wooden grille.

I saw, too, the Shaker Room. Here, little constructional work had been necessary, for I learned that the Shakers were distinguished by the great simplicity of their lives; and this room might have been any room in the world but for the wooden fillet, studded with long pegs every eighteen inches, which lined the wall six feet above the floor. On these pegs they would hang chairs and other superfluous furniture while they were scrubbing and dusting. "There is no dirt in Heaven" was their favorite slogan. They were for the most part hard-working farmers and seed salesmen; also great herbalists and natural healers, and you are shown the sort of things they sold—butternut, wolfsbane, slippery elm, and ointment of marshmallow.

THE Museum also has several rooms of the nineteenth century, including a splendidly lavish New Orleans bedroom (not forgetting the mosquito net) of the period just before the Civil War. Here there is a cleverly faked window (faked because it happens to come slap in the middle of the Manor) showing the wisteria-covered wrought-iron bal-

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AFTER HOURS

cony that is the trade mark of that city. I did not care for Duncan Phyfe's Greek revival furniture, but it must clearly have a place in a museum such as this. In fact, I spoke to a woman, a Wife of Bath on her third visit to Claverton since it had opened two weeks before, who told me this was the room she enjoyed most.

Down in the basement, near Conkey's Tavern and the carpenter's shop and the room where the New Mexican exhibits are to be shown this year, are a number of glass cases with Indian clothes, charms, utensils, and weapons. Now I realized that British children have been swindled and misled for years; I have yet to see any of their popular headdresses correctly made, in other words with that extra piece of downy feather tied to the tip of the large one. Nor do British toy shops sell Indian shirts with locks of human hair sewn to them; I have now told my own children that this would be correct wear and they are, of course, delighted.

I have not told them about the Snow Snake, because I am saving it up for the winter. The Snow Snake is a weighted wooden missile, highly polished on the outside, which a skilled thrower can hurl a full mile along a curving alley in the snow. It appears that Father has to drag a sizable log through the snow to make the track, the inside of which, once thawed and refrozen, makes an exceedingly fast surface. To get extra distance in this sport, the Indians tried all sorts of dressings to make the Snake more slippery. Presumably it is necessary to have another team at the other end of the slide to record the lengths of the throws and to return the missiles.

BY FAR the most crowded room, both for numbers of visitors and for quantity of exhibits (there are over a thousand), is the nineteenth-century store. To a nation like ours which imagines there is, and presumably has been, a supermarket or department store at every American doorstep, it is a salutary revelation that there existed, and in fact still exist, equivalents of our own village shops which sell everything from bootlaces to bacon, and act at the same time as post office, advertising agency, gossip center, and employ-

Harper's

magazine

NEXT MONTH

A CATHOLIC LOOKS AT
AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM

A frank, spirited appraisal of the contradictions and prejudices that becloud the relations of Protestants and Catholics.

By Daniel Callahan

SCHIZOPHRENIA AND
SUNSHINE

What happened when a daring Swedish psychiatrist took a group of "hopeless" mental patients on an Italian holiday.

By Robert Littell

THE RIDDLE OF ELIA KAZAN

Portrait of the Napoleonic director who will shape the destiny of the new Lincoln Center Theatre.

By Thomas B. Morgan

DEAD HORSE
AND FEATHERBIRD

The thorniest problem of modern labor relations—featherbedding: its cause and cure.

By Paul Jacobs

PLUS . . .

How to Live with Your Husband's Coronary, by Terry Allen.
East Africa: The Birth Pangs of Independence, by Edward R. F. Sheehan.

AFTER HOURS

ment exchange. Men's and women's clothes hang from the roof beside hanks of rope, scythes, and wire frames for crinolines; a glass case in the middle of the room holds highly decorated galluses and those other items of wear which would spoil with handling.

In the case, too, are several boxes of edifying children's games like the one played with cards called "Choice Thoughts from Longfellow." Another and I imagine more adult game, some kind of maze, dates from the 1880s and is labeled: "Blaine Is in How Can Harrison Get Him Out? The New York *World* offers a reward of \$100 for the first correct solution." The guide in the room was unable to tell me any details of this particular piece of political skulduggery—the only time I failed to find out all I wanted. The guides are all women, all British, all part-time, and all full of information. Part-time afternoon work for wives is hard to come by in this country, and those I spoke to were enjoying their job.

A hundred yards from the house lie the stables, rather unusually designed on a semicircular plan. Delightfully reconstructed as a picture gallery, the stables housed, for the opening season last year, some fifty paintings from the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art collection, including several by Edward Hicks and Ammi Phillips, and, from the same collection, various examples of wooden sculpture. This year, the Museum's own collection of American Folk Art is on show for the first time. Among a quantity of sculpture and paintings are two fine cigar-store Indians, two dozen snipe decoys, and a Mohawk warrior figurehead.

FOR the two parties of schoolchildren who were among the three hundred visitors that afternoon, I have no doubt that Claverton was the easiest and most valuable history lesson they have had. To an adult Briton, it was a great pleasure to view this microcosm of the transatlantic past, and to observe for once a reversal of the usual westward flow of furniture and of houses, crated stone-by-stone, for removal across the ocean.

Thank you, Dr. Pratt, and you, Mr. Judkyn.

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NOT QUITE POSTHUMOUS LETTER TO MY DAUGHTER

*About handling men, especially poets,
artists, and millionaires*

CAITLIN THOMAS

My Dear Little Daughter,

You are not really so little as all that, I know, since you have just had your eighteenth birthday. But, like all real mothers since the world began, I still think of you as little, and the sweetest thing that God ever made.

I could not bear to see you flounder in the same mud bath of experience that very nearly submerged me altogether and left me the delinquent wreck I am today. I literally believed all that romantic claptrap about the imperativeness of sinking to the bottom for the sake of spiritual enrichment. You may not believe I could be so fantastically daft, but there was no limit to my daftness—nor Dylan's either, for that matter, in those days. But fortunately, in your sober generation, such bohemian license of imagining that every orgy of excess is permitted to the Artist, not to mention the Genius, is absurdly out of date. And fortunately in your case, with the

Catholic religion to uphold you, and the flaming examples of your parents before your eyes, there are no danger signals as yet of your being sucked down into any such degradation of false conceptions. But it is as well to be meticulously prepared, and fully armed, for whatever threats to your resistance may come along.

When I say a "real mother," I obviously don't mean a good mother. I mean a mother who, however bad she is, puts her young fiercely before everybody else; whose love for them is not the sentimental thing that civilized love suggests, but more like the possessive fury of a beast in the jungle, with a potent element of wonder thrown in—wonder at her production of them.

And, since I was born under the sign of Sagittarius—which must represent, in my case, not half horse and half man, but half mare and half mother—and also on the day of the Immaculate Conception, it is inevitable that my most powerful instincts are maternal.

Since I have also now reached the age when I have not an eyelash of physical vanity left—my clackers can rattle down to my flat feet and my wig drop off in front of the howling mob for all

I care—I therefore propose to give you the benefits of what I have learned through spreading my meat on the waters and collecting the bones, bones which, at this precise moment, I am sitting up in bed chewing over.

So I want to save you from making the same mistake as I did of spreading your meat on the waters. Instead, store it in the deep freeze and eke it out, cut by bloody cut, till it is seductively ready to fetch the most profitable price from the highest bidder.

If you wish to become, as I devoutly wish you to become (having never made it myself), the whipped cream of the bourgeoisie and to capture that mythical millionaire whom I never managed to capture, and whom we have now firmly planted in mercenary singleness of mind for once, please listen very carefully to my mellow words of warning.

I need not tell you again that if we are to make this delicate penetration into the genteel realms of respectability, which is a necessary operation at this stage, you must be the diametrical opposite of what I have been and what I have done. You may perhaps accuse me of boasting of my wrongs, but I assure you, dear, they are far too ignominious to boast about. For they rise up out of the night when I am not on the lookout, and poke under my sleeping defending elbows with vicious prods in the belly. Perhaps my greatest wrong was putting you children before Dylan, instead of trying with all my guts to keep him from the dogs. But then I was as much in need of reforming as he, and reveled with him among the dogs. (It is no good telling me that Hell is in the hereafter; it is here on this bleeding Earth.)

The Unpardonable Error

There was too, in that frivolous age, the crazy idea that it was clever to drink to extinction and clever to be promiscuous—which gave a mock glamour to these tawdry occupations—and people who did neither were considered unutterably drab and boring. But I seemed to be hypnotized by these accumulated wrongs, which are the reason for me finding myself at this late date in the identical squalor of despair that I started out in—surrounded always by sordid confusion and defeated regiments of empty reproving bottles. This kind of poverty may be tolerable for a limited time in youth, but if it goes on too long it pulls down the spirit and stultifies the soul, so that even the impulse to move out of it gets blocked. Never make the unpardonable error, then, of thinking that it is romantic to be poor.

So let this be your first chastening lesson on

what must be radically changed. Let your burning preoccupation be to get us out of this squalor dump that I have so abysmally failed to get us out of. Let us single-mindedly concentrate on the material betterment of our domestic and social position. For, far from becoming more spiritual as one gets older as is generally supposed, I have become a virago of fanatical materialism.

I can see clearly now the perfect logic of Granny Thomas' suggestion—in our newly married barmily balmy days sponging on her in the Tight provinces—that we should put by half-a-crown a week to be buried tidy, though we were superbly indignant, of course, at that moneyless time. When one has no money one can despise it with a free untrammeled conscience. But ever since, I have been busily totting up how many half-crowns would have accumulated had I the Welsh sense to do so. Incidentally, it might not be a bad idea if you started thinking about being buried tidy. But Dylan escaped early from such mercenary beggings, as he always said he would, leaving me to prove that a bone head lasts longer than a head of consuming fire.

I would advise a recent amasser of a slathering heap of mint-new money (rather than the aristocrat amasser of a hereditary fortune) because this loud vulgar type likes to spend, to show off, and enjoy his new-found wealth. On the other hand, with the refined indifference of the habitual money-holder goes a congenital streak of acute meanness, which accounts for his holding onto it for so long. He will write a reluctant check when positively forced to do so, but is far too clumsy to carry loose jingling coins in his pockets. His poor companion with no bank account automatically pays the taxi and hands over cash for tips which are never reimbursed. On such embarrassing occasions the heir's abstract attention is riveted on some distant point of the horizon.

I have developed a grave mistrust of his kind, being accustomed to Dylan's crooked world of bouncing checks. So hold on tight every time to the strutting peasant with bulging money bags strung all about his ostentatious person; his lack of blood breeding will be amply compensated for by his native kindliness. A lot of warm vulgarity

In 1957 Caitlin Thomas wrote "*Leftover Life to Kill*" after the death of her husband, Dylan Thomas. Now having left Wales and living in Sicily, she has written a new book from which this "Letter" is adapted. It will be published next year by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

is incomparably preferable to a little bit of pinched niceness. (I am not referring to the peasants who remain in the fields, for they are as craftily mean as the aristocrats can be.)

Because of the importance of money and the adulation it brings, and also because of the good a plodding occupation does to your moral character, I am determined you shall learn a trade of a nice solid wage-earning kind, no matter how dull, and harbor your inner strength and future potentialities as jealously as pearls in an oyster.

This stodgy trade—something as plebeian as a nodding, tapping secretary, but severely aloof—is merely to mark time, of course, till our decrepit millionaire strolls along and spots you. The possession of a reputable job (nothing remotely intellectual, for heaven's sake) creates a favorable impression. As soon as he is well impaled and wriggling upon the hook, you can drop the job like a ton of typewriters. And just in case you don't hook him, there is always the job to fall back on.

But whatever you do, keep away from Art and Artists. They tend to land up on the dung heap. A woman should never make tedious generalities about Art, the soul, or such high-flown abstractions. But I am afraid that is a particularly brash vice of mine and, if Dylan could hear me now, he would undoubtedly give me a flip over the head with his fragile hand, not even achieving a dent of impression. For the last thing he would ever do was to talk about poetry, and least of all Art. However, he got his own back by reading out his poems to me at length, just when I was in the middle of some dirty job, causing a general paralysis of my unresponsively ignorant being. No doubt why I have hardly taken in a word of what he has written—merely the foam-breaking-on-the-rocks noise. All that seriously bothered Dylan was the arrangement of patterns of words, and which particular word out of his glorious riches of words was the most apt. That, and a continuous headache of debts.

So, unless you are irresistibly shoved beyond all human control to create, let the little buds of creation wither for lack of cultivation, and if they dare to pop out, cut them crudely back. They will do more harm than good, for there is already a glut of bad creation and you are not likely to be in the minority of the Elect. Anyone who has attempted to create knows the hellishness of it, the chronic dissatisfaction of the Artist for whatever he has done, which is never good enough. The sweat and blood of labor pains are by comparison a mild bilious attack. So stick, my child, for goodness' sake, to creating babies,

washing nappies, and crooning lullabies. A woman's place, as Dylan never ceased to tell me in vain, is in the bed or at the sink, and the extent of her travels should be from one to the other and back.

How to Tackle a Party

You are bound, as a coming-out girl, to go to parties, however deadpan-grim they are, with hoards of half-baked adolescents dripping their limp lusts all over the contemporary suicid scene. So let's get down to the philosophy of the party and how best to tackle it.

A party is a crass and cruel invention merely to test your social capacity for grueling survival. You must banish at once all absurd illusions of anything so prehistorically dated as enjoyment; of seeing yourself deliriously swept away; of losing yourself in an intoxicating whirl of brilliant company, scintillating talk, intriguing flirtation; of spotting "Mr. Romantic Right" behind every glass.

If you wish to master the art of mastering a party—instead of being mastered by it—you must never romantically say what you mean. For sincerity is the damping blanket on the edge of dry humor, and leads to those two yawning pitfalls of provincialism: long-winded heavy earnestness and, more rural still, petty enumerations of factual domesticities or geographical landmarks. Both are to be avoided like a plague of hymndroning locusts.

Hold all your opinions in light, for lightness is the crowning hypocrisy most to be sought, after disparaging ridicule. Or you, your precious self, will become the butt of light disparaging ridicule.

Sex slinks, slithers, and slimes somewhere in the background, but on a pathetically secondary level to humor. And unless it can be lasciviously humanized into a scoffing tale of jolly bawdry, it is no more than a lecherous indecency done in haste on the back stairs, and swilled down afterwards into shamefaced oblivion, never to be vulgarly referred to again. Sex is, in any case, a much safer plaything to leave to bearded rollicking men. For women, if they are so rash as to mention it in a light frivolous vein, will only cheapen themselves in the eyes of the best upright citizens.

So first and foremost, always remember that you are predominantly a woman, which signifies possessing all the womanly guile and graces that a woman is made to deceptively practice by men's blind desire for them. Being a woman proper means embodying, in the feather-lined nest of

your person, a small fragile hatch of couched softness and sweetness. Which is what true womanliness still personifies, or, if it does not any more, the myth still holds good. This means that, even if in reality her yielding shell contains a hard-boiled yolk of mercenary ambition, she must serve up her garnished egg at the table of male delectation, all a-shake and a-tremble with soft-boiled, running-over compliance. It means that the stress must insistently be on the symbols of femininity: bust, bum, legs, lips.

If you want to gain the magnetized attention of the crowd, gossip and scandal will unfailingly draw rich gourmands to ask for more. But you must be most pedantically particular never to hit upon the physical appearance, or the cascading-down-the-falls reputation of one of your own catty sex, because, before you know where you are, she will be spitefully hitting back at you, with a vanity pricked cat-of-nine-tails.

Religiously refer to other women in terms of unbelievably honeyed sentiment, even if you loathe their guts, and it sounds blatantly false to your ears. For it will be complacently sucked up as their just due, and they will go around saying that you are not half so bad as they thought at first, in spite of your unfortunate, putting-off exterior, and show a real understanding character underneath.

When playing on the sentimental blind spots of a famous, spitted, bearded, and deaf sugar daddy, who jocularly gives you a resounding slap on the bottom, try not to jump bawling in the air with repelled fury. Instead give a breathless gasp of flattered delight and rub the spot in fun with coaxing squeaks of pleased, invented pain, even if you would have preferred by far his attractive son to be so objectionably forward.

Perhaps to polish off my wise party-going counsels, I should give you a guiding introduction to the types of people you might be likely to meet.

Perverts

Because they are nearly always cleverer than the average functionally normal person, they are consequently also more sensitive and more responsive. So they make the easiest, most amusing company with which to start the evening. Familiar with all the feminine details of intimate apparel and feline seductiveness, they possess, in addition, that extra-sympathetic intuition of a woman—with the brooding, moody, cud-chewing cowhalf removed. Nevertheless, if they are roused to jealous displeasure at the perfidy of a love mate, they become ten times as petty, twenty

times as spiteful, and a million times more scarlet-taloned than any housewife or homely whore.

Decadents

Decadents, too, are excessively good company at a party, since excess is their roaring trade. One's only nervous fear is that they will suddenly leap with no apparent provocation from being excessively pleasant to being excessively unpleasant; from polite compliments to excessive amorousness; or abruptly retire and be excessively sick all over the best bedroom carpet. Thinking they have nothing to lose, they don't mind losing it. They revel in thickly spreading the contagious stench of their decay, whereas the primly isolated stingies who think they have something to lose are forever on the lookout to protect their precious hoard.

But the incorrigible Decadent delights in his decadence. I ought to know, for among other improper things, I am a proper one.

Why Artists Are Utterly Hopeless

You have already had sufficiently pummeled into you the utter hopelessness of Artists from every woman's permanent point of view. Since bleak barrenness is their natural element in which to work best, when they go to a party they do anything insane to destroy the previous intolerably real, for they see too much reality. Because they give to their work all that is most vital in them, what is left over is often unavoidably dull. With all his piled-up drawbacks (the Artist rarely has money either, for Art never pays enough, and if it does, he can't hold onto it), he should be put away in quarantine for a rainy day that never comes.

Of all the Artists, the Musician is the most prosaic, never emerging from his own mysterious cave of mathematical music-making.

The Painter is the slowest, the calmest, the most even-tempered, the best looking, and, I am told, the best lover. (It is his prerogative to draw the figure in the nude—so automatically, as his draftsman's due, he molests the model.) But he is also the vainest. He even has the impertinence to try to write, which is a contradiction of his visual material. Few writers would seriously try to paint.

The Writer is the ugliest, definitely the most nervous and temperamental, and undoubtedly the most interesting because he does after all use words by profession. He can even be very entertaining, though he is more likely to be so if he is a Lesser Writer, who expends himself

with compensatory wit—or, better still, if he is a flopped failure, who must give all he has of imaginative fantasy to justify his failure. The work of the Writer is the hardest, beside which hacking rocks in a concentration camp is child's play, and since he is forced to use every squeezed-out ounce of his intelligence, he is the most miserable, sympathetic devil of the lot.

The Sculptor is the spitting image of the hunks of stone that he sculpts—an insoluble conflict between the womb-dominated weight of stone and his soaring image, which point-blank refuses to soar. But, fortunately for Artists, posterity does not show its damning or pedestalizing hand till all the players have left the gaming-room. For Sculptors are the most incomprehensible, poker-bluffing players of the whole conniving bunch.

And Actors Are Worse

Then there are the interpretive Artists, like actors, singers, dancers, and musical instrument players—a relentless class of colossal vanity, ruthless ambition, and vicious backbiting.

Because their Art exists only in the living moment of performance, in the now or never of time, they depend more urgently on their looks, their youth, their health, and their sustaining ability. So their Art has an element of dread panic in it for the day when they can do no more, when the body stops, and the spirit goes on ticking without it.

Take the Guitarist as a typical example. Will he never realize that he is not the most fascinating creature in the universe? If only he could be heard in the background distance, it would be so restfully preferable. Then somebody else could talk for a change. Not everybody is a happy, lethargic listener to hypnotic noising. Some like their own awful noise best.

Like the amateur handyman, the interpretive Artist can't bear not to be watched intently all the time while working—his supreme satisfaction is in the response of his audience. I would strongly dissuade you from having anything to do with an interpretive Artist, who is even more unbelievably selfish than a creative one. And that is saying a glutton's mouthful.

The Provincial

The Provincial is possibly your best bet in the marriage market, in spite of his lukewarm, cabbage-water respectability; in spite of his adoration for the ordinary; in spite of his being all posh lavishness on top and wrinkled sour grapes below. If you get an exceptional Provincial, he

will preserve the same sacred esteem for the united family but will also be open, individual, free-thinking. The only impending catastrophe is that he will go too riotously to the other, banknote-flinging extreme, and show too great a lack of restraint—in which tragic case he will be a greater dead loss as a dependable husband than the unenlightened grooved Provincial.

He might even go so far as to become a cracking good Artist, for many of them do, and that would inevitably be the end of wedding bells for you.

The ideal for you would be a compromise between the rooted, stuck-in-the-town-gutter Provincial, and the one who tosses his trilby over the slag heaps. Then you would get both the homely comfort and a stimulating human being who thinks when he acts. But perhaps we are asking too much. At this analytical rate, you will remain a pining spinster till Kingdom come, which doubtless is the happiest way to be.

The Journalist

Journalists are as disruptive a menace to the public body as stones in the gall bladder are to the private body. They are the scavengers of society who, possessing no guts of their own, tear out the guts of celebrities. After the sweet surrendering act, the hypocritical jollying along of the kindly intimate interview, they then viciously vent all their own pent-up petty, cheaply obnoxious spite on their victim of greatness. However, they are not a serious worry to a big enough person, for libelous though they may be, nobody can seriously hurt the reputation of a Great person. If he is hurt, he is not Great.

Be very careful never to be taken in by Journalists' devoted protestations of true friendship. They are congenitally incapable of true friendship, or true anything else.

The Colored People

Because of the foul and filthy persecutions they have been made to suffer, it is no longer permissible to treat them with racial carelessness. You must always give them instead an extra indication of your especial appreciative regard, and make your sympathy felt. But beware that you never show the remotest trace of condescension, or they will spot it at once and despise you for a pretentiously ignorant oaf.

The Intellectual

As a result of so much undiluted mind stuffing, the Intellectual's prospects of personal social attractions will be extremely dubious, since he

is neatly cut off, in his printed mansions of paper, from all the human sides of life—unless he has, as they sometimes do have, a pathological mania for the contrast of sappy juveniles. Then he secretly likes to mingle erotically his dryness of parched flesh with your succulence of fruity flesh.

The Dipsomaniac

The Dipsomaniac is understandably the miserable manifestation that I know most about. At a party, he is not a profitable contact for you because after his first genuine advances, your vibrating relationship will be steadily swallowed up in the vibrantly dominant attractions of the liquor. He will see you eventually through a bemusing cloud of dazed enhancement of your image, which will have no human connection with the real you, till he becomes unattainably divided by a blaring blurring ocean of drink from any articulate contact with you. By the morning it is an understood tragedy—he will have forgotten all about you.

Professional Men

I have a surrendering weakness for Professional Men, most childishly weak for Doctors, who (in spite of my own cynical disbelief when out of their intoning spell) still succeed in conveying—by their clean-shaven faces, graying-at-the-temples hair, brisk and efficient, while rallying manner—a feeling of reassurance.

But every susceptible woman wonders whether—since he is so repulsively intimate with the lower dysfunctionings of the body—can he possibly be capable of feeling romantically inclined toward his lugubrious workshop? Will his technical knowledge ruin or enhance his technique as a lover? She has been informed, on other susceptible women's authority, that he does not connect his workshop with a woman detached from his job, when he is courting. But, although in her weak subjection to him she longs for him to experiment, he, on the contrary, seems singularly uninterested, as though she were merely a faulty machine he is tinkering with in his workshop—which of course adds enormously to his unapproachable, sphinx fascination. So I am afraid I can't clear up this dilemma for you, although I think it must be a nice change to have somebody who knows what he is doing, if not passionately doing it, rather than a passionate bungler.

The Police

Whatever can have made a sane man choose to be a Policeman? Quite a number of these pre-

sumptuously strutting, buttoned-up nobodies misguidedly believe that it is a noble profession, as inspired with missionary zeal as the Priesthood. So, just as you must love the persecuted peoples on principle, you must loathe these downers of personal independence in the name of the Law, who grow fat on the culpability of the deprived rebellious.

Solicitors

Before concluding my list of types that you might encounter at the party, I must make a final obituary to the Solicitor's diplomatic evasions—more pertinently called skilled and gifted lying. Since he is taught by profession to lie, he is virtually incapable of ever behaving naturally and freely, let alone doing anything so controversial as telling the truth. Never hope for, then, a romance with a Solicitor, for he will only switch on his insuperable combination of evasion and delaying tactics and you will find yourself at the epilogue, precisely where you were at the prologue, out in the foggy, foggy dew.

The Farmer and Gentleman Farmer

What with the matrimonial disadvantages of the previous, more sophisticated types, I think it might be wiser and safer for you to forget all about the vampish lures into High Society, which—even if it exists anymore—is hopelessly out of date, financially diminished, and excessively deadly. For the vaunted life of leisure—pottering and dabbling idleness—is, I think we agree, both demoralizing to the spirit and softening to the body. So we shall have to get somebody from the country, as root-bedded in the country as ourselves and all Dylan's farming ancestors way back in pastoral Wales.

The trouble is that an unbridgeable discrepancy exists between the wooden, whiskered, bluff Farmer—with his paintbox farm and painted imaginary animals—and the living embodiment of that proverbially romantic figure. The living earthy Farmer is but a pinching, small, money-scraping step removed from a bestial farm laborer, growling his accumulated wrongs—of the weather, of the crops, of the prices—with never a sun or rain of hope in his permanent drought.

There are such phenomena as Gentlemen Farmers scattered educationally over the landscape who are more similar to the fabled genuine article. In their Harris tweeds, striding Wellington boots, and deliberate carelessness of patched-up working togs, with farm dirt picturesquely applied by hand, they display all the

go-ahead enthusiasm that the authentic sour, crabbed and mean Farmer in clergyman-black suit conspicuously lacks.

So the Gentleman-improved Farmer might be the gullawing answer to our abortive search for the ideal husband. He is slightly marred, however, by his appallingly educated accent. A galling voice and an ecstatically giving-up-the-ghost BBC pronunciation may seem to you small drawbacks to fret against. But I assure you that in the constant inescapable communion of marriage they become maddening menaces and you may be inclined to decide that the stuck-pig Farmer, monosyllabically grunting at five grunts an hour, would have been preferable after all.

It is true that the Gentleman enjoys the refinements of delicate foods and rare wines. He knows how to take his liquor and how to hold it, and will always be plausibly presentable and passably articulate in company. The avaricious rooting farming pig, burying his pot of coined pounds under the flagstones, is content to get along with such low-class dishes as faggots, tripe, and onions, boiled side of bacon, cabbage, and parsley sauce—all, incidentally, most delicious. As for his gifts in company, his illiterate speech will be tortoise-slow and dogmatic, centering undeviatingly on how much more profit can be wrung out of his plot of land. So it is no good expecting him to suddenly burgeon into Oscar Wilde brilliance.

Presumably too, as a further inducement for the Gentleman, his love-making performance is appreciably more frequent in action, more sensi-

tive in treatment, and more sophisticated in variations than the other Farmer's orgy, mostly saved up for Saturday night. As far as nakedness goes, neither has the simple Farmer ever seen a shorn fully naked man. The only tenaciously sticking rag of clothing that he peels unwillingly off himself is his glued-together trousers, apart from his Gorgonzola boots, which he usually remembers to take off for the sake of saving wear and tear of the leather and the sheets. But otherwise he religiously sticks to his scratchy flannel shirt, reaching down to his knobby knees, come heatwave, come earthquake.

But then Gentlemanly refinements are not everything either. And the petty annoyances of laid-on-with-a-sugar-tongs refinement can justifiably outweigh the physical offense of crude violation. Not that I am seriously advocating the stuck-pig Farmer, because his lack of any finer sensation (let alone elementary sanitation, any ameliorating nicenesses, or any mental communion whatever) would inevitably get you flagstone-down in the end. The primitive is very beautiful in theory, but very desolate in empty practice.

We have thinned out considerably the competitors to your marital favors, and there is no doubt that the Gentleman Farmer heads the list so far.

So slattern of little faith, listen to your Mother Machree. For if you can't trust that crone of love potions, that bag of blarney and magic spells, who can you trust?

THE KIND OF MAN A WOMAN TRUSTS . . .

STATISTICS seem to prove that about 90 per cent of the gasoline-buying public is female. Apparently one of the little woman's manifold tasks is to keep the tank full of gas, and where she stops for a refill is sheer female whimsy. . . . In an all-out effort to get the girls, the Cities Service Oil Company has recently hired . . . John Weitz, sportswear designer, to recondition its personnel. . . . When John Weitz got out his sketch pad to design attendants' uniforms, he tried to think first of all what kind of a man a woman trusts on sight. He's the druggist, it seems. The Weitz everyday uniforms are pharmaceutical-length belted smocks. . . . A winter pullover looks like the jacket of a sea-going skipper, a character also associated with sturdiness and strength in a woman's mind. The boss of each joint will be turned out in a country-club-like, three-button blazer with patch pockets, giving him the personality of a very upper-crust businessman. He will wear a semi-pork-pie hat. . . . The boys at the pumps will also wear boating hats in summer and convertible Korean campaign hats when it's cold. . . .

—Eugenia Sheppard in the *New York Herald Tribune*, September 28, 1960



Clear the Line for Long Distance

The modern telephone may be efficient, but it doesn't provide the adventure—or the rich, throbbing community life—of the old Party Line.

THE Changing South—from its traditional colorfully relaxed condition to the New Day attitude favoring efficiency and scientific progress—is vividly reflected by what has happened to that venerable institution, the party-line telephone, on our Old Home Place near Lascassas in Middle Tennessee.

The telephone apparatus (and two extensions) that now serve the farmhouse are efficient, neat-looking hand-sets, with no resemblance whatever to the old, oblong, walnut-stained box telephone with its little crank out the side for ringing the operator and a short, slanted wooden shelf at the bottom for an elbow rest. You talked into a cup-shaped mouthpiece, like a little black nose, protruding six inches out beneath a pair of large, round, gleaming bells. All this gave the instrument a curious, big-eyed, needle-nosed appearance, like the physiognomy of some eager insect.

Its successor is equipped with a dial, which responded alertly when I spun it, and immediately a crisp female voice, full of cultured competence, answered my signal. The operator

accepted my complicated directions for reaching a party with an unpronounceable name in an obscure area of New York suburbia. And in less than a minute I was talking effortlessly over hundreds of miles of line to my man who was coming in loud and clear.

This was utterly astounding to one who recalled the days when the Lascassas Telephone Exchange, as an effective communications medium, rated somewhat below the smoke-signals system of the Mountain Utes. In the spring of 1933, for example, I attempted to make a call from more than six hundred miles distant, from Columbia, Missouri, where I was attending college. Considering what developed, I have long felt that this event should be chronicled among the high moments in the history of communications.

For a proper perspective, one must remember that, thirty years ago, people seldom telephoned long-distance except in cases of disaster or death, and it had to have been somebody pretty important who had died, at that. Not even the operators could dial a number direct across country. Each call had to be relayed from city to city, and you got the illusion of traveling on a lightning bolt across the U. S. A., as the voices of the operators in the various junction points came in on the line, then relayed the information on in the

ever-changing accents and idioms of their areas.

Mighty roarings and hummings of the lines across the streaming miles of North America frequently provided an exciting and stimulating—if frustrating—accompaniment to conversations. Especially at night the long-distance caller had the feeling of traversing the spreading spaces of darkness, out upon the lone prairie, where the coyotes bayed the moon, and the camp fires of the Comanches and the Cheyennes smoked the stars.

Moreover, our telephone system at Lascassas was unusually blessed—or cursed—with colorful infirmities. The switchboard itself, besides the usual loose connections and wornout parts, contained various homely obstructions: dried wads of chewing gum, tangles of human hair, lost limbs of long-defunct dolls, and several dusty almanacs. These caused the old switchboard frequently to utter sounds suggestive of a distant tong war.

The switchboard was situated in a small frame cottage on the edge of the village that the locally owned phone company provided as the home and working quarters of Mr. and Mrs. Abner Riley who were responsible, respectively, for keeping the system in working order and operating the switchboard. They were assisted—if that is the word—by their seven children, so that the circuits were often enlivened by cries of anger, pain, triumph, and defeat, by soggings and chokings, the sounds of falling furniture, and other symptoms of a rich, full family life.

Throughout most of the day, Mrs. Riley, a shapeless, moundlike woman, indulged in languid conversations with her friends and relatives who had telephones, while she munched pieces of yellow sponge cake. The crumbs fell among the plug holes of the switchboard, which inspired a hazard that I believe to be unique in the annals of communications, namely: assault by chickens.

A group of hearty, hungry old hens congregated on warm days about the open, screenless back door of the Riley house, narrowly observing the fall of cake crumbs. Then, when Mrs. Riley wandered out of the room, or became distracted

by some choice piece of gossip, the chickens would dash in, leap upon the shelf of the switchboard, and furiously pluck crumbs from among the connections. It is pointless to try to describe the destructive effect that these peckings, immensely magnified by electricity, had upon the morale even of hardened users of the system. But some subscribers were known to have abandoned use of the telephone entirely.

Our telephone poles were so aged and frail and could hold so few wires that it was necessary to serve a dozen or more subscribers on a single party line with each telephone having its own complicated assigned set of long and short rings. News was scarce in our community, but the population was alert. Thus, when somebody's number sounded, persons in all other homes on that line were likely to take down their own telephone receivers and listen in. This eavesdropping introduced into the conversation in progress additional sounds—half-a-dozen suppers frying, the voices of neighbors lifted in song, or one or more aged phonographs rendering such locally popular favorites as "Ring the Bells of Heaven," "The Two Black Crows," or "Uncle Josh in the Bug House."

Frequently, when two principals in a conversation were having difficulty understanding each other, due to these obligatos, various listeners-in were apt to speak up, abruptly and without invitation, and attempt to give one of the principals *their* interpretation of what the other principal was attempting to convey. These services were usually more confounding than helpful, but they did add dash and flavor to our community life.

Obviously, long-distance calls were practically unheard-of over the Lascassas Exchange, which made Mrs. Riley feel inadequate. She had been heard to say that her fondest desire was to handle just one genuine long-distance call, from some far-off place like Atlanta, Georgia, say, before the Good Lord called her.

But, until something better came along, she gave the full dramatic treatment to the calls that arrived from Nashville, on an average of about once every six weeks. As soon as she learned that a call was arriving all the way from Nashville, and was not originated merely in Murfreesboro, Mrs. Riley became a communicating fool—a virtual ball of fire, as the saying goes. She would slam the connection home until the old switchboard shook, then ring the number with such firmness that all phones on that line fairly danced on their walls. The listeners, alerted by the urgency of the rings, would leap to their positions up and down the line with unusual alacrity.

After attending the University of Missouri, Rufus Jarman worked for several newspapers in Tennessee, Georgia, and Missouri. He has also been on the staffs of "The New Yorker" and "The Saturday Evening Post" and has free-lanced as a magazine writer, TV guest, night-club entertainer, and lecturer. His first book was "A Bed for the Night" (1952), and he is working on another—about the family farm in Tennessee.

But even as they snatched down their receivers, they would hear Mrs. Riley's voice, now raised in clarion warning: "Please Clear This Line For LONG DISTANCE—*PLEASE! ! !*"

Coming from her, the greatest eavesdropper in the community, this sounded of treason, or hypocrisy at least, and caused some of her erstwhile gossiping partners to complain that Clara Riley was getting the big head, or that she was a fine one to be putting on big city airs.

IHAVE been attempting in all this to explain why my decision to undertake my long-distance call from Columbia, Missouri, to Lascassas, Tennessee, was no trivial thing, but was, in its homely way, a matter of potentially historic proportions. My reasons for the call were as follows:

With typical lack of foresight, in the winter of my senior college year, I had neglected to turn in my name in time to be among the graduates listed in the invitations to the commencement exercises in June. But, since I was vice-president of the senior class, my name had been displayed in large type in the front part of the invitations. I figured that, after seeing my name in the front of the book, none of my friends or relatives would bother to read the fine print in the back. And so I mailed out my invitations with no words of explanation.

I had not counted on my grandmother's consuming interest in my education. Failing to find my name among the candidates for degrees, she had checked the names of the other class officers, and found them listed in both places. She concluded naturally that education had been too much for me.

I learned this when I received a consoling letter from her. She said that she had known all along that I had been undertaking too much intellectually—that my courses of study each year, as described to her by me, would have baffled Plato, Aristotle, and the other great scholars of history. She said that she had full confidence that next year, with a less ambitious schedule, I would be able to make it.

Her letter overwhelmed me with a feeling of horrible guilt. It had been Grannie's influence that had finally persuaded Grandpa to send me to the School of Journalism, all the way to the University of Missouri, against his better judgment. She loved me and, I guess, admired me for some reason. She was eighty-four years old, and I had to relieve her mind immediately.

And so, for the first time, I began to consider seriously the possibilities of calling home via the

long-distance telephone. I was fully aware of the weaknesses of the system there, and of the odds against the successful completion of my project, but the extremity of the emergency and my gnawing guilt persuaded me to fly into the face of destiny and common sense.

I did wait until after dark to place the call, figuring that at least the chickens would be on the roost by then. Realizing that some awful hollering on my part was going to be required, and with the idea of causing the least possible alarm among my brethren and in the neighborhood generally, I had selected the most remote telephone in our fraternity house, in a booth on the far end of the third floor. I lifted the receiver, asked for the long-distance operator, and told her where I wanted to call. She obviously thought I was tongue-tied, a practical joker, or drunk.

It required perhaps three minutes to convince her that there really was such a place as Lascassas, and then more time for her to master its pronunciation. Then, the Columbia operator had to go through the same procedure with the operator in St. Louis, and she in turn with the operator to whom she relayed the information, and on and on. But then, after half an hour or so, it began to appear that my call had a good chance of getting through in spite of everything.

Over the moanings and roarings of the lines, I could distinguish the voices of the operators in St. Louis, Evansville, Louisville, and Nashville as they worked my call through the relays. Now Murfreesboro came on, and then a moment later came a mighty confusion of poppings, ringings, grindings, gongings, and clangings. The Lascassas switchboard was joining the circuit.

Next came a dreary sound, part groan, part moan, part salutation which only I recognized as the customary professional voice of Mrs. Riley. Following that initial utterance, she remained silent for fully a minute. I knew that she must be listening with near disbelief to the echoes of strange voices and various faint reverberations that could only mean great distances. Abruptly, she must have realized that here it was at last: Her Moment of Destiny!

"Please Clear The Line For Long Distance—*PLEASE! ! !*" The passion in her voice communicated over all that noise and distance. So did the force of her ringing—five long rings—our number—over and over.

I waited, holding my breath. Was it possible that nobody was home, that my triumph in communication was to be thwarted at the last instant? But now I heard a hollow crashing,

indicating that the receiver on the old phone at home was coming down. And then resounded a familiar bellow: *It was Grandpa!*

Grandpa, who was eighty-six at the time, was not only growing deaf in his old age, but he and I had the same given name. When I tried to tell him who was calling, he thought it was somebody asking if it was indeed he on his end of the line.

Realizing the worst as soon as I recognized his voice, I had sucked in a mighty breath of wind, then bawled at the top of my voice: "Grandpa: This is Rufus!"

"H-a-a-a-a-a-n-n-N-H?" This was a colloquialism meaning (freely translated): "I did not understand what you said; will you please repeat it?"

"Grandpa, this is Rufus," I intoned at the top of my lungs. "Your Grandson, Rufus . . . Rufus JARMAN."

"This heah is Rufus Jarman talking to you. What is it you want?" bellowed Grandpa. He was able to get only an occasional word of mine, which seemed to always be his (our) name.

"I tell you this heah is Rufus Jarman talking to you," he repeated. "It's him talking to you, confound you. Who are you?"

"Rufus, Grandpa, Rufus . . . I am up in Missouri."

"Missouri!" Grandpa had caught another word. "Yas! I may go up there to Missouri in a couple of weeks. Goin' up there to get Rufus! Why don't you speak up so a man can heah what you're a-saying? *Shake up your phone*, why don't you! ?"

He referred to a violent, homely, but sometimes effective method of improving connections on old wall box-telephones. One was expected to seize the receiver hook and jiggle it furiously, then strike the side of the instrument, or preferably kick it, as hard as he could. I was using a stand-up, table-type phone, not well adapted to this treatment. When he heard no crash, Grandpa roared, "I said shake up your phone! Thunderation! Don't you know how to talk on a telephone. Who are you, anyhow!"

"Grandpa, this is Rufus," I wailed hopelessly, from deep in the heart of Missouri.

The neighbors at Lascassas, who apparently had been listening-in with unusual silence up to now, could no longer restrain their urge to be helpful. "Mr. Jarman," I heard one of them speak up, "do you reckon that could be Rufus from wherever it is up Nawth that he is a-going to school?"

"Nawl!" another voice said. "Nawl! That cain't be him. He's too far away."

"You all git off this heah wire," the old gentleman bellowed at his helpers. "You-all git off and hang up! I'm a-having trouble enough now, Lord knows, trying to heah this fool fellow. He won't talk up."

"Speak up, there, confound you. *Shake up your phone!*"

I pounded the bottom of my telephone against the top of the knife-scared table and yelled miserably into the transmitter. Groups of my brethren, attracted by the shouting, had shown up from time to time outside the glass door of the booth trying to look alert, questioning, and helpful. I signaled them vigorously to go away.

But now, after ten minutes of violent exertions, with no results, Grandpa had begun to tire. At eighty-six, he was not physically the man he had once been, or our frustrated conversation might have lasted all night.

"Wait a minute," I heard him say finally. "I will get Will to see if he can make you out."

My father was thirty years younger than Grandpa, with correspondingly newer ears and a calmer disposition. Thus, I was finally able to communicate to him that my scholastic situation at Missouri was not going to prohibit my graduation.

"Well, Son," I heard him say, "I'm mighty glad to hear that. You know, Grandpa had been counting big on coming up there to attend the ceremonies, and if you had not been going to graduate, why Grandpa might not have got to come!"

GRANDPA got there all right. My cousin drove him up for the graduation, which occurred on a fine late spring day with the sun shining and the breezes stirring the campus greenery. The university's great band, of maybe two hundred pieces, provided the music. A Supreme Court Justice was there and delivered the commencement address. Being a class officer and all, I was sitting on the front row. It was a great day.

When the ceremonies were over, I went looking for Grandpa still wearing my cap and gown, diploma in hand. I was anxious to see how carried away he was with the glory of it all. I found him and my cousin, Martin Jr., standing under a tree on the campus. Grandpa's whiskers were blowing in the wind.

"Well Grandpa!" I shouted, bursting triumphantly upon him. "What did you think of it?"

"H-a-a-a-a-a-n-n-N-H?" he bellowed. "Couldn't hear a word he said."

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN

THE TROUBLE WITH TRANSLATION

Reading foreign literature in the English language may be an enriching experience, but like a little learning, it has its dangers.

HERE is an anecdote, possibly apocryphal, about a woman at a cocktail party in Paris telling James Thurber how much she had enjoyed his "delightful sketches" in French translation. "Thank you," said Thurber. "It is undoubtedly true that my writing loses a good deal in the original."

Thurber's humor, here as elsewhere, obliquely points to a truth: this time to the truth that a translation may be better literature than the work which inspired it. For example, for more than a century the best poets and critics in France have thought Edgar Allan Poe a much greater poet than English-speaking poets and critics have thought he was. Aldous Huxley, in *Music at Night*, points out that "the substance of Poe is refined; it is his form that is vulgar;" the distinctively "literary" part of Poe's work (his "walloping dactylic meter," for example), which is vulgar, is untranslatable into French. We can account for Baudelaire's admiration of Poe, Huxley suggests, only by the "happy ignorance of English versification" which permitted him to misread Poe's verse as if the stresses were even, as in French verse, and to hear in it "heaven knows what exotic subtlety of rhythm."

To say that translation may have such startling effects is not, however, to say that there is anything wrong with a reader getting what he can out of the work of writers in other languages, even if what he gets is not there in the original. The danger lies elsewhere. Translations

are not the same thing as their originals. My purpose here is to call attention to some of the consequences of ignoring that fact.

A popular and respected young American writer was quoted a couple of years ago as saying that he was troubled because his writing sounded to him as if it had been translated from Russian. A good many young writers write as if they were being translated from some foreign tongue. And the reason, I suspect, is that a great many young men and women of literary inclinations form their tastes and their styles on translations.

If you look at the catalogue descriptions of college courses in "modern" literature; if you read the "literary" essays in undergraduate magazines or in the "literary" quarterlies; or if you listen to "literary" conversation among the young—you will notice that a high percentage of the books discussed are translations. Books originally written in English, or in American-English, are no doubt read in even greater quantities—but the literary touchstones, the dominant influences are foreign-language writers such as Camus, Sartre, Perce, Gide, and Proust; Moravia, Lorca, and Kafka; the great Russians, the masters of Zen, and the writers of *hokku*.

A recent catalogue of paperbacks selected especially for classroom use listed forty-six titles under "Poetry"; exactly half were translations. Roughly one third of the titles listed under "Literature" were translations. Of the pick of the paperbacks in drama, more than half the titles were translations.

In many ways this is an encouraging situation. The implied awareness of universal humanity which is involved in such interest, and the breadth of sympathy which it suggests, are admirable. The "literary internationalism" which

prevails among young American readers is obviously a significant fact, without any parallel in history. For the universality of literary culture in medieval Europe—which is the nearest approach to what we seem to be getting these days—was provincial by comparison. The medieval writer who, like Chaucer, kept in touch with contemporary literature on the continent, did not have to cope with anything like the diversity of material which now floods our bookracks from Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Middle East.

Moreover, the international literature of medieval times was written in an international language: Latin. Writers in all countries had at their command at least two languages: their own vernacular, and the Latin which was shared by educated readers throughout Christendom. Furthermore, most educated people knew more than one of the living vernacular tongues, and such a writer as Chaucer could read his French and Italian contemporaries.

Nowadays things are different. No generation of young "literary" people has ever been more linguistically illiterate than our contemporary Americans. Very few of them know any foreign language well enough to read it with an appreciation of its literary qualities. They talk of having read Dostoevski and Proust and Kafka; they have even "had" them, as they put it, in courses. But they can't read Russian or French or German without a dictionary, if at all.

What they have read is a translation—by no means the same thing as the work itself. It may be better; it may be worse; theoretically it may be equally good or bad. But it is not the equivalent of the work which activated the translator.

The ways in which a translation differs from the original, and the peculiar qualities which translations tend to share, are matters that should be of interest to writers as well as to readers. Yet they are commonly ignored. We all talk as if we had read Dostoevski, Plato, and Jules Verne even if we cannot read a word of Russian, Greek, or French. And those who edit and publish translations are as careless of the distinction as we are.

A conspicuous example is *The Question*, published in New York by George Braziller, Inc. in

1958. According to the title page it was by Henri Alleg, with an introduction by Jean Paul Sartre. Nowhere in the book itself or on its dust jacket was there any indication that the words it contains were not written by either Alleg or Sartre. The book was completely printed, bound, and jacketed before anyone noticed this. Then a small slip of paper was inserted into each copy, bearing the words, "*The Question* was translated from the French by John Calder." Even with the belatedly inserted slip, the reader is unable to tell whether Sartre's introduction was translated or not, and if so, by whom.

If this volume were unique in its disregard of the distinction between original work and translation, it would be merely a publishing curiosity. But there are many translations on the market which either ignore the distinction altogether or make so little of it that the reader is encouraged to assume that the book he is reading is the one written by the author whose name appears on the title page.

THE GETTYSBURG HARANGUE

THREE is a volume in the Rinehart series of paperbacks for use in colleges, purporting to contain three plays by Henrik Ibsen, with an introduction by Benfield Pressey. Nowhere is there any indication that the plays it contains were not written in English and that the texts here printed are translations. Similarly, Dolphin Books issued a paperback edition of *Nana* which bears no indication of the fact that Zola wrote it in French and that some unspecified person made this English version of it.

It is bad enough that publishers are so casual about the distinction, but it is more surprising (and more damaging) that the scholars and critics who write introductions to these works ignore it. The Modern Library College Edition of *Faust*, for example, acknowledges on its title page that it is Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe's original, but the scholarly introduction by Professor Victor Lange, Chairman of German Studies at Cornell University, makes only one oblique reference to the fact that the reader is not going to encounter, in this volume, the poetry of Goethe. The reader is told that he must remember that *Faust* is a work of the imagination and that he should recognize "the power of its poetic effects"; but nowhere does Professor Lange indicate that the poetic effects he will encounter are those achieved by Bayard Taylor's English, not those achieved by Goethe's German.

John A. Kouwenhoven, formerly an editor of "Harper's" and now a professor of English at Barnard College, has written several books, most recently "The Beer Can by the Highway," published by Doubleday last winter. He is a trustee of the Rhode Island School of Design.

It was while reading Goethe that George Henry Lewes, the nineteenth-century English critic, became convinced that poetry was untranslatable. And in his discussion of the problem, he began by showing that it is even impossible to translate a line of English poetry into other English words.

Each of the following lines (which Lewes provided as examples) means, in a superficial way, what the others mean.

1. The river runneth free from all restraint.
2. The river flows, now here, now there, at will.
3. The river, self-impelled, pursues its course.
4. The river glideth at his own sweet will.

The last line, of course, is Wordsworth's, from the sonnet "Upon Westminster Bridge." Notice that each of the others conveys quite accurately a part of the sense of Wordsworth's line. Notice also that each of the "translations" preserves the basic pentameter movement of the original, which is rarely possible in translating to a foreign language, and that one of them even preserves the original rhyme sound. But notice also that the wayward rhythm of Wordsworth's line, with the swift movement over "at his" and the slowing down on "own sweet will," echoes the waywardness that is denoted by the words, while the strict de-dum, de-dum, de-dum of each of the "translated" lines is so disciplined that it denies the waywardness the words assert.

If the English language, which is so full of what we call synonyms, cannot provide an adequate translation of a line in English, it should be no surprise that translations into other languages are impossible. The Frenchman who reads André Gide's translation of Hamlet's speech to the players is certainly not getting the equivalent of Shakespeare's "trippingly on the tongue" in "*d'une manière cursive et bien articulée*." Abraham Lincoln's most famous utterance becomes somehow absurd when Etienne Gilson has to refer to it as the "*Harangue de Gettysburg*."

Such examples are not merely amusing; they illustrate a real problem—a problem whose implications for international cultural exchange are quite serious. It has been said that the reason Robert Frost has never received the Nobel Prize for literature is that his idiomatic and colloquial diction is so much a part of the meaning of his poems that no translation gives any conception of their intensity. What is translatable of a deceptively simple poem like "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" would surely not

suggest that it is one of the great lyrics in our language.

There are vast obstacles, however, to translating any poems from one language to another. Let us look, for example, at the opening lines of the *Faust* translation which Professor Lange offers the student in the Modern Library edition, and compare them with the opening lines of another translation, made some years ago by John Anster. Both translators are working from the same original. Both passages picture the sun singing on its destined path, and both evoke the sound of thunder. But Anster's lines are an image of continuing motion:

The sun, as in the ancient days,
'Mong sister stars in rival song.
His destined path observes, obeys,
And still in thunder rolls along.

Taylor's are an image of cessation:

The sun-orb sings, in emulation,
'Mid brother-spheres, his ancient round:
His path predestined through Creation
He ends with step of thunder-sound.

One might argue that the differences are not important to the over-all effect of the verse-drama; that even the finality of Taylor's sun putting its foot down thunderously doesn't really alter anything essential to the whole. But the images of which a poem is composed are parts of an organic whole; they act upon one another and their effect is cumulative. Two *Fausts*, composed of two different sets of images, are two different poems.

PINCH-HITTING FOR HOMER

SOME authorities insist that in spite of the admitted difficulties, translation without loss is possible. One of them is Dudley Fitts, whose knowledge of foreign languages is infinitely greater than mine, who is a fine poet himself, and who is the author of a most interesting play which he entitled "*The Antigone by Sophocles*," as well as of other translations.* He argues that even though translation is, by definition, a "carrying across," and even though it is impossible to "carry across" from one language to another those "nuances of diction, of sound, of tone" that make any good poem an entity, poetry can nevertheless be translated. The "proof" he

* Mr. Fitts contributed to an important volume of essays *On Translation* which Reuben A. Brower edited in 1959 for the Harvard University Press. I am indebted to several of the essays in this volume for data and ideas.

offers is that, as we have already noted, there are some translations which are better poems than the originals—though how this proves the point I cannot imagine. He concludes that although a translator's job is difficult, it is not desperate if he is "poet enough to make a new poem in the place of the other." This seems to me an argument that "carrying across" a poem from one language to another is possible because a poet can write a poem which can pinch-hit for another.

Essentially the same argument is offered by Monsignor Ronald Knox, translator of the Bible and other books, in an essay "On English Translation" published in his book, *Literary Distrac-tions* (1958). Monsignor Knox claims that the rhetoric and emphasis of the original can, with intelligent care and sympathetic understanding, be rendered in English. The only elements which cannot be given an English equivalent, he says, are such minor things as "tricks of manner," which the translator needs not feel bound to imitate.

But what does he mean by "tricks of manner"? He answers this query by giving specific examples. The *Iliad*, for instance, need not be rendered in English hexameters because the prosody of Homer is, presumably, a "trick of manner." Again, there is no reason, he says, "to use long sentences in your translation because your author (Cicero for example) uses long sentences. There is no harm in subordinating your sentences where your author—the Book of Proverbs, for example—is content to co-ordinate them."

This argument seems to me to lead to nonsense. Surely sentence length, co-ordination and subordination, are matters of rhetoric and emphasis and not mere "tricks of manner." Short sentences, which reflect (and induce in the reader) discrete ideas in sequence, are certainly not the equivalent of long ones which interweave ideas and relate them to one another in complex patterns of thought. Nor is a sentence which subordinates one idea to another the equivalent of one which presents the ideas as co-ordinate equals. It is probably true that the *Iliad* should not be translated into English hexameters, but the reason is not that the original Greek hexameters were a mere trick of style. English hexameters have a ludicrous seesaw effect which is anything but the equivalent of the Greek.

Elsewhere in his essay Monsignor Knox says, quite rightly I think, that the translations we call great ones—the ones we like to read—are those

by men such as North (who translated Plutarch) and Florio (who translated Montaigne), who, although "not always accurate," were determined "to produce a work of art, not a mere transcript of foreign phrases and foreign idioms, set out under the deadly apology, 'Well, that's what it says!'" Which I shall translate as the assertion that the great translations are the ones in which, though a good deal be lost, a great deal is gained. North's version of Plutarch may well owe some of its greatness to the fact that it is twice removed from its source, North having made his English classic from Amyot's French translation of the Latin original. Like the King James version of the Bible, great translations are not literally accurate, but they carry over from the original what *can* be carried and incorporate it in a unified work of art in another language. Those which do this come to have an authority of their own, the kind of emotional authority which led one devotee of the King James version to defend it against the claims of a more exact and literal modern translation by saying that what was good enough for Jesus was good enough for him.

A RAGE FOR PROSODY

NO ONE these days would, I suppose, maintain that the kinds of difficulty I have illustrated rob translations of literary works of usefulness. Nor would anyone be likely to argue that it is a bad thing to have so many translations of great books cheaply available. But like most blessings, plentiful translations can be curses in disguise.

More than a century ago Emerson noted in his *Journal* that he was delighted by the way the "cheap press" and "universal reading" had called forth so many translations from the Greek, German, Italian, and French. "To me," he wrote, "the command is loud to use the time by reading these books, and I should as soon think of foregoing the railroad [which he loved to ride on] and the telegraph as to neglect these."

Yet, three years later, Emerson had some second thoughts on the subject. The "multitude of translations from the Latin and Greek classics" had played havoc with the study of those languages, he observed, since every student now had access to a translation of his author. "The only remedy," he wrote, "would be a rage for prosody, which would enforce attention to the words themselves of the Latin or Greek verse."

It seems to me that Emerson was right on both counts. My feeling is that students, and readers

Why Should I Plow?

IN THE village of Dhobgama [in Bihar] there are several Brahmin landowners. Although in most cases their land holdings are small, every one of them has given some land to a Harijan [member of the untouchable caste], to build his house on and to cultivate it on a crop-sharing basis, or entirely for himself.

I asked these landowners how it was that Harijans could get land from them to cultivate, since the present trend generally is not to give any land on lease because of the tenancy laws. At first one of them said: "Well, after all they have to live also. Where will they go if we do not give them land?" When I inquired again if it was only out of altruism that they gave the land, to keep the Harijans alive, another reason emerged: "But if they go away, what will we do? Who will work for us?" It is because not one of these Brahmin farmers plows, or is permitted by caste custom to plow the land.

—From *Blossoms in the Dust*, by Kusum Nair, London, Duckworth, 1961.

generally, should as soon (though no sooner) forego the airplane and television as neglect the translations of Oriental and European literature which are becoming so abundantly and cheaply available. But I also think that they should be constantly aware (and that publishers, editors, and teachers should constantly remind them) that what they are reading is someone's English version of a work which, in its original language, had unique and untranslatable qualities. Further, they should remember that the more the original work depended for its effect upon those qualities which make literature a fine art, the less is a translation able to provide equivalent effects. Baudelaire's translations of Poe may be "better" poems than those Poe wrote; North's translation of Plutarch may be as great a book as Plutarch's original; but those who read them have read Baudelaire's version of Poe and North's version of Plutarch: not Poe, not Plutarch.

We must, of course, have translations, especially in a world in which people who speak different languages are increasingly coming in contact with one another. And a good deal of the translation we make use of is quite exact enough for all practical purposes—even for distinguishing

which door to go through if you are in need of comfort at Idlewild International Airport.

But even in the translation of nonliterary works, the difficulties are enormous. The *Rocky Mountain Herald* reported, a couple of years ago, an instance of Moscow's difficulties with English. According to Claud Cockburn, former correspondent of the London *Daily Worker*, the Comintern puts out an English-language weekly for the faithful. In one notable issue it solemnly proclaimed that "The lower organs of the Party in Britain must make still greater efforts to penetrate the backward parts of the proletariat." It is possible, of course, that this is just what the Comintern thought it was saying, but one has charitable doubts.

Our own attempts to communicate with the Russians in their language may be no more successful. Thanks to Robert E. Alexander, the architect, I can pass along this cheering bit of news. According to Colonel Vernon Walters, President Eisenhower's official interpreter, some electronic engineers invented an automatic translating machine into which they fed 1,500 words of Basic English and their Russian equivalent, claiming that it would translate instantly without the risk of human error. In the first test they asked it to translate the simple phrase: "Out of sight, out of mind." Gears spun, lights blinked, and the machine typed out in Russian: "Invisible Idiot."

On the theory that the machine would make a better showing with a less epigrammatic passage, they fed it the scriptural saying: "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." The machine instantly translated it, and came up with "The liquor is holding out all right, but the meat has spoiled."

Even so, the future of the automatic translating machine seems to be assured. Machines with larger and more discriminating vocabularies are being built. But the enormous cost of machines capable of translating enormously complex language will, I suppose, result in powerful pressures to simplify and regularize the language in which we communicate, officially and otherwise, across national boundaries. I have heard that similar pressures are forcing the Japanese and Chinese to simplify their languages to meet the requirements of the typewriter, typesetting machines, and other mechanisms essential to modern industrial society.

Machines have a tendency to demand simplification and standardization of the material they work on, whether that be sugar-beets which must be bred to sizes and shapes suitable for mechan-

ical harvesting or language which must be modified to suit mechanical translators. And since translating machines can be helped to classify patterns of words (such as adverbial clauses and appositives) by punctuation and word order, there will be a tendency to stabilize and regularize conventions of punctuation and word order. There will surely be a tendency, also, toward a reduction of the inflected forms of words, the elimination of idioms, and the discovery of a minimal vocabulary with few, if any, near synonyms to discriminate shades of meaning or to convey overtones of feeling. There will be, in short, increasing pressures toward a language incapable of literary use.

TOWARD A NEUTER STYLE

TO SOME extent all translating has a tendency to produce language unsuitable for literary use—at least to the extent that accuracy and fidelity to the original text are the translator's objectives. For one of the aims of a conscientious translator is, as Monsignor Knox has said, to become as nearly as may be Goethe, Proust, or whoever, so that all traces of the translator's personality disappear.

But if the translator conscientiously tries to eliminate his own personality from what he writes, and if the elements of the original which convey the author's personality are the very ones which are least likely to carry over into another tongue, what can we expect in translations but writing which tends to be stylistically neuter? If the translator has a style of his own, he is under a kind of moral obligation to negate and unsex it in an effort to subordinate it to his original. Yet the style of the original is the untranslatable essence of the author's handling of his own language.

It is probably true that the vast majority of generally used words are translatable enough for all practical purposes. Joshua Whatmough, the eminent linguistics scholar, describes a statistical study which shows that of the 3,000 words, more or less, which make up the core of our vocabularies, as many as 95 per cent are neutral in value. Such words, one presumes, have relatively exact equivalents in other languages—at least in languages spoken by people whose cultures are similar to our own. We need not consider here the staggering problems we would face with languages like that of the South American Indian tribe to whom the past lies ahead (since we can "see" it) and the future lies behind (since it is out of our range of vision). Imagine trying to

provide that tribe with an adequate translation of "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight."

In most translating, fortunately, we can count on a high percentage of neutral words which can be given neutral equivalents without much loss. But as Professor Whatmough points out, 5 per cent of the words we ordinarily use are far from neutral. They have what he calls "strong and high-pitched overtones" which in fact "call the tune" and convey the real meaning of what we say. Such words, of course, form a much higher percentage of the words in literary prose (and advertising) than of those in everyday speech, and a still higher percentage in poetry. And it is their "overtones," their emotive and aesthetic values, which are precisely those "nuances of diction, of sound, of tone" which cannot be "carried across" to any words substituted for them.

What is "carried across" is the "purely referential" meaning of the neutral words. To that will be added meanings deriving from the less numerous words which, however reverently the translator respects the "tune" of the original, can at best parallel or suggest the emotive and aesthetic overtones of the work he is translating. Whatever overtones a translation has, whatever real meanings it conveys, are supplied by the translator. To the extent that he translates freely, these overtones express his own personality; to the extent that he abjures freedom and strives for fidelity, his writing becomes stylistically neutral, or even neuter—which is to say, incapable of generating life.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE PARTICULAR

THE significance of this fact is generally overlooked. Readers and writers who form their literary tastes upon a heavy diet of such neuter prose and verse may easily become habituated to a style which sounds—as the young writer I have quoted feels that his own does—like "something translated from the Russian." It is true, as John Hollander has pointed out, that writers of the past few decades have read widely in other literatures than their own, and that much recent poetry "has sprung from, or even consisted in, translations from writing in other languages." Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot are only two of the most eminent and influential of the poets who have translated foreign works and incorporated translations in their own poems. It is also true, as Hollander was, I think, the first

to observe, that "the styles worked out in connection with certain particular renderings" of foreign writing "have proved influential as poetic styles in themselves."

English prosody, and even English prose, has no doubt been enriched thereby—as it has been enriched by earlier influences from other languages. But not every translator has the genius to work out styles in connection with his translations which are desirable models of English writing. The great majority of translators evolve styles which, as we have seen, are doubly deficient in personality since both the original author's and the translator's have been suppressed.

By all means let us read the great writers who have written and are writing in languages other than our own. But if we are going to learn style from Chekhov or Proust or Kafka, let us learn Russian, French, or German. In this area at least, translations are no remedy for our ignorance. The only remedy, as Emerson said, is "a rage for prosody," enforcing attention to the

words the masters wrote in their own languages.

From the reading of literature in translation one can learn much, but not how to write in one's own tongue. Not even, I am convinced, how to read with due appreciation those who do write in that tongue. And I am disposed to wonder, when I look at a French translation of *Huckleberry Finn* for example, if we do not commonly exaggerate the extent to which translations broaden (or at least deepen) international understanding and our sense of mankind's universal humanity. For just as the Ideal of Woman can never, as the young novelist Herbert Gold says, "replace the way Sally scratches her head," an abstracted ideal of the American world as seen by a boy adrift on the Mississippi can never replace the untranslatable particulars of the way Huck sees and describes that world.

Humanity is not an abstraction, but a set of particulars. There is no way to be universal, as *Huck Finn* for instance is, without being idiosyncratic, or to be international without being untranslatably localized.

JOHN UPDIKE

DIE NEUEN HEILIGER

Kierkegaard, a
cripple and a Dane,
disdained to marry;
the consequent strain
unsprung the whirling
gay knives of his wits,
which slashed the Ideal
and himself to bits.

Kafka, a lawyer
and citizen of Prague,
became consumptive
in the metaphysic fog
and, coughing with laughter,
lampooned the sad state
that judged its defendants
all guilty of Fate.

Karl Barth, more healthy,
and married, and Swiss,
lived longer, yet took
small comfort from this;
Nein! he cried, rooting
in utter despair
the Credo that Culture
left up in the air.

AN ERUPTION OF PAINT

By JOSÉ CLEMENTE OROZCO

The autobiography of José Clemente Orozco, the great Mexican muralist, will appear for the first time in English this summer, published by the University of Texas Press. The following excerpts tell how one of the liveliest art explosions of the century got started. They also give an acute and often humorous account of the painters, the critics, and the public involved in a new "art for the people." Orozco died in 1949 at the age of sixty-five.

The translation is by Robert C. Stephenson. The drawings, which are published here for the first time, are taken from the book.

IN 1922 mural painting began in Mexico. But before speaking of it, we should examine the ideas that prevailed at the time. First we should mention Infantilism.

The primitive Impressionistic schools had undergone a radical transformation. They no longer simply tried to imitate the French Impressionists, to paint sunlight in the field and the sun itself, the air and the hour, forgetting objects in the effort to capture the wavering play of light on water. The "democratic" idea had emerged, a sort of artistic Christianity and the beginning of Nationalism. Students themselves were different. Instead of the student of art, all sorts of people appeared, from schoolboys and truants to clerks, young ladies, workers, and peasants, the young as well as the old. They quite lacked previous training. Without more ado they were handed colors, canvas, and pencils and told to paint as they pleased whatever they had before them: landscapes, fruits, figures, or objects.

The result was simply marvelous—stupendous—works of genius. There were no adjectives sufficiently eloquent to describe what they did. History, previous knowledge of geometry, perspective, anatomy, the theory of color were nothing but academicism, an obstacle in the way of freely expressing an undefined national genius. The professor had nothing to teach the students; on the contrary it was they who would teach him . . . and the "student" was to hear only a litany of praise, and exclamations of wonder like the "Olés" that greet Armillita's cape work. The merit of a work was all the greater if the boy was illiterate, since his soul was still virginal, immaculate, free of all contamination and

prejudice. . . . Blessed are the idiots and the cretins, for masterpieces of painting shall issue from their hands!

All that remained was to perform the experiment of the donkey painter. This was quite an ordinary donkey which was put into a position to paint. How? Very simply. Within range of its tail a palette was set up, provided with brilliant colors, and beside it a blank canvas. When the burro swished its tail, the colors hit the canvas, which was thoroughly besmeared. The picture was carried to Paris, to a Salon of Modern Painting, where it was shown anonymously, and the critics rapturously praised the audacity of the technique, the brilliance of the colors, and the mastery of execution; they considered it from philosophical and theological points of view; they quoted Plato and announced the dawn of a revolution in art.

Pictures from the open-air school actually were carried to Paris, I forget in what year. The great men of art and criticism who were invited to the showing were overwhelmed and proclaimed that the Mexican prodigy was the wonder of the ages. . . .

The table was set for mural painting. The very idea of doing murals, along with other ideas which were to make up the new artistic epoch, and animate it, was already there and had developed throughout the preceding twenty years. . . . We can summarize Mexican thought about art in the year 1920 [as follows]:

1. It had come to be believed that anyone could paint and that the greater the ignorance and stupidity of the painter, the greater the value of his work.

2. Many people held that pre-Cortesian art was our true tradition and they even talked of a "renaissance of indigenous art."

3. Excitement over the plastic work of the contemporary indigenes was at its height. This was the moment when Mexico was first inundated with articles of woven straw, stewpots, huaraches, dancing figures from Chalma, serapes, and rebozos, and when the wholesale export of all this began. It was apogee of the tourist trade in Cuernavaca and Taxco.

4. There was popular art in all its forms, in painting, in sculpture, in the theatre, in music, and in literature.

5. Extreme nationalism put in an appearance. Mexican artists considered themselves the equals or the superiors of foreigners. Their themes had necessarily to be Mexican.

6. The cult of the Worker was more sharply defined: "Art at the service of the Worker." It was believed that art must be essentially an offensive weapon in the Conflict of the Classes.

7. Dr. Atl's attitude of direct and active intervention in militant politics had shaped a school.

8. Artists were passionately preoccupied with sociology and history.

These ideas were transformed and embodied

in mural painting, but not all at once, for it was necessary, first, to find a technique which none of the painters yet commanded. Consequently, there was a time of preparation, during which much trial and error went on and the works produced were purely decorative, with only timid allusions to history, philosophy, and various other themes. Once the artists were in possession of the new technique, they used it extensively to express themselves, and, being a tight-knit group, picked up discoveries from one another. Later, some of them came to cherish the theme of the painting with such passion that they completely abandoned the field of art and gave themselves over to activities no longer bearing any relation to their profession.

LIQUIDATING BOHEMIANISM

WHAT distinguishes the mural painters from any other similar group is their critical gift. Thanks to the early training that most of them had had, they were in a position to see the actual problem clearly enough and to know which road to follow. They were fully aware of the historical moment in which it was given them to work, and of the relations of their art to the world and the society around them.



PHOTO SRA. ROSA F. DE OROZCO; © COPYRIGHT BY C. OROZCO JR.

"The General and the Girl," by José Clemente Orozco (ca. 1916). Aquatint on paper, in the collection of the Orozco family.

By a happy accident a group of experienced artists and revolutionary statesmen who understood the role of the artist joined forces in one and the same field of action. First among the statesmen was José Vasconcelos.

In 1922 the radically new Secretariat of Public Education was organized; the building for this was on the point of completion, and new schools, stadiums, and libraries were going up all around. From the Publishing Department, another of Vasconcelos' creations, editions of the classics in great numbers appeared and sold at less than cost for the benefit of the public. Artists and intellectuals were summoned to collaborate, and painters had such an opportunity as they had not known in centuries. I do not remember how or why Diego Rivera returned from Europe. But Alfaro Siqueiros was called home from Rome and the two rejoined the artists who had remained in Mexico. Jean Charlot joined them too, a French painter and army officer who had recently arrived in Mexico at the age of twenty-three.

Painters who had been in Europe brought their foreign experience and in particular their acquaintance with the Parisian School. In this respect Jean Charlot was of special help, since he was a European painter exclusively—French and extremely young. That is to say, he represented European sensibility in its most modern and unprejudiced form. In general, with brilliant exceptions, the professors of aesthetics who visit us are fossils, arrested in their development at some time back in the eighteenth or nineteenth century, convinced that art can exist only in Paris as the heir to Rome, applying in some tortured sense the phrase about Paris being "the mind of the world." . . .

Charlot often tempered our youthful violence with his culture and equanimity, and illumined our problems with his lucid vision. He used to go along with us to the Museum of Archaeology, where the great Aztec sculptures are on view. They impressed him profoundly and we would talk for hours of that tremendous art, which comes down to us and outstrips us, reaching out into the future.

The technical and aesthetic means at the disposal of the muralists in 1922 may be divided into two groups. First, there were those that came from Italy, and second, those that came from Paris. Not a one of the painters of the time, or later, has tried to paint in the Mayan, the Toltec, the Chinese, or the Polynesian manner. Their painting comes from the Mediterranean or it comes with the manners and modes of the

Paris that existed up until the recent totalitarian war and now seems gone forever. . . . Paris was a sort of Bourse of artistic values for all Europe and above all a market. It was the dealers who largely contributed to the development and expansion of the so-called Parisian School, which embraced contributions from around the world, even from Mexico—witness the Douanier Rousseau, who had been a soldier in Bazaine's army when it invaded Mexico.

Mural painting began under good auspices. Even the errors it committed were useful. It broke with the routine into which painting had fallen. It disposed of many prejudices and served to reveal social problems from a new point of view. It liquidated a whole epoch of brutalizing Bohemianism, of frauds who lived the life of a drone in their ivory towers—their fetid dens—where, drunkenly strumming on their guitars, they kept up a pretense of absurd idealism, beggars in a society that was already rotten.

The painters and sculptors of the coming time would be men of action, strong, sound, well-trained; ready like a good laborer to work eight or ten hours a day. They found their way into shops, universities, barracks, and schools, eager to learn and understand everything and as soon as possible to do their part in creating a new world. They wore overalls and mounted the scaffoldings.

HOW TO SOCIALIZE ART

ON E of the truly singular manifestations of the critical gifts of these artists was the constitution of the Syndicate of Painters and Sculptors, which found condensed expression in an extraordinarily important manifesto and has gone on exerting an influence still to be felt after two decades. . . . The Syndicate proper was of no consequence, not being a group of workers forced to struggle against an employer, but the name served as a banner for ideas in gestation, ideas based upon contemporary socialistic theories with which Siqueiros, Rivera, and Xavier Guerrero were most conversant.

Siqueiros formulated, and we accepted and signed, a "manifesto" directed at such soldiers, workers, farmers, and intellectuals as were out from under subservience to the bourgeoisie. In brief it expressed the following purposes:

To socialize art.

To destroy bourgeois individualism.

To repudiate easel painting and any other art that emanated from ultra-intellectual and aristocratic circles.

To produce only monumental works for the public domain.

The moment being historical, in transition from a decrepit order to a new one, to realize a rich art for the people instead of an expression of individual pleasure.

To create beauty which should suggest struggle and serve to arouse it.

. . . Naturally, the socialization of art was a project for the distant future, since it implied a radical change in the structure of society. Besides, it was necessary to give a definite meaning to the word *socialize* as it applied to art, inasmuch as there had been many and diverse interpretations.

The repudiation of easel painting did not occur at all. Clearly it was unreasonable, for easel painting was in no way opposed to mural painting; it was merely different, and quite as useful as the other for popular purposes. So it was called "movable" painting, but it remained the same thing.

By this road we reached the so-called "proletarian art," legitimate offspring of the Syndicate. Proletarian art consisted in pictures of workers on the job, and it was supposedly intended for them. But this turned out to be an error, since a worker who has spent eight hours in the shop takes no pleasure in coming home to a picture of workers on the job. He wants something different, which has nothing to do with work but serves the purposes of repose. On the other hand, the comical thing about it all was that the bourgeois bought proletarian art at fancy prices, though it was supposed to be directed at them, and the proletarians would gladly have bought bourgeois art if they had had the money and, for want of it, found an agreeable substitute in calendar chromos: aristocratic maidens indolently reclining on bear-skin rugs, or a most elegant-looking gentleman kissing a marquise by the light of the moon on a castle terrace. The halls of bourgeois homes are full of proletarian furniture and objects, like sleeping mats, cane-bottomed chairs, clay pots, and tin candlesticks; whereas a worker, as soon as he has money enough to furnish his house, buys a pullman sofa in heavy velvet, a breakfast set, or a set of those extra-rare pieces of furniture built of nickel-plated iron tubings, thick crystals, and beveled mirrors.

Shoe shops in León and Guadalajara produce enormous quantities of huaraches for the bourgeoisie of the United States, while our serving girls are dying to have high-heeled shoes and a pair of silk stockings. . . . The truth is that good taste is not always innate or the exclusive

patrimony of a given race or class. Only education can create or refine it.

At the moment of fervent Indigenism we identified the Indian with the proletarian, without taking into account that some Indians are not proletarians and some proletarians are not Indians, and the results were the Indo-proletarian pictures, which were likewise children of the Syndicate. All these pictures wound up in the United States in the hands of the white race. Neither the Indians down here nor those up there had any notion of pictures thus exalting them.

The Manifesto likewise promised combat painting, to incite the oppressed to a struggle for liberation. This point remains too obscure for us to ascertain precisely what it means. When is a painting or a piece of sculpture really calculated to arouse mental processes that will turn into revolutionary action in the viewer? When is it really subversive? It is true that the Catholic Church has used the arts in general and the plastic arts in particular to quicken faith and devotion. The believer always responds to a Crucifixion or a Dolorosa; but it is also true that in mosques and Protestant churches, where there are no images, the same quickening of faith is to be observed.

Instances of the arts exerting a decisive revolutionary influence upon the spectator must be conditioned by some factors as yet unknown and others of a purely fortuitous nature. Hearing the "International" or the national anthem sung by twenty thousand people in the plaza, while the flags are rippling in the sunshine and the bells are sounding and the sirens are deafening us, is not the same thing as hearing it all alone, at home, on the phonograph.

It must be remembered further that only a line separates the sublime from the ridiculous, and many works, instead of drawing a cry of indignation or enthusiasm from us may provoke only a laugh.

The Manifesto laid great importance upon the content of the work of art, that is, upon the sum of ideas and feelings that it expresses. This notion too is confusing, for it leads us down the road to purely illustrative, descriptive painting, and all the way to the impersonal photographic document, indeed to literary painting, which neglects form in order to declaim or tell stories—to anecdotal painting, that is.

As for doing away with bourgeois individualism, Siqueiros and Xavier Guerrero envisaged groups or teams of painters who would work with a common purpose upon one and the same

picture, apportioning the work according to aptitudes and following a preconceived plan.

Even earlier it had been agreed that no member of the Syndicate would sign his murals, the supposition being that these were the joint product of master and apprentices and subject to the critical judgment of all the painters. This idea failed, for no one would keep the agreement. Later on, teams really did function, but insufficiently to show with any certainty what results they might have. . . .

Another interpretation of the idea is that all the while he is creating, the artist should have the collectivity in mind, or the society of which he forms a part, and not the purpose of affording pleasure to an individual only or a small number of individuals. But even here is confusion. Art interests everybody but unfortunately non-art interests everybody equally as much, if not more. The world is bursting with vulgarities known and enjoyed by millions of people in every land. The worst movies last longest.

The problem can be put another way: Is the artist going to impose his work upon the collectivity by "force or reason," as the Chileans say, or is the collectivity going to impose its tastes and preferences upon the artist? We must first know which collectivity is in question, which

social class, which race, what age, what level of education. It would be interesting, again, to know whether the given collectivity as such will make the decision directly or whether it will do so through representatives, for we then must likewise know who the representatives are, and how they can faithfully interpret the tastes of their constituents. Above all, we need to know whether the collectivity really has a taste. But of course it has: it mostly likes sugar, honey, and candy. Diabetic art. The greater the amount of sugar, the greater the—commercial—success.

BEAUTY AT PISTOL POINT

AFTER launching their Manifesto, the Syndicate of Painters and Sculptors resolved to publish a weekly paper to represent them. They put Siqueiros in charge of it and called it *The Machete*. But it would never have succeeded without the indispensable collaboration of Graciela Amador. Siqueiros furnished the general political notions, with the approval of the Syndicate, but she edited most of the articles and composed the magnificent ballads that came to be the essential stuff of the publication. The illustrations were furnished by the painters, in particular by Siqueiros himself, Xavier Guerrero,



PHOTO: SRA. ROSA E. DE OROZCO; © COPYRIGHT BY C. OROZCO JR.

"The Supplication," by José Clemente Orozco (ca. 1916). Aquatint on paper, in the collection of the Orozco family.

and Clemente Orozco. Jorge Piñó Sandoval, then quite young, folded, bundled, and delivered the paper, and posted notices on street walls. He began his brilliant journalistic career with the ABCs of the trade.

After five or six numbers had appeared, *The Machete* was turned over to the infant Communist party, represented at the time by a small committee only. Our original drawings were later bought by the Petroleum Workers of Tampico, and the money they brought was donated to *The Machete*.

Among the first of the efforts to interest intellectuals in workers' problems was the founding of a group called "The Joint Group of the Working-Class movement." [Two of us] were commissioned to organize local committees in Morelia and Guadalajara, with which object we set out. But the only responses to our call came from Bohemians of the sort that indifferently attended a wedding or a Communist or Fascist meeting, or go to a circus or whatever turns up: the young ladies who recite romantic verses and village anarchists of the most inoffensive type.

Painting was all the while invading the walls. Heroic compositions, experiments, enthusiasm, envy, intrigues, apprenticeship. Students in the Preparatory School did not take kindly to the painting. It is safe to say that none of them liked it, and they frequently protested to the Secretariat of Education, so that Ignacio Asúnsolo, learning how they were taking things, presented himself in the School one morning, at the head of sixty stonemasons he employed, and, opening fire with his forty-five, emptied the three cartridge belts he was wearing, all the while that he and his brigade were shouting death to students who resisted beauty. Asúnsolo was working on sculptures that were to decorate the facade and the patios of the Secretariat; at pistol point he had to defend himself against the carpers, our common enemy.

On another occasion ladies of the Red or the Green Cross, I don't quite remember which, needed the main patio of the School for a charity bazaar; but instead of politely asking me to suspend my work for a few days, they haughtily ordered me to withdraw, had my scaffoldings dismantled on the spot, and hung ornaments for the bazaar directly over the pictures in process. They were loud-voiced in their disapproval and their disgust. In particular the nude figure of a woman with a child displeased them: they believed that it was a Virgin. But I had had no intention of painting a virgin. I was painting a mother.

When Vasconcelos resigned his post it was

impossible to go on working any longer. Siqueiros and I were driven out by the students, who badly defaced our pictures with their clubs and knives and the stones they threw.

The Syndicate was of no help, for the members would not support our protest. We had not yet learned the technique of publicity; if we had understood it, we would have gone on working in spite of all opposition. This technique is simple: it begins with shouting that whoever dislikes our pictures is a reactionary, a decrepit bourgeois, and a Fifth Columnist, and that the pictures themselves are the patrimony of the Workers, without bothering to explain which workers, or why. The next step is to burst out in insults against the world in general but especially against prominent persons. After this, the scientific and philosophical profundities are safely dragged in, for the listeners understand them as little as we do. The resources of commercial advertising are most varied, all the way from distributing handbills to lettering the blue sky with smoke from an airplane. A very effective and impressive trick consists of linking one's own name, as if inadvertently and in passing, with that of a great man; for example, Aristotle, Charlemagne, myself, and Julius Caesar. Politics, too, affords inexhaustible resources: a biography, invented by the candidate himself, and full of fake anecdotes and episodes that never happened. In childhood he was most precocious and in adolescence he was most studious. He is a respected parent and a patriotic citizen who has sacrificed himself for the public good. His opponent is a clown, a mass of evils, a creature of the dictatorship.

Next in order come the devices of the medicine man, with his famished, harmless snake which dances the conga and answers questions put to it by the worthy public. But first there is always time for the medicine man to dispose of a few dozen flasks of toothache medicine.

All this without counting the modern publicity techniques at the service of whatever commodity: smiling "stars," bullfights, armaments, chewing gum, building sites in the Lomas and Acapulco, warships, socks, toasted sunflower seeds, international treaties, soft drinks, lottery tickets.

One effective method is to put in an appearance stark naked and stand on your head at the corner of San Juan de Letrán and Madero at midday.

If we had known this, neither Siqueiros nor I would have been driven out onto the street like mad dogs.

These scandals finished the Syndicate off.

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

The Genteel Nightmare of RICHARD ROVERE

The most articulate spokesman of the Young Conservatives reviews "The American Establishment"—and finds it isn't all that much of a joke after all.

RICHARD ROVERE has written an elegant spoof on the theme of an American Establishment, from which he has recently got a lot of footage. Almost certainly he will get more still, since his hypothesis—that there *is* what one might call an American Establishment—is inherently fascinating, whether presented with mock-solemnity (as Rovere handled it in *Esquire*), or with considerable seriousness (as Rovere handled it in the *American Scholar*).

It is the leg-pull version that Rovere has slid into his latest book,* which otherwise contains a number of essays and studies, written for the most part for *The New Yorker*; and, at the moment, he finds it most convenient, or effective, or sophisticated, to say of the hypothesis that it is “pure nonsense”—those were his words on the Mike Wallace television program a few weeks ago. On the same occasion he rejoiced at being able to relate that he had succeeded in completely taking in a literal-minded young Congressman, a member of the John Birch Society, who seized on Rovere’s *Esquire* essay as the Inside Word on the Apparatus that runs America, and rushed to introduce the essay into the *Congressional Record*, confident that, at last, someone had turned the key in the door that all these years has kept hidden from sight the mysteries of American political power.

* Richard H. Rovere, *The American Establishment and Other Reports, Opinions, and Speculations*. New York, Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.95.

That was a silly thing the Congressman did, to get taken in by a piece which—while maintaining that an Establishment pretty well governs America, every bit as seriously as Swift once maintained that the only solution to the dietary problem in Ireland lay in eating babies—is full of rollicking giveaways, many of them instantly recognizable as imitations of the formulas of the sociologist of gamesmanship, Mr. Stephen Potter. “Hilary Masters, a leading member of the Dutchess County school of sociologists, defined [the Establishment] in a recent lecture as the ‘legitimate Mafia.’” Footnote: “Before the Edgewater Institute, Barrytown, N. Y., July 4, 1961. *Vide Proceedings*, 1961, pp. 37-51. Also see Masters’ first-rate monograph *Establishment Watering Places*, Shekomeko Press, 1957.” Again, “American students [of the Establishment] number few trained historians.” Footnote: “Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has done fairly decent work in the past (*vide The General and the President*, with Richard H. Rovere) but his judgments are suspect because of his own connections with the Establishment.”

The yuks aside, Rovere is clearly up to something (though he will deny it) more serious than catching up gullible Congressmen for the delectation of the *Esquire* set. If the piece was intended as sheer fantasy, it is the first venture in that precarious form that Mr. Rovere has ever taken, so far as I, one of his dutiful readers, am aware. The fact of the matter is that Mr. Rovere’s disavowals notwithstanding, there *is* a thing which, properly understood, might well be called an American Establishment; and the success of Mr. Rovere’s essay wholly depends on a sort of nervous apprehension of the correctness of the essential insight. Moreover, appealing now from Richard flippant (*Esquire*) to Richard sober

(*American Scholar*), the author gives every indication of knowing that the idea of an Establishment is *not* sheer nonsense.

So our Establishment is different from the British Establishment, a designation which Macaulay and Carlyle, stretching the original and merely religious meaning of the term, attached to the dominant men and institutions of England—the established order. So what? The English Establishment is more frozen than our own, primarily because theirs is a society based on class. Their Establishment has rites and honorifics and primogenitive continuities, and rests on deeply embedded institutional commitments against which the Socialists, the angry young men, the disestablishmentarians, have railed and howled and wept altogether in vain.

The "Establishment" Mr. Rovere is talking, or not talking, about is precariously perched; and every now and then it gets a terrific shellacking from its opponents. In the English Establishment, membership is to a considerable extent *ex officio* (even non-U dukes belong); in ours, far less so (though it is inconceivable, at least to this observer, that the head of the Ford Foundation could be an outsider). The chances are better that you might earn a berth in the American Establishment if you have gone to Groton and Yale; but no one has an automatic right to membership in it, not even the President of the United States (as Rovere, even in his flippant mood, admits). And membership in it is to an extent far greater than in England dependent on a man's opinions (and the way they are expressed); England, by contrast, has no trouble at all, in countenancing Socialist earls.

It tends to be true in England that the Establishment prevails. It is less true in the United States: for the Establishment here is not so much of the governing class, as of the class that governs the governors. The English Establishment mediates the popular political will through perdurable English institutions. The American Establishment seeks to set the bounds of permissible opinion. And on this, it speaks *ex cathedra*. It would not hesitate to decertify Mr. Rovere. But he gives no indication of waywardness.

IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

MR. ROVERE'S technique in the essay is to make a generality about the Establishment and quickly undermine it by a ludicrous particularization.

"The Establishment has always favored foreign

aid." Quite true. "It is, in fact, a matter on which Establishment discipline may be invoked." The reader is supposed to sigh with relief—obviously there are no disciplinary commissions living around, visible or invisible, set up to weigh complaints of dogmatic infidelity, and issue bulls of excommunication. Does it not follow from this buffoonery that what went before is also nonsense? That the Establishment does not in fact always favor foreign aid? Does it not follow, even, that the very idea of an Establishment is a hoax?

"Within the next couple of years . . . Congress will spend a good part of its time fighting the Establishment program for a great revision of American trade practices and for eventual American association with the European Common Market." Quite so. But then quickly: "This whole scheme was cooked up at a three-day meeting of the Executive Committee [of the Establishment] at the Sheraton Park in Washington immediately after President Kennedy's inauguration on January 20, 1961."

Again: "If it were not for the occasional formation of public committees such as the Citizens Committee for International Development . . . scholars would have a difficult time learning who the key figures are." Hmm.

Then the payoff: "A working principle agreed upon by Establishment scholars is this: If in the course of a year a man's name turns up fourteen times in paid advertisements in, or collective letters to, the *New York Times*, the official Establishment daily, it is about fourteen to one that he is a member of the Executive Committee. (I refer, of course, to advertisements and letters pleading Establishment causes.)"

But then on other statements about the Establishment, Rovere does not bother to frolic; he is simply asseverative:

"The accepted range [of Establishment opinion] is from about as far left as, say, Walter Reuther to about as far right as, say, Dwight Eisenhower. A man cannot be for *less* welfarism than Eisenhower, and to be farther left than Reuther is considered bad taste." (A significant disjunction: Erich Fromm is merely bad taste; Ludwig von Mises is intolerable.)

"Racial equality is another matter on which the Establishment forbids dissent."

"In matters of public policy, it may be said that those principles and policies that have the editorial support of the *New York Times* are at the core of Establishment doctrine."

And so on. It is at best difficult to undermine a truism. Rovere's sense of style prevents him

from taking them all on. The result is that most of his readers walk away from his piece not like the Congressman, grimly tracking down every *rein de mots* for Social Truth, but aware that Rovere has, in spite of himself, limned the outlines of a great force in American affairs, which is slowly acquiring self-consciousness.

HOW "LIBERAL" IS IT?

WHY should the concept of an American Establishment, first introduced into American journalism, according to Rovere, by *National Review*, be so fascinating to so many people? The answer is complicated. It has to do, first, with the difference in attitude, in England and here, toward a national Establishment. In England, most influential people like to feel they are in the Establishment. Here, especially among intellectuals, the desire is to be thought of as too independent a spirit to be a part of any movement which is powerful, and institutionalized, let alone one of which it might be said that it is also an apparatus.

Thus, when Rovere writes that his buddy Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. "has connections with the Establishment" it becomes dismally complicated to sort out everything Rovere is trying to communicate. At least this much he seems to be trying to say: (1) There is no Establishment, so anything I say about Arthur's connection with it is playful, and not to be taken seriously. However, (2) what I say must have at least a superficial plausibility, if I am to bring off this spoof; and it is of course true that Arthur is very well connected with very powerful people: for instance, at the national level, the President of the United States; at the professional level, Harvard University; at the level of high-brow journalism, myself. And I, er, know the President pretty well, who, of course, is an overseer of Harvard, where he has known Arthur for years, and of course Arthur wrote a lot of his speeches for him and a book, *Kennedy or Nixon: Does It Make Any Difference?*, which may have swung as many votes as the margin Kennedy won by, who knows? And then, Arthur and I wrote a book together—yes, it is plausible to suggest that Arthur has connections with something that might be called The Establishment. But remember!—there is no such thing.

Another difference: in England, the Establishment is conceded to concern itself with what is clearly the national consensus. Here, there is a deep division between the views of the putative Establishment, and those whose interests it seeks

to forward. For in this country there are two consensuses, that of the people (broadly speaking) and that of the intellectuals (narrowly speaking). These differences the Establishment is not eager to stress. Having prescribed what is permissible opinion, it is reassuring to hold that those who drink deep in impermissible opinions are (a) a minority; and (b) an ignorant minority, at that.

The tension between the two consensuses persists, as Mr. Rovere acknowledges in indicating which are the great bases of the Establishment's strength. For thirty years now, the Establishment has pretty well succeeded in dominating the Executive and the Judiciary—but not the Congress (which is still capable of passing a McCarran Internal Security Bill, trimming drastically a foreign-aid bill, and filibustering to death a civil-rights bill). As Mr. Rovere is careful to say, the Establishment has accumulated the power not to put one of its own "agents" (to go along with the terminology of the apparatus) in any sensitive spot it wishes but to see to it that a real outsider does not get in. Thus Willkie, then Dewey, then Eisenhower, two insiders and one fellow-traveler of the Establishment, took the nomination away from the outsider Taft—major operations for an anxious Establishment. Nixon came along and posed a clear threat; the Establishment huffed and puffed (did you ever see Walter Lippmann so highly mobilized?) and narrowly squeaked by. In short, the whole thing is easier to conceive if one bears in mind that the Establishment in question is not altogether establishmentarianized. That is why those who started using the term—Frank Meyer, Willmoore Kendall, James Burnham, William Henry Chamberlin—usually speak of the "Liberal Establishment."

Professor Willmoore Kendall, a well-known enemy of the Establishment, several years ago reviewed Professor Samuel Stouffer's book, *Communism, Conformity, and Civil Liberties*. "The title of the book," Kendall began, "should have been *Sam Stouffer Discovers America*"—for here were Professor Stouffer's anguished statistical revelations that the overwhelming majority of the American people do not believe that civil liberties should be enjoyed by Communists, or

Wm. F. Buckley, Jr., editor-in-chief of "National Review," became well known as a conservative critic with his book, "God and Man at Yale," published in 1951, the year after his graduation. He was an officer in the infantry, 1944-46, and his later books include "McCarthy and His Enemies" and "Up from Liberalism."

that atheists should teach in the public schools! Obviously that is what the body of Americans believes, Kendall observed; and it is an indication of the otherworldliness of Establishment scholarship that statistical verification of a fact as plain as Jimmy Durante's nose should come as such a shock.

What is all the more galling is that the people have their own scholars; precious few of them, to be sure. But is this because the people's point of view is, *sub specie aeternitatis* (an anti-Establishment concept), indefensible? Not altogether. There are other reasons, Kendall and others have been suggesting, and these other reasons have been coming forward armed with imposing credentials. *Anti-Establishment scholars are not given true equality*, a true opportunity to set up their stands, unencumbered by the censors of the Establishment, in the academic marketplace. The Establishment loves dissent as a theoretical proposition. In practice, it is not easy to get a hearing, in high circles of the Establishment, for heretical doctrine. In our time, the Willmoore Kendalls, not the Robert Oppenheims, are the Galileos.

Come now, let us acknowledge that it is as difficult for a camel to pass through a needle's eye, as for a true dissenter to receive a favorable review of an anti-Establishment book in *The New York Times Book Review* section. I say "as difficult," in order to acknowledge that such a thing does occasionally happen. But not often.

THE ROLE OF CONSPIRACY

HERE, then, is what Rovere is really getting at. He knows there is a body of political and social thought which prevails in the centers of American intellectual and polemical power. What he resists so fiercely, for reasons he has not thought through, is the insinuation (a) that what one might call the Liberal Establishment holds to a definable orthodoxy (his going on to adumbrate that orthodoxy was sheer brinkmanship); and (b) that the keepers of that orthodoxy resort to conventional means to maintain it, even to means which, officially, its theorists disdain. Especially, he shudders at the use of the word "conspiracy." He has a hard enough time acknowledging that the Communists are, from time to time, successful conspirators. It is more than he can bear, that it is sometimes suggested that the Liberal Establishment engages in conspiratorial practices.

Elsewhere in this book, Rovere rails explicitly against the "conspiracy view of history." Mr.

Rovere is fond of laying down fine distinctions, but in this regard he is an absolutist—conspiracies, to judge from his writings, don't exist; or if they do, they never accomplish anything. So absolute is his commitment to nonconspiracy, that he wrote an entire volume about Senator McCarthy without mentioning (a) the conspiracy whose target was the Institute of Pacific Relations; or (b) the curious affair (involving a number of his friends) whose focal point was the anti-McCarthy "independent investigator," Paul Hughes.

What, after all, does it mean, to conspire? Usually something less, as Father John Courtney Murray has reminded Sidney Hook, than to meet your partner under the bridge with complementary parts of a bomb. "To plot, devise, contrive," "to combine in action or aims; to concur, co-operate as by intention," says the dictionary. That kind of thing goes on all the time. In the White House, for instance. Within the Department of Government at Harvard, for instance. The question whether there is an Establishment some of whose members conspire together raises merely the question whether there is, or has been, co-ordination of purpose between people who administer in the White House, teach at Harvard, write in *The New Yorker*, and preach at St. John the Divine. Of course there is co-ordination, however informal, and it is as naïve to believe there is not, as it is naïve to suppose that *only* conspiratorial action is responsible for historical events.

The word conspiracy, at another level, has a highly pejorative meaning, spelled out in the definition (Oxford's), "To combine . . . to do something criminal, illegal, or reprehensible." It is not necessarily reprehensible for Bishop Pike and Bishop Sherrill to agree to denounce the Radical Right during the next fortnight—why shouldn't they? (What would God think if they *didn't?*) It is reprehensible for Joseph L. Rauh, Jr. (ADA) and Al Friendly (*Washington Post*) and Clayton Fritchey (*Democratic Digest*) to have had dealings with Paul Hughes, a secret informer, in an attempt to penetrate a Congressional Committee. Surely it is reprehensible if professors within a department of economics or government conspire against the promotion of a scholar because his views are different from their own (assuming the professors announce themselves as advocates of academic freedom).

Granted, then, that a sane man might designate whatever figurative edifice shelters the household gods of American Liberalism, its high priests, its incense makers, and its catechetical press—is "Es-

tablishment" a good word for it? I think the term is useful, if one is careful to remember that it is a figure of speech, even as it has been understood to be in England for over a hundred years. It is preposterous to take seriously (as the Congressman evidently did) Mr. Rovere's statement that "Spruille Braden . . . was read out of the Establishment on April 11, 1960." It is by no means preposterous to recognize that while Braden was once a member of the Establishment, now he no longer is, though the alienation was attended by no formal rites of excommunication, and took place over a considerable period of time. You need not be taken in by the solemn whisper that the Establishment has a president, in executive committee, a constitution, by-laws, and formal membership requirements, to believe that there do exist people of varying prestige and power within American Liberaldom; that we speak here of the intellectual plutocrats of the nation, who have at their disposal vast cultural and financial resources; and that it is possible at any given moment to plot with fair accuracy the

vectors of the Establishment's position on everything from birth control to Moise Tshombe. That is what the excitement is about.

MR. ROVERE writes, as always, with precision and wit. In this volume he turns his attention to any number of things, about some of which he feels strongly, about some of which he does not seem to feel at all. In this particular book, he is clearly vexed only by Douglas MacArthur, and by certain things (about the Establishment) Peter Viereck has written; and by the personal shortcomings of Harold Ickes—no, come to think of it, he isn't really vexed by them at all. Mr. Rovere is fun to read, easy to read, interesting to read. But he needs to watch out. *The New Yorker* encourages good literary needlework; but Rovere has always fancied himself *l'homme engagé*. There are those who wish he would discover other evils than Joe McCarthy. Address your complaints to the Assignment Editor, the American Establishment, care of your local post office.

SYLVIA PLATH

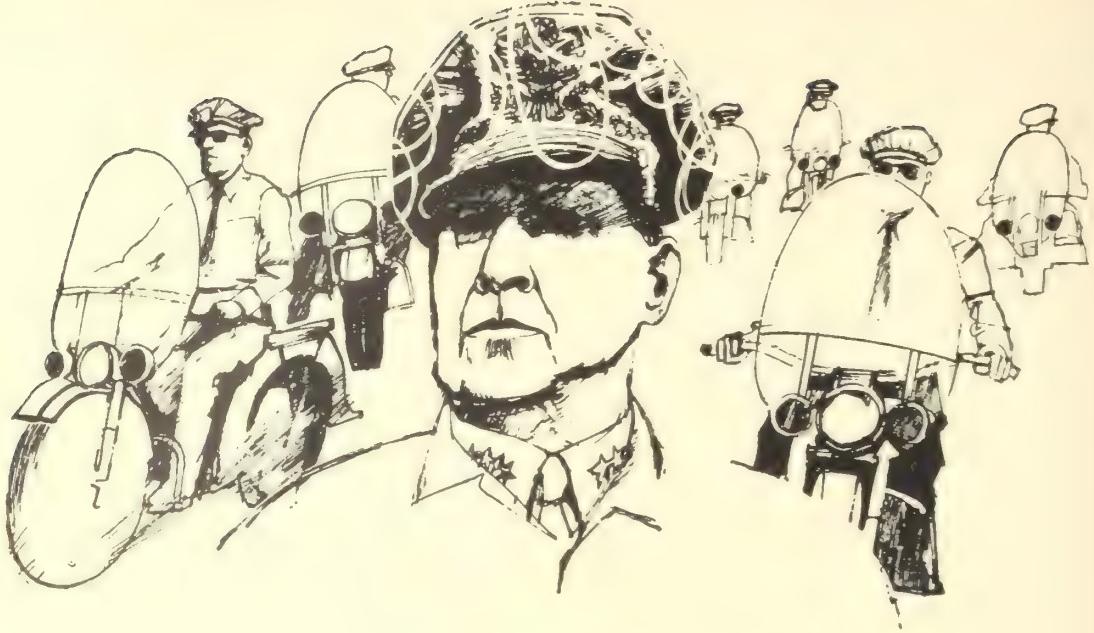
PRIVATE GROUND

FIRST frost, and I walk among the rose-fruit, the marble toes
Of the Greek beauties you brought
Off Europe's relic heap
To sweeten your neck of the New York woods.
Soon each white lady will be boarded up
Against the cracking climate.

All morning, with smoking breath, the handyman
Has been draining the goldfish ponds.
They collapse like lungs, the escaped water
Threading back, filament by filament, to the pure
Platonic table where it lives. The baby carp
Litter the mud like orangepeel.

Eleven weeks, and I know your estate so well
I need hardly go out at all.
A superhighway seals me off.
Trading their poisons, the north and south bound cars
Flatten the doped snakes to ribbon. In here, the grasses
Unload their griefs on my shoes,

The woods creak and ache, and the day forgets itself.
I bend over this drained basin where the small fish
Flex as the mud freezes.
They glitter like eyes, and I collect them all.
Morgue of old logs and old images, the lake
Opens and shuts, accepting them among its reflections.



Mother and the General

HERMINE I. POPPER

THE day that mother selected to move from her Manhattan apartment to the Westchester nursing home where she planned to die was also the day when General MacArthur, recalled from Korea, paraded up Fifth Avenue to the shouts of a multitude and echoes of the sentimental refrain, "Old soldiers never die." I do not mean to suggest that mother chose the day because of the General, or, for that matter, that the General chose the day because of mother. Still it could not have been a simple coincidence either; some ironic intelligence had to be at work if only to heighten into precise and permanent form an experience that might otherwise have melted into the shapelessness of most human events.

With the illogic of memory, my eye lights first on mother's hat, as she sat in the front of the station wagon—all that remained of her possessions piled behind and around her—and waited for her wheel chair to be folded and set precariously on top of the load. There was nothing new about the hat; in fact, what makes it memorable is that it was the epitome as well as the last of her hats. A good serviceable navy felt, it sat flat as a dish on top of her head, pinned

firmly in place to defy the unruly winds. Hats to mother were not a vanity, they were simply a part of the uniform of propriety. Since they claimed no style, they never went out of style, they just wore out. When mother bought a new hat it was less for her own sake than for the sake of the hat. She never looked in a mirror when she put one on.

The hat was already in place, and mother was in a wheel chair directing a retinue of helpers, when I rang her doorbell half-an-hour before leaving time. My sister-in-law Carrie was checking—at mother's insistence—to see that nothing remained in the closets or drawers. Margaret, the maid, was packing those first and last necessities of the kitchen—the salt and coffee and soap—into a carton saved for the purpose. The back door was open, and a porter was beginning to load the service elevator with furniture, suitcases, packages, and objects that had resisted packing.

Overnight the contents of the apartment had subsided into a lifeless mass. The walls, denuded, had disappeared into the ceiling, and the undraped windows were blank as expressionless eyes. Pictures and mirrors leaned face to the wall, only their shadows still sketched in the dust above them. Upholstered chairs and couches, stolid and lumpy ghosts in their covering of old sheets, filled the hall and overflowed to the living-room beyond. From the back of one of them, mother's fur stared at me with a single baleful

eye, the only object in sight that still clung stubbornly to its nature. To all intents and purposes mother's home had ceased to exist. Yet the apartment had never seemed more crowded.

And this was just the remnant. For several years, ever since she had been a widow, mother had prepared for this day by giving away her possessions one by one. This was no casual operation. Each piece was separately fingered and studied until it gave up the secret of who—among her family and friends—would appreciate with the greatest nicety not only her gift but the thing itself. Things for mother had a life of their own, as her children had learned to their sorrow when they were growing up. A broken vase was a sin; and the awkward gestures of the exploring young seemed to warrant less respect than the objects they sought to explore. We often resented the tyranny that possessions imposed, but we learned to care for them too.

Each gift in turn was a switch that released the flow of memory. Everything mother had ever owned had a nimbus of associations which she would take pleasure in shaping to the discipline of a well-made story. Facts for mother were only to be trusted so long as they suited her sense of verisimilitude. When a fact failed to coincide with her intuition of truth, the fact had to take its place in line. She had been a successful writer for many years. Now that her hand could no longer hold a pen for the length of an article or a story, she had put her art to work on her memories.

So her giving was also a reliving. The day mother knew that the last of her fine books and prints and ancient carvings, her African art and her French pewter, her family silver and jewelry and antique furniture, had found a proper home, she was ready to leave.

Not that what remained to go in the station wagon that day seemed negligible to my eye. Basing her decisions on the information she had extracted concerning the size, shape, and capacity of her new quarters, she had reserved what she felt was necessary, no more but no less either. The trouble was that her sense of the necessary

Hermine I. Popper has written often on the movies and theatre and has edited several books, including "Theatre Arts Anthology" (with Gilder, MacGregor, and Reed) and "A Joy of Gardening" by V. Sackville-West. For twelve years, she was on the staff of "Theatre Arts" as managing editor and motion-picture critic, and was later an assistant editor at Harper & Brothers. She has an M.A. degree from Radcliffe.

and my sense of the possible did not coincide. I looked around wondering how to reduce the shapeless load.

"Mother, you really don't need the Manhattan Classified in White Plains."

"Leave it alone. You never can tell when I may want something they don't have in the suburbs."

Mother had lived in Pelham when automobiles were still a frivolity, and she knew what suburbs were like.

"Mother, this lamp is about to fall apart. Why don't you let us get you a new one?"

"Because it's the only light I've ever been able to read by. Besides, it was your father's."

"Mother . . ."

"Don't touch that. You'll break it."

Poor mother, the only thing she found more intolerable than fools was her own exasperated dependence on them.

Carrie's ironic and sympathetic eye caught mine, and I gave up, reduced to the impotence that mother could always impose. The usual mixture of rage and the shame of an unruly child was mitigated today by awe for the sheer outrageousness of her assumption that even space could be made to bend before her will. I accepted a paper cup of Nescafé from Margaret and, sheepish with relief from the need to act responsibly, sat down to drink it. The crude brown paper that covered the chair seat crackled under me.

FROM the corner of Fifth Avenue the sounds of the gathering parade had begun to oppose their own expectancy to ours: a riff on a trumpet; the murmur of growing crowds; a small boy's voice raised in excitement. I thought of the station wagon now being loaded at the front door. Somehow I was going to have to drive it through the ranks of MacArthur's rooters, past the glowers of the police who would have to respect the special dispensation stuck in our windshield but would not have to like it. Irritated at the porter's deliberate pace, I was convinced that we would be trapped, unable to drive our block up Fifth Avenue and off toward the West Side Highway before the main body came through. But I could not express these apprehensions in front of mother. She didn't believe in parades.

Leaving Carrie to cope with the moving upstairs, I went down to the street to see if I could hurry things up at that end. One porter was rolling out consecutive loads on a dolly while another, along with José, the doorman, was stow-

ing them into the back of the car. José was mother's particular friend—a fierce-looking, volatile man who never failed to say a Hail Mary for her on Sunday, or to tell us about it during the week. Today he worked silently, alongside the silent porters, as though they had all been forced against their will to invade some private place. There seemed to be no way for me to help, except by saving them the embarrassment of catching my eye. I concentrated instead on the unrolling inventory.

The carton of books I had helped to pack, so I knew what was in it. The Temple Shakespeare was there, each play in a separate volume, light to an invalid's hand. The leather-bound set had long since worn out, and this replacement looked almost nakedly new in its brash board covers, the gilt letters still untarnished. There was a Collected Browning, so inured to mother's tastes that it opened automatically to the page where a dim trace of schoolgirl pencil marked the passage: "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a Heaven for?" In the Collected Robinson, some alterations were penciled into the margin, though I had never discovered whether the changes were mother's or the poet's.

Many writers had been grateful to mother for seeing their talents while other readers were still bemused by their flaws. But of all the books inscribed to her by their authors, she had brought only enough to fill a single shelf. The works she had chosen, the writers she chose to remember in this way, were tied to her with bonds beyond gratitude. Notably absent was the bound set of the magazine she had published for most of the thirty years after I was born. She had given it to me. It sits in my library today, an imposing, plum-colored monument to the rival of my childhood.

There were, of course, the homely necessities of the invalid, the white enamel paraphernalia of the sickroom—so impersonal in its standardization that it made perhaps the least poignant comment of all. More telling in its effect was a second wheel chair, especially designed with large rubber wheels for outdoors. Mother had supervised her own garden and then successively the gardens of her three children from this chair or one like it. For all her city-fed tastes, she was always most at home in the country. Knowing that in nature she had met her master, she respected its demands with grace.

She had insisted on a view of a tree from her room in the nursing home; with triumph we were able to offer her three, though only the tops would be visible from her bed. In those treetops

she would see and register all she needed to know about the changing seasons, the nesting of birds and their migrations, the shifting slant of the sun throughout the year. In one of the books she took with her, a friend had written of standing for hours beside a hidden culvert when he was a child. "I would stand watching the water, listening to its sound, until it spread abroad, redoubled and redoubled, and became all water falling everywhere. . . ." For mother at the other end of her life, those treetops would become all nature everywhere.

The flow of possessions continued. A few pictures; two meager suitcases of clothing; bed trays loosely tied; linens and silver in boxes; a chair and a table or two; father's lamp, its shade now set at a rakish angle. The front seat began to fill up with a barrier of small packages between the driver's and the passenger's seat. The load was petering out.

An ominous roar came from Fifth Avenue. An advance party of motorcycle police, as arrogant and indomitable as jets, was clearing the final stragglers off the street. The parade was on its way. We had only a few minutes' grace.

I started impatiently for the front door just as mother emerged with her retinue, the elevator man now pushing her chair. I was, as always, amazed at the air of serenity with which she put herself into the hands of the men who ran the elevators and opened the doors. Feline in her readiness to do battle when winning was possible, she had, like the cat, a talent for relaxing before the inevitable. While Joe propelled her across the sidewalk she sat with her hands at ease in her lap, apparently not so much ignoring the stares of passers-by as unaware of them.

José took charge at the curb, lifting her dexterously from the chair to the car. For as long as I could remember, mother had seemed as massive as a monument. Now I saw what my censoring eye had failed to see before: she had become, in the years of her illness, as weightless as a child.

For a moment I was immobilized, caught unaware by a sudden cold gust of feeling. Then hurrying around to the driver's seat, I blessed the family tradition that cut departures short. As soon as the door was closed on the wheel chair, I started the motor and waved good-by to Carrie and Margaret and José and Joe and the nameless porters and the gawking small boy being dragged away from the scene by his nurse. Mother sat still across the barrier, facing straight ahead, absorbed in her private thoughts. Her fur stared back at me.

At the corner I tooted a passage through the

crowd that had overflowed to the street, and came to a halt before the broad and disapproving back of a policeman. In response to one more tentative honk, he turned around slowly, then, hands on hips, opened his eyes in exaggerated amazement. His jowls had been slapped to an angry red by the wind, and he looked even larger face-to-face. I pointed to the cardboard rectangle on the windshield. He frowned and shook his head, then after a quick glance down the avenue, changed his mind and gestured me on. I started up with a jerk and stalled. A boozy bystander called over, "Don' let 'im fluster ya, kid." The policeman turned his glare on him, and my engine finally caught. I shifted to first, slid past the policeman into the empty avenue, and with all the absurdity of irrelevant habit, pulled carefully into the right-hand lane before heading uptown.

In my rear-view mirror, framed in a crazy border of cardboard cartons, I could see a Marine band on the move in the distance, resplendent in red and blue. The strains of a Sousa march floated up on the crystalline April air, as clear as a music box. Somewhere behind the band was an open Cadillac carrying a retired hero.

ICAN remember the pictures in the next morning's papers. He sat on the boot of the car, his gilt-heavy general's hat set carefully at an angle, his still-handsome profile silhouetted against the brim. No bowler would ever become him as well. An American flag whipped in salute behind his head, and deep in the obscurity of his shadow sat the Mayor of New York.

It was an excellent day for a parade, and the crowds had responded in numbers, although there was some argument later about the decibel content of their exuberance. I wasn't there so I couldn't tell. But as I watched the ticker tape

flying out of the windows several blocks down, it seemed to have a faced fall.

I finally reached the westbound street and turned left off the avenue, leaving the General to find his own way. At that moment, safe in the thinning backwash of the parade, some unaccountable quickening of affection made me look at mother. She sat quite still where José had placed her. Her face was smooth and her eyes untroubled, like someone who knew where she was going.

"Comfortable, mother?"

She smiled at me with the sweet, safe smile of a child.

"Just fine. But," she added, frowning a little as if in afterthought, "isn't the city unusually crowded today?"

I laughed. "It certainly is. But we'll be out of it soon."

An elderly derelict, weak-kneed with beer, zigzagged in front of the car.

"Poor old thing," said mother.

"Don't worry," I answered. "He's probably out of pain."

"Oh, no," she said, "it's just begun." When I looked puzzled, she went on, with the special impatience she reserved for the slow-witted. "Don't you see that he needs the crowds?"

It took me a moment before I realized that she was talking about MacArthur. I shook my head slowly and smiled to myself.

"What, dear?"

"Nothing. It's just that sometimes you amaze me."

Shifting down in the seat, I moved my hands to a comfortable position on the wheel, and took a deep puff on the first cigarette of the afternoon. The situation was under control. Soon now we would begin to see the trees.



BRADFORD SMITH

The Sometimes Baffling Mind of India

*Scientists who consult astrologers
and believers in nonviolence who riot are
not the only Indians who puzzle
the American who tries to understand them.*

GOA shocked many Americans. Krishna Menon irritates us. Nehru both impresses and mystifies us. Perhaps it is time we tried to understand the intellectual premises and processes of a people whose behavior will control so much of the future, including ours.

"There's something schizoid in every Indian," an English diplomat remarked to me in Delhi. Although the same might be said of the English or ourselves, yet to understand the sources of mental conflict is a good way of getting at the heart of any culture.

First of all, India is caught between science and ancient tradition. Many Indian businessmen will not conclude an important deal without the approval of an astrologer, or start out on a journey without being given a propitious day and hour. Even a scientist will consult an astrologer about his daughter's marriage with no sense of incongruity.

Through the centuries of successive invasions from north and west, India assimilated whatever useful things the conquerors brought in. This is a rare and precious gift, but it has resulted in building compartments in the mind rather than in generating internal consistency. The habit of caste-contiguity without intercourse—has spilled over into the intellectual life and made possible the simultaneous acceptance of things

we regard as irreconcilable. But of course we may be wrong. An Indian friend assured me that caste had been abolished, yet it slipped out that his daughters would have to marry within their own caste and subcaste.

I began to notice other incongruities. Despite the creed of nonviolence, India is full of mass violence. Gandhi is ignored as often as he is quoted. Religious tolerance is asserted, but there is obvious discrimination against Sikhs, Christians, Muslims. Though proud of their own culture, Indian intellectuals are vaguely uneasy about it. They think it superior spiritually to the West, yet have really given up many of the suppositions it rests on. Though blaming the British for many Indian problems—for permitting illiteracy, for destroying the once-sturdy local self-government, for draining instead of sparking the economy—they greatly admire them for their skill in administering and governing and for their culture.

Educated Indians have been brought up on English literature and history. Ever since Macaulay recommended that entrance into the Indian Civil Service be by examination in English, that has been the administrative language. The Indians who speak English—hardly one per cent of the population—are the ones who rule. It is in English that they have done all their higher studies. But the heart and soul are in the vernacular. No wonder then if schizoid traits appear.

The educated Indian lives in two worlds—the world of government administration and schools and cinemas, which is primarily Western; and the family home, which is Indian. Even when he is grown and married, he still has to leave every major family decision to his father. At the office his word is a command—at least to those below him in a very rigid hierarchy. But at home, he is still a child. He may not fondle his children nor pay any attention to his wife in the presence of his parents. His father will decide where the children should go to school, and how the family income should be spent.

This retention of authority in the elders may in part explain the reluctance of government officials to make decisions.

My wife and I had a caller one day from England who happened to mention that he was about to see the Prime Minister. In the brief span of a few days several other callers had also mentioned seeing Mr. Nehru, so this time we said, "What about?"

"Oh, I want to put up another factory to make biscuits."

"Does Mr. Nehru make the decisions about biscuits? Couldn't the Finance Minister perhaps take care of it—or even the sub-secretary for biscuits?"

"Oh no," he said. "It wouldn't do. If you don't see him, the next man down the line thinks you aren't very important and won't bother about you, and you never get your business done."

SAYING WILL MAKE IT SO

THE concept of authority is an important one in any culture. In India it is a product of two major forces—first, the social system with its rigid positioning of every individual in a family, a caste, a language, and a religion; and, second, the weight of tradition—that is, the past. The past is a very weighty thing in a country which has contributed many of the truly great intellectual discoveries to human history. The ancient books—the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Gita—exert a continuing influence on the Indian mind. What they assert, must be so.

The Bhagavad-Gita tells how Sanjaya was granted the power of seeing at a distance all that happened on the battleground of Kurukshetra. "This shows we must have had radio or television centuries ago," several people told me. Similarly it is asserted that ancient India must have had airplanes. The authority of the revered ancient book is sufficient evidence.

An accompanying effect, originating no doubt in the influence of the sacred books with their reiterations, is that if you assert a thing impressively enough it will not only be accepted as true but will be true. Often an Indian would make an assertion like this to me:

"The British destroyed all the panchayats in India. That is why we have no local government."

"But there was Lord Ripon. He did his best to encourage panchayats," I would reply.

"That was only official policy. The facts were quite different."

"But the panchayats never died out. And the caste panchayats continued the same as ever."

The ancient books are full of reiteration—no doubt because they reflect a purely oral tradition, and a time when the learned got all their learning by rote. In the old days students first memorized the dictionary so that as they studied the sacred Sanskrit texts they could find the necessary definitions in their minds! The university entrance examinations devised by the British put a high premium on memory—any educated Indian

puts me to shame if I have to match my recollection against his.

But this wonderful quality seems to have a serious side effect. When a high premium is put upon memory, logical analysis suffers. To recall and reproduce is enough. And it is enough of an effort so that it can appear to pass as an intellectual equivalent of analytical thinking. Because it is hard to do, it must be worthwhile. It must therefore be authentic. If you can produce the answer from the memorized authority, you have won the argument.

I spent a month of intensive seminar work with a group of brilliant university instructors and came to have the greatest respect for their intellectual capacities. And yet—when we talked about American literature, they wanted to know:

"Who is the best American writer?"

"Is Emily Dickinson as great a poet as Walt Whitman?"

"Is American democracy fundamentally materialistic?"

The examination system has made even good minds into textbooks. It leads them to hunt for the "right" answer and to reject all precautionary modifications. This is also the only way an oral tradition can be upheld through the centuries, so the two influences keep pushing in the same direction—toward brilliant refinements and oversimplification. Subsidiary or conflicting evidence is ignored. Indians still speak of the Truth as if it were one and indivisible, without internal conflicts.

"Was the European or the frontier influence more important in the development of America?" (Their answer: "The frontier, because Americans are different from Europeans.")

"Who was responsible for World War II?" (Their answer: "The United States, because it failed to invest abroad after the first world war, and thus forced other nations into economic nationalism.")

The curious unstated assumption that underlay our conversations was this: Since Truth is indivisible, every situation can be explained by one factor alone: the others can be ignored. It struck me then that the admirable fluency and clarity of my young Indian colleagues had been

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achieved only by sacrificing wholeness and faithfulness to all the facts.

"Truth comes from realization," one of these young teachers said when I tried to explain my concern to him. "Sometimes even for a moment we reach that state of realization which is beyond intellect. This is truth."

How did he know this?

"Because the truth must be one and unchanging. We now say the earth moves around the sun, but later we may discover this is not true. Therefore what science teaches is not truth, but merely suppositions. The truth is something higher."

Truth, it turns out, is something monolithic and beyond human knowledge and experience. I got nowhere by suggesting that a thing is not merely good but good for something, that truth is relative to surrounding conditions. In the end, after a good many conversations, I had to conclude that my Indian friends would frequently reject any solution which appears difficult or pluralistic in favor of one that ignores some of the evidence in order to provide a clearer answer. My American colleagues in the seminar were also astounded at the ease with which the group ignored facts and made sweeping assertions based on insufficient evidence, steadfastly refusing to confront the complexity of experience.

WHAT IS THE REAL WORLD?

THE reason this worries me is that we may see and suffer the consequences of this tendency in India's vast drive for development. If too much faith is placed in one solution instead of experimenting with many things and letting the best ideas win, costly errors may be committed on a nation-wide scale.

In the past, India has absorbed new peoples, new religions, new ideas, new art forms, new modes of living—with splendid disregard of consistency. In temple sculpture the anthropomorphic gods ride on the backs of the animals whose cults they have overcome. Unseen above them floats the Absolute, the Universal Soul which unites all and is beyond the art of the sculptor. Animism, anthropomorphism, and abstract thought inhabit the same house, the same mind. This sense of the ultimate sameness of opposites, of the oneness of all experience, crowns Indian religious thought. Why then has it not resulted in a sensitivity to the varieties of experience and a delight in contrariety?

The drive toward oneness seems to have produced an opposite effect. Americans are, on the

whole, pluralists. We delight in the variety of our world and in varied approaches to understanding or coping with it. But Indians are, despite their thousands of gods, their hundreds of languages, their sophistication of many cultural origins, essentially monist. They yearn for unity. They long to be absorbed into Brahman, the Universal Soul. This is the whole point of their religious quest. Their quick acceptance of all points of view is a strategy for conquest.

"Yes, yes, that is what I believe," my Indian friends have often said in the midst of a religious or philosophical discussion. Their ability to ingest many cultures and religions is the thing they most often mention with pride.

But this is a universality of absorption, not of coexistence. Over and again it is the great ocean with its power of dissolving all into one which captures the Indian imagination. In primordial time God floats in the ocean which is also himself. His acts of creation are "plays"—for, being All, he needs nothing more to complete himself, and thus he creates only for sport, not out of need. Out of this oneness all has come, and to one all must return. This certainty undergirds all Indian thought. But it leaves us with the paradox that while it is the genius of Hindu thought to see the truth in opposites and the impossibility of black and white answers where there are many colors, yet in the end all must dissolve into one.

It gradually became clear to me that the Indian mind delights in abstractions and sees no incongruity between an abstract idea that is consistent within itself and evidence in the workaday world that controverts it. I sat for a whole weekend through a series of discussions on law and education. The university students there spoke with ease and brilliance, without ever once referring to school boards, textbooks, teacher's colleges, law schools and courts and probation programs—the very tangibles which would have been the meat of such discussions with us.

I came to see that the abstract world is both more real, more valid, and more prestigious than the workaday world, and that Indians are happiest when they dwell in it. Indian intellectuals are brilliant speakers, planners, devisers. They enunciate grand ideas. And because the world of ideas is the real world, the higher world, there is a feeling that to enunciate a plan is to have executed its more important part. To give birth to a thought is more important than to do an act, for action is in the realm of matter while thought lives in the higher regions of the

spirit. American advisers report that while the government is planning brilliantly for increasing agricultural production, it fails on the practical level of sending experts out to work with small farmers and to show them how with their own small resources they can increase their yields.

Indians see the world of the mind as a real world more readily than we do. They live in it; they are at home in it; they know all its ordered turns and paths. The skill with which they can deliver an extempore speech and in English suggests that their minds are somehow tidier than ours, and under better control. We keep getting tangled in the embarrassment of checking ideas against reality. They see beauty in the mind and do not sully it with the world of matter. They can therefore build more stately mansions, make tidier constructs. It gives them a great advantage as debaters, as advocates, as propagandists. They can believe what we have to reject by our constant reference to experience.

THE ROCKY ROAD TO SELF

PART of the problem is that while we Americans give our allegiance to institutions—church, service club, party, union—they reserve theirs for individuals. We prefer voluntary association, affiliating ourselves with groups we choose ourselves, while they are tied to the groups they are born into—family, caste, religion. We are always looking for causes or purposes which will unite us (as voters, workers, improvers of our neighborhood, preservers of our wildlife) while they are born to a fixed position in a society which accentuates their differences.

I came to see that if you are raised in a hereditary society, a voluntary association which brings strangers together is not quite bona fide. It does not strike emotional roots. So, while we tend to escape from our born ties to those we seek voluntarily, in India it is hereditary ties that count. The institutionalizing of loyalties for social ends has not yet taken hold.

Indians often do good works, but they do them as individuals rather than through an institution. They do this because of the strong drive toward self-realization—the high goal of Indian life and philosophy. This implies no selfish drive for material success or happiness. Rather, it means a hard-won struggle to realize the oneness of the individual with the universal, the absolute soul. The road to self-realization is long and rocky. It demands self-denial of the most rigid sort, constant curbing of all appetites, ultimate withdrawal from the world to a life of severe con-

templation. This saintly tradition runs through all Indian life and thought.

While Americans tend to look upon social service as the road to personal maturity and satisfaction, an Indian will say that he must first perfect and discipline himself before he can undertake any worthy social service. If one is to be a vessel of the spirit, he must first make himself clean. Gandhi, Vinoba Bhave, Jayaprakash Narayan all preach the need of reforming the individual completely from within as a preliminary step to social reform.

Self-realization also seems to involve self-expression. Indians are a volatile, lively, friendly, curious, eager people as a whole. They respond to a smile or a friendly word, and one can quickly be on easy terms with them. I often sensed a rather surprised though pleased response to a friendly opening, and I wondered whether they were still recovering from the British. We are really more like them—except for those of us who prefer to stand on privilege and position.

There is plenty of good talk, brilliant talk in India. The oral tradition still gives high place to the speaker, to the magic of words. There is faith in words as objects, as reality, as acts. Most Americans are impatient of words. We grow tired of them, we mistrust them. They never do. They are in love with words, for with words they can build worlds that never were but which they honestly believe in. "In the beginning was the word." They believe this. The word is the symbol of creation; it is creation. Yet here's the rub—since speaking fluently gives status, they inevitably say more than they need to say, and therefore say less than they might have said with fewer words.

Sometimes the talk comes out of an inner searching. One evening a young man talked to me as if he were possessed, about his search for religious truth. He had so much to say that he could not speak very coherently, and much of what he did say was platitude, though to him it was obviously stamped with the hallmark of eternal truth. The endless outpouring had sincerity without meaning; fluency without depth; great good will and friendliness, but never a notion that the listener might also have something to say—even though he had announced that he came to seek guidance. He had to project himself, he had to make an impression at all costs—and all this while talking steadily about overcoming the ego! I think Indians are obsessed with subduing the ego because they have so much of it; it is really their central spiritual problem. Where we hope to find ourselves through com-

munity service, they seek self-realization. Although the goal is merging in the universal soul, I sometimes wondered whether they haven't a secret hope that the operation might be reversed!

HOW TO SURVIVE A MEETING

TH E phenomenon of compulsive talk is not restricted to private conversation. Indeed the public meeting, of which there are many, gives the speaker a chance to spill himself onto a whole audience which by custom is expected to sit still and take it.

"I don't know why it is," Mr. Nehru said at one such public meeting, "but speech-making seems to be our national vice."

I went to a vast number of these meetings, and I, like Mr. Nehru, wondered what their purpose was. Take one.

It was a meeting in honor of nonviolence, sponsored by the Jains, a religious sect. I had been told to arrive promptly at five, which I did. Nobody was there except a few technicians in pajamas arranging the inevitable loud-speaker, and carefully laying out their wires for people to trip over. The meeting was to be under a huge, bright-colored tent. I wandered around it, admiring the rugs and contemplating the pictures of Gandhi, Buddha, and the gentleman clothed in a tree limb who must have been the Jain saint, Mahavira. Someone led me to the front, where the most uncomfortable chairs had been placed for the honored guests.

Half-an-hour later someone came and led me to the stage, as I was to be one of the speakers. Other speakers, wiser about timing, began to arrive until the little stage was sagging with us. The Vice President came. We were led off for a cup of tea and a photograph. We returned to the stage to find that a dozen singers had joined us. At six o'clock the meeting got under way with a song about peace and nonviolence, after which the singers stepped gracefully upon our toes and departed.

The Vice President spoke first. After that I counted the speakers for a while but ultimately lost track of them. The Vice President, a wise man, departed after he spoke. So did I. Only I, unfortunately, was last. As the speeches droned on, the chairman, who had had plenty of practice sleeping through speeches as speaker of the Lok Sabha (lower house of Parliament), blissfully closed his eyes and snoozed. Every once in a while his practiced ear would detect a pause, and he would carefully open one eye partway to see if the speaker had finished, then patiently

close it again—for when did a speaker ever finish?

The audience was practicing nonviolence so thoroughly that they hardly ever struck their hands together. Indeed they seemed to be as wrapped in somnolence as the chairman. While the speakers extolled nonviolence, I looked up at an outside stairway of the house next door, where a crowd of children gazed directly down and in upon us. A girl turned and slapped her little brother, whereupon he promptly turned and slapped the child next to him. I thought of using it as a parable when I rose to speak. But I didn't. I was so sleepy by that time that I could barely rise to my feet. I made the shortest speech of the evening, which is no way to impress an Indian audience. Three claps could almost be heard when I finished. Those who still remained in the tent rose, stretched, yawned, and silently slunk away. Another meeting had ended. It is proof of their devotion to nonviolence, I decided, that Indians don't rise in revolt and slay their public speakers.

What did they do while they sat there, I wondered. For surely they were not listening. No man could endure to listen to all the speeches Indians sit through. Finally I hit upon the answer. They were composing the speeches they would give tomorrow. They go to other people's meetings so that others must come to theirs. And they spend the time composing beautiful speeches of their own. This way everyone is happy, for everyone has an audience and no one ever listens. I was glad that I discovered this secret early enough to make use of it for nearly two years.

On one occasion Mr. Nehru was invited to speak at one of these "functions." He arrived to find a huge tent, several hundred chairs, preparations to serve tea to an equal number—and no one there but the man who had arranged the affair and a few staff members.

"It appears that the arrangements are more than adequate," remarked the Prime Minister.

A C C O R D I N G to an old legend, the Brahman was born from the cosmic being's mouth, which as the organ of speech has magic gifts. Hindu philosophy regards sound itself as possessing metaphysical power. The hymns of the Rig Veda properly recited can influence both gods and demons. At the creation the gods first formulated the idea, then uttered the names of things. "In the beginning was the word." Nowhere has the word such power as in India. It might be well to remember this the next time Krishna Menon speaks at the UN, or when Mr. Nehru makes his next pronouncement ex cathedra.

F. EMERSON ANDREWS

BOUNTY FROM BEYOND

How to Give the Most Good with Your Bequests

*Expert advice on how to draw up your will
to make your charity dollars go
farthest . . . and in the right direction.*

ADD up the money given to charity each year by all the foundations put together—Ford, Rockefeller, Duke, Hartford, Kellogg, Carnegie, and thirteen thousand others. Or total the charitable dollars annually bestowed by America's million business corporations. The sums are staggering, of course—but neither will match the yearly \$700 million that comes from the wills of individual citizens.

Nevertheless, foundations, corporations, and other organized givers of money probably make far greater contributions to the public welfare. Bequests from wealthy, and sometimes whimsical, private citizens are likely to be afterthoughts or, at best, to repeat lifetime patterns of giving. Bounty from beyond, huge though it is in terms of dollars, sinks into the broad stream of charity, leaving scarcely a ripple. At the same time, vital programs suffer needlessly because so many well-meaning people plan their estates almost without thinking.

Many wills on record hardly contribute to the general well-being of mankind, but they may still evoke fascinating pictures of men. Reading them, one often gets a feeling for the personal interests of the donors—and an equally strong sense of the reactions of their astonished donees.

Consider, for example, the \$250,000 fund for the purchase of shoes for needy performers. Conrad Cantzen, an actor who played minor roles and never earned more than \$55 a week, somehow stored up a quarter of a million dollars, and left it all for that purpose.

Or picture distinguished Harvard Overseers anxiously awaiting the demise of a tiger-striped female cat named Kitty. Only after Kitty (the prior beneficiary) gives up her ninth life will their medical school get the money left by a retired Missouri schoolteacher.

Medicine has already benefited from the will of an obscure Maine lawyer. Having once had a five-minute talk with Alfred P. Sloan, attorney Donald S. Walker bequeathed \$13 million that few knew he had to the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research.

Even our governments, both local and national, get some unexpected windfalls every now and then. Theodore Roosevelt's Vice President, Charles Warren Fairbanks, left \$50,000 to the city of Indianapolis, which, he explained, "we loved with increasing patriotism and always hoped might be, if it is not such now, the ideal city of the world."

A Pin Money Fund for our First Ladies was set up by a lawyer named Henry G. Freeman in 1912. His will provided for \$12,000 per year, to be paid "as long as this glorious government lasts" to the wife of the President of the United States, after certain named beneficiaries died. Seven of these beneficiaries are still living, however, so that the President's helpmeet has yet to receive her legacy.

And Mrs. William L. Clayton left half of a special trust "to my beloved country, the United States of America, to be used for the retirement of the national debt." Her husband had been Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs.

Most wills are apt to be considerably less imaginative. As a rule, whatever charitable provisions there may be echo the donor's current list for charitable giving: his church, college, and so on probably are assigned a dollar amount or per-

centage portion of the estate. It's difficult to be more precise, since detailed information on how Americans leave their money is woefully hard to come by. We have no comprehensive study of American charitable bequests, nothing that could give us the insights into "men's aspirations for their society" provided for Tudor and Stuart England by Professor W. K. Jordan's recent study.* In the United States, we must make do with the tabulations of the Internal Revenue Service. Its latest report on estate-tax filings (for estates of more than \$60,000) covers charitable bequests made in 1959 and totaling \$669 million.

In sharp contrast to donations from the living—people of low and middle income furnish about 80 per cent of this money—charitable bequests from the dead come mainly from the very rich. (Apparently people with small estates either leave no will, or feel that their responsibilities to their families leave little or no margin for philanthropy.)

Fifty-five thousand estates were filed in 1959. Of these, the mere 1,141 which had a gross value of one million or more gave more than 60 per cent of the total gifts to charity. Their contribution of \$101 million was not, it should be added, made wholly at the expense of their heirs. Charitable bequests are exempt from various taxes, among them a federal estate tax which ranges from 3 per cent (on the first \$5,000 subject to tax) to 77 per cent (on taxable portions exceeding \$10 million).

Therefore at these higher levels, charitable gifts may be nearly costless to any private beneficiary, and sometimes of positive value. In large estates, needed cash can sometimes be obtained only by selling off securities or property at distress prices, or surrendering control of a closely held company. It may be less costly to surviving heirs to reduce taxes to manageable proportions through charitable bequests.

The Internal Revenue Service reports catalogue charitable gifts under three headings: "Education," "Religion," and "Other Charitable." This last is a catchall with twenty-two different types of organizations mentioned as "examples," including American Legion Posts, the Red Cross, and—presumably—the foundations. More than half of all bequests fall into this miscellaneous group, making knowledge of American wills still murkier.

"Education," broadly defined, gets most money from those at the very top of the economic ladder—\$99 million from the 1,141 wealthiest

* *Philanthropy in England, 1480-1660*. New York, Russell Sage Foundation, 1959.

estates in 1959. The 22,000 "small" estates (\$60,000 to \$100,000) set aside \$4.5 million for education in the same year, while the 32,000 estates in the intermediate section gave it \$44 million. Interestingly, "Religion" presents almost the opposite picture. Small estates gave nearly \$11 million (or one third of their charitable dollars); intermediate estates, \$49 million; and the richest of the rich earmarked only \$26 million (6.5 per cent of their total contributions) for religious concerns.

Now no one would argue that either religion or education is undeserving of support—in any amounts. But giving to worthy causes is not enough. The gift must be carefully, wisely made, and just as skillfully received. Otherwise, as we shall see, the best of intentions can pave the way to surprising kinds of quandaries.

SWEAT, BLOOD, AND MONEY

WITH gift money we can do three things: help people in trouble (relief); help people out of trouble (cure, rehabilitation); help people avoid trouble (prevention, research, "placing," as Andrew Carnegie put it, "ladders on which the aspiring can rise"). Causes in the first two groups have an immediacy and an emotional appeal especially suited to living donors. The third kind of giving is often hard to understand, harder to do effectively, and perhaps peculiarly the province of those whose money will outlive them.

The person making a will, with enough funds for a substantial charitable bequest, is probably about to give the largest sum he has ever disposed of at one time. It should not be given with the cursory inattention that one devotes to doorbell solicitations. "Somebody must sweat blood with gift money," said Henry S. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation, "if its effect is not to do more harm than good." Obviously, a lawyer should be consulted. His professional knowledge and experience will help both your family and the charities you choose to get the most from your estate. Beyond that, a few common-sense guidelines can stand you in good stead.

It is risky suddenly to cut off groups which

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computers are helping scientists at several universities probe one of the most intriguing mysteries of life—the puzzle of just how physical characteristics are passed along the family tree. Hopefully, this kind of search may lead to earlier diagnosis and treatment of any hereditary diseases.

Scientists would like to know, for example, if a gene that uses a particular hereditary disease travels along with a

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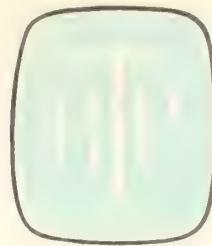


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are used to your annual support. In a small community near me, four agencies nearly collapsed at the death of one local resident. They had been meeting half or more of their needs with her generous contributions and it took years before their long overdue efforts toward wider support could again bring in enough money to keep their programs going.

Precipitately flooding an organization with money can, however, be risky too, as the *New York Times* seems to have realized. Many years ago James B. Wilbur of Manchester, Vermont, offered to provide a permanent endowment for the paper's Christmas solicitation, "The Hundred Neediest." The income from his handsome bequest would have met the yearly subscription sought at that time and would have met it forever. But the *Times* turned it down and a smaller bequest—\$100,000—was substituted. A large endowment, they felt, might foil "the fundamental purpose of the annual appeal—the awakening of public interest in voluntary and unsolicited help for the unfortunate." "The Hundred Neediest" brought in \$582,563 in 1961, and its funds are still increasing every year.

A well-known private school faced with somewhat the same problem several years ago solved it rather differently. By diligent effort the trustees had just got their alumni accustomed to making sizable contributions for current expenditures. Then they were offered a bequest of almost \$2 million. News of this, they feared, would cause most alumni to stop or severely reduce their support and, on balance, after a few years the school might have lost not only cash but the alumni's loyalty and interest as well. In the end, the trustees found a way to keep both: they accepted the bequest but used it entirely for a long-desired new building, leaving needs for current expenditures unchanged.

Quite a few institutions, particularly colleges, almost automatically place all undirected bequests in their permanent endowment funds. This removes any danger of such sudden windfalls acting as a brake on contributions from other sources, and builds up income for future years.

But endowments have their dangers too. For one thing, a richly endowed organization tends to continue in existence even if no need for it remains, and it is apt to resist changes in program required by changing conditions. In England, many perpetual funds have been set up endowing hospital beds; with the nationalization of medical care, these became a problem. Even more perplexing was a perpetual fund set up by

Sir John Port in 1556 to maintain a school and almshouse, Etwall Hospital, which was to care for the six poorest persons in the parish. Sir John supposed that he had done away with local poverty for all time in this small area, and that not only the poor but all the residents of Etwall Parish would forever bless his name. Had he lived into the nineteenth century, he might well have been rousingly damned instead. By the time it was three hundred years old, his fund was bringing in about £3,000 a year—a tremendous sum in those days. But poor rates in Etwall were much higher than in neighboring parishes. Apparently word of Sir John's generous gift drew scores of shiftless people to Etwall, all of them hoping to share the fine livings.

Perpetual funds have another major drawback. In a field where today's needs may be urgent, an endowment offers for present use only about 4 per cent a year, while the principal is subject to the risk of continuous reduction in real value by inflation.

Julius Rosenwald was perhaps the most eloquent opponent of perpetuities. "By adopting a policy of using the Fund within this generation," he said, "we may avoid those tendencies toward bureaucracy and a formal or perfunctory attitude toward the work which almost inevitably develop in organizations which prolong their existence indefinitely. Coming generations can be relied upon to provide for their own needs as they arise." He insisted that his trustees use up the Rosenwald Fund "within twenty-five years of the time of my death." Consequently, they had a great deal of money to spend at once, but they found themselves forced at the end of the twenty-five-year period to leave some important projects dangling.

A BETTER WAY WITH WILLS

AT THE least, endowments should have discretionary provisions. As a Boston banker by the name of James Dean understood, trustees should be able to close a trust or transfer its contents if necessary. Mr. Dean left \$10,000 to supply the Boston Light Vessel with Sunday newspapers just as long as there are men aboard to read them. His fund is managed by the bank of his choice, with the income paid annually to Boston's community foundation, the Permanent Charity Fund. Its distribution committee of prominent Boston citizens supervises this and all other funds entrusted to their care. If automation comes to the Light Vessel, as may well happen, this committee has authority to shift the

money—without resort to legal procedures to whatever project seems to them closest to Mr. Dean's desire.

Choosing a field so broad that there is little danger of all its needs being met is another way to keep funds productive. And so is leaving money to an institution, without binding restrictions but with some indication of your general wishes.

For example, Charlotte R. Stillman recently made a substantial—and sensible—bequest to the Riverside Church in New York City. Informally, she had let her minister know that although the will would specify no particular object, her fund was intended to further the outreach of the church's ministry, to aid special projects that could not be supported by the regular budget. The trustees of the church are now using her bequest to help finance the first two years of an experiment with an FM station, WRVR. This "religious" radio station offers jazz, classical music, and general educational programs, as well as religious materials—Protestant, Jewish, and Catholic.

Miss Stillman's bequest has the one quality which may be all-important to successful giving: it is flexible. Setting up a foundation (which can redirect money as new needs become apparent) is an increasingly popular way of assuring flexibility. This is best done while the donor is still living, so that he can himself appoint the first trustees and take a personal part in setting policy and in making grants for the trial period. In most modern foundations, the original grant is small and supplemented each year by additional gifts, some to be spent immediately, some to be added to the capital fund. At the donor's death the foundation is ready for the large bequest from the estate. It has had practice in the art of giving, its trustees know the donor's desires, and if conditions change they are in a position to alter the program accordingly. On the whole, the record of this peculiarly American invention for administering philanthropic gifts is an enviable one.

But the thousands of foundations set up in recent years with small endowments and little prospect of growth are matters for concern. They may be effective while the donor lives and can give his personal attention. They are, however, too small to warrant payment of any professional staff, and it is doubtful whether unpaid trustees can long be persuaded to devote time and care to the spending of a few thousand dollars annually.

Smaller funds might better be given directly to an institution already operating in an inter-

1 Prayer for Today

LORD, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older, and will some day be old.

Keep me from getting talkative, and particularly from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion.

Release me from craving to try to straighten out everybody's affairs.

Make me thoughtful, but not moody; helpful, but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all—but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end. . . .

Seal my lips on my many aches and pains—they are increasing, and my love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by.

Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally it is possible that I may be mistaken. . . .

—Origin unknown, reprinted from the *Rocky Mountain Herald*, May 12, 1962.

esting field; or, if a foundation is set up, provision should be made for rapid spending and speedy termination, or for transfer of funds to an organization such as a community foundation.

Each individual's legacy can be a boon or a burden, in large measure or small. How to make bequests more useful needs wider study—by people interested in philanthropy, by those who may counsel the makers of wills, and especially by that smaller group who now are, or should be, thinking about the best yield for their money in its last spending. They are sure to bestow another \$700 million this year (and probably more, since no extraordinarily large estates were filed in 1959, the sampled year). One hopes they will bestow it wisely.

There is a time to plant radish seeds, strewing them in a hastily scratched furrow and hoping for a quick crop. The result may be useful, but for a moment. There is also a time to plant an oak. The soil, the spot, the seed must be chosen with care, for a long future benefit. Wills, particularly if they contain charitable bequests, should be written with the long view—bringing to harvest not merely the matured securities, but the matured thoughts, of a lifetime.

JOSEPH KRAFT

EUROPE AGAINST DE GAULLE

*A hopeful firsthand report from the Continent
by Harper's new Washington Correspondent.*

IN THE spring of 1962, the Atlantic Community experienced a spectacular Time of Troubles. Intense, public bickering broke out among Americans, Frenchmen, Britons, Germans, and Belgians; and there were those who predicted the end of the alliance. But the elements of accommodation are present. And I return from a tour of the European capitals convinced that far more likely than a disastrous break is a temporary compromise—perhaps reached by the end of the year. For if there is tension between the United States and France, the fact of the matter is that de Gaulle commands no long-term support among the other European allies.

Underlying the trouble is a Europe in mid-passage. Though revived and daily growing stronger, the Continent has not yet found its place in the world. Amidst an incoherent tangle of faintly contrasting and imperceptibly blending nuances, there are apparent three markedly different concepts of Europe's role.

"Spaakistan Europe," the first of these, is named after the Socialist Foreign Minister of Belgium, Paul-Henri Spaak. Dominant during the first decade after the war, it tends to concentrate on the building of more and tighter supranational ties binding together the so-called European Six: France, Italy, West Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxemburg.

"Carolingian Europe," the second tendency, is the pet project of General Charles de Gaulle. It emphasizes a Europe led by France, bound by intergovernmental rather than supranational ties, and able to deal effectively with the Soviet Union, independent of the United States.

"Europe of the Open Partnership," the third

concept, has been made possible by the prospect of British entry in the Common Market. Strongly backed by Washington, it stresses a joint approach by Western Europe and the United States to dealings with the Soviet Union, and to the problems of Asia, Latin America, and Africa.

A struggle for leadership among the backers of the three rival concepts is almost bound to persist. But a showdown can, and probably will, be prevented. The likely compromise would yield a shadow concession to General de Gaulle, while forwarding the substance of the Open Partnership, and without doing lasting prejudice to European unity. Basically it is a way of maintaining momentum while outwaiting de Gaulle. Its moving spirit is a subtle motto, once much in vogue in the office of one of the principal architects of European unity, Jean Monnet. The motto is: "Bless your enemies, for they too can be a means to your end."

II

"A kind of United States of Europe." Winston Churchill raised that standard at the University of Zurich in September 1946—and promptly, with all other important Britons, turned his back. But among a handful of West European statesmen the idea took hold. Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium saw in unity the means to wipe out the quarrels that had twice submerged his country and its neighbors in Holland and Luxemburg. Three Roman Catholic leaders—Konrad Adenauer of Germany, Robert Schuman of France, and Alcide de Gasperi of Italy—saw in unity the political expression of a higher communion. They had the support of a group of highly skilled technicians, gathered round Jean Monnet, who were convinced that what could not be done on a national scale might be achieved internationally. They also had the steady backing of American leaders who found in European unity an echo

of this country's accomplishments. And they enjoyed the inestimable political advantage of working on a clean slate—a Europe defeated and broken but prepared to accept any constructive suggestion. As one West German, an executive of the Thyssen steel interests and member of the Bundestag, puts it: "We all saw in Europe in end to the past; a new beginning, as if from Year One."

In this climate, Spaak, de Gasperi, Adenauer, and Schuman were able to hold the foreign ministries of Europe for most of the first postwar decade, and to build apace. The Schuman Plan, proclaimed on May 9, 1950, bore fruit two years later in the establishment of the European Coal and Steel Community, pooling the basic heavy industry of France, Italy, West Germany, and the Benelux Countries—the Little European Six. The European Defense Community project for pooling their military forces under NATO was beaten in late summer 1954 by the French Assembly. But the lost ground was all but made up in the Paris treaties of May 1955, bringing West Germany into the NATO command. A month later representatives of the Six met in Messina, and set in motion the Rome treaty of July 1957, which in turn produced the European Economic Community, or Common Market, put into effect on January 1, 1958.

Works beget faith, and around the edifice of Little Europe there gathered a body of belief, a veritable European gospel imbued with the spirit of renunciation and not devoid of a certain unworldliness. A main article was the burying of an ancient hatchet: "the elimination," as the Schuman Plan declaration put it, "of the age-old opposition between France and Germany." Another was the notion of subordinating European defense to NATO, and more particularly to the American deterrent. Lastly, there was the principle of supranationalism.

"Europe," in this view, was not just a collection of national representatives, not just another UNESCO; but rather encompassed machinery to bind and loose the national states. Thus the

Joseph Kraft joins "Harper's" staff this month as Washington Correspondent, and he will report frequently on national and international affairs. Among his earlier contributions were articles on Pennsylvania politics, the UN Congo Army, and the Kennedy Era: Stage Two. He has written two books: "The Struggle for Algeria" and "The Grand Design." He has written for the "New York Times" and many magazines and has won the Overseas Press Club Award.

Coal and Steel Community vested almost absolute power over the member states in a High Authority required to make decisions without regard to purely national considerations. The Common Market treaty gave power to propose decisions to an international body, the Economic Commission; and though power to dispose was vested in a Council of Ministers representing member governments, this power was made progressively subject to majority rule so that any single government could be outvoted by the others. Moreover, the Schuman Plan and Common Market were only a beginning. To follow—at an early, though unfixed, time—were, first, a fusion of the High Authority and Economic Commission into a single European executive; and, next, a truly momentous step—the election, by popular suffrage in Europe-wide voting, of a European Parliament.

To this creed, a large, vocal, and highly organized body of true believers subscribed. Besides the original apostles—Spaak, Adenauer, de Gasperi, Schuman—it included all the Catholic parties of Europe, a smattering of liberals and Socialists, especially in the smaller countries, and, with particular fervor, the youth groups. "We are the party of Europe," the Catholic MRP (Mouvement Républicain Populaire) of France proclaimed on election posters. "In consolidating Europe," a Socialist Senator from Belgium declared, "we are consolidating the Free World." For West Germany's Youth Union, meeting in Mayence in September 1960, it was "not enough to have the unconditional co-operation of governments without abandonment of sovereignty to a supranational community." They would settle only for a "federal European state."

But alas, these hopes were challenged by an unexpected event—the solid, even sordid, material success of the Common Market.

III

What has Europe got that we don't have? President Kennedy in effect asked at his news conference of May 23, 1962. And the answer is: an enormous backlog of consumer demand. But in addition Europe has a system for giving its economy the full benefit of technological change without sacrificing social welfare. The European Economic Community, or Common Market, is a device whereby supranational powers press the national states to sweep away restrictions encumbering the innovating spirit of both private and public enterprise. In the order of political things, it represents a stage beyond the "Capitalist" and "Welfare" states of the past.

The Capitalist state was a natural projection of the first industrial revolution. By giving free play to the initiative of entrepreneurs, it opened the way to periods of rapid economic and technical progress. But when uncontrolled individual initiative and the "rapacious" ways of the vested interests brought social disaster—notably mass unemployment—the Capitalist state had no satisfactory answer. Its successor, the Welfare state, addressed itself directly to the problem of social injury. By extensive government subsidy, and by economic control and insurance programs, it managed to cushion the worst social effects of economic dislocation. But it is clear that the Welfare state is failing to meet the challenge of the second industrial revolution—the challenge of technological change at a dizzying pace. Not only does the Welfare state create a public climate of complacent ease, unresponsive to the need for change; but it democratizes the vested interests, setting up large groups with immense political capacity for enforcing inertia. With these groups—with tax-dodging industry, subsidized farmers, featherbedding workers—no Welfare state has yet been able to deal effectively.

At precisely that vulnerable point, the Common Market approach reinforces the Welfare state. The Common Market has in its Economic Commission an international group of experts that are continually forcing to the surface just those problems that Welfare state governments, for sound political reasons, are afraid to touch: thus in the short life of the Common Market, the Commission has already put up to the member governments programs for sweeping changes in tariff structure, in fuel energy policy, in transport policy, in agricultural subsidies, in antitrust policy, and in policy toward economic growth and business cycles. In addition, the Common Market has, in the Council of Ministers, an international body capable of taking decisions that apply to member states; if nothing else, the blame attaching to each member government for these decisions is diluted. Lastly, the Common Market has adopted, and put into practice, the principle of Adjustment Assistance: compensatory payments helping individuals, firms, and communities that have been injured by technological change, to switch to other enterprises.

As an example of the process in action, consider the Common Agricultural Policy, adopted by the Council on recommendation of the Economic Commission last January. The policy favors the interest of the European consumer in cheap, abundant, high-quality food, and also serves the more efficient French, Dutch, and

Italian producers who can best supply it. But a very large number of inefficient German peasants are going to be swamped by the competition, and forced from the land. Because of the West German farm lobby, no government in Bonn could have considered, let alone put through, such a program. But under the Common Market formula, the Commission has acted as a kind of lobby, forcing the hand of the Bonn Government: the Council of Ministers has acted as a kind of fig leaf, covering the Government's responsibilities; and the Adjustment Assistance provisions are a sweetener, holding out the prospect of new opportunity to those squeezed off the land. Not only has the Common Agricultural Policy gone through, but there has not even been much public outcry.

By such means, working across a broad spectrum, the Common Market has fostered a revolution in the European economy. The sweeping away of outworn restrictions has opened the field to massive private and public investment. New enterprises have mushroomed, creating full employment at steadily increasing wage rates, and with steadily more ambitious programs of social benefit. Consuming power has expanded apace, and with it the phenomenon of investors and innovators creating ever-new demand for better and more advanced products. There has been not only spectacular prosperity, not only rapid growth, but, even more important because it is a gauge of the future, a continuously high rate of investment.

DE GAULLE PLAYS IT COOL

ECONOMIC strength, of course, creates the potential for political power. And on two outsiders the possibility of using Europe as a power base was not lost. One of these was General de Gaulle. Cool to the European idea at its inception, de Gaulle, in his actions, has shown a keen appreciation of its potential since coming back to office in June 1958. Without his currency reform of January 1959, the Common Market would not have got off the ground. It was at French insistence, above all, that the Common Agricultural Policy was put through. Where other states generally send deputies to the Council of Ministers in Brussels, the French delegation is almost always headed by Foreign Minister Couve de Murville—a mark of favor not accidental in the Gaullist scheme of things.

In words, however, de Gaulle has sketched out a Carolingian Europe differing widely from the original article. Against supranational concepts,

he has advanced the idea of a "Europe of States." He has taken his distances from NATO and from the Anglo-Saxon powers, in calling for an independent French nuclear force and in pursuing a much harder line respecting negotiations with the Soviet Union on Berlin. In his view, the purpose of Europe is to "aid French prosperity and security, and, at the same time re-establish the possibility of a balance vis-à-vis the Eastern countries," which might, in time, lead to "a détente from the Atlantic to the Urals." What he had in mind, clearly, was a Western Europe led by France, and grown so strong that eventually Paris would negotiate directly with Moscow on questions of European security.

Offensive as many of these ideas seemed to orthodox Europeans, de Gaulle was not without a certain following. Other Frenchmen welcomed the notion of a France equipped with large nuclear weapons, and thus independent (so they thought) of the Anglo-Saxons. Some West Germans and some Italians were pleased to think that if France crossed the nuclear threshold, Bonn and Rome would not be long after. Most important of all, the old French nationalist, de Gaulle, won to his side the old Rhenish separatist, Adenauer. Not only did they share the hard line on Berlin, but they advocated it, unlike most hard-liners, in the interest of a deep and unavowed purpose: to maintain the division of Germany. With Adenauer leaning toward de Gaulle, the leaders of the other countries in the European Six were at least obliged to live with him. It was thus that at a "Little Summit" meeting of the Six on July 18, 1961, de Gaulle persuaded his partners to establish a special committee (the Fouchet committee) in order to "give shape to the will for unity."

MACMILLAN PLUGS IN

BUT just as the General began to move his European partners, the picture was changed by the entry of a second outsider. Twelve days after the Bonn meeting ended, on July 31, 1961, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan announced that Britain was ready to open negotiations for admission to the Common Market.

Much has been made of the economic motives underlying the decision; no doubt it is true that—as the supreme example of the failure of the Welfare state to adjust to rapid technological change—Britain was eager to plug in to the economic dynamism of the Common Market. But chiefly, the British move was, as Jean Monnet says, "an historic political event." Because of attachment

to her special form of parliamentary democracy, Britain's entry meant a new complication in the hopes of the original Europeans for progress toward a supranational federation. Neither was Britain in step with General de Gaulle. Where his concentration is European, Britain remains the hub of an international system touching every continent. For the Common Market to take in Britain, meant also to take in concern with the problems of Nigeria and Canada and Hong Kong and Australia and Portugal and Austria and Sweden and Norway and India and Pakistan. Association with Britain meant that Europe would have to turn from self-absorption to the outside world—a first step toward Atlantic Partnership between the United States and Europe for a joint approach to world problems.

Difficult as British entry promised to be, however, it found numerous partisans on the Continent. Monnet and the "Eurocrats" had all along been convinced that Common Market principles could be applied on a global scale, and they welcomed Britain's approach as the prelude to Atlantic Partnership. Belgian and Dutch statesmen, in the light of General de Gaulle's views, tended to see Britain as a counterweight to domination of the Continent by France and West Germany. That hope was shared by those West Germans, notably Foreign Minister Gerhard Schroeder, who, in the interests of German unification, tend to oppose the hard Adenauer-de Gaulle line. Socialists throughout Europe welcomed the prospect of closer relations with Britain and the Scandinavian countries as an offset to the supposed influence of the Catholic Church. They had a special influence on the Fanfani Government in Italy which has been trying to promote an alliance of Christian Democrats and Socialists in an "opening to the left."

Thus by the middle of 1961, the original European dogma was sharing the stage with two rival conceptions, both with important political backing and divergent outlooks on the future. As one Common Market official said: "We don't know where we're going, but the roads are well marked."

IV

Open skirmishing began in the fall of 1961 in the Fouchet committee set up as a result of the Little Summit meeting in Bonn. French representatives laid before the committee the plan for Carolingian Europe. A treaty was to be signed among the European Six, providing for collaboration among governments with a view toward the formulation of common policies in foreign af-

fairs, defense, economic and cultural matters. The common policy was to be achieved through regular meeting, bringing together ministers of the member governments. Decision at these meetings was to be unanimous.

Against this program, the orthodox Europeans, speaking through the Belgians and Dutch, protested vehemently. They argued that the need to make decisions unanimously would automatically vest power in the most potent nay-sayer, namely General de Gaulle. They claimed he would use the power to formulate a common defense and foreign policy at odds with NATO, and with Britain and the United States. They suspected he might use power in the economic field to circumvent, and eventually destroy, the Common Market and the Coal and Steel Authority. As an alternative they pressed anew for the supranational program: creation of a European executive by fusion of the High Authority and the Economic Commission; and early election of a European Parliament. As they put it, they were for "the Europe of the peoples, not the Europe of the bosses."

Negotiations in the Fouchet committee ended without agreement on March 15, 1962. But on April 6, in Turin, de Gaulle met with Fanfani and worked out a compromise for presentation to a meeting of the Six foreign ministers set for mid-April in Paris. Then, once again, the British put in an oar. Not displeased to see General de Gaulle's projects head off the plan for a supranational Europe, they were apparently not pleased to see General de Gaulle's plan succeed. On April 10, at an international meeting in London, the chief British negotiator with the Common Market, Lord Privy Seal Edward Heath, let it be known that Britain wanted a voice in determining the political character of Europe. "The moment is coming," he said, "when we must participate in the talks of the Six on the political unification of Europe."

Empty Desks

THESE are more than a million empty desks in our elementary schools this year. The 1930 enrollment was 21,300,000; it was 20,000,000 in 1938. If the present trends continue, by 1960 there will be 10,000,000 empty desks in schools and colleges."

—Stuart Chase, in *The Reader's Digest*, March 1939

Eight days later in Paris, the foreign ministers of the Six met to consider the Turin compromise. Spaak of Belgium, backed by the Dutch, asserted the compromise was a betrayal of supranational Europe. But the proposals were supported by Italy, West Germany, Luxembourg, and France. Backed against the wall, Spaak finally played the card of Britain. He said he would sign no political treaty until Britain had entered the Common Market. As he explained later in an interview:

I think, as before, that it is necessary to create a supranational Europe. But I also think that . . . if we must accept a European organization as vague as the one proposed, then the operation will be more acceptable with Great Britain than without her.

Reaction to the failure of the Paris meeting was bitter. Convinced that Britain had supplied Spaak with the out that derailed the compromise plan, Chancellor Adenauer, on a visit to Berlin that drew reporters by the hundred, let slip the thought that perhaps Britain should not join the Common Market as a full member with political rights, but only as an associate member, concerned with purely economic matters. In Paris, General de Gaulle made Europe the principal subject of his sixth presidential news conference. He expressed again his hopes for a "united Western Europe with sufficient strength, sufficient means, and sufficient cohesion to exist by itself." Plainly annoyed at the setback of these hopes in the Paris conference, de Gaulle termed "contradictory," Spaak's wish to have supranational Europe, on the one hand, and to wait for Britain, on the other. He said that Great Britain "would never agree to lose its identity in some utopian structure." He threatened that without political agreement, the Common Market "itself could not in the long run become stronger or even continue to exist."

"It is only the states," he said, "that are valid, legitimate, and capable of achievement. . . . At the present time there cannot be any other Europe than a Europe of states, apart, of course, from myths, stories, and parades." Within twenty-four hours, five MRP ministers in the French Government resigned, protesting against the President's abuse of the supranational idea. In a stinging rebuke, Spaak said that the Europe of de Gaulle was a "caricature."

But even as Europe seemed to be coming apart at the seams, the forces for compromise agreement were at work. Sorrow rather than anger was the mood around the Economic Commission in Brussels and in Jean Monnet's Paris office, and if there was irritation it was at the "doctrinaire"

European position taken by Spaak and the five MRP ministers. In Rome, the new Italian President, Antonio Segni, in his acceptance speech, declared that "European unity has a potent capacity for expansion, for it is animated by a will, more and more manifest, to overcome divisions and differences by open discussion followed by open agreement." "These difficulties," West German Foreign Minister Gerhard Schroeder said, "are not insurmountable. We must remember the proverb that the best is often the enemy of the good."

The starting point for the good is the April 6 Turin compromise between de Gaulle and Fanfani. It accepts de Gaulle's idea of a treaty providing for ministerial meetings to formulate common policies by unanimous vote. But it includes amendments protecting NATO and the already extant European institutions against impairment. And it appends to the treaty a re-opener clause, stipulating that in three years (when, presumably, de Gaulle will have left office) the whole question of Europe's political character should be reconsidered. To this package there will now have to be added one additional element. Britain, besides joining the Common Market, would sign the political treaty.

Such an arrangement would satisfy de Gaulle—not only because it accepts the "Europe of States," but even more because it avoids what he wants least: a Britain belonging to the Common Market, but free to pursue independent policies internationally. It would meet the desire of the smaller countries (and the Socialists) to have Britain as a counterweight to Franco-German (and Catholic) influence. The orthodox Europeans would have, in the reopener clause a future chance to push their projects. The British would have an opportunity to work, both politically and in the economic field, for Atlantic Partnership. All interests, in short, would be accommodated. And the prospect is good that efforts to strike a compromise along these lines will be the centerpiece of West European diplomacy for the balance of the year.

THE U.S. AS "OUTSIDER"

AS MUCH as any nation, the United States is interested in the success of the compromise. Not only would it maintain a base for Atlantic Partnership, but it would provide, in the ministerial meetings, a mechanism for tighter political collaboration between this country and Europe. But by a curious quirk of circumstance Washington is in no position to push matters. In

part this is because two connected policies which this country must pursue—continued negotiation with Russia on Berlin, and continued refusal to spread nuclear weapons to other national states run athwart General de Gaulle's position. But even more, American diplomacy must tread softly because of a fundamental reversal in the psychology of transatlantic relations.

The comfortable image of young, innocent Americans dealing with the venerable graybeards of Europe is now not only outworn, but the opposite of true. In the present world, it is the Americans who are experienced, the Europeans who are callow. Where this country has a mature consumer economy, the Europeans are just beginning to tap the powers of consumer spending. Where this country has lived with nuclear weapons for fifteen years, and has learned the bitter lesson of their political limitations, the Europeans, with no knowledge of the problems, tend to put stock in the fiction of an ultimate weapon. Where this country has practiced federal democracy for nearly two centuries, the Europeans are only beginning to experiment with it. "We are," one European leader says, "where you were in 1787 when you started to write your Constitution."

In these circumstances what Washington has chiefly to offer—moderate, sagacious advice—is what the Europeans least want to hear. Even the most delicately veiled American hints strike them as meddling intrusion. The Europeans want to make their own mistakes. And the fact is, that given the present psychology of transatlantic relations, they are in better position to correct their mistakes than this country. They are even in better position to contain General de Gaulle. For, at bottom, the Europeans understand well the value of the American alliance. As one German official said recently: "Deep down we all know that Europe will not be defended by French bows and arrows."

What this means is that American policy should confront the Europeans with the problem of decision, rather than the luxury of criticism. If they are unhappy about having an American officer in command of NATO forces, then let them agree among themselves on some other national as supreme military commander. If they jibe at unilateral American control over the deterrent, then let them propose some superior system. It is sometimes said that Americans conceive strategy in the terms of the poker table. In those terms, what the cards now argue is that Washington should check its bets to the Europeans.

THE PRIEST

What happened to a Chicago pastor who had a special fondness for repentant sinners . . . and a tongue too sharp for his own good.

AS A young priest Father McDonnell visited Rome, where he took an escorted tour that included the Catacombs and the Sistine Chapel, plus an audience with Leo XIII, who reigned as pontiff during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. While there he recalled Alexander VI, the black sheep of the papacy, who sired Caesar and Lucrezia Borgia as well as other members of that uninhibited family and who is reputed to have sold a marriage annulment to King Ladislaus VII of Hungary, cardinalates to ambitious churchmen, and indulgences to would-be pilgrims who preferred staying at home. Anyone with such a background, Father McDonnell decided, might be in need of some special pleading, and he hunted up Alexander's tomb that he might kneel beside it and offer a prayer in his behalf.

Father McDonnell was pastor of St. Margaret of Scotland's Church on Chicago's far South Side, where I attended parochial school. While the above episode may come as a matter of information to any former parishioner of his who may happen to read this, it can hardly provoke surprise, for it was as inevitable a consequence of personality as a Euclidean demonstration is of the axioms and postulates on which it is based.

Father McDonnell's Catholicism was a dogma, a ritual, and an ethic. He accepted its dogma as above debate or even speculation, and he adhered to its ritual. Its ethic was to him an impossible ideal, something to which one might aspire with hope of at best partial adherence, a challenge promising inevitable ultimate failure. Man worked out his salvation not by achieving perfection, or even approaching it, but by climbing out of the gutter into which he had fallen. He might—would—fall in again, but if he put up some futile resistance to his fall and climbed out

with some futile determination not to fall in again, that was all one might reasonably expect of him. The Church recognized this situation, anticipated it through the confessional and other devices, and included in its Communion of Saints the category of Penitents.

Naturally enough, he went to those penitents for his favorite saints. At most, he was tolerant of the professionally holy, the men and women whose lives were continuing episodes of piety. He would refer to St. Therese of the Child Jesus, the Carmelite nun commonly known as the "Little Flower," as "Little Flower, little fool," and "Mamma's sweet little girl," and when a local priest conducted a pilgrimage to her birthplace, Father McDonnell observed: "I suppose he'll bring back her shoelaces and start holding devotions in their honor."

There was St. Aloysius, a youth whose ears were said to bleed when blasphemy was uttered in his presence. Father McDonnell dismissed him with the remark that he should have been apprenticed to an articulate automobile mechanic.

He was more interested in St. Thais, the Egyptian courtesan whose biography by Anatole France is on the Index of Forbidden Books, and in St. Margaret of Cortona,* a soldier's mistress to whom he referred as "the patron saint of kept women." Regularly he would preach on her on the Sunday nearest her feast day, when he would observe that the Church is not unwise in giving a prostitute a reasonable aspiration to sainthood.

Of course, his favorite among the Church's major theologians was St. Augustine, who took to religion after a headstrong and not circumspect youth. His conversion after years of prayer by his mother, St. Monica, was the subject of a sermon which began: "One afternoon St. Augustine came home from his office and shouted to St. Monica: 'Ma, press my pants; I'm going out on a drunk!'"

Even in literature his taste ran to penitents.

* The biographies of St. Thais and St. Margaret are in Alban Butler's *Lives of the Fathers, Martyrs, and Other Principal Saints* (1756-59).

His favorite author was J. K. Huysmans, the naturalist who returned in middle age to the Catholicism of his youth. One of his novels, *En Route*, deals with such a journey and has been considered autobiographical. Father McDonnell used it as sort of a manual of instruction for prospective converts. He admired Cardinal Newman, too, and for basically the same reason he did Huysmans: Newman had started outside the Church and by that fact was a rebel, and his acceptance of Catholicism was to Father McDonnell not unlike Huysman's return to it.

To him errant behavior was a norm, something to be expected. He might exorcise a wrong-doer, threaten him with Hell, but he would not wash his hands of him. Whatever else his religion might have been, to him it was a total way of life that did not limit its concerns to niceties. He was only half joking when he said while giving a scapular to a recent convert to Catholicism: "Wear one of these; the county jail is full of them."

As a pastor he kept a marriage register, formally a chronological record. He left every third line blank, however, so that, should he find it expedient to postdate a marriage, he could insert it into an appropriate time period.

He usually had one or two priests living as house guests at his rectory. They came from anywhere and everywhere, were indefinite as to their futures since they were clerically unattached, were, in ecclesiastical idiom, broken priests. When a bishop ordains a priest, he becomes his patron and employs him as long as he conforms reasonably to sacerdotal discipline. The priest thus has security, which may be taken from him only for cause, and he may demand a trial before being separated from a diocese. When he loses a bishop's patronage he becomes in effect an outcast. During Father McDonnell's pastorate, he had a place to go, where he could get lodging and sustenance in exchange for such occasional chores as conducting catechism classes and listening to ranting tirades on his competency and intelligence.

Father McDonnell was of what used to be called shanty Irish origin and he made no pretense to a lace-curtain background. His father and his mother came to the United States about 1850 and ended up in Chicago where his father be-

came a day laborer for a railroad and bought a cottage near the south branch of the Chicago River. Father McDonnell was born there and reared in the tradition of Solomon rather than in anticipation of nursery schools. "My poor old mother, God bless her, used to beat the fear of God into the seat of my pants" was his most affectionate reference to her during his pastorate.

This frugal background was to make him wealthy in a modest way. He inherited the cottage and treasured it as he might have a major relic. As a building it was probably worth its weight in firewood. The lot on which it stood, however, was in the center of a projected railroad expansion, and when a railroad purchasing agent approached Father McDonnell, he was told that the building, and the lot on which it stood, were not for sale. "It was the finest cottage in the block; it even had an upstairs to it," Father McDonnell explained.

He probably set an all-time record for holding up a railroad on a land transaction, and when he finally disposed of the cottage, he took from it a bench, which in his dotage he would show people with the explanation that his mother had a wash-tub on it when she did the family laundry.

The transaction did not turn him into a beggar on horseback. Actually, he could not escape from his frugal childhood. When I was attending his parochial school, I was an altar boy and would serve him at Mass on Saturday mornings. Sometimes he would take me to breakfast with him and insist that I eat bread, butter, and jelly while he sat back and watched me. There was an element of vicarious ritual in this. As a boy he had been allowed bread and butter or bread and jelly, but never the three together, and when he became affluent, he could not descend to what had been gluttony during his childhood. The next best thing was to watch someone else do it.

He did, however, have a few extravagances. One was to take friends to dinner at the Kaiserhof, a pre-World War I German hotel in Chicago. (When the United States entered the war against Germany, it changed its name to the Atlantic.) He had attended a seminary operated by German priests, where he learned to speak German idiomatically as well as grammatically, and he used his visits to the hotel restaurant as excuses to talk in German with the waiters. His supreme moments would come whenever a waiter would ask him how long he had been over from the old country.

His second extravagance was fine bindings on books. He ransacked his childhood collections for lives of the saints and prayer books and had

James E. Foster, a reporter on the Peoria, Illinois, "Journal Star," is also the author of a book, "Mathematics Need Not Be Practical," published in 1956 by the Principia Press.

them bound in vellum and in leather, and he would pick up in bookstores volumes in tree calf with only cursory glances at their contents. Most of them were religious, but if a binding attracted him, he would settle for literary respectability. But, he was no hoarder. He gave them away about as fast as he acquired them. I have a number of copies of Newman's *Dream of Gerontius* as well as Wilde's *Salome* and a collection of letters from Shelley in Italy, all inscribed from him to me or to other members of my family—Christmas or graduation presents or impulse gifts prompted by casual admiring references to the binding.

His tastes in art were ambivalent. He had the natural wood of a finely carved corpus on a crucifix painted in garish enamels and the statuary in his church and in his rectory was heavy with gilt and circus-poster colors. Yet, he could admire a monochrome in which de-emphasis was a fine art. And his was one of the few churches having rose-colored vestments, which are used in Masses only twice a year and then as an optional color.

"IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD"

ALL this may add up to a mildly eccentric man of God, a latter day St. Francis of Assisi against an early twentieth-century metropolitan background. If it is not inaccurate, it is hardly complete. Father McDonnell also had a Savonarola strain in him. He would harangue his parishioners for an hour at each Mass on Sunday on anything from moral laxity to the naming of their children, all in a hodgepodge that never descended to boredom. Because it was patternless, it can be described only by a recitation of episodes, which cannot be typical, because nothing about his preaching was typical of anything, even of itself.

Although his first name, "Stewart," was about as un-Irish as "MacPherson," he scolded parents for not naming their children "Patrick" and "Brigid." "They even use 'Maude' as a name," he continued. "The only Maude I ever knew was a pet cat we had when I was a boy."

At a time when light-tan leather was being used in men's shoes, he was reading from one of St. Paul's Epistles: "'Put ye on the armor of God' . . . No, yellow shoes . . ."

Like other priests, he took out against mixed marriages—marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics. His clinching argument: "Boys, marry a good Catholic girl—and she'll make life Hell for you."

And he followed the party line on parochial schools with his own adaptation. "The Protestant doctor from the health department says I have better water closets than you will find in any public school."

Included in his routine parish announcements was: "Unmarried females will approach Holy Communion next Sunday." With an actor's sense of timing he paused, then continued: "If I call you 'young ladies,' I'll be lying, because most of you aren't young and you couldn't get a man with a shotgun. If I call you 'old maids,' you'll be insulted. . . ."

Shortly after Galli-Curci had made her debut in Chicago to rave reviews in the local papers, he imitated her coloratura trills during a sermon, then scolded his parishioners for being more interested in such things than in his preaching.

After an extended tirade, he lowered his voice and said: "After all, the only thing wrong with me is my temper, and when I do scold, it's for your own good. Perhaps, some day there will be a St. McDonnell."

One morning he paused during his preaching, looked about, said in a calm voice: "I understand some of you have said one thing you like about your pastor is that he doesn't scold about money. Well, you're the cheapest bunch of pikers I have ever known. Now you can tell your friends your pastor scolds about money, just as he does about everything else."

He concluded a pulpit tirade with the not improbable prophecy: "One hour from now my sermon will be discussed in every saloon within a mile from here."

Savonarola took on the pope; Father McDonnell was not entirely sycophantic toward his bishop—Archbishop Mundelein, who later became a cardinal. When he received an episcopal letter to be read at Masses, he would introduce it to his congregation with: "We have a letter from the Dutchman."

When a friend remarked to him about his preachers, he asked: "Did I say that? I don't remember. Well, something must have annoyed me." While such annoyances normally occurred when he was preaching, they had an act-of-God uncertainty to them that might needle him whenever he was functioning as a priest. Thus, during a weekday Mass for a parishioner who had died a week or so previously, he turned to his congregation, mentioned the beneficiary of the Mass, then added: "His widow is not here; she's out trying to get another man."

This was no isolated instance of his pinpointing his annoyance on a parishioner. Others he

accused of being lazy, of lying, of missing Mass on Sundays, even of snobbery. In a day when upper-middle-class families employed housemaids, his parish included families that had them and others that supplied them, the two divided by what was then a universal social barrier, a railroad track.

Each year on the night before Ash Wednesday he would hold a card party in his church basement, which was attended by parishioners from both sides of the tracks. A girl who had grown up on the wrong side of the tracks had married a man on the right side and with her marriage changed her residence. She was not at the first card party following her marriage. The next morning, Ash Wednesday, she attended Mass and afterward went up to the altar railing to receive ashes. Father McDonnell was placing smudges on foreheads and with each smudge muttering the Latin admonition: "*Memento, homo, quia pulvis es et in pulvem reverteres.*" When he came to her, he asked: "You dirty snob, why weren't you at the card party last night?"

AT IT AGAIN

FROM the church she went to the archdiocese chancery office, where she reported the incident. About that time a number of other parishioners had drawn up a bill of particulars on Father McDonnell's preaching and casual comments about people who annoyed him and sent it to Archbishop Mundelein. Just what happened after that is not a matter of common knowledge; however, for the first time during his pastorate Father McDonnell spent no more than twenty minutes at a Sunday Mass on announcements, Epistle and Gospel, and preaching, and was as inoffensive as an Edgar Guest poem.

Then, one Sunday morning after about two months of this good behavior he climbed into his pulpit, looked over his congregation as if he were a prize fighter sizing up an opponent in the ring, and said: "Some of you have gone to your archbishop and told him I scold. Well, go back and tell him I'm at it again," and he spent the next hour in an harangue that set a pattern for subsequent Sunday performances.

There were only a few, however. He was called to the chancery office, and before he left it, he had resigned his pastorage, and with it went diocesan support. He had celebrated his silver anniversary as pastor of St. Margaret's a month previously. Now, in 1917, when he was sixty years old, he was out of a job. And, he was practically penniless. He had lost some of his

inheritance on foolish investments, but most of it had been begged from him by people with stories of real or plausible hard luck.

An old people's home subsequently engaged him as its chaplain and provided him a house. Once more he mounted a pulpit and while he cut down the length of his tirades, they continued to be tirades. But his auditors were old and largely deaf and he was never boring.

And, he began to mellow. Where once he had been annoyed, he now shrugged his shoulders. He was mildly amused when he referred to some members of the Capone gang as "countrymen of the pope" and again when he remarked that his old adversary, Archbishop Mundelein, who had been made a cardinal, had been given "a red necktie." He was, except sacramentally, a teetotaler; however, he kept a bottle of whiskey in his coat closet for the benefit of his friends, and when one would call, he would open the closet door, genuflect, make the sign of the Cross, reach down, and come up with the bottle, which he would hand to his guest with: "Have some holy water."

From anyone else that would have been sacrilege. From Father McDonnell it displayed a nice appreciation of things canonical, a distinction between the essentials of his religion and its gadgets. He would use the latter, even extol them, but never magnify them into holy causes. As a pastor he had been impatient with their ostentatious use. Thus, he told one of his more sanctimonious parishioners to remove a Sacred Heart badge pinned on the lapel of his coat. When the parishioner started to protest, Father McDonnell said: "God's not running for alderman."

As he aged, his chores at the old people's home became too much for him and he became a patient in a nursing home, where he died when he was eighty years old. While there may be something beautiful in the serenity of old age, in him it was a reversal in character that earmarked his senescence. If he had accepted life as he found it, he had also let it annoy him. Now he was merely amused, even indifferent. Not only had the years accumulated, his spirit had aged with them. His interests reverted to his childhood, and he began to hoard relics of his past and through them try to bridge his adult years. When friends called on him, he would drag them out.

"This is my catechism. I had it when I was in St. Peter's school. What will become of it when I am gone? . . . My poor mother, God bless her, used to beat the . . ."

THE FLAG WAVER

A Story by HOWARD R. SIMPSON



BEING American Vice Consul in Kabona had its advantages. I was my own boss and things were fairly quiet. There were few visitors and when they did come they didn't stay long. My reports were spaced far apart and did not tax the mind. The recurrent subject matter of peanut-crop volume and what the District Officer thought about our action at Suez had hardly kept the lights burning late in New State.

All in all, I had learned to like Kabona. There was a certain aesthetic purity about the low silhouette of its mud buildings against the blood-red sun. The constantly wheeling vultures complemented this pimple of civilization in the broad desert as seagulls do a seascape.

My bachelor needs were simple. I had a houseboy who saw to my laundry and cooking and occasionally made the gesture of sweeping the dust out of my small bungalow, which fortunately faced toward the desert and presented its windowless rear to the straggling edges of the town. I had a few friends to drink with and I was often called upon at the last minute to fill an empty seat at a British dinner party. My African friends

dropped in regularly to drink my duty-free whiskey and let off nationalist steam. It was quiet, if not pleasant, living, and I was able to read to my heart's content.

Then Lamboulis arrived. I had been out of town the morning he dropped by the office but my clerk had shown me his name in the American citizens' register and given me the card he had left behind.

It was an engraved card with many sweeps of fancy script. "John Lamboulis," it read, "Local Agent for American Imports." I questioned the clerk and found that Mr. Lamboulis had leased a large house not far from the center of town owned by a retired British major who had returned to England shortly after his wife had run off with an Italian construction engineer. My clerk, whose name was Festus, stood in the doorway while I examined the outsize calling card. "He no pay much for de house," Festus volunteered before returning to his desk.

Any new arrival in Kabona was an event. A new American was a special event. I made a mental note to call Mr. Lamboulis and invite

him for a drink at the club. Then I went back to work on my bimonthly report.

Lamboulis, however, beat me to the punch. I picked up the buzzing desk phone, my mind still lost among the delicate balances of tribal population figures, and muttered a vague hello. The totally American inflection on the other end of the line came as a shock. I hadn't realized how long I'd been away.

"Mr. Donovan? This is John Lamboulis. How are ya?"

"Ah . . . fine, fine." I pushed my report aside and collected my thoughts. "Welcome to Kabona."

"Thanks, I guess I seen worse." There was a long, awkward pause that I finally broke.

"Say, I'd like to have you over for a drink. There's a club here—very British—but the beer is good and it's about all the town has to offer."

"That's the reason I called you," Lamboulis said. "How about coming over for dinner tomorrow night? My wife don't have all her gear but, what the hell, it'll be better than this Limey chow."

"Sure, I'd be glad to." I put on my best public-relations voice. "I'll be glad to talk to an American again."

"Yeah," Lamboulis replied with no great enthusiasm, "I bet. We'll expect you about eight, okay?"

"Fine," I said, "see you then."

The next day my time was taken up with a long-distance call from the Consulate General and the work it involved. Some American missionary had run his 1949 Buick into the mud south of Buguri and he was afraid to leave it in the care of the local Fulani herdsmen. He had sent his assistant to the nearest British army post and instead of calling me in Kabona they had called the Consulate General in the capital. The Consulate General then had to call me. This was always irritating as my superiors tried to make it appear that I had neglected my duty in some way when they were bothered with anything from my district. I finally persuaded the British Captain at Bugutu to send a Land Rover and some men to rescue the stranded missionary, and suddenly it was closing time and I remembered my dinner engagement.

TH E house Lamboulis had leased was a low, flat cement block with the usual frosted louvered windows and a broad gravel driveway. There was still a red streak in the sky as I swung the Consulate Chevrolet into the parking circle and sent a colony of red-necked lizards scram-

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bling over the sun-warmed stucco. A Hausa boy in a spotted white jacket bound tight around his waist by a red scarf greeted me at the door and took my coat.

"Come in, come in," Lamboulis bellowed from somewhere in the interior. He met me at the end of an entrance hall cluttered with packing crates and barrels. He shook hands with great vigor and, still clasping me by the right arm, pulled me behind him into the brightly lit living-room.

"What'll it be?" he asked jovially, tossing his head toward an adequate display of bottles on a table near the window.

"We got bourbon, Scotch, gin, and even some ouzo."

"I'll take a Scotch and soda."

He laughed and shook his finger at me. "You turning into a Limey or something? You been out here too long. Here, have a good American bourbon."

I watched him as he poured the drinks. He was younger than I had expected and heavy-set with short-cropped black hair. He had thick eyebrows that moved constantly as he frowned and smiled over the bottles and glasses. I had noticed his eyes when he greeted me. They were dark and soft. They didn't seem to go with his outwardly tough appearance.

He turned to hand me the bourbon and the look of distaste on my face must have been so strong that his mouth fell open and he hesitated.

"Jesus!" he said seriously, "you really don't like the stuff. You would rather have Scotch!"

His eyebrows came together in a repentant frown. "I'm sorry," he said, shaking his head. "Here, I'll knock together a Scotch."

His sincere regret was embarrassing.

"Don't bother," I said lightly, "this is fine."

"No, no, here." He handed me a new drink and pushed the offending glass of bourbon and soda behind the other bottles.

"Let's sit down," he suggested; "the wife will be here in a minute."

We sat in the wood frame chairs, sinking deep in the lumpy, straw-filled blue pillows. The night was cool and quiet. The rich yellow lights of tiny fireflies danced outside the open windows and the ceiling fan creaked slowly overhead.

We exchanged polite conversation. He asked me how long I'd been in Kabona and I took the opportunity to give him a quick rundown of the town, its leading citizens, and what was available in the way of entertainment. Then I waited for him to tell me of his business. He was slow in starting. First he spoke of the trip on the ship and the stopover in Rome. But once he did start on his plans, there was no stopping him. He spoke of the possibilities for expanding commercial trade in the region. He felt that any American installing himself now would be in an ideal position when independence came and the market was taken out of the hands of the British.

He planned to start in a small way. He had several contracts with British and American firms. Nothing on a large scale, but he mentioned flour, canned goods, and what he considered a surefire money-maker—hair-straightener manufactured by a small company in Harlem.

He bubbled over with his plans and enthusiasm to such an extent that I was beginning to feel tired. I was only too pleased when his wife came in from the kitchen. She was attractive but plump. She had dimples on each side of her generous mouth and her black hair was caught in a thick bun. Good humor twinkled in her eyes. She wiped her hands on her apron before shaking my hand. She brought the smells of the kitchen with her and, for once, they were pleasant odors redolent of spices and garlic, and my taste buds, long dulled on boiled potatoes, Brussels sprouts, and overdone beef, were already vibrating in anticipation.

She sat with us for a round of drinks, laughing often, showing what seemed to me an abundant cleavage. Let me say here that my sex life had been quite limited since my posting to Kabona. Not extinct, but definitely limited.

She led us into the dining-room and we took our places at a long table. Several small, silk American flags, the type usually made in Japan, formed the centerpiece and I felt that Lamboulis had done this as a special gesture to mark my visit. The dinner lived up to my expectations. Working with limited resources in a kitchen that lacked most of its utensils, Mrs. Lamboulis produced the finest meal I could remember having eaten in Kabona. Lamboulis beamed with pride throughout the dinner.

We feasted on a thick broth, blazing with pepper, a lamb pilaff accompanied by stuffed eggplant, and a bowl of salad made from tinned green beans but flavored with olive oil, vinegar, and garlic. All of this we washed down with bottle after bottle of chilled Danish beer. Lam-

boulis apologized for the lack of wine but said he expected a shipment of claret within the week.

Later, over coffee and cognac, Lamboulis spoke of his first impressions of Kabona and asked me about the British District Officer. It soon became obvious that he did not care for the British.

"When I see these poor Africans," he said, staring out into the desert night, "I can't help but think how they been pushed around all these years."

I watched him carefully, trying to sense his character and feelings, but the more he spoke, the more my heart sank. I could see trouble ahead. Don't get me wrong. I'm all for freedom. I think independence is the greatest gift humanity can receive but during my time in Kabona I had come across too many do-gooders and naïve tourist types who felt they and they alone had come to Africa to liberate the "natives." With a name like Donovan, I certainly didn't favor the British, but after living in Africa for a while I was willing to concede them certain points.

Lamboulis was not. "Lousy Limey bastards," he mumbled as we had our second cognac. "I bet they already hate my guts."

I started to protest but he continued. "Let 'em bitch. They're on their way out and we're coming in. We'll show these people what it means to be free. Uncle Sam won't let 'em down!"

I had an uneasy feeling that Lamboulis' anti-British psychosis had already become a stone around my neck but the excellent meal, the cognac, and the jovial presence of his bountiful wife dulled my apprehension. When I said good night and drove home, I was in the best of spirits.

THREE days later I was sitting on the small veranda in front of my bungalow picking at a lunch thrown together by my houseboy. He had dumped cold tinned salmon onto a withered lettuce leaf and crowned it with a gob of flaccid mayonnaise that was fast separating in the heat. It was easier to eat without looking at this mixture and I was concentrating on a smudged copy of *Life* magazine when the District Officer drove up and disentangled himself from his Land Rover.

Robert Boggs was the antithesis of what one imagined a British District Officer to be. He came toward my veranda, his paunch parting the heavy noon air like the blunt prow of a garbage scow. His British-style, beltless trousers hung low on his hips, and bare, pink flesh peeked through the gaps between his straining shirt buttons. Sandy hair curled low on his neck and steel-rimmed spectacles magnified his small blue eyes

until they resembled the liquid, unseeing orbs of some strange sea animal.

Despite his appearance, Boggs was efficient and his habitual sloppiness was overlooked in favor of his handling of the District. He and I got along well and had even reached the point where we occasionally loaned each other underclothing when our houseboys fell behind on their washing, a true sign of confidence and mutual esteem in a British Colony.

Boggs waved his chubby hand and squinted as he climbed the three stairs to the veranda. He dropped himself into a chair, threw back his head, and shouted for beer at the top of his lungs.

"Make yourself at home," I chided him.

"Thanks, V.C., bloody kind of you. My God, it's hot today!"

My houseboy came out with a bottle of beer and a glass mug for Boggs. He quickly gulped several swallows and wiped the foam from his lips with the back of his hand.

"Haven't much time. Must rush off." He threw out brief sentences between gulps. "You've met this Greek chap?"

"He's not Greek, he's American."

"Oh, hell, let's not get technical. Looks bloody well Greek to me!"

"All right, Robbie," I said, irritated, "he may look Greek to you but he's an American citizen."

Boggs took off his glasses and wiped them on his shirttail. "Regardless," he said, pouring the last of the bottle into the mug, "I do think it's a bit thick, all this."

"What's a bit thick?"

"The bloody flagpole! Going to be a headache for me. Bloody great balloon will go up if the GovGen ever sees it."

"What flagpole?"

"Right in front of his house. Not really even his house. Poor old Major Hodgins would go toddy if he knew. Not right, you know, V.C., wish you'd do something about it."

"Lamboulis has put up a flagpole?"

"Saw it this morning, white and straight. Even the Hausa traders stop to look. Stars and bars flying. . . ."

"Stars and stripes," I corrected him.

"Hell, what's the difference? Not the Union Jack, I bloody well assure you!" He paused to finish the last of his beer. He looked me in the eye. "Not right, you know," he said solemnly, "against the regs and all that."

I saw Lamboulis that afternoon. Being as tactful as possible, I explained that one did not raise foreign flags willy-nilly over foreign residences in a British Colony. I could tell he took it quite personally. He was hurt. I was sure he had done it innocently enough. He gave me a beer but he didn't invite me inside. We stood there awk-



wardly on the gravel, the flagpole before us and the flag hanging limp on its halyard.

"Okay," he finally said, sighing, "so, I'll take it down." And he walked to the pole, loosened the rope, and let Old Glory come down slowly. His actions had all the gravity of an Arlington ceremony. When he gathered the folds in his arms I was touched. I felt guilty.

We said good-by and his "Good-by, Mr. Donovan" was dripping with reproach and finality. Next morning Festus told me the flagpole had come down and that Lamboulis' houseboy was sawing it into sections for fence posts.

I DIDN'T see Lamboulis again for some time. He and his wife had gone to the capital on business and in the general excitement of preparing for the Governor General's visit to Kabona, the problem of Lamboulis slipped from my mind.

In reality, as the American Vice Consul in Kabona, my part in the Governor General's visit was to be small, but I had been invited to all the official receptions, ceremonies, and dinners and I was hard put to find enough white shirts to carry me through. The Consulate General was also anxious to know how the old boy's visit would go over with the local populace, so I was prepared to keep my eyes and ears open.

The Governor General was a kindly old man, fond of strict protocol, port, and Scottish reels. He seemed to realize that he was one of the last colonial Governor Generals still in business and he made a special effort to surround his position with all the fanfare required. Among the local population he was known as "bear with bird head" because of his lumbering corpulence and the traditional feather-plumed helmet that never seemed to leave his head.

Poor Boggs worked hard. His Land Rover shot around town from club to residence and from railroad to playing field. He poured perspiration and he was forever stuffing revised invitation lists into his pockets and trying to tell local emirs it would be better if they didn't bring all of their wives to the reception. I felt sorry for him and I almost offered to help but I knew he would resent any interference. I kept quiet and had my houseboy put two sets of clean underwear aside as I knew Boggs was sure to find himself short at the last moment.

The day the Governor General arrived was one of the hottest we had had. The sky hung like molten lead over the desert and not the slightest trace of breeze stirred the robes of the mounted Hausa warriors drawn up beside the railway station. Boggs had marshaled his forces well. The

long line of mounted Hausas stretched from the rail station into the town. At the risk of sounding romantic, I must say they were impressive. Their nervous, thin-flanked horses were hung with rich embroidery and the spade blades of their spears shone in the morning sun. Cross-hilted broadswords in leather sheaths were slung across their backs and the emirs' saddles were decorated with hammered silver.

A detachment of the Queen's African Rifles was drawn up in front of the station. The riflemen were tall northerners in khaki shorts, vest-like red jackets, and fezzes squared on their shaven heads. Their short British bayonets matched the Hausa spears, sparkling in the merciless sun.

I was standing with the officials. I had shaken the required number of hands and exchanged small talk and now I paused to mop my brow. Boggs bounded to my side, sweat patches showing through his white jacket.

"Should be here soon. Hottest damn day since Omdurman. Got any ice in your frig?"

"I think there are a couple of trays."

"Good, bring them along later to the reception. The ice I bought last night is going down my bathtub drain like bloody Niagara."

A long, thin whistle sounded down the track and those on the platform stirred in anticipation. The young British officer in command of the troops blew his nose, stuffed his handkerchief back in his pocket, and called his detachment to attention. The Hausa horsemen sat stoically, staring straight into the desert, their horses shifting uneasily under them.

The train came into sight. The engine was festooned with British flags. Coughs of white smoke erupted from the smokestack as the engine chugged slowly toward the station. Boggs took his place on the platform. I could see steam forming on the lenses of his spectacles and perspiration coursed down his thick neck.

The engine pulled opposite us and for several seconds the officials exchanged glances with the bored African engineer who was nonchalantly exploring one nostril with his forefinger. Then the Governor General's car came into full view and we could see movement within.

"Should have a bloody band," I heard Boggs mumble before he went to the car's stairs to greet the Governor General. The local chiefs and emirs crowded close behind him, elbowing each other out of the way, their white teeth bared in broad smiles of welcome.

The Governor General climbed down from his car, saluted, and shook Boggs's damp hand. He

did look like a benevolent bear. His pink jowls bulged over the stiff white collar of his uniform. The medals on his chest tinkled like Christmas tree ornaments as he shook hands with the emirs.

Boggs guided him down the line and opposite me.

"Mr. Donovan, the American Vice Consul," Boggs shouted over the noise of the crowd and the hiss of steam from the engine. The Governor General's blue eyes crossed mine for a second. We shook hands. He twitched his mustache in what I imagined was meant for a smile and uttered a sound that I could only presume was a greeting. Then they were off, on down the reception line, and I was only too glad to get back to my car and head into town.

I drove toward Boggs's residence where the reception was to be held. Suddenly I remembered the ice. Cursing, I turned back toward my bungalow. By the time I had emptied the ice from the trays and found something to carry it in, the official cortege had left the station. As I drove toward Boggs's house I could hear the cheering. It was the high-pitched shouting of school children massed in front of Boggs's driveway.

I swung out of the main line of traffic and took a side street. I parked and managed to get to

Boggs's kitchen just as the official party arrived in the house. I turned the ice over to his boy. When I walked out of the kitchen the Governor General and his party were established in the living room and the house was a crush of guests. The Governor General looked purple and I wondered if he were going to survive the reception. I was about to accept a gin and tonic from a passing tray when Boggs grabbed me roughly by the arm.

"Bloody filthy trick, Donovan," he snapped reproachfully. "I thought you were my friend." He looked like he was about to die of apoplexy. I was dumfounded.

"What . . . ?" I stammered.

"GovGen's about to boil me in oil, that's what! Ruined his whole visit, I'm sure. Bloody great black mark for me! Who did it?"

"Who did what?"

Boggs ground his teeth and his eyes bulged. "The flags, damn it!" he shouted, his arms flailing. "Greatest ball-up yet!" he muttered as he left me.

By this time I was thoroughly unsettled. I pushed my way through to the front door. The school children were dispersing, their tiny ebony heads in brilliant contrast with their spotless white school uniforms. Then I noticed the splashes of color. Each child was carrying a small flag. At first I thought they were Union Jacks. Then, with a shock I recognized the familiar stripes and the blue field with its white stars. Suddenly I felt a great need for that gin and tonic.

LAMBoulis was taking a shower when I reached his home and I had to wait on the veranda. By the time he came out I was fuming. "Hi," he said casually, wrapping his terry-cloth robe around himself and looking surprised to see me. "What can I do for you?"

"Listen, Lamboulis," I said, trying to control myself, "this has gone far enough!"

His thick eyebrows formed an arch of surprise. "Don't get you."

"Those flags. The kids had American flags today. You're the only one who could have . . ." He waved his arm, laughing. "Oh hell, just thought I'd help out. No harm done." This was too much. For a moment I forgot I was a Vice Consul of the United States. "God dammit!" I shouted. "You listen to me! Everything has gone fine here up to now and I won't tolerate you starting trouble!"

It was as if I had hit him with a sledge hammer. His flippancy disappeared. His soft brown eyes



clouded and for a minute I almost thought he was going to cry. I calmed down considerably.

"Look, Lamboulis, we're in this together. We're the only Americans here. There's no need to rub salt in any wounds. I can understand it if you don't like the British. But you're making it hard for me."

He seemed to be thinking. He nodded his head in reply.

"If they wanted to they could put you on a plane out of here tomorrow," I continued, "and I wouldn't be able to do anything about it." I was beginning to get angry again but I controlled myself. "I'm almost at the end of my tour here," I told him, "and I don't intend to let you or anyone else ruin my last few months."

He glanced at me sheepishly. I saw a little of the old flippancy returning. "Okay, boss," he said sighing, "it won't happen again."

"It better not," I replied. "Good-by," and I strode back to my car. I had a disagreeable series of apologies to make before Boggs's ceremonial dinner.

Several glasses of port had calmed the old boy down and I received no rockets from the Consulate General, so I presumed he had forgotten the incident. It took Boggs a full month to forget the American infiltration of his Governor General's reception. Even then I could sense that it would never be the same again between Boggs and me. Lamboulis' business seemed to be going well enough and Festus informed me that he had recently been authorized as the local representative for Becks Beer.

I ONLY had two more months to go before home leave and reassignment and I couldn't seem to concentrate on local problems. My mind built dream castles of the trip home and I pictured myself carousing in Paris and spinning broad tales of my African experiences in Washington.

The Consul General finally decided that I should come down to the capital for a few days of consultation and I left Kabona in high spirits, looking forward to at least one evening in an air-conditioned night club with one of the American secretaries from the Consulate General. The consultation lasted three days and I did have my evening in the night club but it didn't live up to my expectations. The secretary did not accept certain of my proposals in good grace and I spent much too much money. The morning of my third day in the capital I actually felt homesick for Kabona.

Luck was with me and I ran into a friend of

mine in the bar of the Olympic Hotel that noon. He was a West African Airways pilot with the improbable name of Duncan MacDuff. After three pink gins he invited me to fly north with him. He was ferrying a new army observation plane to Buguri and he dreaded the long, dull trip alone. We had another pink gin to prepare us for lunch. We then worked our way through a greasy ground-nut stew, the pride of the Olympic's chef.

MacDuff got the flimsy aircraft off the ground at 2:00 P.M. and I managed to join him in some discordant singing as soon as he reached his altitude and pointed the plane's nose toward the north. After the singing we tried some conversation but the washing-machine engine of the aircraft made such a racket that I soon gave up and settled back with my eyes closed. It seemed I had been asleep a very short time when MacDuff poked my arm and I pushed myself upright, rubbing my eyes. We were banking in a wide swing. I saw the vague outlines of mud buildings below and I suddenly realized we must be over Kabona.

"Kabona," MacDuff shouted as the ground spun beneath us. He steadied the plane and came in low over the town. I was yawning deeply when he shouted again and began waving his arm. He put the small aircraft into another wide turn. I looked at him, puzzled. Buguri was still some distance away and we had to make the strip before sundown. I couldn't understand why he should want to swing back over Kabona. He cut down our speed and leaned toward me. "I want to show you something!" he shouted. He dropped a bit lower and pointed down below us. I loosened my seat belt and strained forward, pressing my nose against the cockpit window.

I saw a broad roof that looked vaguely familiar and suddenly a colorful pattern emerged. The late afternoon sun accentuated the colors and clearly defined the red, white, and blue flowers that formed a precise rectangular design below us. The blue field, the stripes, it was all there.

"Who the hell has done that?" MacDuff shouted.

I didn't answer him. I just stared, feeling my blood pressure mount.

"Bloody Yankee cheek!" MacDuff said shaking his head angrily.

As we flew on I turned and looked over my shoulder. I couldn't be positive but I thought I could see the tiny squat figure of Lamboulis watering his masterpiece in the fading light.

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

The Changes that Time Brings

FROM the beginning of his career as a novelist Louis Auchincloss has had the gift of presenting telling portraits of his characters in a meticulous and witty prose, but in some at least of his earlier work he had difficulty in launching them on a convincing course of action. The world of New York society that he deals with seemed to provide them with such impregnable (or inescapable) carapaces that the characters in their actions almost looked like a different set of people from the characters who sat for the portraits.

In his recent books, however, especially *The House of Five Talents*, published a year or so ago, and the new one, *Portrait in Brownstone* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95), he has hit upon a pattern that largely frees his characters from the necessity of acting, because time itself has become the principal actor. By covering a long sweep of years (more than half a century in *Portrait in Brownstone*), Auchincloss can dispense with most of the usual movements of plot and replace them with the changes that time brings. This in turn enables him to focus with a clarity he had not previously achieved on what seems to be his central interest in human personality—the interplay of strength and weakness, and more particularly the way in which the officially weak (the passive, the mousy, all those who are discounted in the councils of power) find the strength to endure and even prevail after the officially strong have defaulted. In his recent works Auchincloss records the process by which time erodes the commanding peaks of physical beauty and economic success, so that in the end the good gray everlasting hills dominate the landscape. It is a view of the world that is very comforting to all of us who know ourselves to be unremarkable and feel ourselves to be undervalued, and it has a long history of approval, but it may find more support in fantasy than in reality.

The main character in *Portrait in Brownstone* is an unassertive little body named Ida, born to a certain amount of wealth and position (New York's brownstone gentility at the turn of the century). Most of her life Ida seems to be at the mercy of her aggressive husband Derrick and her

beautiful cousin Geraldine, whom Derrick would have preferred to marry, but she survives both of them, morally and physically, and in the end shows herself capable of greater decision than they have shown.

Portrait in Brownstone is an accomplished piece of fiction, consistently entertaining and uniformly excellent in observation and style. Yet it is not as impressive an accomplishment as it ought to be or as it might have been. One reason may be that Auchincloss seems, in this book as in *The House of Five Talents*, a good deal more at ease in dealing with the earlier years of his story than with the later. In dealing with the years before the first world war he achieves a kind of stylization that breaks down as the story proceeds. Of course it can be argued that life itself, at least among the urban upper classes, underwent such a change, but the alteration seems to take place less in the events narrated than in their narrator.

Somehow, too, there is a promise of largeness in the novels of Auchincloss that they never quite achieve. They start out as if they were going to show us what life is and they end up showing us pieces of human behavior. The details are observed with a Proustian exactness but the result lacks the depth and sweep of Proust. But this is to measure the novel against the highest standards. Measuring *Portrait in Brownstone* against the books that come out most months it must be acknowledged as an extremely competent piece of writing. (A Literary Guild selection.)

IN *Travels with Charley* (Viking, \$4.95) John Steinbeck tells of a trip he took around the United States to see how time has changed the country in the last twenty years, while he has been too busy writing about it to do much traveling.

Accompanied only by an aging French poodle (the Charley of the title, of course), whose medical difficulties along the way are rather coyly and very fully reported, Steinbeck set out from his house on Long Island in a three-quarter-ton pickup truck converted into a snug mobile cabin. He drove up through New England, west through the Northern States, down the West Coast, and back through the Southwest and South. The time

was election year, when the conflicts and tensions in American society might have been expected to be most dramatic.

What Steinbeck saw turns out to be largely predictable. He found for instance that regional differences in speech are less marked than they once were, a change that is hardly surprising after several decades of radio and television and a vast amount of moving around. He thinks that American speech may be more grammatical than it once was, a piece of speculation that will bring no comfort to the numerous deplores of the way grammar is now taught (and dictionaries compiled), though they may find some reassurance in the fact that Steinbeck himself is not the most sure-footed of grammarians: he thinks that the word slow in a sign saying "Drive slow" is an adjective, and deprecates its use.

Steinbeck found the American people more subdued and uncertain than they once were, without many or strong convictions, too worried or too indifferent even to exercise their long-established right to argue over the Presidential election. (The one exception—the violent anti-segregationists of New Orleans, who were willing to make a lot of obscene noise about their convictions—shocked him.) On the whole the old New England farmer who spoke to him at the outset of the trip set the tone of what follows: "What good's an opinion if you don't know? My grandfather knew the number of whiskers in the Almighty's beard. I don't even know what happened yesterday, let alone tomorrow. He knew what it was that makes a rock or a table. I don't even know the formula that says nobody knows. We've got nothing to go on—got no way to think about things." Not many people that Steinbeck encountered were that articulate or that much aware of their own predicament, but the sense of being shut off from certainty was prevalent.

In its generalizations *Travels with Charley* is a commonplace, even a trivial book, agreeable enough to read but not really very enlightening. But it comes to life whenever Steinbeck fastens upon the particular. His marvelous ear for dialogue, his skill in revealing character through speech, and his quick sympathy for the disadvantaged raise nearly every personal encounter he reports well above the level of his general observations. So too, though his general impressions are undistinguished, his descriptions of particular objects or prospects are nearly always effective and sometimes brilliant. (August selection, Book of the Month.)

AGEE'S TALENT NOT WASTED

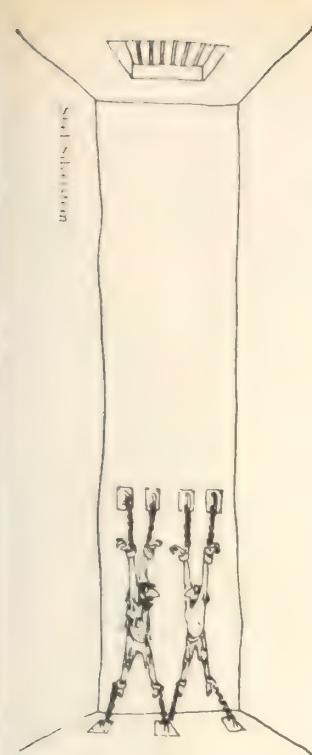
The Letters of James Agee to Father Flye (Braziller, \$5) is a much more moving and probing book and indirectly a much more revealing account of American society than Steinbeck's. Not that Agee's letters were ever meant to be

sociology; they were simply the outpouring of a gifted and troubled spirit to the man who probably served as his substitute father. (Father Flye taught Agee at St. Andrew's, the Episcopal school in Tennessee that he attended after he lost his own father in the circumstances so beautifully reported in the posthumous novel, *A Death in the Family*. St. Andrew's is also the setting of his earlier novel, *The Morning Watch*.)

The letters run from 1925, when Agee was sixteen and newly enrolled at Exeter, through his years at Harvard and in New York and Hollywood; the last was written though unmailed the day of his death, May 11, 1955. It is amazing how Agee's public stature has grown in the seven years since, not only with the appearance of *A Death in the Family* but also with the publication in two massive volumes of his writing about and for the movies and the reissue of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*. And now appear these letters, a fascinating autobiographical document that makes Agee perhaps more accessible as a person than any of his other books.

It is no diminution of Agee's uniqueness to say that in some respects his life was a paradigm of a certain kind of American life—the man with a powerful sense of vocation (in his case, to literature) who must subordinate or betray that vocation to anonymous work for going concerns (years of writing for *Time* and *Fortune*). In one of his letters Agee divides artists into saints and bishops, presumably meaning those who have to seek their own salvation wherever it may lead and those who can fulfill themselves as spokesmen for the established order. By this terminology he was himself temperamentally a saint who had to spend a good deal of his life acting like a bishop. Of course Agee was vastly more talented than most Americans who will see his life as a pattern of their own, but his letters are a kind of classic statement of the conflict between personal sensibility and the demands of the organization man's role.

The letters have apparently been shorn of their references to certain aspects of Agee's private life—at least occasional clusters of dots seem to indicate deletions, and there is nothing in the letters as published (for instance) about the ending of his first two marriages, though he must have mentioned those crises to Father Flye. But if some purely private matters have been dropped, the letters remain very personal. And by a seeming paradox, it is their very personal quality that makes them so vivid a record of the era in American society that they come out of. Agee's sensibility was drawn so taut by the pressures he was under that it reverberated to everything that was going on. On many subjects—politics, religion, psychiatry, and so on—he was not a distinguished thinker, and it is not the quality of his conclusions, if any, that interests us but the nature and pervasiveness of his concern. To



"Now, here's my plan..."



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literature and the movies his responses were sure and worth reading for their own sake from the first; as Robert Phelps points out in his fine introduction, Agee's schoolboy opinion of Dreiser's *American Tragedy* ("you feel you've been reading a rather inadequate translation of a very great foreign novel") could hardly be improved upon. It is symptomatic that Agee says what he feels about the book rather than what he thinks: his feelings were always his better guide.

It may be the final irony of Agee's career that those very circumstances which made it seem so wasteful and mixed and fragmentary in his own eyes form the basis for his claim to the attention of later readers. If he had been able to spend his life quietly writing the verse and novels that he thought he wanted to write, his career would almost certainly have lacked the fascination and the paradigmatic quality that it now has; it could hardly have caught so much of the tempo and spirit of American life between 1925 and 1955, so much of the indecision and uncertainty of aim as it in fact caught. The kind of official culture that Agee wanted to participate in has its coercions as well as the brash, fast-moving, journalistic culture that actually consumed so much of his energy; by its reverence for certain kinds of writing, particularly the novel, it has produced a good many writers whose thin foundation-nourished novels are considerably less impressive than their off-the-cuff, written-to-order journalism.

Frederick A. Pottle has pointed out that the very journal in which James Boswell lamented his lack of accomplishment turned out to be his accomplishment. By a similar reversal, the bits and pieces in which James Agee wasted (as he thought) his talent may in the long run form a testimony to that talent more impressive than the formal achievements that he felt himself largely to have missed.

YOUNG NOVELISTS SPEAK UP

TWO recent novels by young writers who are dissatisfied with the way the present deals with its inheritance from the past can be treated here together, though they

do not resemble one another except for their common ground in social criticism, their common manner in using a naturalistic technique allegorically, and their common effect of leading the reader to judgments less literary than social or moral.

The first is *A Different Drummer* by a twenty-five-year-old American Negro writer named William Melvin Kelley (Doubleday, \$3.95). The subject of Kelley's book is the imaginary departure from an imaginary Southern state of all its Negro residents. It is a subject of almost mythical proportions; like Gogol's idea of sending a purchaser out through Russia to buy up the dead serfs who still exist on the tax-rolls, or like Cervantes' idea of sending an old knight who has read too many romances out into the world in search of the chivalry he has read about, the idea of portraying Southern society with all the Negroes gone is enough to set the imagination racing.

But Kelley turns out to be less interested in the consequences of such an action than its causes. Surely this is a mistake, because everyone in a general way knows its causes, because Kelley has little or no firsthand acquaintance with the South (what he has done is to borrow the South of William Faulkner and adapt it to his purposes), and because it misses a wonderful opportunity.

This is, however, the report of a reader who has taken the story rather more literally than the author may have meant it to be taken. Read more allegorically it may yield different results. For example, *A Different Drummer* ends with the lynching of a Northern Negro leader, a man who was once dedicated to the improvement of his race but who has since become the head of one of those dubious Negro churches that seem to be established for the benefit less of their members than of their hierarchy.

If this scene is read literally, the poor whites who have been left behind by the departed Negroes are venting their frustration on the only Negro who is still available to them; but read allegorically the same scene means something like this: when the Negro shows himself to be a man capable of acting for himself (like

the vanished Negroes) then Uncle Tom (the Northern Negro clergyman) will be destroyed. By interpretation the action of the poor whites in killing the man becomes a piece of social sadism that is distasteful but essential piece of social scavenging.

But the more allegorical reading does not always lead to such rewarding results. To take another example, Kelley seems to be quite literally and unmistakably opposed to the Negroes' efforts to improve their condition through such organizations as the NAACP. So in describing a mass exodus he is not simply using his imagination to hypothecate an event for speculative purposes but to indicate, however indirectly, the kind of apocalyptic occurrence which he would put his hope. And he finds the basis of his hope in a racial mystique of sorts, expressed through an account of a primeval Negro ancestor of heroic if not supernatural strength, courage, and beauty, who hardly seems a most satisfactory basis for racism than Wagner's heroes.

A Different Drummer seems to be a collection of fairly powerful images related to the Negro's plight, but the rather ordinary novelistic setting in which those images are set is not strong enough or well enough thought out to define them, to give them direction. Kelley's considerable talent is still unevenly developed, though he has produced a curious and in some respects a very interesting book. His title, from Thoreau ("If a man does not keep pace with his companion it is perhaps because he hears a different drummer"), indicates that he is aware of the eccentricity of his position on the subject his book presents.

THE other novel that expresses dissatisfaction with the present's attempt to deal with the past is *The Sins of the Fathers* by the young German writer Christian Geissler (Random House, \$3.95). Here the main character is Klaus Köhler, a youthful physicist who discovers that the beautiful house where he works (now a laboratory) once belonged to a rich Jewish family. He further discovers that one member of the family went underground in the Nazi era and still miraculously survives in the same

THE NEW BOOKS

and he becomes obsessed with need to locate and confront the survivor.

Previously Klaus's obsession symbolizes a need to confront the German past and his own father's part, and the ensuing scenes are symbolic expressions of various German reactions to the Fascist. His colleague, another young leftist, has become an ardent Communist in his effort to make the past obliterate the past; the successful businessman argues that the thing that counts is today—not able to forget is simply the ability to cope with life; the dealer in avenir, including Nazi members, argues that courage is always a virtue, no matter what the cause it served; the psychiatrist sees feelings of guilt as a defect in character; so on. There are a few exceptions—the old schoolmaster, for one, let his son die seeing himself as a hero in the war is consumed with guilt and recognizes his own guilt. The moral intensity of *The Sins of the Fathers* is almost enough to make the book come off, and most American readers will probably find attitudes represented so thoroughly admirable that they may re-read it as a success. But the various writers are rather heavy-handed and obvious, with more editorial than fictional subtlety, and in the pretense of fiction commonly gives way to straightforward moralizing. The book is most successful where it tries least hard: the scene in which the two young socialists deck out a dog with a high decoration and set him loose among a holiday crowd (who are fished) makes its point with more less and economy and effect than some of the large set pieces.

LOVE AMONG THE FRENCH NEVER EASY

If to prove that not all young men everywhere are taken up with large social questions there is along *The Plane Trees* by a Frenchwoman named Mme. Lange, who is interested in love but that old standby of the young and the French and especially the two in combination, love (theon, \$2.95). Mme. Lange writes well in dialogue (extremely well

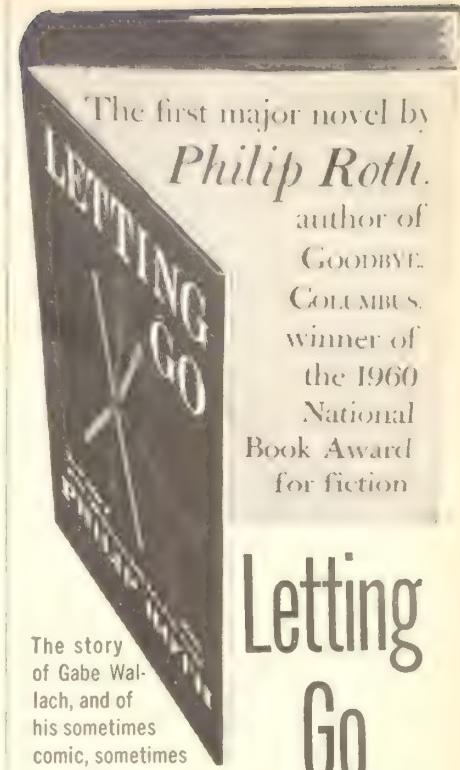
translated by Richard Howard), though the dialogue is occasionally punctuated by brief, rather brilliant and feminine metaphoric descriptions of landscape and objects. Her interlocutors are a young couple driving from Paris to the south of France. The girl loves the young man; he loves her friend, a glamorous movie star; the girl wants . . . Well, nothing is ever easy, especially not love as practiced among the French.

The Plane Trees is a very delicate, accomplished little story, hardly more than a whiff of a rather pungent fragrance, but it is enough to suggest that Mme. Lange may be the Colette of her generation.

CHANGE OVER IN THE COLLEGES

TWO recent works on the history of higher education in America reveal how profoundly time has changed our colleges and universities. One—*The American College and University* by Frederick Rudolph (Knopf, \$6.75)—is the best general history of American higher education that has so far been written. The subject is vast and tenaciously recalcitrant to ordering, full of powerful personalities and unlikely quirks and dead ends (Rudolph estimates that about seven hundred American colleges had been founded and had gone out of business before the Civil War), but here it has been given an organization that both respects the vagaries of the story and makes sense of it.

One can object that Rudolph has too little to say about Catholic and Negro colleges (according to the fine historiographical note that ends the volume, the spadework of local history on which the general historian must rely is not very far advanced among those institutions); or one can object that Rudolph pays too much attention to the Ivy League, though probably the historical importance and the wide influence of its members justify the emphasis. As might be expected of a writer who is both the historian of Williams College and a professor of history there, Rudolph may seem to make Mark Hopkins a rather more central figure in American higher education than he has any claim to being, but



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he was probably typical if hardly seminal. In fact Rudolph is about as judicious and fair as any writer could be who attempted to deal with so large a subject in five hundred pages, and his two chief prejudices, if such they are, tend to cancel each other out. He has a marked sympathy with the traditional liberal arts as the basis of the collegiate curriculum, but he also has a conviction that higher education must respond to the needs of American society, a response that he recognizes has sometimes been most notable when it has been least traditional.

If any single fact emerges as dominant from Rudolph's long but lively account, it is that the Civil War, in higher education as in so much else, is the watershed of American history. Our colleges were on the whole a rather feeble set of institutions in the 1850s. After the war old institutions got new and innovating leaders like Eliot at Harvard and Angell at Michigan. New kinds of institutions were created or enlivened, such as the universities patterned after Continental models (Cornell and Johns Hopkins), the technological institutes, and the land-grant institutions created or strengthened by the Morrill Act of a hundred years ago. The styles changed in presidents and professors, curricula and extracurricula, methods and subjects. By the 1870s our colleges and universities showed a vigor and openness to change that could hardly have been imagined twenty years before.

FORTY-FIVE years ago the distinguished historian Allan Nevins wrote a history of his alma mater, the University of Illinois, and this year he returned there to give a series of lectures in commemoration of the centennial of the Morrill Act that played so important a role in the history of universities like Illinois. The lectures have now been published under the title *The State Universities and Democracy* (University of Illinois Press, \$2.95).

Perhaps the chief impression that a reader will carry away from Nevins' lectures is a general deflation of the importance of the event commemorated, because Nevins shows that the granting of land to state universities was not Morrill's innovation, that

the actual contribution of the grants made under the Act to the coffers of the universities was disappointingly small (much of the land was sold at a low price), and that some of the subjects that the Act was designed to encourage, such as agriculture and home economics, were not yet in a condition to be taught in this country. But what he takes away with one hand Nevins restores with the other, and in the end one gets a fascinating array of information that certainly does not diminish the importance of the land-grant institutions.

years to the drastically reduced almost faceless image of man. Samuel Beckett and Jean Dubuffet became anti-art.

Doubtless the historical explanation is too simple, but double explanation would be. The situation is too complex for a book like Sypher's to perform, recognizes, is not to say the last word on the subject (that is impossible), but to set up large categories make it more discussible than it is. And everyone will find in the merit that it takes up at one subject on which his opinion is superior to the author's.

FROM ROMANTIC FREE MEN TO ANONYMOUS COGS

IN *Loss of the Self* (Random House, \$4) Wylie Sypher makes a brief but ambitious attempt to see how man's conception of himself has changed since about 1800. Such a subject is a standing invitation to foolishness, of course, and Sypher does not altogether escape. He has a disconcerting habit of tossing off references to such matters as the uncertainty principle, Goedel's theorem, and "recent advances in mathematics," a habit that does nothing to reassure an already wary reader, and you can open the book at random and find on a single page (83) references to Aristotle, Newton, Hegel, Carlyle, Nietzsche, Shelley, Camus, Conrad, and T. S. Eliot (not to mention the names of various fictional and mythological characters like Kurtz and Prometheus), all caught up in a swirl of ideas that requires such words as entelechy and *Welttrieb* and dialectic for its exposition, if indeed that is what it achieves.

But for all the fireworks, Sypher usually manages to write in a modest tone, and at bottom his thesis is simple. He believes that the romantic commitment to personal freedom found its institutional expression in what he calls liberal collectivism, that a group of men who wanted more than anything else to see their fellow men free actually created a society (or set in motion ideas that created a society) in which men have become nearly anonymous cogs. Consequently the heroic and triumphant image of man in Shelley's *Prometheus Bound* or Delacroix has given way in a hundred and fifty

THE ENDURING SKELETON

READERS who are irritated by Sypher's view of the history of man as a kind of animated history of thought will enjoy *The Shape of Time*, *Time Marks on the History of Things* (George Kubler, Yale Press, \$5). This is a carefully reasoned and brilliantly suggestive essay in defense of the view that the history of art should be the study of formal relations as against the view that it should concentrate on ideas or symbols or biography. Since Kubler has studied closely the arts of certain societies where the verbal context has faded and only the objects themselves survive, he has a more than theoretical preparation for the kind of defense he presents.

Kubler is not only concerned to defend the study of the history of art as a history of forms, but to cover what kind of inclusive metaphor or underlying concept provides the best basis for such a study. He finds his answer in mathematical notions of series, sequence, and makes striking suggestions about how these notions can be applied to art history.

Bernard Shaw somewhere drew a vivid analogy between his works and a coral reef. Time, he says, will wash away the live body of his ideas and leave only the enduring skeleton in form, but the skeleton would have been possible without the body. In that brilliant metaphor, Kubler not only reconciled the views of Sypher and Kubler, at least superficially; but he also summarized adequately as one figure of speech can do so large a job, the changes that time brings.

BOOKS in brief

ERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Wonderful Clouds, by Franagan.

"A new Sagan" is the story of a red international marriage between a beautiful, gay French girl too handsome, too rich, too patriotic American. They do love but quarrel, make love, lie on Florida beach, and quarrel. His need to know and possess first in his once independent, the bride drives them both she has neither the moral courage (probably the intelligence to back) to mental and physical exhaustion. The shifts from Key Largo, Florida, to New York, to the French provinces to Paris. Her people are not sense likable, but they are real and the author has the great being able, in very short space, to create a situation that makes one that makes one wonder where it lies. No small achievement.

Dutton, \$3

Suspense Stories for Summer: Her's Friend, by Andrew Garve. Ashe, a veterinarian who lives on the Kent-Sussex border in England, devotes one night a week to visiting convicts in a local prison. With considerable difficulty he manages to place one of his parolees in a small garage near his home. And then a violent crime is committed within a few months and the prisoner is suspected. He goes to Mr. Ashe to find the real killer. It's wonderful sleuthing, here's a love story thrown in. Harper & Row, \$3.50

Like an Angel, by Margaret

of California's many religious groups and their strange and lonely ways serve as part background for a weird tale of disappearance, embezzlement, and compounded murder. In a newspaper office, a real-estate a mountain camping site serve as alternate backdrops for this inland puzzling tale. It's exciting

and goes along at a fast clip, but perhaps because two of the villains in the piece are out of their minds when the plot unravels, I was confused as to what really happened at crucial points (and there are so many of them) and had to keep checking back to make sure I had all the details straight. But it all adds up to a fine frenzy in monk's clothing, by the author of *A Stranger in My Grace*.

Random House, \$3.50

NON-FICTION

Mr. Conservative: Barry Goldwater, by Jack Bell.

Conservative or liberal, friend or foe, one has to be familiar with the controversial beliefs and dynamic personality of the Senator from Arizona. Mr. Bell, a political writer for the Associated Press for twenty-five years, writes his book like a political writer who doesn't want to cut off his sources. It is full of interesting if conventional and not altogether unfamiliar information—a lot of it is quotations—about Senator Goldwater's life and ideas, and the final chapter, by the Senator himself, is called "A Conservative's Creed." To sum it all up in political language, "What we need is a rededication to the national goals that Jefferson set." Well, nobody is going to quarrel with that—the final sentence in his creed—but the reader must be forgiven if he has trouble making that conclusion fit this book.

Doubleday, \$4.50

Rocking the Boat, by Gore Vidal.

The second essay in this collection of revealing (even when out of date) essays is called "Barry Goldwater: A Chat," and in its embarrassed honesty in describing with a novelist's sense of situation the meeting of two not altogether compatible minds, it tells almost as much as a whole book about the man. The other political essays are excellent too—a piece on Kennedy, one on the House Un-American Activities Committee, and a fighting essay called "The Future of Conservatism" in which Goldwater is labeled not a conservative but a reactionary.

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money as possible with no interference from the Government. The freedom to exploit others is the cornerstone of his philosophy. Goldwater's book *The Conscience of a Conservative* is a hymn to self-interest.

Mr. Vidal's literary essays—on theatre: O'Neill, Dore Schary, and Paddy Chayefsky; on novelists and critics of the 1940s; on Norman Mailer, Carson McCullers, Robert Penn Warren, and others—are just as forthright, penetrating, and provocative. Little, Brown, \$5

There is a new paperback, a collection of Mr. Vidal's fiction, recently published. It is called *Three*, and includes his first novel, *Williwaw*, seven of his short stories, and part of his novel-in-progress called *Julian the Apostate*.

Signet, 75 cents

One Man's Freedom, by Edward Bennett Williams. Introduction by Eugene V. Rostow, Dean, Yale Law School.

The lawyer-author of this book believes passionately that "one man's freedom" is every man's freedom and it is this belief that has found him representing such unacceptable clients as Joe McCarthy, Frank Costello, Dave Beck, Russian spies, and other less-known people, all distinguished mainly for the unpopularity of their causes, yet all entitled under law to be judged innocent until proved guilty. (It is interesting to read this directly after Mr. Vidal on the Un-American Activities Committee.) It is an exciting book, full of stirring statements as well as interesting trial histories.

He discusses at length the unpopularity that accrues to lawyers who represent unpalatable clients in "Guilt by Client" and makes a moving summary:

Our whole system of criminal justice is built on the basic premise that every man is presumed innocent until he is proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. His guilt must be shown by evidence produced by the prosecutor in a courtroom—not in a tabloid or a news broadcast. "Guilty" in this frame of reference is not a moral term. It is a legal term. No one is legally guilty until a judgment of guilt has been made by a court. The lawyer is neither expected nor qualified to make a moral judgment on

the person seeking help. Moral guilt or innocence is no more within the province of the lawyer than within the jurisdiction of the court.

He is against the death penalty:

The death penalty is also indefensible today because it has become so discriminatory. Lewis E. Lawes served as warden at Sing Sing for many years. He took the last walk with condemned men many times. He later wrote that all of them were poor and most were friendless as well. It was not without some foundation that Clarence Darrow observed: "Only the poor are put to death."

The book is not a biography of the author. It is a stirring defense of principles illustrated with dramatic true stories. Atheneum, \$5.95

My Language Is Me: Psychotherapy with a Disturbed Adolescent, by Beulah Parker, M.B.

An approximation of a verbatim report of an analysis of a very bright sixteen-year-old who could, at first, only communicate by elaborate symbols and figures resembling a code. The more disturbed he was, the more elaborate the code. Gradually as the therapy progressed and his fears diminished, the language became simpler and more direct. A fascinating study, and the not necessarily orthodox questioning and explaining by the psychiatrist seem, to a layman, to show just the wisdom, restraint, or lack of it, called for in given situations. An unusual and unconventional case history which, as reported, seems to have put its subject on the road to self-understanding.

Basic Books, \$8.50

To Catch an Angel: Adventures in the World I Cannot See, by Robert Russell.

In *The Country of the Blind*, H. G. Wells describes a valley inhabited by people who can't see and who therefore believe "the air is alive with singing angels." It is more or less in that spirit but with no self-pity and no sentimentality either that Robert Russell writes cheerfully and matter-of-factly and very readably of his life. He was blinded at the age of six when a splinter from a croquet mallet destroyed one eye, the other became infected, and gradually, very gradually, he lost all sight. "There was no crisis. I did not know

when I became a citizen at night."

His cheerfulness doesn't keep from describing frustrations and row escapes (imagine being chased by another boy who wasn't being chased by a bull) but the burden of his life is not what he can't do, but what he can. He goes to the Institute for the Blind; he goes to Hamilton and to Yale; he goes to Oxford; he marries a brilliant and remarkable English girl (he caught his angel right); he writes his thesis and gets his degree. He is now the father of three children, an Associate Professor of English at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The book is full of happy people, tough and hard-working as the funny and gay. Vanguard,

FOREWORD

Women, War, and Nature

Harper's, with its October Supplement on "The American Feminist Movement," is not alone in examining the European question. Beacon Press has a just moved up from September to August. *American Women: Changing Image*, edited by Barbara Cassara, a collection of eleven outstanding women from many fields: Margaret Mead, De Mille, Pearl Buck among others. Harper & Row will publish in September *Her Infinite Variety* and in September *American Woman as Lover, Friend, and Rival*, by Morton M. Hunt. Author of *The Natural History of Love*, and in the same month Colleen McCann is planning to bring out a novel "about women fighting careers and the men they leave behind in their race to the top." *A Woman's Place*, by Ann Helm, will be published in October, from Braziller, continuing the discussion of "the underlying forces of the feminine revolution" as seen by the author, Elizabeth Mann. This is called *Ascent of Woman*.

The Civil War may never be superseded in interest on literary shelves, but the number of books on more recent wars which are scheduled for this fall is impressive.

August: Harper & Row list *World War I: An Outline History*, by George Baldwin of the New York Times.

September: Little, Brown & Company publish *The Fortunes of War: Great Battles of World War I*.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

rew A. Rooney; McKay promises *One Hundred Days of Lt. Mac-
ton*, a story of the Burma cam-
n in World War II, by Ian
Horton and Henry Maule; a
l story, *The Tenth Fleet*, by
las Farago, is another WWII
t, from Obolensky; and *Strong
Armed: The United States
Fights Against Japan*, by Robert
tie, comes from Random House.

October we will have *Mas-
ters of War Reporting: The Best
World War II*, by Louis Snyder,
Messner; and in November, a
in to WWI, in *Mr. Wilson's
War*, by John Dos Passos, to be pub-
shed by Doubleday.

he publication of "nature" books
n't stop after the summer
ths. On the contrary, Houghton
lin, who in July distributed—
the Cornell Laboratory of
ithology and the Federation of
ario Naturalists—some dozen and
lf books and records of birds and
r songs, will publish in Septem-
The Migrations of Birds, by Jean
st, and a much-heralded book by
hel Carson, *Silent Spring*, which
the horrifying story of what the
nicals used in pest control are
ng—in some cases already have
e-to bird life throughout this
try. . . .

irty-eight pages of photographs
eight paintings of birds by the
or and others illustrate *Seabirds
Southern Waters* by HRH, The
ce Philip, Duke of Edinburgh,
ch Harper & Row brings out in
tember. It is an account of two
s on the Royal Yacht, which put
it the Antarctic, the Falklands,
e of the Tristan de Cunha group,
Zealand, and other islands in
Pacific.

In October we will have *The
th and You: A Geographic Pic-
e of the World We Live In*, by
rman J. G. Pounds, Professor and
airman of the Department of
ography at Indiana University,
m Rand McNally; *Standard En-
lopedia of the World's Oceans and
lands*, edited by Anthony Huxley,
m Putnam; *The Strange Lives of
niliar Insects*, by Edwin Way
ale, from Dodd, Mead; and
ales, by E. J. Sliper, from Basic
oks. This should be enough to
p nature students happy for the
iter months and well beyond.

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BY DISCUS

FROM THE FIREBIRD

As time smooths past controversies, it brings a measure of consent to the once-shocking experimental works of Stravinsky and Orff.

In records, as elsewhere in the world of music, June was Stravinsky's month. The composer celebrated his eightieth birthday on June 17 or 18 (most reference books insist on June 17 but Stravinsky, pointing to certain anomalies in the Russian calendar, says June 18), and one of his birthday tributes was a series of recordings from Columbia. For many years Stravinsky has been associated with Columbia, which has given him virtual free rein and has recorded his new music as it appears. For the birthday tribute Columbia issued a spectacular group of records, some conducted by Stravinsky himself.

And most of them are from his neo-classic period of the 1920s and 1930s. Like so many composers, Stravinsky has three periods. There was the Russian, folk-derived period starting with *Firebird* and ending with *Les Noces*. There was the neo-classic period, starting with the *Octet* (approximately) and extending through works like the *Symphony in Three Movements* of 1945. Lately there has been the totally organized, post-Webern serialism of *Agon*, *Threni*, and the *Movements* for piano and orchestra. The first-period works are still the most popular—*Firebird*, *Petrouchka*, and *Le Sacre du Printemps* are never very far from us. The current works get plenty of attention and discussion (more attention and discussion, indeed, than actual performances). But the great mass of neo-classic works, with exceptions like the *Symphony of Psalms* and *Oedipus*, are little heard.

Thus the Columbia release fills in, on records, a major area of Stravinsky's output. Listening to it *en masse*, too, makes one wonder about

its neglect. The music is clear, logical, pointed, and elegant, with much more melodic appeal than most listeners are willing to grant the composer. The contents of the three neo-classic discs break down as follows: **Violin Concerto** and **Symphony in Three Movements**, with Isaac Stern and the Columbia Symphony conducted by Stravinsky (Columbia ML 5731; stereo MS 6331); **Concerto for Piano and Wind Orchestra** and the *Pulcinella* ballet, with Seymour Lipkin and the New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein (ML 5729; stereo MS 6329); and the **Concerto for Two Solo Pianos**, the **Sonata for Two Pianos**, and **Eight Easy Pieces for Piano Four Hands**, played by Gold and Fizdale (ML 5733; stereo MS 6333).

In addition there are the three great ballet scores—*Firebird* (ML 5728; stereo MS 6328), *Petrouchka* (ML 5732; stereo MS 6332), and *Le Sacre du Printemps* (ML 5719; stereo MS 6319). And, finally, a complete recording of *Le Rossignol* (KL 5727; stereo KS 6327).

The three ballets are conducted by Stravinsky, with the Columbia Symphony. *Petrouchka* and *Sacre* are reissue discs, originally brought out some two years ago in a special high-priced album. Now they are available individually at standard prices. *Firebird* is new. It is not a recording of the familiar suite, but is a disc containing the entire ballet. Up to now there has been only one complete *Firebird* in history—Ansermet's, released in London about eight years ago. Stravinsky's performance is altogether different. The composer-conductor stresses clarity, and goes to great pains to bring out each instrumental strand. The effect is stereoscopic as well as stereophonic, and the unusually realistic recorded sound (close-up, as the conductor hears it) is altogether striking.

Rossignol is a wonderful early work, a tiny opera based on Hans

Christian Andersen's familiar story *The Chinese Nightingale*. Stravinsky started it in 1907, put it aside, did not complete the score until 1914. It is an atmospheric study in chinoiserie—very sweet, folksy, witty, looking back to Rimsky-Korsakoff and also containing elements of *Le Sacre*. Stravinsky conducts with the Opera Society of Washington, D.C., and a group of American singers including Reri Grist, Leontine Driscoll, and Donald Gramm.

An Odd Turn

To say that the later neo-classical works are "pleasant" is probably the one wrong adjective in English language. Yet time has started to put the Violin Concerto, the Concerto for Piano and Wind Orchestra, and the Two-Piano Sonata in perspective. And "pleasant" is what these works are. Ingenious too, of course, and consummate in craftsmanship. But the major impression is that time has smoothed out the angularities that at one time seemed so forbidding to conservative listeners. All of this music is clear, logical, bracing, with a good deal of melodic ingenuity and with those ever-present, busy, darting Stravinskian rhythmic patterns. Whatever dissonance there is—and there is, of course, quite a bit—has started to sound almost consonant against the examples of current serial technique that have taken such a strong hold in the 1960s. And a melody like the one that starts the slow movement of *Symphony in Three Movements* is positively old-fashioned in sound and appeal. Can it be that the experimental Stravinsky, the darling of the avant-garde, the great technician and innovator, will in ten years from now sound as dated as Spohr? History does take odd turns.

Concurrently with the Stravinsky release comes an example of work of another modern composer who has created a good deal of controversy. Carl Orff's *Antigonae* has been recorded by members of the Bavarian Radio Symphony Chorus conducted by Ferdinand Leitner (Deutsche Grammophon 18717/9; stereo 188717/9; both three-disc sets). In the cast are such eminent singers as Inge Borkh, Fritz Umlauf, Ernst Häfliger, Kim Borg, Hans-Heinrich Plumächer, and others.

Orff is a Bavarian composer who

g into prominence (in America, at) about ten years ago with his *Antigone*. Immediately he was intensely admired by one segment of the music profession, decried by another. Admirers pointed to strength, unconventionality, yearning for rhythm. Detractors said that his music was a façade; beneath the unconventional orientation was nothing.

It does indeed like to work with unusual sounds. *Antigone*, which refers to the Sophocles play in Orff's version, uses what amounts to a percussion orchestra. The reason why it is so hard to understand is that among the instruments there are ten pianos, four harps, string basses, six flutes, six saxes, six trumpets, twelve types of phone, and a whole forest of percussion (such as six Javanese gongs and three tam-tams). To produce different sounds the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra does.

Sounds of Orff

The question is: how legitimate are those sounds? And it appears that Orff uses them in a legitimate manner, with frankness and conviction. The orchestra points and underlines what is going on. *Antigone* will not be everybody's

It is long, contains little singing (as Verdi or Wagner understood it), and has long stretches of intonation-cantillation. But even these stretches are emotional in nature.

Orff uses even the speaking voice with subtlety, making it rise and fall, mutter and whisper, pull us out and express mood as the course of the situation demands. Evolutionary as his music may be, it is in reality rather simple. His greatest contributions are harmonic. His harmonies, on the other hand, are basically elementary. The score adds up to a very novel and exciting experience. Fortunately the Grammophon has provided a bretto, and the listener can follow the opera word for word—a necessity here. The sensitive music lover will find that *Antigone* by Orff is a fusion of music and drama that does what few modern works do—point up the pity and terror of the play, with original power, and humanity.

JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

EXTREMES

The mail has brought two records so unalike as to challenge belief that they belong in the same universe, let alone to what is in effect the very same subcategory of a category, that subsidiary branch of jazz folk music known as Country Blues. Both bespeak the fact that Country Blues have "arrived," one by its respect for an almost archeological purity, the other by its willingness to corrupt that purity beyond recognition.

The latter is an adaptation for dance band, which is to say that it feeds the voice of southern rural Negro suffering through a filter of hayseed, hair oil, and cotton batting which reduces it to feeble irrelevance. These are Country Blues only to the extent that the tunes, a few mannerisms, and a dim sense of the regional and picturesque have been fed into an insatiable maw which can chew any kind of quality down into innocuous pap. What comes of it are massed strings, a capon chorus, and a solo trumpet that sounds like sucking jello out of a blocked drainpipe with a rubber plunger.

The former is another draft on the apparently inexhaustible resources of the Library of Congress. It is a selection by Marshall Stearns from the collection of American folk song, begun in the late 1920s, which has made the Library's Music Division the major national repository of our vernacular musical heritage. It is the raw stuff, plainly and responsibly presented. One side is mainly field hollers and gospel shouting, the other unadulterated Blues. Neither is something you will put on your turntable merely for the music's sake.

The Blues have come all this way, from an art form too repetitious and limited for ordinary listening, to one so formidable it can suffer the attentions of Mr. Anthony and yet survive. One phrase of the genuine article remains enough to dissolve the accumulated saccharine and bring back the smell of the sun-baked soil where the Blues were bred, and echo still:

*Don't this delta look lonesome
When that evenin' sun goes down?*

Yes, Lawd.

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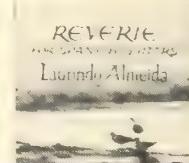
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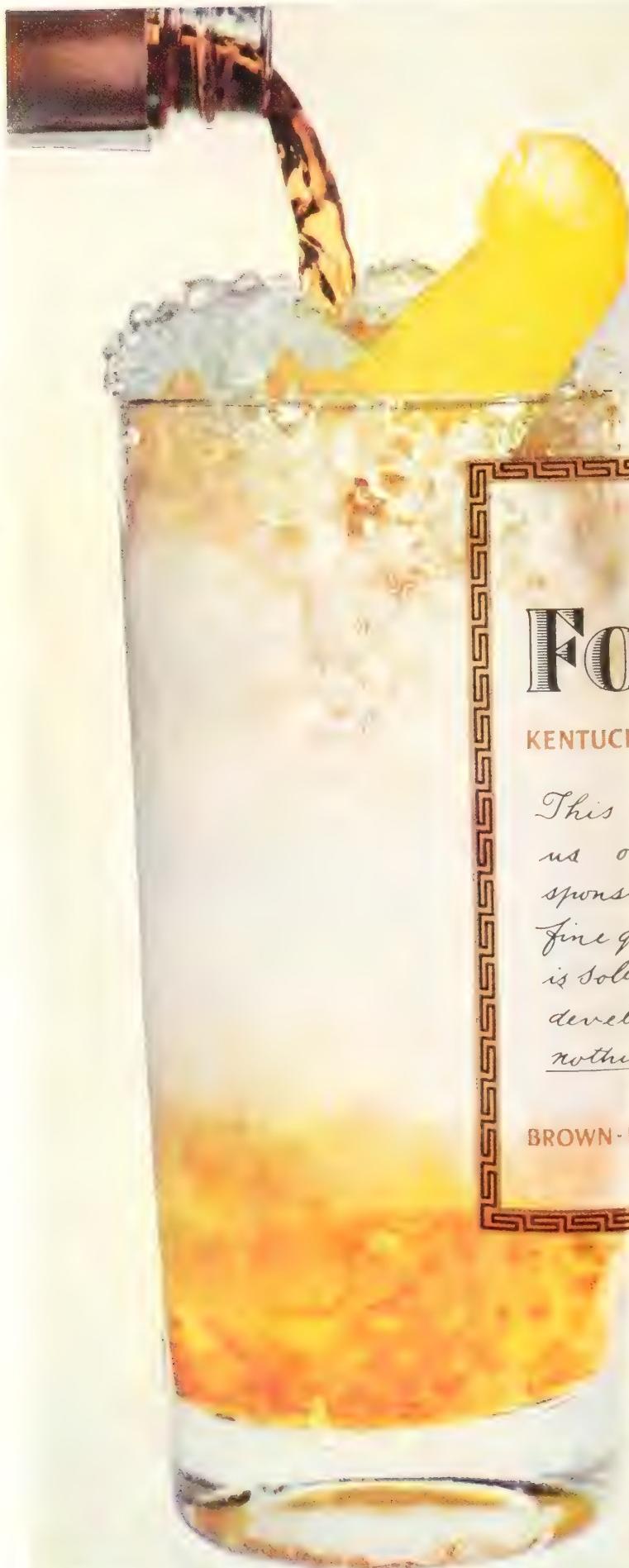
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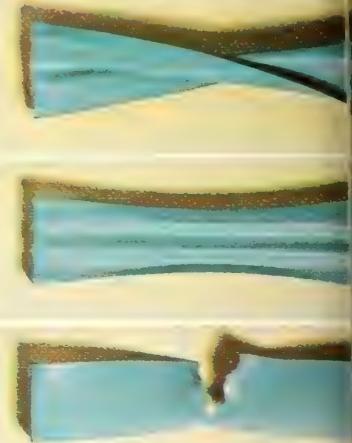
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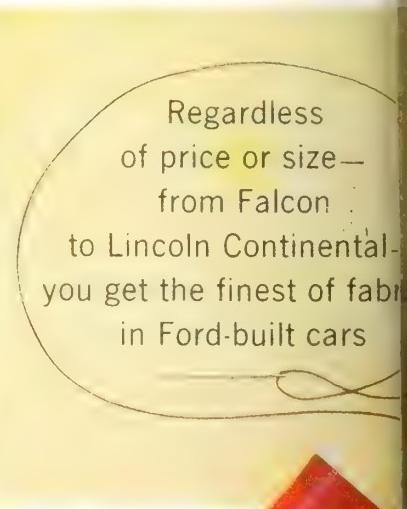
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ARTICLES

- 31 Terror in Vietnam: An American's Ordeal at the Hands of Our "Friends," *Stanley Millet*
- 40 Shall We Let Buckley into the Establishment? *Richard H. Rovere*
- 47 Dead Horse and the Featherbird: The Specter of Useless Work, *Paul Jacobs*
- 55 East Africa: The Birth Pangs of Independence, *Edward R. F. Sheehan*
- 62 Schizophrenics in the Sun, *Robert Littell*
- 66 Elia Kazan's Great Expectations, *Thomas B. Morgan*
- 76 Texas Politics in Turmoil, *Willie Morris*
- 92 Living with Your Husband's Coronary, *T. D. Allen*

FICTION

- 43 The Danger in the House, *James Thurber*

VERSE

- 38 For the Love of Dying, *Malcolm Lowry*
- 88 Animal Poems, *Pati Hill*
- 95 The Temptation, *Walter Kaufmann*

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Letters
- 14 The Editor's Easy Chair—THE STUPIDITY PROBLEM, *John Fischer*
- 26 After Hours—CHANNEL 13 IN BIZ, *Russell Lynes*
- 98 The New Books, *Paul Pickrel*
- 106 Books in Brief, *Katherine Gauss Jackson*
- 110 Music in the Round, *Discus*
- 112 Jazz Notes, *Eric Larrabee*

ARTISTS: Cover, Ash, Reller Associates; 26, N. M. Bodecker; 43, James Thurber; 55, 57, 59, Thomas Feelings; 62, 65, Joan Berg; 73, Louis F. Lo Monaco; 88, 89, Galway Kinnell; 112, Clayton Powers



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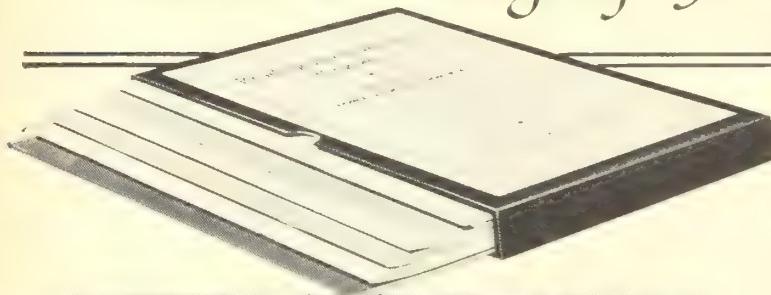
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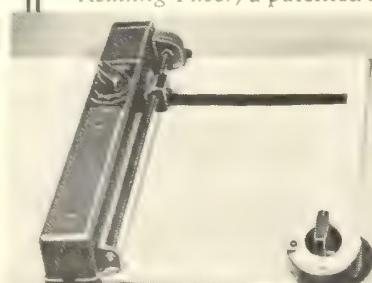
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LETTERS

Negroes as Citizens

To the Editors:

The National Urban League welcomes and appreciates the concern as expressed in John Fischer's July Easy Chair ["What the Negro Needs Most: A First Class Citizens' Council"] for the exaggerated social problems found among Negro citizens. We regret, however, that the mild recognition given to our agency's expanded projected efforts around precisely these problems appeared too late in his article to offset the blanket indictment given earlier which provided the rationale for his suggestion of a new organization. . . .

Since the basic problems of crime, delinquency, illegitimacy, education, and lack of skills are the products of the historic indifference and injustice of a total society, we feel that the responsibility for their solution could best be assumed and corrected not by an all-Negro organization as Mr. Fischer implies, but rather by concerned citizens of all races who have not only a great personal stake in the resolution of these problems but an obligation as citizens who are both humane and beneficiaries of the American heritage and its goals.

A review of the actual facts regarding the present status of Negro citizens in comparison with other Americans leaves us less optimistic than Mr. Fischer about the present and future new opportunities occasioned by new laws, changed political climate, and modified attitudes. The average family income of Negro citizens has declined in the last five years as compared with white citizens. There is more segregated housing than ever before. His children continue to receive three and a half years less education and his parents still die seven years sooner. Recent migration has most often only changed his position from that of rural sharecropper to urban slum dweller with comparable inequities and poor environment.

We would also question whether the exclusion Mr. Fischer speaks of is in reality related to honest fears about property depreciation, asocial behavior, physical harm, or is it related to the more basic distorted American value around conformity or status seeking through exclusiveness? . . .

The great difficulty which the Urban League faces in securing even minimum financial support for its National Office

or its sixty-two local affiliates to meet the problems Mr. Fischer outlines, and the apparent dearth of sincere and dedicated leadership among both white and Negro citizens to work with us, makes any suggestion of a new organization with substantially the same goals frightening and unrealistic. We would hope, therefore, that instead of suggesting a new organization Mr. Fischer would encourage greater support, understanding, and recognition of those of us who are pursuing even with our limited resources the solution to the problems mentioned in his article. . . .

WHITNEY M. YOUNG, JR.
Executive Director
National Urban League, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

Bravo for John Fischer's proposal of a "First Class Citizens' Council." He expressed admirably what most humanists shy away from in fear of being identified . . . with racism and prejudice. This type of organization must be run by Negroes for Negroes to avoid repeating the pattern of making Negroes dependent on patronizing Caucasians. However, there must be ways in which sympathetic non-Negroes can help. . . . Please submit my name to the leaders who will respond to the challenge of Mr. Fischer's call. I want to offer whatever financial or other assistance may be possible.

LAWRENCE M. HERMAN, M.D.
Monterey Park, Calif.

Mr. Fischer's charge of irresponsibility simply does not hold up if it is leveled against Negroes generally. What about the female Negro worker who performs the bulk of domestic duties in this country, appearing regularly in homes, day after day, taking complete responsibility for young children, proven over and over again as dependable, reliable, and competent? How come we whites don't draw our generalizations about Negro workers from her behavior, instead of from the behavior of six taxi drivers in Virginia? . . .

The values of the middle-class white are not necessarily those of the lower-class Negro. Nor are they necessarily superior. Mr. Fischer is upset by the fact that Negroes in slums can't find money for a pane of glass or a bucket of paint but manage to "drive fancy cars." By what law of the universe is pride in one's house superior to pride in one's car? My Negro neighbors are quite entitled to look askance at the battered and unpolished car that I drive and be as shocked as Mr. Fischer that I

can't find the money to fix the dented fenders, while I spend money to make my house look lovely. While Mr. Fischer trims his suburban lawn, the Negroes in my neighborhood polish their cars. It is unbelievable priggishness to insist that before we can accept the Negro he must switch from car pride to house pride. . . .

His comparison of the 2 per cent illegitimacy rate among whites to the 20 per cent among Negroes is equal nonsense. As everyone knows, pregnant girls from white middle-class families are the ones who can afford and get the abortions while Negro girls have their babies. Some of us might question where the higher morality lies in these two acts. As for the Negroes' presumed "casual attitude toward sex," it is probably nowhere near as casual as it is in Hollywood, among the international set, or perhaps even in suburbia. But among these groups, it is somewhat more discreet and covert. Perhaps what Mr. Fischer objects to is not the Negro's casual attitude toward sex but his casual attitude toward disguising it.

Curiously, although Mr. Fischer states that the arguments advanced to explain objectionable Negro behavior are valid, he doesn't think the Negro should accept this validity for some reason. But if the arguments are valid, as he suggests, why should the Negro act as if they weren't? If it is the fault of the society that the Negro is in his present plight, why should he accept any action short of changing that society? And if the Negro believes that this change is unlikely to be accomplished by joining the PTA, his view can hardly be challenged.

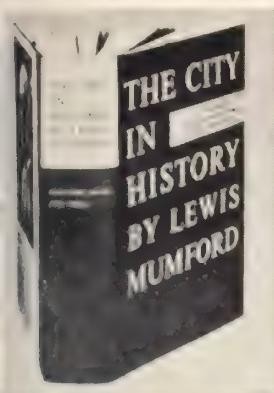
CHARLES HERBERT STEMBER
Prof. of Sociology
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, N. J.

It was with a real measure of satisfaction that I read John Fischer's July editorial discussing the need for a Negro citizens' council. . . . As an American Negro, I congratulate him on tackling a problem which has long needed attention. I would hope that Negro magazines, widely read by the Negro masses, will be given permission and will take advantage of that permission to reprint the editorial. It is something which should be read in every nook and cranny in the Negro community. . . .

HARRY A. BAILEY, JR.
Assistant Instructor
Dept. of Political Science
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kans.

Racial prejudice is not now, nor was it ever, a rational thing *per se*, which is probably why it has always needed a . . . host of apologists. At the core of the apologia has always been the cruel

THE CITY IN HISTORY, Lewis Mumford. "Should last as long as books last."—*N. Y. Times*. National Book Award winner. 784 pp. 156 illus. Retail \$11.50. Members' price \$6.95.



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The stock market is a little like the Hellespont. Cursing and cajoling has no effect on it at all. Neither does propitiation. But the practical man who accepts its changeable nature and plans accordingly can be its master. Just as a general should read weather reports, an investor should read the financial pages of his newspaper, which are the weather reports of the market. And the general must be prepared to change his tactics and the investor his holdings whenever a change seems necessary to achieve his aims.

The stock market is always subject to change without notice. That is its nature—and its fascination.

hoax of blaming the victims of racial prejudice for being the victims. Blame the Jews for the anti-Semitism that raged in Nazi Germany. Blame the Algerians for the OAS. Blame the Bantu for Apartheid. Blame the Negro for Jim Crow. . . . A new dialogue is needed between black and white America. Let us stop hoodwinking each other. My struggle is not for *white* acceptance. It is for freedom, pure and simple. Manhood, human dignity, nothing less. It belongs to me. It is not for you to give or take away.

JOHN OLIVER KILLENS
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Additional comments on the July Easy Chair will appear in future issues of *Harper's*.
THE EDITORS

On the Road

TO THE EDITORS:

As one of those "snobs" who commutes by car into Manhattan from New Jersey, I was interested in C. W. Griffin, Jr.'s article, "Car Snobs, Commuters, and Chaos" [July]. I can't speak for other automobile commuters, but I do know about the motivations for a car pool among the six members in my group:

(1) Cost is approximately one-half that of public transportation: \$20 per month vs. \$40 per month.

(2) Travel time is approximately one-half that of public transportation: one hour door-to-door by car pool; 1½ hours by public transportation.

(3) Uninterrupted travel is much more likely. Car pool: picked up at door, driven twenty-five miles, walk two blocks to office. Public transportation: walk seven blocks to train, twenty miles by train, walk two blocks to tubes, three miles by tubes, walk one block to subway, seven blocks uptown by subway, walk one block to subway, subway five blocks crosstown, walk two blocks to office.

Even Mr. Griffin would conclude that our decision to form a car pool was based on logic, not snobbery. Any time the Port of New York Authority, Mayor Wagner, Governor Hughes, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Moses want to reduce the multiple changes required by public transportation—I'll be happy to reappraise my decision. . . .

KENNETH E. PFITZENMAYER
Chatham, N. J.

Bravo for "Car Snobs, Commuters, and Chaos." . . . Basic to the scheming of America's vehicular traffic-makers has been the systematic promotion of certain "inevitable trends" such as the coast-to-coast wrecking of electric street-railway systems. . . . Thus, in Wash-

LETTERS

ton they are pulling up the car track because the traffic-makers do not like streetcars operating in a city visited by millions of impressionable young tourists. In Washington the citizens are breathing lethal fumes as never before because the traffic-makers have decreed profit to be the highest possible good. In Washington the self-supporting residents are fleeing to the suburbs because the traffic-makers have decided that valuable urban space must be allocated to the least economical users of that space—the automobile drivers. . . .

MARK A. LILLIE
Washington, D. C.

British Gentleman

TO THE EDITORS:

C. P. Snow ["On Magnanimity," July] is the first Englishman I have heard or read in many years who pointed out a regrettable English habit without blaming America for it. I am grateful for his magnanimity.

HELEN RAND MILLER
San Francisco, Calif.

Obscenity and Art

TO THE EDITORS:

It seems to me *Harper's* owes a word of explanation to its readers as to why the selection "Paul Loves Libby" from Philip Roth's book was selected for publication [June]. Obviously I've been very disappointed to find a piece of unworthiness in *Harper's*.

BEATRICE D. PRICE
Keene, N. H.

During the last few months we have received a number of letters complaining about "improper language" in three different stories recently published in *Harper's*: "Man on a Road" by Diana Athill (March); "A Long and Happy Life" by Reynolds Price, the full-length novel included as a Special Supplement with our April issue; and "Paul Loves Libby" by Philip Roth.

Some of the letters were illiterate, and others apparently had been prompted from a single source. But several came from people who were seriously concerned about what seemed to them "immorality" or "obscenity" or a lowering of literary standards. All the letters (except those whose authors gave no addresses) have been answered individually—but other readers may be interested in the editors' point of view on such matters.

In judging a work of fiction, an editor must always ask whether the author's purposes are worthy and whether the language he uses is appropriate to those

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purposes. The writer has to deal with people as they are, and not as they ideally ought to be. Often the moral dilemma—the very point of the story—arises because the central character encounters a situation which is immoral or vulgar. The author has to describe this confrontation; there is no other way for him to present the issue of moral self-examination which lies at the heart of most serious fiction.

In all three of the stories mentioned, when confronted with such a decision the central characters made a choice in favor of integrity and decency. How can such a story be called indecent or immoral?

As Judge Woolsey pointed out in his famous decision in the *Ulysses* case, the question of obscenity hinges not merely on the language in a story but on the purpose for which it is used. A story which employs shocking language merely for the sake of shocking may well be obscene, and is sure to be bad fiction. No such story will appear in this magazine. But when an author uses a contemporary idiom with artistic seriousness of purpose, because he feels it is essential to the integrity of his story, then such work is neither immoral nor obscene—as our courts have repeatedly held.

Some older readers, in particular, are likely to find much modern fiction distasteful. This is true in every generation. But when high-school and college students often read—either as part of their curriculum or on their own—the works of J. D. Salinger, James Jones, Norman Mailer, William Faulkner, D. H. Lawrence, and James Joyce, they are not likely to be startled by the far milder language of the three stories mentioned. The authors of all three are widely recognized as serious artists. Philip Roth is the winner of a major literary prize. The Reynolds Price novel was highly acclaimed by critics, and quickly became a national best-seller. We are glad to have had an opportunity to bring such distinguished fiction to the readers of *Harper's*.

THE EDITORS

Highbrow TV

TO THE EDITORS:

Bernard B. Smith's points are well taken regarding TV station competition ["A New Weapon To Get Better TV," July]. His suggested magazine method of sponsorship is particularly laudable, in spite of the necessity to place increased emphasis on "ratings" which such a method would entail. But I would like to take issue with him on the subject of educational television. . . .

Mr. Smith makes two assumptions about dramatic programs, concerts, and

documentaries. One is that high-quality ones are extremely expensive. The second is that because of this, such programs are beyond the reach of educational television. Expensive? Certainly. All television is expensive. . . . But even without big budgets, ETV has produced many top-quality dramas, concerts, and documentaries already, without federal funds. The Boston Symphony Orchestra presents a full-length, uninterrupted concert several times each year. Eleanor Roosevelt appears with internationally important guests once a month. Maria Tallchief, André Provensky, Jacques d'Amboise, Geoffrey Holder, Jose Limon, and other first-rank dancers appeared in a series of nine programs which cost less than one hour of commercial network airtime alone. The widely acclaimed BBC Shakespearean series *An Age of Kings* was seen this year across the country only on educational stations. Documentaries of note have included *The Quiet War in South Vietnam*; *Don't Label Me*, a study of British Guiana and Cheddi Jagan; and *On Call to a Nation*, which examined Britain's National Health Service. But perhaps the most successful program of all was *The Ragtime Era*, a series about music during the first decade of this century, with Max Morath, who has been described as "ragtime's Leonard Bernstein." This series of twelve programs was produced in Denver for less than the cost of a single network quiz show.

All of these programs are distributed by National Educational Television, which serves its sixty affiliates from offices in New York City. Mr. Smith and his fellow New Yorkers will be pleasantly surprised this fall when New York joins NET—and the rest of the country.

BROOKS G. LEFFLER
Production Manager, KOAP-TV
Portland, Ore.

Merciful Slaughter

TO THE EDITORS:

Those quotes from the *New York Times* in the Faubion Bowers article ("That Mrs. Stevens: The Animals' Best Friend," July) were unfair to the position of this newspaper. The *Times* supports efforts at both national and state levels to enact humane slaughter legislation. For example, our editorial on this subject, dated February 10, 1962, strongly urged the New York State legislature to adopt a model bill. We do think that humane slaughter is important. The Bowers article gave quite a contrary impression.

JOHN B. OAKES
Editor of the Editorial Page
New York Times
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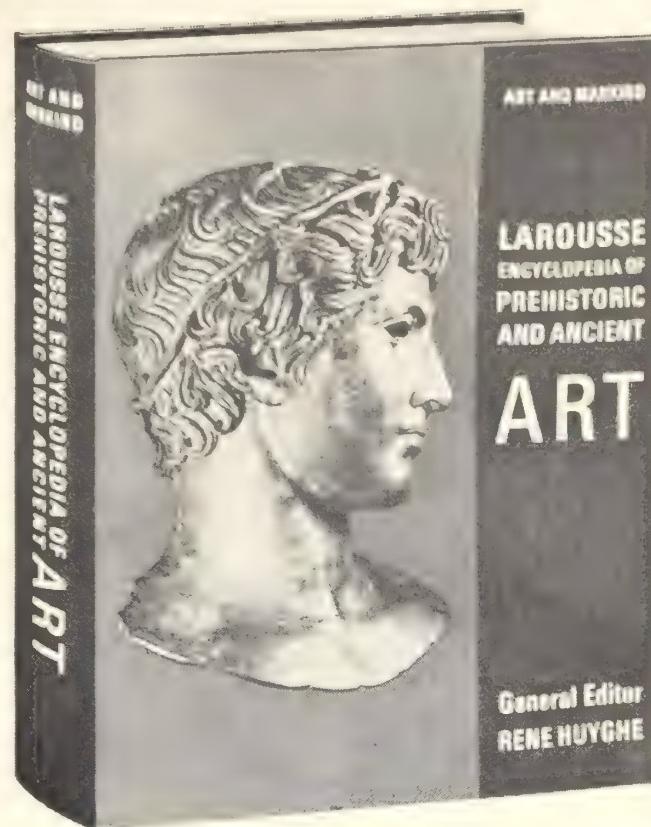
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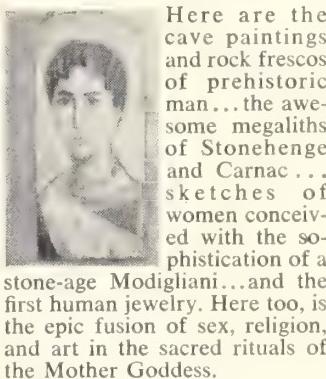
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The Stupidity Problem by John Fischer

A SUBSCRIBER in Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, has chided me for being remiss in the first duty of every editorial writer: To tell the President and Congress how to run the country. She brushed aside my excuses—that (a) they were hired to do this job and (b) maybe they know more about it than most columnists. Nonsense, she said; such evasion is sheer cowardice, and besides any columnist who doubts his own omniscience ought to turn in his uniform. Does David Lawrence flinch from instructing Congress in economics? Where would the Supreme Court be without Arthur Krock to interpret the Constitution? How could any Secretary of State conduct our foreign policy without the guidance of Joe Alsop?

At the moment, unfortunately, I can't lay my hands on a set of hydramatic, non-slip solutions to the country's fiscal and foreign problems. But since the Wood's Hole lady insists, I am in a position to offer Mr. Kennedy some advice on one matter that seems to be giving him plenty of trouble: unemployment. After all, I have held, and lost, more jobs than he has, even though mine weren't so classy.

IT is perfectly clear, to me at least, why Mr. Kennedy hasn't been able to find jobs for our three or four million unemployed. The human race—or anyhow that sample of it located in North America—no longer fits the kind of society it has to live in. Our society just doesn't have any jobs for certain types of people. If it continues to develop along its present course, the number of such unemployables seems likely to grow rather rapidly. Meanwhile, at the other end of the scale, an increasing number of important jobs will remain empty, because there aren't enough men and women able to fill them.

So the chief characteristic of The Overdeveloped Society (if that is the right label) will be a permanent surplus of some kinds of workers, together with a permanent shortage of others. For the assortment of jobs which need to be done is simply out of kilter with the natural distribution of brains.

A few figures show how this happened. According to the psychologists, intelligence seems to be parceled out among human beings in line with a fairly consistent pattern. If you should round

up a hundred typical Americans off the street, getting a fair sample of our whole population, you would find that about 46 of them would have something close to "normal" intelligence—that is, Intelligence Quotients between 90 and 109. Another 29 would be quite bright, with IQs ranging from 110 to 139. And one or two would be really brilliant, with IQs of 140 or above.*

On the other hand, 20 people in this group would have to be classed as fairly stupid, since their IQs would fall between 70 and 89. And two or three, with ratings below 70, would barely have enough sense to come in out of the rain.

From the beginning of history until fairly

* These figures are quoted from Lee J. Cronbach's *Essentials of Psychological Testing*, p. 172, second edition (Harper, 1960), and are based on the standard Stanford-Binet tests. Similar tables can be found in most basic psychology texts.

Such figures probably should be taken with a moderate amount of salt. For example, some educators have suggested that the usual Stanford-Binet tests may exaggerate the native brainpower of people who come from comfortable middle-class backgrounds, while underestimating the intelligence of those from poor families and laboring-class traditions. Frequently tests are so poorly administered that they give inaccurate results. Moreover, recent experiments in the New York schools seem to indicate that an individual's IQ is not permanently fixed—that it can be raised quite a few points by special educational efforts and motivational stimuli. Conversely, anybody confined for too long in a dull, unchallenging environment may grow stupider. (From my own boyhood work on farms, I know that prolonged association with cattle and horses—two of the stupidest creatures God ever made—can have a numbing effect on the mind.)

Finally, the Stanford-Binet tests seem incapable of measuring some types of mind. They work best in testing one's ability to handle language, figures, and abstract concepts; but they tell little about one's capacity for handling colors, sounds, shapes, and human relationships. Consequently, a person of real talent and high social value—a painter, musician, sculptor, mechanic, or a woman with the warm empathy needed to run an orphanage or kindergarten—might score low on the conventional IQ scale.

If such limitations are kept in mind, however, the general conclusions pointed by the IQ figures seem sound enough: some people are born a lot brighter than others, and will stay that way. No amount of special training and stimulus will convert a 70 IQ mind into an intellectual giant.

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recently—say, a couple of generations ago—every society in the world had plenty of jobs for low IQ people. They could herd sheep, pick cotton, dig ditches (even the Erie Canal was made with spades), h'ist that bale and tote that load. Indeed, nearly all of the earth's work called for strong backs and weak minds—for drawers of water and hewers of wood. Jobs that demanded real intelligence, on the other hand, were strictly limited; most communities had room for only a few doctors, ministers, teachers, lawyers, and captains of industry. Scientists were practically unknown. (As Robert Oppenheimer once pointed out in these pages, quoting Professor Purcell of Harvard, 90 per cent of all the scientists that ever lived are living today.) Government administrators were almost as scarce: Alexander Hamilton could run the Treasury Department with five clerks. As a consequence, thousands of high IQ people lived in frustration, because they could find no work equal to their talents. In many parts of the world this is still true. Some of the brightest people I ever met—in Greece and Yugoslavia—are hauling nets, throwing the shuttle on hand looms, sweeping streets, and winnowing grain with a hand basket.

But in the industrialized countries, as we all know, human muscle has now become almost obsolete. Anything it can lift, a machine can lift better. Practically any task involving repetition of the same motions can be done faster and cheaper by a mechanical or electronic device. So the muscle-worker is out of luck. He can still find a few things to do—collecting garbage, for example, unloading trucks, replacing railway ties—but these are mostly in minor or backward industries which have not yet got around to complete mechanization. And the number of such low-IQ chores is dwindling every day.

Farming perhaps offers the most vivid illustration of what is happening. As recently as my grandfather's day, farming was a set of inherited motions, not very different from those used by the Babylonians. As a boy in Ohio, he sowed wheat by hand-broadcasting and harvested it with a scythe. Since neither of these operations strains the cerebral cortex, a youngster who was too dumb for anything else could always make a living on the farm; the demand for field hands was virtually unlimited.

Today, however, a successful farmer has to be a combination geneticist, mechanical engineer, chemist, cost accountant, agronomist, tax expert, and economist; in all likelihood he is a college graduate. While he may still hire some unskilled migrant labor for a few weeks a year to harvest certain fruit and vegetable crops, he can very frequently operate a big farm without any help outside the family. If he does take on a full-time hand, he looks for a smart one: no farmer wants to entrust \$40,000 worth of complex agricultural machinery to a dope.

It should be noted that this permanent de-jobbing of the slow-witted is something different from the problem of technological unemployment discussed elsewhere in this issue by Paul Jacobs. The printers and flight engineers Mr. Jacobs writes about are mostly well above "normal" in intelligence; since they were smart enough to acquire fairly complicated skills—now made obsolescent by technological changes—they presumably are smart enough to do something else useful. But that 22 per cent of the population with IQs below 89 may in many cases never learn to do *any* useful job.

The youngsters who drop out of high school before graduation are a case in point. Most leave school, not because of economic problems, but because they can't keep up with the not-very-demanding work. The federal Bureau of Labor Statistics has reported that 80 per cent of the drop-outs are lagging by at least one grade; and Dr. Cronbach notes that "the very dull tend to drop out as soon as they reach age sixteen.... By the end of high school, almost no one with IQ below 85 is still in school." This is one reason why the unemployment rate for sixteen- to nineteen-year-olds is twice as high as for adults. A few get jobs as messengers, gas pump operators, or dishwashers. Many others drift straight from the classroom to the relief rolls, or to crime. For as our society is now organized, we can't find any use for most of these young dullards—a situation unjust and miserable to them, and to the rest of the community both costly and dangerous.

THE counterpart of this situation is a severe and increasing shortage of people brainy enough to man the upper level jobs in our Overdeveloped Society. The design, supervision, and maintenance of automated equipment require a lot of smart, highly trained people—and even now industry can't find enough of them. Did you ever hear of a good computer-programmer who was out of work?

So too with the rest of our society. All the professions which demand better-than-average minds—medicine, law, journalism, teaching, the sciences, advertising, the military—are moaning about their difficulties in attracting enough competent recruits. And as the structure of society grows in both complexity and size, the need for able managers (in business and government alike) grows in almost geometric ratio. Our inability to locate enough first-rate managerial talent in many fields—from college president to corporate comptroller, from regional planner to operations analyst—may yet prove to be the breakdown point in our civilization.

For we have apparently built ourselves, unintentionally and without quite realizing it, a society which calls for a distribution of intelligence entirely different from that which



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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

God provided. It remains to be seen whether we can make it work.

In order to do so, we probably will have to change some of our most cherished mental habits—not just those of the President and our Congressmen, but of all of us. For one thing, we'll have to face up to the fact that all men are *not* created equal, except in the limited political sense which Jefferson had in mind when he drafted the Declaration of Independence. Until we do that, it will be impossible for our public officials to find useful work for the 20-plus per cent of the population with below-normal intelligence, or to train them for jobs they are capable of handling. And it will remain almost equally hard to make the best use of our limited supply of high IQs.

Right now it is not only untashionable, but almost indecent, to hint that such a problem even exists. Our educationists presumably know all about IQ distributions, and they are surely aware of the National Education Association's findings that about 25 per cent of Selective Service registrants fail the Army's mental tests.* Yet they keep on talking about "slow learners," "culturally deprived children," "under-achievers"—almost any euphemism to avoid admitting that a lot of children are unable to absorb the kind of education we are trying to push down their throats at such expense.

This is not entirely their fault. It is true that the canonized educational doctrine still puts undue emphasis on protecting the little ego from the harsh facts of competitive life; but this is at least in part a reflection of community pressures. Just suppose that a school principal called a doting suburban mother into his office and told her:

"I am sorry to have to report that little Johnny does not have an inferiority complex, as you have always assumed. He is just inferior. He will never get into Yale. He doesn't even have enough brains to pass his final high-school examinations. With proper training, however, he might become an adequate

bellhop or waiter. I suggest therefore that you remove him at once from high school, thus saving a great deal of the taxpayers' money and your own, and enroll him in the Hotel Employees Institute."

The resulting uproar, as we all know, would shake the walls of the Board of Education. And it is not only Johnny's parents who would be affronted. Many of us would feel that it was somehow undemocratic, or at least inhumane, to blurt out such unpleasant truths.

WE are even a bit uneasy about giving special attention to especially talented pupils. In recent years there has been a good deal of talk about the gifted child, and the better school systems are experimenting with enriched curricula. Yet in the great majority of high schools, the really bright youngster is still bored, underworked, and educated far below his capacity.

The social and economic biases in American society are at least partly responsible for this failure to make the best use of our best brains—wherever they may turn up. Wealthier parents, quite naturally, try hard to protect their duller offspring from the consequences of their stupidity. As a result, prosperous communities are likely to spend an inordinate amount of their school money trying to cosset and prop up the mental laggards—to the neglect of the uncommonly able. At the same time, our poorer neighborhoods are likely to have poor schools, where the bright youngster may never be spotted and almost certainly will not get the intensive, top-caliber instruction he deserves. Americans are not yet ready, apparently, to search out the high-potential students—at whatever age their talent begins to show and anywhere they can be found, in slum or suburb—and to say:

"This five per cent have the possibility of becoming our future William Faulkners, Robert McNamara, George Gershwin, and Alfred Sloans. They represent an invaluable asset. Therefore it is vital to the public interest to give them the very best teachers and equipment, and to push them to the limits of their capacity. The second-raters will have to get along with what is left."

Undemocratic? By our traditional

* This figure is for registrants in New York State in the year 1959; but there is no reason to believe that it is consistently lower in other states.

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THE EASY CHAIR

habits, it may be. But in the not-so-distant future it may prove to be the only way possible to run the peculiar kind of society we are developing.

WE might also profit if we could change our national attitude toward certain kinds of employment.

From the earliest days of the Republic, most Americans have regarded personal service as somehow degrading. Hardly anybody wanted to be a housekeeper or cook, and those hapless widows who were forced into such work to avoid starvation usually did it bitterly and with little pride. Butlers and valets were legendary creatures who belonged in British country homes or Wodehouse novels, but had no place in democratic America. Waiting tables was, and is, so unpopular that many restaurants have to import their help from Europe or Puerto Rico.

These prejudices evidently are peculiar to America, not to democracies in general. In Switzerland, the oldest democracy in Europe, the profession of waiter is both honorable and much sought-after, while it is still possible to hire good-natured and efficient household help in Scandinavia, Ireland, and Greece. (In England, however, the Americanization of society has made the butler and the maid almost extinct; those few who still exist there are mostly imported from Sweden, Italy, and Eire.)

Whatever their origins, such attitudes are costly. Both the efficiency and the tone of American life would be vastly improved if personal service came to be regarded as an acceptable way to make a living. For we now have the curious spectacle of millions of people on relief, while at the same time millions of households are looking for desperately needed help—to care for elderly relatives, tend the children, and help with the heavier chores. If such help could be found, countless women—many of them highly educated—could be freed for teaching and other understaffed professions . . . innumerable old people would not have to be condemned to nursing homes . . . any number of businessmen could save the energy now dissipated in shoveling snow, putting up storm windows, and tinkering with balky

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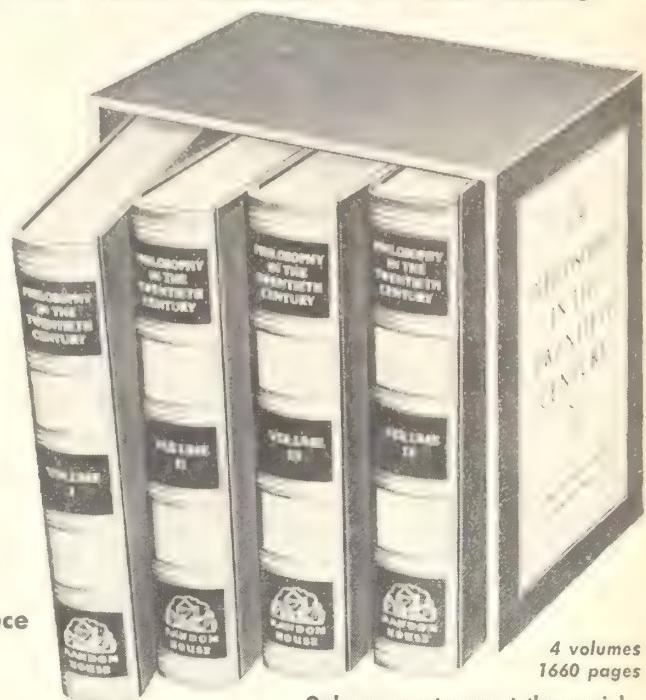
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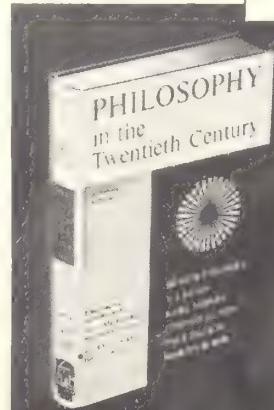
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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

plumbing. It might even become possible to get prompt and courteous service in the average hotel and restaurant—but no, that is carrying fantasy too far.

Such work demands no great intelligence and only a minimum of training. Yet it is scorned by nearly all the people on the unemployment rolls. That isn't our kind of work, they say—and relief officials ordinarily will not require their clients to accept any job opening outside their customary trade.

I have no idea how such ingrained attitudes might be changed. Perhaps it could be done by professionalizing service work, and thus removing the stigma of the servant. Already this is being attempted, with some success, by a few companies which send out crews of trained men and women to do spring housecleaning, household repair, and the like. Their workers wear snappy uniforms, they work for the company instead of the householder, and they put in a regular eight-hour day; as a consequence they seem to feel more independence and self-respect.

NO doubt there are many other and better ways to find useful work for the low IQs, and to persuade them to do it. My main point is that nobody seems to be thinking about such things, because nobody is yet willing to admit publicly that the Stupidity Problem needs coping with. The steps taken by the Kennedy Administration to fight unemployment—new factories for

distressed areas, retraining for technologically displaced workers, general stimulus of the economy—may be fine for their own purposes; but they ignore the special problem of the dullard. This is not only expensive, but dangerous. When you condemn people indefinitely to idleness and public charity, you condemn them also to frustration and bitterness—to the kind of discontent which may have a lot to do with the crime rate, drug addiction, and political unrest.

It ought not to be beyond human ingenuity to create worthwhile jobs for these people, if we only set our minds to it. If we tended our forests, for example, as carefully as the Germans do, we would need millions of man-hours of not-very-skilled work—and we would increase enormously the value of a precious national asset. We could use a lot of muscle power in deferred maintenance of our dilapidated railways. We might even set a few hundred thousand men to work cleaning the litter off our streets and the beer cans out of our trash-clogged parks and streams. And we might start now to devise an educational system which will candidly train every youngster for a level of work that fits his intelligence, instead of pretending that each of them is potential college material.

I am pretty sure that the lady in Wood's Hole, who is something of a sentimentalist, won't like any of these suggestions; but then she asked for it.

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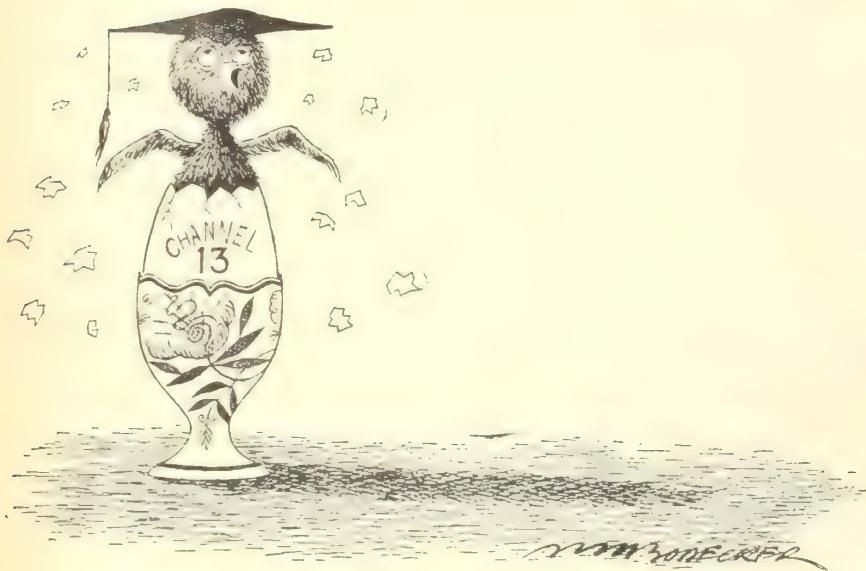
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AFTER HOURS



CHANNEL 13 IN BIZ

By Russell Lynes

IF Channel 13, the new educational television station that will first cast its bread upon the airwaves over New York on September 16, is a total success, it will not only put itself out of business but do in commercial television as well. That, in any case, is a very rough extrapolation of a statement made to me by Mr. Richard D. Heffner, the general manager of Channel 13, who believes that one of the primary functions of educational television is to get people to do something else besides look at television. It is a noble motive and educationally sound. If education is not a destination but merely a door on the world, then educational TV is just one of the keys to the door.

Mr. Heffner, whose conversation is delightfully free of any such educational double-talk as this and of any trace of jargon that I could detect, is a professional TV man and a professional educator. He is a historian by training and at one time by trade. He is the author of *A Documentary History of the United States* and the editor of an excellent, somewhat shortened edition of Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, both of which are available in paperback editions. He was also the first

moderator of the TV panel show called "The Open Mind," was a consultant on TV editorials at CBS, and was involved up to his ears in META (Metropolitan Educational Television Association), which was, as I understand it, a precursor of Channel 13.

Mr. Heffner now occupies a corner office on the fourth floor of a building at 51st Street and Broadway, the first floor of which is occupied by Lindy's Restaurant. Mr. Heffner is never going to be able to forget, so long as he remains in this office, that he is surrounded by "show biz." He looks down upon neon lights and flickering movie marquees in one direction, and in another across a commercial parking lot to Seventh Avenue and a brand-new gold and white hotel that rises like a slightly folded shirt-cardboard above the immediate skyline. Channel 13 is in the heart of megalopolis at its most honky-tonk. It would be difficult to find a physical or spiritual situation less likely to lead Mr. Heffner and his colleagues to an ivory-tower frame of mind.

New Yorkers will remember that there was a very considerable squabble over whether or not the New York metropolitan area was going to

have an educational channel at all. There were money problems; there were licensing problems, and then when these seemed to be solved, there was Governor Meyner of New Jersey, who was determined that the interests of New Jersey would be represented, or else . . . He won his point. ("From 6:30 to 7:00 in the evening there will be programs on New Jersey," Mr. Heffner said. "It is part of the obligation we assumed.") It was not, however, until December 1961, that, as Mr. Heffner put it, "we got permission to exist" from the courts. And it was not until May first of this year that Channel 13 had a budget and a clear notion of the financial extent and limitations within which its programs must be planned.

"How do you start a television station from scratch?" I asked him.

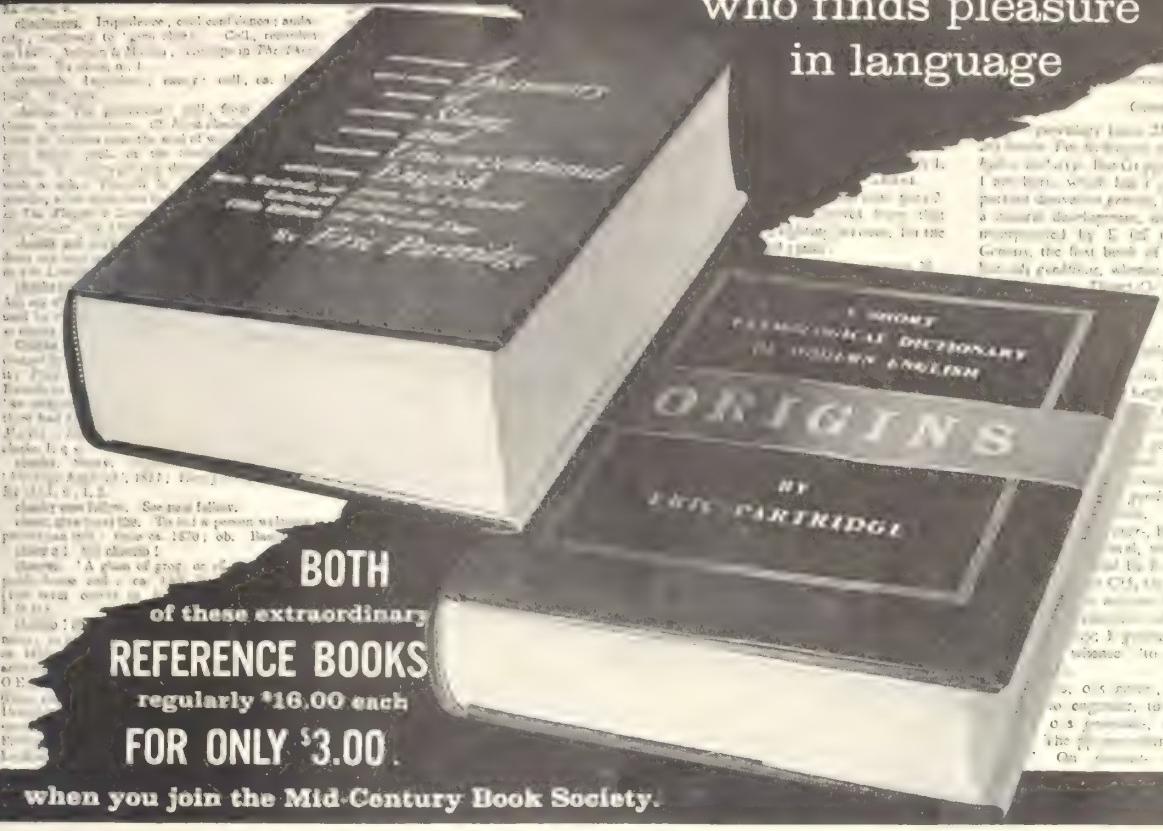
"It has been the single most difficult experience of my life," he replied, as though people had been asking him the same question every day for weeks.

Mr. Heffner and his colleagues have a total of \$3 million a year to put their curriculum (I guess that is a more appropriate word for it than "shows") on the air. This would be a relatively large annual budget for a small college of, say, five hundred students. It is about six times as much as San Francisco spends on its educational television station, but it is peanuts compared with commercial television budgets.

"We'll be on the air five days a week for fourteen or fifteen hours a day—nine A.M. to eleven or twelve midnight. Maybe later on we'll be on six days a week," Mr. Heffner said.

FIFTEEN hours a day for five days a week is seventy-five hours. That multiplied by fifty-two weeks is, er, 3,900 hours of air time a year, and this divided into a budget of \$3 million comes to about, um, \$770 an hour. My only personal experience with such figures was seven or eight years ago when I wrote and took part in a documentary movie for the Ford Foundation's now defunct television show, "Omnibus." I was told then that the cost of that rather simple movie that lasted thirty-five minutes was \$1,000 a minute. This is nothing, of course, compared with a "spectacular"—which can, and often does, cost about

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AFTER HOURS

\$10,000 a minute without, as they say, hardly trying or, indeed, hardly succeeding.

In other words Channel 13's three million has to be made to do extraordinary tricks, and there is no impetus to the imagination that compares with a small budget. Mr. Heffner and his colleagues (a lively lot who average, I would guess from seeing them all together in a meeting, in their early thirties) are not only devoting their ingenuity to the problem of how to get the most for their money but how to get quite a lot for nothing or next to nothing. New York is a city rich in cultural deposits and this lode is going to be deeply mined.

However, the day's schedule on Channel 13 will go something like this:

9:00 to 3:30

"School programs for the kids."

3:30 to 4:30

"Teacher training, a very important part of our job."

4:30 to 11:30

"Devoted to community service, broken down something like this:"

4:30 to 5:30

"For the very young, you know, preschool age, but I don't like to call them that."

5:30 to 6:00

"Tapes of a program called 'What's New?' from the National Educational Television and Radio Center, a Ford Foundation affiliate, for kids eight to twelve years old."

6:00 to 6:30

"For teen-agers. Things like guidance for college and career, teen-age relationships (they're very concerned about their relationships with other people, you know). What is a teenager? What are they talking about? We'll use teen-age performers; there are lots of talented kids. Take for example the High School of Music and Art . . ."

6:30 to 7:00

"Programs on New Jersey."

7:00 to 7:30

"College credit courses . . . maybe one in the Russian language . . ."

7:30 to 11:30

"Well, it will be general culture such as twenty-six recitals by Pablo Casals that NET has produced. We're making arrangements with British and French companies to get films and tapes, and we hope to make

deals with FM stations to do English sound while we run foreign-language tapes so that, if you want, you can turn down the TV sound and listen to the narration done in English, like the simultaneous translation at the UN. We may also be able to get a stereo effect by getting FM stations to work with us. They seem eager to co-operate."

The hours from 7:30 to 11:30 are, of course, the ones that will permit the greatest latitude of programming and hence offer the greatest challenge to Mr. Heffner and his staff. They are also the ones which will be looked at most by the show-me public. They may not be the most important hours educationally for Channel 13, but they are certainly the most vulnerable ones critically. Mr. Heffner talked at some length about the kinds of programs that Channel 13 hopes to show during "prime time." For one thing he is determined to telecast the President's news conferences in full and without editing. "It's about the most newsworthy thing that happens in America," he said, "and how much of it do we see now?" He also plans to have "experts" discuss the background of the big news stories of each day. If you watch Channel 13 you may find yourself at a poetry reading at The New School, at an interview with C. P. Snow and Lady Snow, on a walking tour of part of the city, in a museum or a planetarium or a zoo, at a lecture on painting or sculpture or architecture. It was while discussing such matters as these that Mr. Heffner said: "Our programs after 7:30 are to stimulate people to do other things, to use the cultural facilities of the city."

CHANNEL 13 has at its disposal three studios, one in Newark, one a former CBS studio at 9th Avenue and 55th Street ("It's a good studio; we've bought it"), and one in the Carnegie Endowment Building at 46th Street and First Avenue. It also has, I was told with enthusiasm, a mobile unit which, I gather, will be Johnny-on-the-cultural-facilities-spot. One of the programs for which Channel 13 has great hopes will be called "Metropolitan Wonderland" and will be devoted to introducing New Yorkers to the remarkable whereabouts in which they live.

AFTER HOURS

"God knows we'll be understaffed," Mr. Hefner said. "No commercial outfit could operate with our limitations, but we're terribly pleased with the staff we have. The word you hear most around here is 'flexible'—flexible as to time, flexible about ideas. What else should I have mentioned that I haven't?"

"Oh, yes. After hours, that is after the regular broadcasting day is over at 11:30, we hope to have a time when scientists can talk to other scientists. So much is going on in the sciences that scientists can't keep up. We will give scientists a chance to tell other scientists what's going on. They're crazy about the idea. Maybe later we'll have doctors talking to doctors. There'll be a lot of eyehole viewers. Think what it could do to the rate of hypochondrisis? Everybody would have everything!"

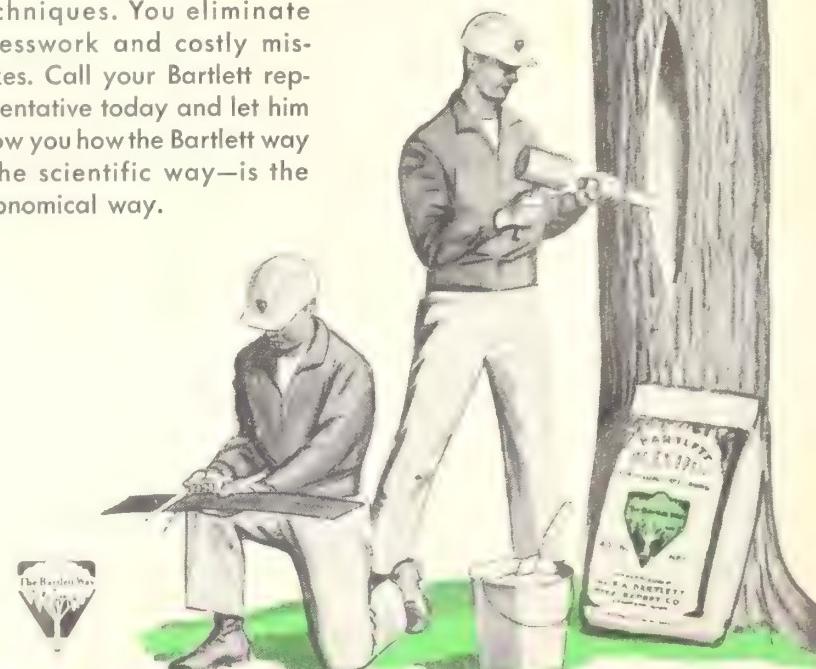
There will be a tendency, of course, to judge the output of Channel 13 by the same standards that are used to judge commercial television. Mr. Stephen White in a recent article on Channel 13 in *Horizon* said, "... culture or mayhem, television show business." This seems to me nonsense. Is education show business? No, show business is a minute end, by and large, tangential and usually unnecessary part of education. The function of Channel 13, as I understand it, to assist in the educational process. Sometimes the educational process is entertaining, very often it is merely hard work, sometimes it is a bore—but none the less important for that. We do not judge the value of books with how readable they are, though that is a true of some books. It would be a mistake, it seems to me, to equate educational television with how quickly produced it is. We do not judge the high school with the corner movie house, nor the university with Broadway. The only way that the quality of an educational institution can be judged is to look at it whole. Will Channel 13 perform an educational service worth \$3 million a year? Who cares whether it is good show biz if it is good educational biz? I'm sure I don't, and I don't imagine that Mr. Hefner does either. It's a question I forgot to ask him, but I dare say it is one he seldom stops asking himself.



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TERROR IN VIETNAM

An American's Ordeal at the Hands of Our "Friends"

STANLEY MILLET

IT IS a peculiar feeling to be far from home and to fall under suspicion as an undercover agent involved in a plot to overthrow a government—particularly when that plot comes close to success and the country is South Vietnam, where the government is capable of just about anything. It's even more unsettling when the authorities forbid you to leave the country—in my case it turned out to be for forty days and forty nights—and give no reason for doing it, while your friends disappear into prison and the rumors concerning your possible fate multiply.

That is the way my year of teaching ended in Vietnam. Alone, uncertain of what was in store for me, I was shunned by Vietnamese and Americans alike, grilled by the police about plots of which I knew nothing, and helpless to raise so much as a finger in my own defense. I left finally, when an exit visa was reluctantly produced for me, without being able to say good-by to my closest Vietnamese friends. They were—and still are—in hiding or in prison.

"Do not even try to see them," I was warned. "You will only make matters worse for them."

My friends were not Communists (they would have been dead or jailed long since, had they

been). They were not, in any practical sense, political thinkers or activists. But like all the Vietnamese I knew, they hated and feared the Diem regime. One of them was Nang, a high-school teacher of literature who was also a student at the Faculty of Law in Saigon. I was a Visiting Professor of Political Science there.

The last time I saw him was late one February night this year when he dropped in at the compound where I lived in one of several apartments assigned to Visiting Professors. Nang had just been called up for military service and was in a desperate mood.

"I am not afraid to fight," he said, "but who could fight for *them*!" Then he launched into a tirade against the Diem government and its corruption and incompetence as the Communists slowly but surely took the country. At the time I regarded it as no more than another version of the familiar litany of Vietnamese grievances. I had heard much the same often enough during my stay in Saigon, but I had no idea of the consequences this conversation was to have for the two of us.

Like the war itself, this undercurrent of fear and frustration seemed anomalous in this tranquil tropical country. Saigon is an indolent city, bathed in intense sunshine, brilliant with flowers. The people are short and delicately built. In their gay, elegant clothes they seem gentle and sensuous, unsuited to combat. Not even the ubi-

quitous armed troops, fortifications, and tanks seem warlike. Rather they suggest a harmless charade played by men as childlike in temperament as they are tiny in stature.

Unless we had business there, Americans were forbidden to travel in the countryside where the fighting goes on. Word of hostilities reached us only through rumors or through news dispatches smuggled in from France or the United States. Sometimes, we heard the thunder of cannon in the suburbs. But in the main this is an unseen war for us, as it was for the French when they struggled to hold French Indochina (the colony which has since become Laos, Cambodia, and South and North Vietnam)—a war fought in sudden nighttime encounters in the hinterland. Saigon and the few other major cities are government strongholds, ringed with troops and gun emplacements, grimly held but never attacked. This is a rural war, as Mao Tse-tung has taught that all contemporary revolutions must be. The combatants are peasant bands in fields and jungles, and such wars are less palpable than the older kinds.

I was sent to Vietnam to teach. But I came to learn. I hoped to gain some real insight into this strange little nation whose predicament—interminable and seemingly insoluble civil strife, impacted by the Cold War ambitions of the great powers—is typical for so many of the countries we call underdeveloped.

The kind of understanding I sought was not easy to come by. Government propaganda hid more than it revealed; Vietnamese officials were affable but close-mouthed; and the American government people were not much more helpful. Our top officials were hard-working, correct, and secretive. The lower ranks were either amiable but uninformed or bitterly critical of the inept Diem regime and despaired of accomplishing anything with it. The American colony was caught up in the usual round of all-American dinner and cocktail parties plus an occasional rather stiff affair with their Vietnamese government counterparts. And the Embassy had no illuminating reports to offer by way of briefing.

Dr. Stanley Millet, a political scientist on leave from the faculty of Briarcliff College, taught last year at the University of Saigon under the Smith-Mundt program. This experience gave him a chance to see the reality of the terror under which the Vietnamese live. During World War II, he was a first lieutenant and bomber pilot in the U.S. Army Air Force.

If there was useful information it was buried in classified files as though we were up to some dirty business which had to be done but must not be talked about.

For enlightenment I turned to the Vietnamese people. As one entered into their life they proved to be very different from the polite, awkward individuals I had met at mixed receptions. My Vietnamese friends were gay, informal, cynical—but far from apathetic as American officialdom pictured them. Nor, according to the battle reports that filtered through to us, were the peasants apathetic. The young ones seemed to be fighting against the Diem regime with courage and initiative, as guerrilla fighters must if they are to survive. And the peasants on the whole seemed to support them with food, shelter, and intelligence. The Viet Cong—the Communist-led guerrilla force—had, by these means, taken and held the better part of the countryside from an army equipped and trained by the United States.

The city Vietnamese felt themselves trapped. "Do you understand how it is with us?" they would begin. And then the tales would unfold of terror, arrests, oppression, and bungling. They had few illusions about the nature of Communist rule and dreaded the Communist victory which the policies of the Diem regime seemed to make inevitable. And what then? Would the Americans try to retake the country from the Viet Cong? Where could one flee from the devastating war that was bound to result?

In that entire year I never heard a single Vietnamese voice raised in defense of the Diem regime. High and low, government officials, professors, army officers, and students condemned it and yearned for a change—a coup d'état which would rid them of Diem before the Communists crushed him.

But America's absolute support of Diem precluded such a change. From the beginning—when he seized power in 1954—we had been his chief prop. He had inherited a puppet administration and a puppet army, tainted with treason in the eyes of most Vietnamese because the French had created them to bolster up Bao Dai. One by one, Diem had subdued all dissident elements. Now, alienated from a hostile population, he could rely only on servile lackeys and his relatives—notably his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu and his brother's feared and hated wife. Trusting no one, Diem was consumed with fear of disloyalty. This obsession helped paralyze his government; its vast administrative structure lay dead or dying though still swollen with American aid funds on which the venal feed. Sitting in his

great Independence Palace. Diem mistrusted everyone—his army, his ministers, his people, above all the Americans. We are his allies, to be sure, but we see, talk, and do too much for the taste of an uneasy dictator.

I learned these things from Vietnamese friends, whom I came to know chiefly through the help of a most unusual American—Reverend Walden Pell, pastor of the Episcopal church in Vietnam. Waldy's congregation included the American and British Ambassadors and most of the leading resident Anglo-Saxons for whose convenience the church was established. It also boasted one Vietnamese member, an unemployed journalist whose name was Van but who preferred to call himself Charles. He had turned up at Waldy's house one day with a letter of introduction from the Dean of the American Cathedral in Paris, where, Van said, he had embraced the Episcopalian faith.

CUISINE AS MEDIATOR

VAN was only one of many Vietnamese who were hospitably received in the Pell house; it was unique in this respect among American homes in Saigon. Waldy had once been headmaster of a boys' school and he had a particularly easy way with the young. Sometimes he invited me to join a mixed group for dinner on the terrace of the Club Nautique overlooking the Saigon River where it was always cool in the evening. It was here that I first met Uyen Nhu, the most charming of my ill-starred Vietnamese friends. She is in prison now and she nearly put me there as well.

Like almost all young Vietnamese girls, Uyen Nhu is lovely. Then a student at Saigon's university, she was fascinated by all things American. She manufactured rather than spoke English out of badly translated bits of Vietnamese or French. Unlike other girls from what she called "noble families"—by which she meant the educated middle class—she chose to ignore the government's disapproval of contacts between Vietnamese and Americans. She went where she pleased.

One of the places she chose to go quite often was my home. She appointed herself my guide to things Vietnamese, which was a stroke of luck for me as she had an unusual gift for mediating between the Western eye and Asian experience. She particularly liked instructing me in the refinements of her native cuisine. (The Vietnamese believe Americans are made violently ill by most local food. One Vietnamese lady told me she

did not invite Americans to dinner because she could not afford to import drinking water from the Philippines.) "Now here," Uyen Nhu would say as she offered me an unidentifiable delicacy, "is something *very* strange that I will teach you about. Do you want to understand about that?" It was a good question. To the Vietnamese every living thing is edible and the oddest parts are choicest.

Uyen Nhu decided to make me one of her "dearest friends." This was an enormous category whose members I gradually met. One of them was Nang, the young teacher whose nocturnal call I have already mentioned. Nang's tastes were literary. He tried without much success to teach me some Vietnamese slang and in return I tried to teach him ours. He was delighted with every phrase, though most of them sounded old-fashioned even to me.

Nang was in love with Uyen Nhu. So too was his brother, Dinh, a pilot in the Vietnamese air force who had been trained in Texas. There he had acquired, among other things, a brash manner which I found grating but which he thought typically American. Apparently it also appealed to Uyen Nhu, for she clearly preferred the aviator to his literary brother. He was the handsomer and taller of the two, and, besides, she said, "All the singing girls love Dinh too much. I must be the one to conquer them."

During the Vietnamese New Year holiday season, Nang invited me to his family's house for dinner. There I met his mother, a rather dumpy matron chewing on her wad of betel, with the black enameled teeth and turban braid that mark respectable ladies from Tonkin. She responded politely to my greeting and stood at the table for a few minutes. But as befits a well-bred Vietnamese lady, she did not sit down with the company of men.

Cu, another of Nang's brothers, ate with us. He was also a pilot in the Vietnamese air force but he could talk gracefully about literature as well as planes and army life. He introduced me to his wife, a pretty young woman in the early months of pregnancy who smiled shyly and fled back to their two young children in the kitchen. Several other people were there—the Vietnamese go calling from house to house at New Year's—but I wasn't introduced to them. I don't remember whether Luc, the father and patriarch of the family, appeared. Later the police saw something sinister in this lapse of memory and indeed in the whole encounter.

The government, it turned out, also had misgivings about the other Vietnamese who drifted

into what might be called my entourage. One was a young boy who had christened himself Perkins after the movie actor, Tony Perkins, whom he admired above all mortals. He lived in the empty servants' quarters in the rear of our compound and worked at a part-time job for a Vietnamese patron named Khoi in the mornings and went to high school in the afternoons. One of Perkins' pals was a young fellow who betrayed by the one-syllable structure of the Vietnamese language—called himself Lin, after Charles Chaplin.

A more interesting companion was Charles Van, the native Episcopalian I had met through Waldy Pell. Like many other educated Vietnamese, Van was adrift and jobless, despite the crippling shortage of trained men in the country. When he fled from the Communist north, he became detached from the family group which in this kind of society sustains a man and gives him his place in the world. He may also at one time have cast his lot with the French, and this placed him under a cloud although he had since become an intense nationalist and in 1957 he had returned to Vietnam. Debarred from a regular job he tried to make a living as a private language teacher. But he had too many competitors in the same position. He subsisted mainly on the pittance Waldy Pell gave him for services with the church. I fed him whenever he came to call. One evening he told me he was reduced to sleeping in doorways or parked cars. In response to his persistent hints, I invited him to move into the extra bedroom in my much-too-spacious apartment.

He was an unobtrusive guest and tried to repay me by teaching me the language and doing translations for me. I found him a storehouse of information about the many men with unpronounceable names who figured in the life of the country. Van talked freely—far too freely for his own good. His opinions tended to be erratic. For one thing, he took his newly acquired Christianity seriously. Much as he yearned for the end of the Diem regime, he did not advocate the military coup of which so many Vietnamese dreamed, for he was opposed to all violence. Van thought that Diem must be *persuaded* to withdraw and he had written a letter along these lines to the United States Senate.

So far as I know the writing of this letter was the closest this volatile, impractical man ever got to political action. But today he is lodged in a Vietnamese prison. Neither Waldy Pell nor I was able to discover at that time what jail he was in. It was as though the earth had opened up and

swallowed him when no one was looking.

Though they were awed by American power, most of my Vietnamese friends no longer hoped that we would solve their dilemma for them. This was the burden of Nang's talk on the night of his last visit to my place.

"They sit up there in the palace and rob us and we cannot even breathe," he said. "You are a Professor of Political Science"—how exalted that title sounded in a land shaped by Confucius—"and you must advise me. The Americans have given Diem money and guns. But Diem must go. And we must do it ourselves now that your Ambassador has said you mean to go on supporting Diem. Tell me what to do."

Our Ambassador had in fact just made a speech asking the Vietnamese to postpone all thought of political reform until the Viet Cong military threat had been dealt with. There wasn't much that I could say to Nang beyond the well-worn official platitudes: we were allies of your government and it is not for us to intervene in Vietnamese domestic affairs. I guess you *are* lost, Nang, I thought, as I mouthed these pompous phrases. Washington, I thought, however misguided it may be, sees no alternative to Diem and will put up with anything in what it conceives to be the war against communism. We cannot help, I thought, and you and your kind, Nang, are too weak and demoralized to help yourselves. You gossip about a revolt—by the army, the navy, the marines. But there is no revolt in you.

Of course I said none of these things. Nor could I offer him any real comfort. He was deeply depressed when he left and I, too, felt gloomy and frustrated.

BOMBERS OVER THE PALACE

A FEW days after Nang's visit, on February 27, 1962, our breakfast calm was disturbed by the drone of aircraft. One rises early in Vietnam because the midday is reserved for siestas. This was shortly after daybreak but the sounds, at first, seemed nothing out of the ordinary. Planes often flew low because of low cloud cover. They were intent on their business and we on ours. Then, suddenly, the bombing began. Walls shook, guns boomed, plaster fell, and their business became ours. We could see the planes diving in long low passes at the President's palace only a few blocks away. It was like a scene from some ancient, familiar newsreel.

My household sprang to life. Van bounded about shouting wild interpretations of the scene

in a feverish mixture of English, French, and Vietnamese. My *boyesse* (the curious name the French gave female servants in Indochina) deliberately closed the shutters and went on serving breakfast. Like all simple Vietnamese, she lived in terror of ghosts, genii, and gods who were ever ready to punish wrongdoing or mere lapses in respect. But she was unmoved by the real dangers of war and revolution; perhaps she had seen too much of them. Out in the courtyard, Perkins had taken up a position under the projecting eaves. Thus shielded from stray shells, he nonchalantly watched the show.

Some frightened students—remnants of the class I was to meet that morning—rushed in, white-faced and shaken from the exposed dash across the street. "Sir," said one in the stilted English he was painfully learning. "I believe there is an effort being made to reform the government."

The bombing ended as abruptly as it began. The planes flew off, the firing stopped. Some tanks which had come lumbering into the city when the air attack began surrounded the palace, and trained their guns on it. A few hours later they quietly moved back to their barracks without firing a shot. And where were the troops to follow up on the bombing? This was the unspoken question in the minds of the Vietnamese, particularly the young people who gathered near the palace with an air of suppressed expectancy.

Clearly the attack had been aimed at Diem's brother and his wife, Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu. The wing of the palace where they lived was riddled with gaping holes. But by some miracle none of the President's family was even seriously injured. The first attempt in history at political assassination by aerial bombardment had failed. And so the signal for which the tanks—and perhaps rebel troops—presumably waited was never given.

Later I learned via the Saigon grapevine that the planes had been flown by two pilots of the Vietnamese air force. They had set out in the morning—so the story went—to strafe the Viet Cong but had changed their course and bombed the President's palace instead.

"DON'T ROCK THE BOAT!"

I HAD not thought of Uyen Nhu and her dearest friends during the exciting hours of the bombing. Some days later she appeared at my door looking distraught. Her usually immaculate clothes were dirty and all awry.

"Nobody," she announced, "understands about where I have slept for two nights." Her eyes

were wide with excitement as she poured out her story in mixed French and English. When the bombing began, she had guessed that the pilots were Nang's aviator brothers. She had gone to their house as soon as she thought it was safe, only to find that the whole family had vanished. The house was filled with hordes of police—the regular police, secret police, and the special military security police. In answer to their questions, Uyen Nhu said she was just a student, come upon common student business. But they arrested her and took her to a secret prison set up in what was once a modest villa. There she had seen Nang's mother, the proper matron who had prepared my New Year's dinner. Cu's young pregnant wife was in the prison too, with her children of whom the oldest was about five. Worst of all, Uyen Nhu had seen her favorite, Dinh, now shorn of his Texas swagger. He had been so badly beaten that he could scarcely stand and his face was dreadful. "But he is very brave," Uyen Nhu said fiercely. "They beat him all night in the room next to mine and he doesn't cry out. He only cries when he sees me. He tries to show that he doesn't know me and turns his face to the wall and he cries."

Just what Dinh had done on the morning of the bombing was still a mystery; he had been arrested at the air base before he could get off the ground. His brother Cu, however, had flown off to Cambodia and there was no doubt that he was one of the pilots who strafed the palace. But the master mind of the plot, in all probability, was Luc, the father of this family. He too had disappeared. Uyen Nhu had come straight to my house from prison to plead for my help. She was sure the women and children would die unless someone sent them food and money. No Vietnamese would dare do this. But I was an American and could do anything.

She couldn't be more wrong, I thought. Americans, and more particularly Visiting Professors, were special targets of Diem's insane mistrust; he suspected them all of being CIA men who cloaked their sinister missions behind academic titles. The social scientists among us had particularly roused Diem's ire by their outspoken criticisms of his regime after they returned to the United States. The economist, Frank Childs, for instance, after his tour as an adviser to the Vietnamese government, wrote an article for *The New Republic* which so enraged Diem that he canceled a long-standing contract with a Michigan State University group which had been reorganizing his police force and training his administrators for years. My predecessor at the

Faculty of Law, Luther Allen of the University of Massachusetts, published some even more disturbing articles in the *Massachusetts Review*. Copies were surreptitiously circulated in Saigon to the dismay of the government.

However irrational Diem's fears may have been, they were real. And there was little doubt that he would seize a chance to prove the perfidy of a Visiting Professor. What better way than to link him with a conspiracy whose actual extent no one knew but which was compounded of treason in the armed forces by members of the military elite who had been hand-picked to defend the regime? Unwittingly Uyen Nhu seemed to have cast me in this role, though she had no part in the plot herself.

"Oh those pilots are such stupid men," she said in a rage when I questioned her. "Why do they do a thing like that? It doesn't help anything, and now they will all die and the women and children too."

But she declined to worry about her own safety. "The police are very funny," she said, laughing gaily. "They think I am a naughty girl and there is one who likes me too much. He tries to make appointments with me."

THE TRACK OF INSURRECTION

AFTER some persuasion Uyen Nhu agreed to leave Saigon and go to visit her family in the provincial town where they lived. This eased my mind about her but it did not lessen my anxiety about my own position.

I had, for one thing, created an awkward problem for the American Embassy, to which I was accountable under the terms of my grant. "Don't rock the boat," was the first piece of advice our diplomats gave me when I came to Vietnam. This was of necessity their own policy, for their job was to get along with the Diem regime. To this end they limited their contacts with the Vietnamese to official channels and maintained a discreet silence about the seamier side of life in Diem's Vietnam. Now I was surely rocking—if not swamping—the diplomatic boat. An American newspaperman who had spent years in Vietnam dispelled any doubts I might have had about the gravity of my situation.

"You are in trouble, boy," he said. "Uyen Nhu went straight to your house when they let her out of prison. And of course she was followed. In their eyes this proves just what they want to prove—Americans are behind the whole thing."

The government, he told me, was searching everywhere for a trace of Nang but more

especially for his father, Luc. He was believed to be the head of a clandestine party, the VNQDD. It has been called the Vietnamese Kuomintang and is the oldest of the Vietnamese nationalist movements. Fiercely anti-Communist, it was decimated by the Communist Viet Minh during Indochina's struggle against France. Diem was thought to have finished off the remnants of what he regarded as a rival nationalist movement.

"But there are a few left," my journalist friend said, "still fighting against both Diem and the Communists. Sometimes when you hear about Viet Cong activity up in Quang Nam or around Dalat, it's really these guys. They are a hopeless lot and I wouldn't be surprised if they were behind the palace bombing. They have a thirty-five-year history of insurrectionary activity—all of it unsuccessful."

He advised me to go quietly about my business and hope for the best. For a few days nothing happened. Then, very late at night, I came home to find a clump of small men in nondescript clothes waiting in the deserted alley that led to my door. They looked ominous, and in a moment of panic I thought they must be the Viet Cong. It was a relief to learn that they were policemen.

Earlier that evening nearly a hundred of them had raided and searched all the professors' apartments in our compound. This contingent had waited for me—it was now three o'clock—to inform me that it had been necessary to enter my house.

"Why?" I asked.

"We were taking the census, sir," was their stupefying reply.

The only information I could extract from them was the sad news that Perkins and Van had been arrested. I never saw either of them again. When the police left and I went into my apartment, I saw that it had indeed been thoroughly searched. They had even looked under the mattress. But for what?

Shortly afterward I was summoned to appear before Captain Hien, the notorious chief of the Central Investigating Bureau. I was to come to his office in the Vo Thanh Street headquarters of the Security Police to give information concerning "the illegal persons harbored" in my house. The Embassy prudently assigned the Consul to accompany me.

The interrogation took the better part of two days. Hien was thorough but handled me rather gingerly. This may have been because the police raid in my compound had been prominently reported in the American press. (Homer Bigart

filed a "Special to the New York Times" about it, from Saigon, on March 15.) The "illegal persons" in my house presumably were the now vanished Van and Perkins. But Hien seemed to be interested only in Van. He pressed me for information about him and I sought some kind of clue as to the charges against him. All I had to go on was a rumor that had reached the Embassy linking Van with opium smuggling. It was a most unlikely story considering Van's poverty in opium-loving Saigon.

Hien made no reference to this gossip about Van. "His papers were not in order," he said, "and subversive documents were found in his possession." The documents turned out to be two pages which Van had copied out from a book I had lent him—Walt Rostow's *The Stages of Economic Growth*.

"Surely," I protested, "you can't hold a man for possessing excerpts from a famous book by one of the principal advisers to the President of the United States!"

"I don't know what was in the documents," Hien answered. "They are in English and I can't read English."

He quizzed me at length about my connection with Nang and his family. Apparently he was certain that I knew the conspiratorial father, Luc, and that I had gone on a trip to Dalat with him just before the palace was bombed. My denials did not impress him nor could he take seriously my account of my unpolitical relationships with Nang and Van.

Abruptly, Hien changed the subject. Did I, he asked, know a girl named Uyen Nhu? I began to feel sick to my stomach.

FORGING THE EVIDENCE

FINALLY I was dismissed. Overnight I found my life wholly changed. Some of my Vietnamese friends were in prison; others avoided me because I was now tainted with suspicion. American officials too were leery of contact with a compatriot in Diem's disfavor. Alone in the empty apartment which had recently been so full of people, it was eerie to speculate about the decisions concerning me which were being made somewhere in the secret recesses of the palace. "The government here," said one young American Embassy aide, "is like a black box into which you drop things. Something goes on in there but you never know what it is or what will come out in the end."

One Vietnamese who was not afraid to call on me was Khoi, the fascinating young

man who was Perkins' patron. Till then I had had only a casual acquaintance with him. He dropped in shortly after my session with Captain Hien to express sympathy for my troubles and to invite me out for a consoling drink. It was a charming gesture—but charm was Khoi's specialty. Many highly placed Americans were captivated by his dashing ways and his mastery of the American idiom and manners. Khoi was a top man in the Bureau of Social and Political Studies, a unit in President Diem's office charged with keeping track of the political views of Communists, nationalists, Americans, and other dangerous elements. Khoi was the Bureau's specialist for high-ranking Americans. He was, for example, Vice President Lyndon Johnson's interpreter during his state visit.

Despite his lofty official position, Khoi posed as an outspoken critic of the Diem regime and said things no other Vietnamese would dare utter. Once he told me a particularly scabrous story about the personal morals of the formidable Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu, the President's sister-in-law. "She," he concluded, "is the only one in the whole damn family who wears pants." He inveighed often against the timid incompetent bureaucrats who didn't have the guts to oppose Diem when he wanted to do something stupid. They should be replaced by younger, more energetic men.

In retrospect it seems clear that Khoi was simply using the classic tactics of a *provocateur* employed by the government to trap its opponents into incriminating statements. But his air of winning candor was disarming. Indeed his wit and intelligence greatly impressed many American officials. Some considered him the likeliest candidate to replace Diem, should the chance ever arise. Undoubtedly he is a talented fellow and it is a measure of the system that the best use it can make of him is as a police agent.

He and I went that evening to a night club where Khoi came night after night to listen to the beautiful Thanh Thuy, who sang of sorrow, love lost, and other themes dear to the Vietnamese. Khoi and I stayed there all night talking of books, of girls as lovely as Thanh Thuy, of politics, and also of my departed guests, Van and Perkins, Khoi's protégé.

And I began to see the part Khoi had played in forging the chain of spurious evidence against me. As I pieced the story together, he had quizzed Perkins after I fell under police suspicion. Anxious to please, Perkins produced the information that an elderly Vietnamese was living in my apartment. Khoi concluded that this must be the

fugitive Luc. The fact that no one but Van was found at my place was baffling—but by no means proof of my innocence in this land of plots and counterplots.

A few days later, outside of my classroom a timid Vietnamese girl told me that Uyen Nhu had been arrested again. She had come to Saigon to apply for a scholarship in the United States and was taken by the police while walking on the street with her mother. The mother was released in a few days. Other friends of Uyen Nhu visited me furtively afterward. They seemed to think that I, a rich and powerful American, could somehow reach into the system and free her.

Some well-informed Vietnamese friends discouraged me. Even if I could find a lawyer to represent her—which was improbable—he could do nothing until she was brought to trial, if ever. Of course there was Khoi. I must be careful, but if I could enlist his help . . .

Khoi was all sympathy when I approached him. He was going out to dinner but invited me to visit his place around eleven that evening. His room in downtown Saigon was—like Khoi—compact and charming with his interests well displayed. His set of miniature trains was arrayed on a kind of balcony and below were his books, his records, his writing table. When I came in he was lying on the floor studying a firearms catalogue. "Now there's a nice gun," he said pointing to a picture of a Danish submachine gun. "I've got one myself."

From a cabinet he produced it, a light well-made gun. "I stole it," he said cheerfully, "but I can get all you want for nineteen dollars apiece. It's specially made for the underdeveloped countries. The parts are all stamped out, nice and cheap, and there are two triggers. That's so no poor dumb peasant soldier can empty the damn thing in pure excitement."

Was Khoi, I wondered, inviting me to some

revealing act of indiscretion? Was I supposed to order some of these guns for the rebellious natives? Or propose some act of treason to Khoi? Intrigue, it seemed, when practiced with passion leads to idiocy.

I turned the talk to Uyen Nhu. Trying rather desperately to set the record straight, to clear her and myself, I told him how I had met her, what she was like, how I had come to know Nang and his brothers. He listened carefully but without surprise. He would do what he could, he said, but the police and the government were so narrow and stupid.

How, he asked repeatedly, had I learned of Uyen Nhu's arrest? This was an important problem to him. For the government was determined to preserve the fiction that the palace bombing was merely the solitary act of two eccentric pilots. News of numerous arrests had to be suppressed, for this would make the affair look like a large-scale conspiracy, confirming the impression of many foreign observers that discontent was strong and widespread in Vietnam.

So far as I know, Khoi made no move to help Uyen Nhu and he never spoke of her again to me. The last word I had of her came through a woman sent by her mother. Uyen Nhu, the emissary said, could be saved but it would be very costly. About 100,000 piasters (\$1,000 at the free market rate of exchange). Could I lend the family the money?

Alas, I had no such sum. Besides I doubted that a bribe would do the trick. More likely it was a cruel swindle.

My visitor laughed. "With money anything can be done in this country," she said. "Without it nothing. *Oui, c'est sale.*"

Bribery of an official would, however, have been one complication too many in my life, even if I had had the money. My year in Vietnam was nearly over and I was more than ready to go.

FOR THE LOVE OF DYING

MALCOLM LOWRY

Mexico 1936-37

THE tortures of hell are stern, their fires burn fiercely.
Yet vultures turn against the air more beautifully
than seagulls float downwind in cool sunlight,
or fans in asylums spin a loom of fate
for hope which never ventured up so high
as life's deception, astride the vulture's flight.
If death can fly, just for the love of flying,
what might not life do, for the love of dying?

But as my departure day neared, the curtain rose on the last act of my Saigon ordeal. There was, it seemed, some difficulty about the exit visa without which I couldn't leave the country.

As the days dragged by without any sign of the visa, the situation became frightening. In the case of other offending Americans, the Diem regime had been only too glad to ship them out of the country in a hurry. They would hold me in Vietnam only if they had serious plans for me. And nothing they had in mind could be pleasant. The Embassy did not seem greatly worried about me. But my friends in the American military mission were disturbed enough to set up a watch on my house lest I too disappear. It is easy in Vietnam to spirit a man away and blame the incident on the Viet Cong.

Finally in late May, the story of my detention broke in the American press. The Embassy was outraged but I found the publicity comforting and began to sleep better. Prodded by Washington, the Ambassador himself began to take action in my behalf. But no visa was forthcoming. Instead I was summoned to still another police interrogation. This time four officials and a stenographer were present, and our Embassy sent along a Third Secretary instead of a mere Consul.

The inquiry, which took several days, was almost exclusively concerned with Van, the unemployed journalist and usher in the Episcopal church. The police had developed a new theory about him. Van, they hypothesized, was bent on becoming President of Vietnam, replacing Diem. I, along with Waldy Pell, was one of the American agents abetting this nefarious scheme. The go-between who had helped us set up a rebel center in Saigon was an American agent in Paris named Riddle. The police clung to this fable even when they learned that Riddle was, in fact, the Dean of the American Cathedral in Paris. All he had ever done for Van was to give him a letter of introduction to Waldy Pell.

There were other fascinating ramifications to the plot. I, it was alleged, had introduced Van to a certain United States Senator named Scalapino who was also a political counselor to President Kennedy. Urged on by me, Scalapino had laid Van's plans before the President.

It was nightmarish to have to comment on fantasies such as these. And it was useless to explain that there was no Scalapino in the Senate, that the only man of that name whom I knew was the Chairman of the Department of Political Science at Berkeley who had come to see me once during a short stay in Saigon. Nonsense though it was, this rigamarole was taken seriously

enough to justify my detention, days of police interrogation, and Van's imprisonment.

At my last session the director of the Security Services asked me to understand the position of the police. I would be formally discharged and he hoped I would not leave Vietnam feeling they had dealt badly with me. The police, he assured me, had merely been carrying out instructions from the President himself. As I finally prepared to leave, my chief concern was for my friends in prison.

"Perhaps in some months they will be released," a sympathetic Vietnamese official told me. "But if you try to see them, the government will take it as proof that you and they are still conspiring. In any event you will be refused. I too have friends in prison and all I can do is wait."

WHAT THE U. S. MIGHT DO

IN AMERICA we too, perhaps must merely wait to see what will happen next to this small nation which has been torn by civil war, in one form or another, since 1946. Seven years of massive United States economic and military aid and guided reforms have brought the country no closer to calm.

So long as we give our support to the Diem regime, we reduce the situation to a simple but terrible equation: either Diem or the Communists. The Diem regime is incurably inept and oppressive; the Communists are determined and efficient. Ground down between these two extremes, the Vietnamese people are demoralized and hopeless. But they can and do fight when they have something to fight for. They proved that in their war for independence.

Under Diem, the most vigorously anti-Communist Vietnamese are dead or in prison or immobilized by fear of the regime. We in the United States could give them something to fight for if we would change our policy of rigid support for Diem. For there is in fact other leadership to be found in Vietnam, more sane and moderate than Diem. Only a change in leadership can revive the energy and resolve that Diem has stifled.

It is very late. But perhaps there is still time for us to act. When and if we do, there will be at least a possibility of ending the civil war without a Communist victory or an American commitment to a war in the Algerian pattern. But until we stop supporting Diem there is indeed nothing for the Vietnamese people to do but wait. And hope.

RICHARD H. ROVERE

Shall We Let Buckley into the Establishment?

He would certainly put some ginger into a commission on national goals—but how valid is his claim to represent the masses in The Case of the People vs. the Intellectuals?

FOR in this country," William F. Buckley, Jr. wrote in last month's *Harper's*, "there are two consensuses, that of the people (broadly speaking) and that of the intellectuals (narrowly speaking)." This arresting statement is made in the course of his discussion of an attempt I had made at satire and parody in a book called *The American Establishment*. I was struck by the sentence I have quoted, not because it casts much light on anything that may be specifically at issue between us, but because I believe that examining his proposition may cast some light on matters of greater importance.

It has to be understood that when Mr. Buckley speaks of "the intellectuals," he includes himself out. This is not because his credentials are not in order. From my point of view, he qualifies; and indeed I am more and more struck with the thought that he has become a kind of official gadfly of the Establishment. (He has pleased the editors of *Harper's*, after all; before long, there should be an honorary degree from Cornell; and then some President, possibly even Kennedy, will use him to put some ginger into a commission on national goals.) However, his role is that of the oppositionist, and he subscribes, he would have us believe, to the consensus of "the people." An identification with the masses may seem odd for a conservative who makes frequent appeals to the

ideals of property, aristocracy, tradition, and so forth. But there it is—and one must bear in mind that Mr. Buckley's conservatives no longer bother to describe themselves as a conserving force; they are reformers, even revolutionists, and most reformers and revolutionists have found it necessary to insist that what they are promoting is nothing more or less than that to which the masses aspire.

Mr. Buckley is an intellectual, but he opposes "the intellectuals." At one point he goes so far as to say, speaking of himself and some of his colleagues, that "the people have their own scholars." An earlier and, in the light of subsequent developments, ironic statement of the Buckley proposition was John Dos Passos' famous cry in *The Big Money*—"all right we are two nations." In 1936, Mr. Dos Passos was recalling the passions aroused by the Sacco-Vanzetti case and was exiling from *his* America the powerful and rich who, he said, had hired the cops who had "clubbed us off the streets." The *us* was a coalition of the great masses and the intellectuals who had fought for the executed anarchists, and if he had any doubt that the masses were on his side, he put it out of his mind. He wrote: "listen businessmen collegepresidents judges America will not forget her betrayers." In 1962, Mr. Dos Passos is on Mr. Buckley's side and speaks very well indeed of businessmen. I would imagine he would think less highly of the run of college presidents and judges, since the run of them nowadays are held by Mr. Buckley to be agents or dupes of the Liberal Machine.

But the interesting and important question is whether Mr. Buckley is right, or anywhere near right, in what he has to say about the "two consensuses." Are there two of them? are they distinct from one another? are they deeply in conflict?

My own view is that one can surely say that there is an intellectual consensus on public questions in this country. Putting aside Mr. Buckley's People's Scholars, putting aside the beatniks and others who approach public questions with complete indifference, and putting aside the principled pacifists, the intellectual community may be said to be pretty much of one mind on matters that seem of central importance. I believe—and I am sure that Mr. Buckley would agree—that a quick and by and large accurate way of stating it could be to say that the consensus is embodied in the declared aims of the Kennedy Administration. American intellectuals as a class tend to approve of the kind of social changes the federal government has instituted over the past thirty

years. They would like to see more of this kind of change. The idea of the "welfare state" does not offend them. Unlike Mr. Buckley and his group, the majority approves of the Supreme Court's decision on desegregation. Unlike Mr. Buckley, they disapproved of Senator McCarthy; and they disapprove today of the Radical Right—not just as it is represented by the John Birch Society but as it is represented by Senator Barry Goldwater. On the whole, they support the government's foreign policy. There tends to be a division over such issues as nuclear testing, the use of the nuclear deterrent, and the kind of settlement that might be sought in Berlin; nevertheless, there is pretty general agreement on the proposition that this country has a large role to play in the strengthening of independent nations throughout the world and on the proposition that the avoidance of nuclear war is as crucial an aim as any we have. I would imagine that something like 70 per cent of those whom Mr. Buckley and I could agree to call intellectuals would acknowledge support of this body of doctrine. The percentage might be higher, but 70 per cent seems to me quite enough to make a consensus.

Mr. Buckley wishes to persuade us, first, that there is a consensus of "the people" and, second, that it is in substantial agreement with the views of the People's Scholars. The first contention is, I think, highly arguable; the second poppycock. John F. Kennedy, whom the People's Scholars regard as a deplorable President and a captive of "the intellectuals," won the 1960 election by a gnat's eyelash, but he did win it, and he went on to attain a degree of approval, 83 per cent as measured by the Gallup Poll, surpassing any attained by President Eisenhower. If the evidence of a recent Gallup Poll is acceptable, he would win an election over Mr. Nixon today with 65 per cent of the popular vote. Would Mr. Nixon's 35 per cent represent a large element in the consensus spoken of by Mr. Buckley? Hardly, one would suppose, and certainly not for Mr. Buckley, who acknowledges very little difference between the two candidates of 1960. If we agree that the differences between Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Nixon are not great, and if we grant Mr.

Richard H. Rovere, whose latest book, "The American Establishment," was published this summer, is a staff writer for "The New Yorker," a member of the editorial board of "The American Scholar," and a frequent contributor to "Harper's." Among his other books are "Senator Joe McCarthy" and "Affairs of State: The Eisenhower Years."

Buckley's contention that Mr. Kennedy at least operates on the assumptions on which the consensus of the intellectuals rests, then the 1960 election, like a good many that preceded it, would seem to suggest that the ~~consensus~~ of the people and that of the intellectuals are pretty much the same.

I resist this argument for reasons I hope to explain, but I can see no way for Mr. Buckley to escape it except in the way that the late Senator Taft escaped it. That fine man professed to believe that the reason why great hordes of eligible American voters failed to exercise the franchise was that the national conventions never offered them a truly conservative candidate. His America included some twenty or thirty million American citizens of voting age who were conservative to the core and stayed home on Election Day because their disapproval of Roosevelt, Truman, and Stevenson was very little greater than their disapproval of Willkie, Dewey, and Eisenhower. Though the Republican politicians who ran the conventions loved Senator Taft dearly, they never went along with him on this matter. It may be that in 1964, the People's Politician—Senator Goldwater—who has the approval of the People's Scholars will vindicate Senator Taft's view. If Goldwater is chosen, it will be a tribute to virtue and an act of faith.

WHERE "THE PEOPLE" SIT

HERE is no consensus that makes "the people" one with Mr. Buckley, just as there was no consensus that made them one with John Dos Passos in the 'thirties. It could more plausibly be argued that the mass of Americans share, in a general way, the outlook of the liberal intellectuals and the Kennedy Administration. I think Mr. Buckley knocks this argument down much more effectively than perhaps he knows in his one effort to demonstrate that the intellectuals and the people are in conflict. He says it is plain that while the intellectual community believes that civil liberties should be enjoyed by Communists and that atheists should not be barred, on grounds of irreligion, from teaching in the public schools, the American people in the main hold to the contrary position.

We can easily score a point for him here. Mr. Chief Justice Warren said some years ago that he doubted that the Bill of Rights would win approval if it were submitted to this generation of Americans in a referendum. I have heard it insisted upon by people who have studied public opinion far more thoroughly than I have ever

attempted to do that the average American—whether or not he will rise in defense of an abstract libertarian proposition—is quick to respond to specific violations and infringements. As always, this argument goes, the sense of injustice is more highly developed than the sense of justice. This may be so; nevertheless, I think that Mr. Buckley is here on fairly solid ground. A few years back, when intellectuals almost to a man despised McCarthyism (then held by Mr. Buckley to be “a movement around which men of good will and stern morality can close ranks”), 50 per cent of the American people, according to the Gallup Poll, felt that Senator McCarthy was performing a useful service and only 29 per cent felt that he was performing a disservice. I have seen no surveys yet on the Supreme Court’s decision on the New York Board of Regents prayer, but I suspect that a large majority of the people oppose it. I am equally sure that it sits very well with the intellectual community.

Mr. Buckley did well to stick to civil-liberties issues in trying to show how wide a gulf there is between public sentiment and the prevailing opinions within the intellectual community. On almost anything else, he would have had trouble. On the general run of domestic and foreign issues, the American public seems to hold views corresponding quite closely to those of the intellectuals. This is demonstrated with clarity and vigor by Stuart Chase in his recent book, *American Credos*, an attempt to get at an American consensus from the public-opinion polls. Though the people’s distrust of “socialism” is such that large numbers of them would deny the benefits of the First Amendment to Socialist speakers, and though they tend to think poorly of the “welfare state” as a principle of organization, there is no single institution which Mr. Buckley would describe as “creeping socialism” that fails to command the support of impressive majorities.

A Gallup Poll has shown 67 per cent favoring additional Social Security taxes for medical care. (A Louis Harris survey, not cited by Chase, shows only 3 per cent regarding Medicare as “socialized medicine.”) Seventy-three per cent favor federal aid to education. Only 8 per cent proved willing to say that Social Security was “just another step toward socialism.” Well over 80 per cent favor it, and over the years have supported its extension. Seventy-six per cent, according to Gallup, favored the Kennedy Administration’s minimum-wage law, and every test of opinion on the government’s responsibility for combating depression and recession by large-scale intervention puts the

people overwhelmingly on the side of the welfare-statists. A Roper Poll made at a time close to the height of President Eisenhower’s popularity showed 56 per cent accepting the principle that “unbalanced budgets can sometimes help the U. S. economy.” Seventy-nine per cent of Americans (as opposed to far smaller percentages in Britain, France, and West Germany) were willing to give the United Nations a “fair to good” rating in a Gallup survey last year. Fifty-one per cent approved in principle. Fifty-one per cent favor foreign aid. Even in the aftermath of the U-2 affair and the collapse of the Paris summit, half the country accepted a proposition of which Mr. Buckley has sought to disabuse us—that a negotiated settlement with the Soviet Union could be reached.

I COULD go on—and the case for the existence of an American consensus, closer by far to the views Mr. Buckley attributes to the Establishment than to his own views, could be strengthened. I see little profit in approaching the matter in this way. Those, of Mr. Buckley’s persuasion or any other, who try to arrange the opinions, interests, passions, prejudices, and indifference (a large factor, indeed, for what opinion studies of any seriousness always show is that public issues generally are, in Mr. Chase’s phrase, “at the periphery of attention”) in such a way as to give them the look and texture of an ideology, do not illuminate reality but conceal it. We Americans are a thousand and one minorities, only a few of which are ideological. The minorities coalesce in shifting and always interesting patterns and major tendencies are now and then discernible. Among the intellectuals, major tendencies are as a rule quite easily discernible; it would be an odd society and an odd intellectual community if this were not true.

There is, moreover, a pecking order in our society, which one can call “the Establishment” if one chooses, though I don’t think much light is shed by doing so. I cannot imagine a community of beings as imperfect as man without an Establishment, or pecking order, of some sort. All of us, including Mr. Buckley, have some relationship to it. His relationship—and mine, too, I trust—is that of critic, tease, examiner. He can be very good at it, and he would be better if he would stop playing the politician and trying to fasten his consensuses and cleavages upon the people. Policies and principles are to be defended or opposed on their merits—not on the basis of who’s for them and who’s against them.

A Story by JAMES THURBER

The Danger in the House



DR. MORTON PRELL and I are on the faculty of a Connecticut university, live not far apart in the college town, and see a great deal of each other. My name is George Merry, which has, in relation to this present report, a small and special significance, as we shall see. Morton teaches psychology and is older than I am in years, but often younger, it seems to me, in debate.

The other night, in my library after dinner, we took up again what has become this winter's postprandial discussion. Dr. Prell has said, testily, and, I think, unfairly, that I have given up discussion for oration. However that may be, our evening explorations of unconscious symbolism, both universal and unique, have not been, at least when I am allowed to talk, unrewarding. My own field is English literature, and Dr. Prell regards me as an amateur in psychology, but then his judgments are sometimes tinged with a curious envy.

The other night we began, over a second brandy, with my recital of a dream I had when I was six, in 1921. Dr. Prell dismissed this memory as a piece of putative dialectical paramnesia, if I understood him correctly, and I'm pretty sure I didn't. He frequently uses defensive obfuscation on me when I have him

backed into a polemical corner. Our wives were in the living room, where in my house or his, they sometimes seek to find the latent meaning of some of our behavior, such as his habit of lighting his spectacles instead of his cigar, and my occasional search for a belt or necktie which I am either wearing at the time or holding in my hand. The ladies are, to be candid about it, nonintellectuals given to distressing, and often headlong, oversimplifications.

On the night of our most recent discussion, I told Dr. Prell a remarkable narrative dream of mine that had a truly O. Henryesque ending. The dream had two settings: the first a room with a low, raftered ceiling. In it, besides myself, were two silent, motionless figures—a man in uniform whose right arm was missing, and a woman in a long white dress who held in her right hand something that glittered, an extraordinarily complicated piece of mechanism. At this point Dr. Prell interrupted by asking if the mechanism may not have *been* her hand instead of *in* it, after which he quoted from T. S. Eliot:

When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone,
She smoothes her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramophone.

He wanted to know if any lovely woman had ever threatened to shoot me. My colleague is, alas, a Longfellow lover whose knowledge of modern poetry, outside of "The Waste Land," is scanty at best. I ignored his irrelevant quotation and went on with my story. "I had a sense of great uneasiness in this dream, a feeling that there was a danger in the house," I said. "Of course, you will say that the man, because of his uniform and missing right arm, represented some colleague of mine whom I fear and envy because he can do better work than I can with one arm tied behind him."

"Don't tell me what I will say," Dr. Prell said sharply. "Get on with it."

"Suddenly the scene shifted," I went on. "I was in a bedroom, apparently on the second floor of the house. Through the open door I could see two other doors across the hall. The man went into one of these rooms and I heard him lock and bolt his door. Then the woman went into the other room and I heard her lock and bolt her door. Oh, Prell, you're about to light your spectacles again. Your cigar is in the ash-tray."

"Thank you," said Dr. Prell coldly, and he managed to put the spectacles and the cigar where they belonged. "Your delusion that I am

forever about to light my glasses is based on an unconscious wish-fulfillment. You're afraid that I am going to see too clearly into the latency of your dreamwork."

I ignored him and went on relentlessly. "It came to me, then, that neither the man nor the woman could be the danger in the house, or they would not have locked and bolted themselves in their rooms. There must be, I realized, an unidentified menace. I decided to lock and bolt the door of my own room against this nameless threat, but, as you may have guessed, there was no lock, or key, or bolt. Furthermore, the door swung clear of the jamb by a good two inches. I looked about, a little wildly, and saw on a table what appeared to be the very mechanism the woman had held in her hand. I could not figure out all of its parts, but one of them was a blue pencil, a steely blue pencil, and another seemed to be a bottle-capper."

"The woman was, of course, a surrogate for your wife, or some other woman in a position of authority in your life, given to criticism of your work, and to her well-founded suspicion that you drink too much, far too much," Dr. Prell said.

"On another table," I went on coolly, "I saw a kit of tools, which I thought were carpenter's tools. I picked up three of these, and discovered that what I held was a cold chisel, an acetylene torch, and a drill. In other words—"

"A set of burglar's tools," said Dr. Prell.

I lit a cigarette and took a long inhale. "Precisely," I said. "I then took off my shoes and started to walk softly toward the woman's room. The sense of menace was gone. You see—"

"You were the danger in the house," said Dr. Prell.

"Were you going to kill this woman, or what?" It was my wife's voice, tinged with a familiar suspicion.

"You have been eavesdropping," I said.

"So have I," said Harriet Prell. "Alice and I were both listening. How did it come out?"

The ladies sat down on a davenport, each with a glass of brandy-and-Benedictine.

"I woke up," I said. "I always do in such a case. Even with tools, I can never get at the women in my dreams."

"Goes back to childish fumblings, juvenile

frustration, present insecurity," said Dr. Prell, pedantically, as if I were a couch patient. "To be sure, it is not always easy to separate the urge to ravish from the wish to destroy. They are, in fact, often conjoined, as we all know. In this case, we have the chisel and the drill on the one hand, the acetylene torch on the other. I am being deliberately overbasic," he added, patronizingly.

"I don't think the woman was me," Alice said. "I wouldn't bolt my door against you, darling, would I?"

"Some women bolt and run, others run and bolt," I said, and Dr. Prell made a gesture of irritation. "Obfuscatory," he murmured absently.

I POUR ED myself some more brandy and said, "After you have gone, Alice will jump all over me for telling you about the woman in white, so I might as well explain another phenomenon of this particular dream. The lady had, then, two locks, one in the middle of her forehead and the other just above her heart. The first represented, of course, intellectual companionship, and the other a somewhat warmer consolation. I—"

"George invents things just to try to get me down," Alice said. "He never has the key to anything, and we're either locked out of the house at night or can't get the car started, or something."

"The key to a woman is not easy to find," said Dr. Prell, a bit stuffily, I thought. He had walked, so to speak, right into a literary trap I had set for him.

"Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul when hot for certain keys in this our life," I said.

"All I get at breakfast nowadays is Meredith," Alice said, with a small sigh.

"All I actually wanted to do," I said quickly, "was to tell the lady, 'Never shake thy gaudy locks at me.' None of them, I could tell from their blank expressions, got this rather neat paraphrase, and that annoyed me."

"Speaking of dreams," Harriet began, "the other night I called on the President of the United States at the White House, but it wasn't Kennedy. It was an American Indian. His desk was piled high with papers, and he kept saying, 'How.' "

"Elementary," Dr. Prell began. "You see—"

"You are afraid the President has lost his sense of Know-how," I put in.

"My God, is he going to turn to Harriet for help?" Dr. Prell exclaimed. "If so, we are even more lost than I had feared."

"I haven't remembered any dreams for years," Alice said. "One of the last I remember was eight years ago, not long after we were married."

"Not the one about the blonde," I protested.

Alice gave a little shiver of disdain. "I can see her as plainly now as I did then," she said. "A horrible woman. You," she said to me, "were wearing a mask, and I don't blame you, for nobody would want to be recognized with such a trump." She turned to Dr. Prell. "It was in the lobby of a hotel," she told him. "I was sitting in a chair when the two of them came in and got on the elevator. My charming husband glanced at his wristwatch and said to me, 'We won't be a minute.' Then the elevator door closed and up they went."

"Alice has reproached me for eight years because of that incident," I said. "I have never worn a wristwatch, and I don't prefer blondes."

"After all, Alice, the dream was yours," Dr. Prell said. "It is true, of course, that the unconscious mind is extraordinarily perceptive, even intuitive, but it does make mistakes. It can be unfair as a result of jealousy, or some other common female frailty."

"I think she wanted to unmask my ideology at the time," I said. "I wouldn't tell her how I was going to vote that year."

"You can't get out of it that easily," my wife said. "What did you do upstairs?"

"My fair companion was an etcher and wanted to show me her etchings," I said, a little too casually. "They were the usual run-of-the-mill stuff, a few flowers, as I recall it, red roses and the like, and one or two rather bad jobs she had done on the châteaux of the Loire."

"I don't believe a word of it," Alice said. She had, I could tell, been drinking more brandy-and-Benedictine than was good for me. I thought we should all have highballs now, instead of more brandy, and I set about making them.

"In the early 1950s, before McCarran delenda was, I had some terrible nightmares," I said. "In them the menace in Washington and the menace in the home were all mixed up. Alice was always giving parties in my dreams, and I was always showing up with six, or sex, blondes, who were pure, or impure, creations of her suspicious mind. Her behavior at these parties was downright subversive. There were always such characters on hand as Benedict Arnold, Major André, Aaron Burr, and Simon Girty. She didn't know it, and I have never told her before, but the caterer's men were all government agents." I passed the highballs around. "Alice has a dossier in my dreams as long as your arm," I said.

"I wouldn't ask anybody to a party of mine named Simon Girty because I've never heard of anybody named Simon Girty," Alice said. "He's just making this all up. He's trying to make me forget about that awful woman at the elevator." She turned to Harriet. "You never saw such a getup in your whole life," she said. "Everything was hiked up in front and pulled down behind."

"We had been wrassling in the taxi, not to put too fine a point on it," I confessed.

DR. PRELL had fairly gulped his drink, and so I made him another one. "For years," he said, "there has been a certain woman who recurs in my dreams. For reasons I shall not bother to detail, I had figured her as a surrogate for Harriet. Then one night, Harriet walked in on us."

"Caught you cold, eh?" I asked.

"I don't like evenings like this," Harriet said. "Who was she, if she wasn't me?"

"You don't have to answer that question," I said hastily. "Shall I put the 'Sweetheart of Sigma Chi' on the victrola? If the moonlight beams on the girl of your dreams, perhaps we can all figure out who she is."

"She was chewing gum," Alice said suddenly, and we all looked at her.

"The blonde at the elevator," I explained.

"Juicy Fruit," Alice added, and held out her empty glass. "He probably still sees her."

"If I couldn't meet a better class of women than Alice throws at me in her dreams, I would become a monk," I said with some finality.

"When did you first begin seeing that woman that you say you thought was me?" Harriet asked her husband. Dr. Prell tried to look owlish, but didn't quite bring it off. Comedy is scarcely his field.

"After all, I have been behaving properly in Alice's dreams for eight years now. Haven't I?" I demanded.

"Only because I can't remember my dreams, that's why," Alice said. "What does a long white dress mean in a dream, Morton?"

"Virginity," said Dr. Prell.

"Virginity, my foot," said Alice. "I think she was a female obstetrician. Disbarred," she added.

"Then what do you make of the acetylene torch?" Dr. Prell asked her.

"Fundamental," I said before she could answer. "Tigress, tigress burning bright in the forest of the nightie."

"I can't stand him when he gets cute," Alice said, putting me in the third person, always a sign of chill and trouble. "I don't know why the

hell he doesn't teach palmistry. At night, maybe, on the third floor of an old school building somewhere."

"Without a fire escape?" I demanded.

"I couldn't care less whether it has or hasn't," she said, and I made a round of drinks that none of us needed.

"Men are always making things harder than they really are," Alice said. "They explain dreams exactly the same way they explain where they haven't been when any woman knows they have. You can't tell me that blonde hussy had anything whatever to do with infancy exhibitions. Any woman would know, any wife, that it could mainly be what is in George's mind when he's grown up."

"Now we go into clairvoyance and the subjunctive," I said, and Morton Prell and I exchanged knowing glances.

"What did you do with this woman that you always say you thought was me?" Harriet demanded.

"What did you do with Big Chief How How?" Dr. Prell demanded in his turn, his voice pitched a little high.

"I hate obscuringism," Alice said, obscurely.

"I know what you mean," said Harriet, who didn't.

"Dreams," said Dr. Prell, standing up, "should not be made the subject of too much levity. Come, Harriet, we must be going."

"Sit down a minute," I said. "It isn't late, and I want to tell you something I just remembered about one of those subversive parties Alice was always giving in my dreams."

"You didn't just remember it," Alice said. "You just made it up."

"In one of these party dreams—it was a party on our lawn—I had a hell of a time getting away from John Wilkes Booth," I said, "but I knew I had to get away, so that I could hide certain books here in this library."

Morton Prell perked up. "Interesting," he said. "What books?"

"Wait till I tell you," I said. "When I got in here, Long John Silver was standing right over there, holding a copy of 'Traitor Island.'"

"Long John Silver is always in his nightmares," Alice put in, "because he read about him when he was eight years old."

"Very interesting," said Dr. Prell. "Silver's crutch is, of course, a symbol of your need for help."

"Nonsense," I said. "It is a symbol of *his* need for help."

"Quibble quibble," said Harriet. "If some-

thing isn't hard, men will make it hard. Everything dual is always oneness in idioms," she added fuzzily. "She has a sharp eye, she has a keen ear, and she has a light hand with a cake and a nose for news."

"That would have to be a nostril for news," her husband said.

"I took the book away from Silver," I said, returning to my story, "and hid it behind a stack of others. Then I noticed, to my horror, that the titles of a lot of other familiar books had changed. I saw 'Un-American Tragedy' by Dreiser, 'Alias in Wonderland,' and 'Look Homeward, Agent,' for instance."

"He's worked on that one for days. I can tell," Alice said.

"It does seem contrived," said Dr. Prell, "but the unconscious mind is most inventive, most inventive."

"I want to get back to my library dream," I cut in impatiently. "I heard the caterer's men coming, and I hastily hid a book with the title 'Lincoln's Doctor's Dossier.' I took it out from the books beginning with L and stuck it under another letter. You can guess what one, can't you, Morton?" I asked.

"Oh?" said Morton.

"Not at all," I said. "Lincoln, as we know, became, in our age of political suspicion, unfairly associated with subversive organizations. As the caterer's men came into the library, I whispered to Silver, 'Now he belongs to the H's.'"

"Remarkable," said Dr. Prell. He stood up again and said, "Now we *must* go, Harriet."

"Not until I explain to you illiterates why Long John Silver gets into my nightmare," I said. "His deadliest enemy in 'Treasure Island' happens to be a man named George Merry. Near the end of the book Silver shoots George Merry and kills him. That scared me when I was eight years old and it still scares me, apparently."

"Unfamiliarity with children's books does not constitute illiteracy," Morton Prell said stiffly as he reached the door.

AFTER we had said goodnight, Alice fled upstairs without a word. I went back to the library and finished my drink slowly. Then I went up and tried the door of Alice's bedroom. It was neither locked nor bolted.

"You are the danger in the house," I told her. "I just wanted to explain the long white dress. You always wear a long white nightgown. In short, white is the color of my true love's dress."

"Shut up," she said. When Alice says shut up at that hour of the night, she means it. I shut up.

PAUL JACOBS

Dead Horse and the Featherbird

The Specter of Useless Work

How the disease of "unwork"—loosely called "featherbedding"—has spread in two large industries . . . why it has endangered the air-traveling public . . . and what must be done to stop it from infecting the entire economy.

THE composing room of the newspaper is comparatively quiet. It is the lobster shift—those off-hours when the printers set type without the pressure of a deadline. The foreman walks over to a hook on the wall, a spike festooned with printed copies of advertisements that appeared in the newspaper many days before. He takes one off the hook and carries it to a printer who has just finished work on an ad that will run in tomorrow's paper.

"Here," the foreman tells the printer, offering him the printed ad. "We're falling behind on reset. Get this one."

The printer looks up sullenly. "What do you think I am—a lousy amateur? I don't want to set that stuff. I'm no blacksmith. Give me some live copy, not that goddam dead horse."

The foreman does not argue. He calmly puts the advertisement down on the table and walks away, saying over his shoulder, "Get started before I call the union chapel chairman over."

Mumbling to himself, the disgruntled printer starts work on the ad, knowing the foreman has authority to demand that the work be done and that the chapel chairman (the union's chief steward) would back up that authority.

The compositor slaps together whatever type he can find, encloses it in the metal form, and walks over to a table where he slams it down beside a dozen similar forms of ads that had also appeared earlier in the paper. Soon another printer will pick up these forms from the table

and take them over to a proof press where a proof copy will be made of each one. Then the proof copy will be checked for errors and the necessary corrections made in the type. Finally, another proof of the ad will be pulled and the printer's work will be ready for its final destiny: to be destroyed without being used.

This is the process by which printers do "unwork"—work that is actually performed and paid for but is totally unnecessary. It is called "reproduction," "reset," "bogus," or "dead horse."

WITH a roar, the engines of the incoming jet airplane are reversed and the plane protestingly slows down. It taxies up to the landing area and a horde of attendants swarm out to meet it.

Their work finished, the crew members walk down the ramp with the captain-pilot first, followed by co-pilot and flight engineer—American culture heroes in their natty uniforms. Inside the flight-operations office, they are met by a crew from another airline who will cajole the same jet into the skies for the next leg of the journey. They talk amiably. *But this second group of fliers has an additional man in it, for the company that flies the next segment of the trip in the very same plane does it with four crew members instead of three.*

That fourth flier is a "featherbird" airman. When he arrives back at his home base, he will walk into the flight-operations office there and ask the superintendent, "Any chance of getting back to flying yet? I'm a pilot, not a damned chair warmer." The superintendent may shake his head sympathetically. "Negative, there's nothing open for you on pistons."

THIRTY thousand feet of vertical space separate the compositor setting type that will never be used from the airman squeezed into a seat

with no instruments in front of him. The industries in which they perform their "unwork" are widely separated, too—by different histories, structures, economic patterns, and by contrasting relationships to government. Newspaper publishing is relatively free of state regulation while commercial aviation is subject to rigid supervision by a number of governmental bodies. Moreover, the setting of not-to-be-used type is not a heavy economic burden upon most publishers; the presence of a fourth crew member represents an airline expenditure of millions of dollars.

Yet "dead horse" and "featherbird" have much in common. They had similar origins. Neither could exist without the agreement—not always reluctant—of management. Both have the same demeaning consequences for the men paid to do "unwork." Moreover, this same kind of blight affects dozens of other industries and millions of workers—all sharing a fear of unemployment and a resulting loss of identity.

The rapid growth of automation and the technological unemployment which it produces have made "featherbedding" a major issue for the whole country. For this is not merely the simple moral question that it appears to be at first sight: Why should anybody expect pay for work that is plainly irrational, or that he doesn't do at all? Beyond this lies a harder question: How can we run a free and healthy society when much of our work force is no longer needed?

I

THE "dead horse" most modern compositors despise is of ancient lineage; its bloodlines can be traced back to restrictive rules devised by the first master printers in England during the sixteenth century.

Before Johann Gutenberg invented a way to cut and cast movable type, books were owned chiefly by the rich and had been laboriously copied out by hand. But an enormous demand for books was stimulated by Gutenberg's invention, and skilled journeyman printers were much sought after. So, almost from the first days of printing, the master printers limited the number of impressions that could be made from any one form of type, lest there be insufficient work for their journeymen, who might then wander off to seek employment with some other master. Thus, they foreshadowed the obsessive worries of unemployment which have plagued the industry ever since.

In fact, the rigidly run printers guild—called

the London Stationers Company—issued in 1635 a rule whose counterpart can be found in the constitution of the International Typographical Union today: "That no work man lend Letter type without consent first obteyned of the Master on paine to loose the benefit of Hollydais and Copies."

More than two centuries later, in June 1872, a convention of the International Typographical Union made a similar rule part of the union law, binding on both employer and printer: "The transfer of matter from one firm to another is detrimental to both proprietor and printer and should not be allowed." The union convention issued this order after it had learned of a newspaper publisher who had been borrowing type, already set, from another publisher in a different town.

The union's reasoning was simple: if employers could borrow type, they could also eliminate the jobs of the compositors who otherwise would have set it up. But, just as the rules of the London Company had been as much for the benefit of the masters as for the journeymen printers, so too the union's 1872 edict against "the transfer of matter" prevented a newspaper owner, using borrowed type, from gaining unfair economic advantage over his competitors, who had to pay their workers to set the original pages. Thus, the printers' union used its economic power to police the industry—a policy still urged on it by some employers.

The union took this action in the early years of a technological revolution that was late in coming to printing. From the Civil War until 1890, a series of inventions shook the printing industry. During this short period, the stereotype process and photoengraving made possible the inexpensive reproduction of type, drawings, and photographs on a mass scale. For example, an advertiser could send a newspaper cheaply produced papier-mâché matrixes—or "mats"—from which a printing plate could be made, with no typesetting whatever necessary in the news-

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paper shop. Furthermore, the linotype machine made it possible to set type five times as fast as by hand. Finally, the entire newspaper business was transformed as chains—like Hearst's—were organized, and national advertising appeared for the first time on a wide scale.

Panic was the first response of the printers to the new inventions. They were convinced that the new processes, especially the linotype, threatened their trade with catastrophe. To ward off the danger, the union demanded that linotype operators be paid by the hour instead of on a piecework basis and that the workday be cut. But the union made no protest against use of the new machines, even though the stereotype mats and photoengraved plates used together with the linotype machines made easy the prohibited "transfer of matter" from one publisher to another or from one advertising agency to hundreds of newspapers. Instead, in 1901 the union decided to allow "the interchanging, borrowing, lending, or buying of matter previously used in the form of type, matrices, or photoengraved plates." But it laid down one condition—that all such "matter" be done over again. And so "dead horse" was born.

A FAIR BUT FEARFUL VOTE

IN THE sixty years that have gone by since reproduction became part of the ITU constitution, changes in the practice have occurred.

For example, national advertising was exempted from the clause. When a "mat" comes to a newspaper from, say, Camel Cigarettes, the printers no longer set up bogus type to match it. Although such national advertising does *not* take up the bulk of newspaper ad space, it has provided a continual field day for lawyers and arbitrators. Publishers and the union have argued wearily over such points as whether adding a department store's name to an ad for a national product made the ad local or not. But the most important change has been the increasing unwillingness of the printers to set up the bogus type, even when their own union constitution requires them to do so.

"No man likes to do useless work," says Elmer Brown, the gray-haired, soft-spoken president of the International Typographical Union. In 1960 Brown attempted to persuade 110,000 members of his union to make the compulsory reproduction clause of the union a voluntary one. Brown had other good reasons, too, for wanting to permit the exchange of "dead horse" for something more alive in terms of union demands: he is

afraid that new photo printing processes may allow publishers to do away with reproduction at no gain to the union, and he has known for a long time that many, many locals of the union are not actually enforcing the reproduction clause even when they say they are.

To check on the rumors that backlogs of bogus had been accumulating for years, the union's national executive board assigned a special representative in 1960 to investigate the status of reproduction. It also sent a questionnaire about it to all the local unions. The representative visited, unannounced, fifty-nine locals, and his investigation proved to Brown and the executive board that the locals were not enforcing the reproduction clause. It was estimated that only 2 to 5 per cent of the locals were setting the bogus type—the rest were either ignoring it or had made private deals with the publishers to exchange it for some other benefits.

However, one great difficulty obstructs getting an accurate count of reproduction costs in the United States: everybody, publishers and local union officers alike, lies to everybody else about how much bogus they actually do. The publishers often lie to their competitors: if they work out some special arrangement of their own with the local union, they want it kept secret. And even when they are doing bogus reproduction the publishers often lie to the union about how much it really costs. Then, when the union presents other economic demands, the publishers can protest that they are already paying heavily for reproduction—which, in fact, costs much less than they say.

Some publishers have another obvious reason for denouncing bogus reproduction as "illegal and exorbitant" while simultaneously encouraging its use against their competitors. They view it as a method of stabilizing costs in the industry. Without it, one paper might have to pay all the costs of setting type for an advertisement while others could print the ad more profitably in mat form.

At the same time, many officers of local unions have what Brown wryly describes as "a public view and a private view" of reproduction. Publicly, at union conventions, union officers defend reproduction in principle and proclaim that their locals rigidly enforce the clause. Privately, they ignore it and co-operate with the publishers in getting around it in a variety of ways.

The International Typographical Union is one of the most democratic organizations in the country. It is almost completely controlled by its membership, which is divided into competing

parties and makes major union decisions by honest referendums. But the price paid for democracy, in this case, is the continuation of the reproduction clause in the union's constitution. Until Brown attempted in 1960 to make it voluntary, few union officers ever dared to speak out publicly against "dead horse." If they did, they feared their position would be attacked by the rival party.

Brown's courageous efforts led nowhere. His proposal to make reproduction voluntary was defeated in 1960 by more than 11,000 votes, out of a total of 74,000 cast. Obviously, whatever practice may prevail at the newspaper on which they work, there are still enough printers in the union who remember the workless days of the Depression to have defeated the efforts of their own president and executive board to change the constitution.

"I don't think we should live in a fool's paradise," one delegate told the ITU convention discussing reproduction in 1960. "Many of you are reminiscing about the hungry 'thirties. The old-timers in my local tell me emphatically that had it not been for reproduction, their bellies would have been touching their backbones on many occasions."

And so it is that from fear of unemployment, a sullen printer still sets type, sloppily, in August for an ad of a local store that ran the previous Easter. Although he may despise the "unwork" he does, he still prefers it to no work, and the fact that there is no unemployment in his industry today does very little to allay his apprehensions about the future.

II

"The Aviator—the Superman of Now . . . The world has its eyes on the flying man. Flying is the greatest sport of red-blooded, virile manhood. Make your vacation the greatest you ever had by joining the Wright Flying School."

Advertisement in *Aviation*. August 1, 1916

THE THERE is little resemblance between the commercial airline pilots of today and the "Aces" of World War I who in story, film, and perhaps in actual life, bravely saluted each other as they went down in flames over the trenches. Today, the glamour of flying is no longer considered by pilots to be an adequate substitute for steady work at high wages. Before 1931, pilots received about \$350 a month, plus extra pay for the mileage they flew in the first tiny mail and passenger planes. Co-pilots got about \$90 per month, if they were lucky, and the promise of

someday becoming "captains"—as the pilots were called in a terminology borrowed from the sea.

But as larger and faster two-engine planes were introduced into service during the 1930s, the airlines shrewdly shifted from a mileage basis for computing pilots' pay to an hourly one. Thus they avoided never-ending increases in pilots' wages which would have resulted from the capacity of the new planes to cover even greater distances in the same amount of time. The pilots, however, worried that fewer of them would be needed to fly greater numbers of passengers longer distances in the new aircraft.

"The whole story of air transportation . . . has been the fear of the flight crew that . . . the machine is somehow going to displace the people," said the former president of the Air Lines Pilots Association.

In 1933, this union, then in its infancy, threatened a national strike against the airlines, seeking higher wages and a shortening of hours. The strike was averted at the last moment by the intervention of a government-appointed fact-finding board whose compromise "Decision 83" has been the background for nearly thirty years of continuous disputes between the airlines and their flight crews. "Decision 83" confirmed the pilots' fears of technology by stating that the airline industry "is on the threshold of technological improvement which will greatly accelerate the speed of airplane travel and which may result in some technological unemployment."

Accordingly, the board's decision combined, in a very complicated formula, the hourly pay the companies wanted and the mileage pay the pilots were demanding. In addition, the board set a maximum limit of eighty-five flying hours a month for any pilot, a limitation the pilots soon lobbied into federal aviation law. But Decision 83 did nothing to settle the basic dispute over how airlines and their pilots should share the increases in aircraft "productivity"—an airplane's capacity to fly larger number of passengers greater distances at faster speeds with the same size crew.

The outbreak of World War II temporarily ended the pilots' worries. Pilots were in great demand; maximum flying time was raised to one hundred hours with a consequent increase in pay, and the glamour of the crushed-hat officers of the Air Force reinforced the public image of the pilot as a culture hero. But when peace came, the pilots' union and the airlines began disputing over pay scales for the men flying the new passenger versions of the big four-engine planes that

had been introduced into military service.

Then, in 1947, 247 people were killed in twelve airline crashes, five of them involving the four-engine DC-4. The public became understandably frightened; Congress was pressured to take action and the Civil Aeronautics Board, the federal agency then responsible for aviation, caught the brunt of everyone's displeasure. There was a widespread demand that, somehow, air travel be made more safe.

The pilots' union insisted that the DC-4 and the newer, larger four-engine DC-6 could not be flown safely with only two men in the cockpit, even though the CAB had certified both planes for commercial use with that size crew. The pilots' union demanded that a third man be added and its demand was backed up by the unions representing navigators, radio operators, and flight engineers—all of whom also maintained that, for safety's sake, the third man should be one of their respective crafts.

DOLLARS AND "SAFETY"

IT WAS not so, insisted the manufacturers, reinforced by the airlines. "The safest airplane is one that can be operated by a single person," a Boeing engineer testified at the hearing the CAB held in late 1947 to determine crew size on the larger planes. "Other things being equal," continued the engineer, ". . . a three-man plane is less safe than a two-man plane." The Boeing engineer was voicing a theory of aircraft design supported by most of the industry at the time: The most efficient airplane is one that can be flown with the least number of crewmen, and neither the size of the plane, nor its weight, nor the number of engines should determine the size of its crew.

But the argument over safety had other dimensions—profits for the manufacturers and airlines, and jobs for the union. The pilots' union representative pointed out that "some form of technological unemployment is now taking place in the industry" as a result of the new planes. For their part, the manufacturers and airline carriers emphasized the substantial costs (running into the millions) involved in redesigning cockpits to accommodate a third man. Naturally, the airlines were also concerned over the additional payroll costs they would incur by keeping the third man as part of the crew.

A few months later, the CAB, under great pressure, ruled that all commercial aircraft weighing more than 80,000 pounds must carry a three-man crew: a pilot and co-pilot plus a third man, to

be classified as a flight engineer. By using the weight of the aircraft to determine the size of the crew, the Board was, obviously, trying to arrange a compromise among the harshly conflicting groups. For example, under the ruling, the DC-4, the plane most involved in the crashes which had caused the hearing, was exempted from the third-man requirement. The DC-6 and any future, larger planes were required to carry a three-man crew.

There were immediate protests against the ruling. The airlines claimed it had no basis in any scientific tests. The CAB's own technical staff agreed the "weight is no criterion." Nevertheless the Board soon reaffirmed its earlier decision. It pointed out that the flight engineer could "relieve the pilot of burdensome mechanical duties." To soften the blow, however, the board also ruled that the engineer could sit on the jump seat between and just behind the pilots—an uncomfortable seat without a back, originally designed for temporary occupancy by flight observers.

The ruling, in fact, raised more questions than it answered. It made no attempt to specify the "burdensome mechanical duties" to be performed by the flight engineer, nor did it hint at the kind of prior training appropriate to his work. Such difficult decisions were left to each airline to decide for itself. Thus, the CAB simply sidestepped the question of whether a pilot could—or should—do a flight engineer's work, whatever that work might be.

By failing to delineate the duties of the flight engineer's craft—to which it nevertheless gave government sanction—the CAB helped nurture the jurisdictional disputes between the engineers and the pilots which have so bitterly disrupted the airline industry in the past few years.

And those disputes have not been fought out merely before an endless series of government-appointed boards and commissions. They have taken place in the cockpit, too, as happened one day in 1952 when a Constellation was readying for takeoff. After the plane had taxied out to the runway, the pilot went through his usual procedure of running up the engines; but he also made some of the checks normally performed by the flight engineer. Then, satisfied that the plane was ready for takeoff, the captain began the run down the strip. As the plane neared the end of the runway, he called to the engineer for an increase of power on the throttle controls. There was no response. Twisting around in his seat, the pilot looked back and saw the engineer sitting with his arms folded in front of him, doing

nothing. Frantically, the pilot switched off all the power and aborted the takeoff.

This incident was one dramatic consequence of the tensions that plagued the airline industry after CAB's murky 1948 decision. Some airlines were using men who had been trained as mechanics to serve as flight engineers; others used men trained as pilots; and some used both. Relations between the mechanic-engineers and the pilots were becoming increasingly strained. Beginning in 1948, the mechanic-engineers had tried to enter the pilots' union and had been flatly turned down more than once. They resentfully took this to mean that the pilots didn't respect their craft and thought them unworthy of a union of fliers. After the CAB decision, it was only too predictable that the hostility between the two groups should mount as they contended for the third seat in the cockpit.

THE FOURTH SEAT IS HOT

THEN the advent of the new jet planes made the tension even worse. By 1952 the jets were on the design board, and the pilots and engineers were soon quarreling with the manufacturers and the airlines—and with each other. Both unions adamantly insisted on their right to hold the third seat in the new planes, always justifying their demands on the basis of safety. They threatened to strike against any airline that assigned the job to the other group. (Interestingly, the Air Force decided that only two men were required to fly both the military versions of the commercial jets and the still-larger eight-engine bombers.)

Utter chaos descended on the industry in 1958 when American Airlines obtained its jets six months ahead of the rest of the industry. Anxious to exploit its lead, and caught between the demands of the two unions, it signed contracts with both the pilots and the flight engineers, giving each of them a seat in the cockpit. Now four men were occupying a cockpit designed for three—a pilot, a co-pilot, a third pilot, and an engineer. And to make matters worse, American attempted to justify the fourth man by announcing that he had been put there for safety reasons.

Like lemmings, the other airlines that had contracts with both unions followed American's example. And so it was that the "featherbird" was hatched to sit uncomfortably in his nest—a seat that had been designed originally for an occasional flight observer. But those airlines which had previously made contracts only with the pilots' union continued to fly their planes with

only three men in the cockpit—the pilot, the co-pilot, and a flight engineer who had been trained as a pilot. Such three-men crews frequently fly the same routes, in identical planes, as the four-man crews of airlines like American.

Since American's decision to put four men into the cockpit, for reasons of "safety," there has been nothing but confusion in the industry. The only point on which all the groups quickly agreed was that the fourth man was absolutely unnecessary (the engineers' union even said that it was *unsafe* for him to be there). And the airlines which had originally justified the fourth man as a safety measure quickly began to scream for help in getting rid of him.

The "featherbird controversy" has been marked throughout by irresponsibility and unreasonableness," said one Presidential commission which attempted, vainly, to settle the dispute after the national strike of engineers took place early in 1961. In its report, the commission attacked both unions, while accusing the airlines of "failure to accept their managerial responsibilities" and of "tendencies to temporize and seek the expedient solution." The three-way quarrel between the two unions and the airlines dragged on all through 1961 and the early part of 1962. Nearly forty experienced and neutral mediators were appointed to a whole set of federal commissions in an attempt to resolve the fight; they achieved nothing except exhaustion.

Finally, three new arbitrators, brought in by the government to end the threat of a strike by the pilots against Pan American, ruled that the company could reduce the four-man crew to three, all of whom would be required to have pilot training in some form. That decision, which was to be the pattern for all the airlines, triggered off the strikes and strike threats by the engineers this summer. They knew that if they did not strike, their union would inevitably disappear, along with the craft status they had been given by the government in 1948. But the engineers were also badly split among themselves, some believing that a strike opposed by the government, the airlines, and, most importantly, by the pilots, was doomed to fail. And so not all the airlines were struck.

Probably no labor dispute in the United States has been more complex and confusing than the one over who should occupy the third seat of the jets. And probably in no other labor dispute have the real issues been so well hidden as in this one where all the parties have always invoked "safety" as the explanation for their actions. Surely, few words have been more overworked

and misused. By now, it has been emptied of any real meaning. It is impossible for the public to decide when a proposal made in the name of safety is merely a cover up, albeit an unconscious one, to secure some economic advantage.

III

WHO is to blame for the continued existence of "dead horse"? The responsibility must be distributed between the fearful printers who vote to retain reproduction even though most of them despise doing it and the newspaper publishers who publicly denounce reproduction but privately ask the union to force their competitors to set the never-printed type.

Who is to blame for the "featherbird" in the cockpit? Again, the responsibility must be shared. The Air Line Pilots Association has used its economic power, in the name of safety, to demand three pilots in the cockpit; the flight engineers have been equally adamant, again in the name of safety, that jets must have only two pilots and a mechanic-flight engineer; the managements of the seven airlines who bought themselves a little labor peace, also in the name of safety, cannot adopt the pose of innocent victims; and finally, the government must assume its share of the responsibility because of the vagueness of its 1948 ruling.

More than anything else, however, the reason for "unwork" is the workers' fear of permanent job loss or temporary layoff. If an employee is given a choice between doing "unwork" or not working at all, he will choose the "unwork." Once having been trapped into doing something he hates, he seeks justification for it. He rationalizes his work as not only acceptable but necessary. Otherwise he cannot face himself or a society in which work is so important. Soon, his stake in "unwork" becomes as important to him as the economic benefits he may derive from it.

We seem not much better equipped now to find a solution of this problem than was the mathematician Charles Babbage 127 years ago when he wrote that the facts concerning the effects of machines on unemployment "have not yet been collected." Economists are still arguing. The classical economists who justified the industrial revolution assumed that a neat, circular process took place: as the price of a commodity produced in greater numbers by machines dropped, the decrease in price would cause an increase in demand for the product. Thus the number of workers needed in the industry would eventually increase. If the new machinery

caused some workers to be fired, this was not thought a serious problem. "A person trained to habits of industry and application can be easily moved from one employment to another," economist J. R. McCulloch wrote in 1830.

But nineteenth-century economic theories have small application to the twentieth-century realities. However "easy" it may have been then for a cotton weaver to shift over to work on wool or linen, it is extremely difficult for a displaced worker today to make such transitions. He is often left stranded by our swiftly increasing rate of technological change and by the bewildering shifts in public tastes made possible by the mass media. And despite the continuous rise in the size of the total work force, no one knows with any accuracy how many jobs are lost to technology; nor does anyone really know whether technology is creating an equal number of new jobs to replace the old ones.

WHOSE "RIGHTS" ARE IN DANGER?

WHAT can be done? Certainly we must first take off the wraps which have been shrouding this question for much too long.

New techniques have to be found for determining what percentage of our unemployed are not working because of a temporary recession and what percentage are not working because their jobs have disappeared without replacement. There are serious statistical difficulties in trying to decide whether the unemployed are direct or indirect casualties of technology, but it should be possible to make a better evaluation of the data that do exist.

Second, a new kind of industrial census is in order: one that regularly samples not people but industries in order to discover just where new processes have been introduced and whether these processes have displaced workers.

Third, the success or failure of the current retraining and relocation programs for unemployed workers needs to be considered carefully. Some analyses of these programs show that the results have been far below expectations. If the comparatively small group of workers who have already gone through the retraining or relocation process have not been able to find jobs or can only work at a far lower skill and wage level—as has sometimes been the case—why assume that the same kind of program on a large scale will be anything more than a large-scale failure?

Even a successful program of this kind might prove to be too high a price to pay for too rapid

a rate of technological change. We know that installing automation and retraining workers can be costly. But so far we have only a hazy idea of the tensions that follow large-scale displacements of skill, the rupturing of family relationships involved in forced migrations, and the difficulties of adjustment faced by older jobless workers. We can only suspect from the evidence that these unmeasured costs are extremely high.

Behind all these problems lies a fundamental assumption that still remains largely unchallenged: management's absolute right to automate its production system at all times. The newspapers attack union leaders who resist automation. "Management's right to manage must be preserved and as a part of that right the unhindered, unqualified introduction of automation," a *New York Times* editorialist wrote. But who gave management its "right" to the "unhindered, unqualified introduction of automation"? If management's right to automate its property is an absolute one, then does not the union have an equally absolute right to resist automation in order to protect the workers' property—their jobs?

In fact, what fixed and absolute management or union rights are there outside newspaper editorials? Once, management insisted it had the fixed and absolute right to move its plant where it pleased; now that right is becoming more and more limited by unions and the courts. Once, unions were free to keep out Negroes, but that kind of "freedom" is disappearing under the moral and legal pressures of the community. Both labor and management must soon acknowledge the human costs of their new technology, and find ways to compensate for them.

To do this will not be easy, for it will mean large changes in our thinking. Consider, for example, the oil industry. Although modern technology has made it possible for the oil companies to exploit the oil fields with enormous efficiency, government can, nevertheless, limit the amount of crude oil pumped in order to keep the price structure of the industry stable. Why, then, would it be improper to limit or control those new technological devices which would seriously damage the human beings who work in oil refineries?

Similarly, the oil industry is now permitted a 27.5 per cent depletion allowance on the theory that the finding and extracting of oil imposes a heavy burden on corporate assets. But why not have a depletion allowance on jobs which are made burdensome or destroyed by technology? Suppose corporations were given a tax allowance

for technological improvements, with the provision that the savings be earmarked for new jobs and retraining programs. Wouldn't the community then share more equitably in the benefits of technology? And wouldn't the corporation have real financial incentives to create new jobs?

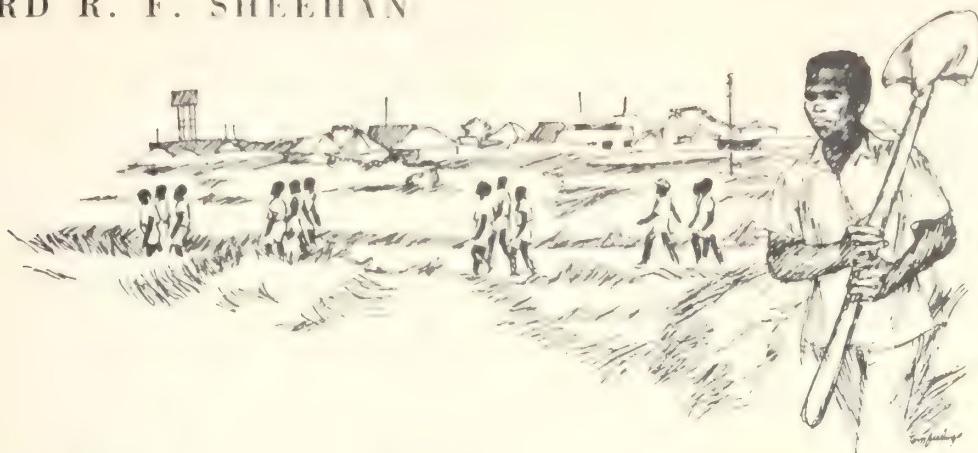
One thing is clear: in the absence of fresh thinking along such lines, the attempts made so far to deal with the human effects of automation have been far from adequate. The unions have restricted production, created "unwork," and even now are demanding a shorter work week. They have been lobbying for increases in unemployment insurance, for guaranteed annual wages, and for improved pension plans. They have urged the government to adopt fiscal policies which would stimulate economic growth. Whatever the merit of such efforts, they have not grappled effectively with the fundamental problems. Nor have the very limited attempts by the Kennedy Administration and the individual industries to develop retraining and unemployment programs.

The unions, certainly, could play a more significant role. Their staffs are in an excellent position to assess automation as it touches the lives of workers, and to suggest new standards by which increased efficiency could be weighed against other—and equally important—human values. Working with management and the government, they should suggest ways to create new jobs; to limit the growth of technology in those cases where it would be too damaging; and to develop new principles of industrial justice appropriate for the technological age.

If we cannot solve these problems, our children may find that only two alternatives may remain open to them in their highly automated society. There may be so few jobs available that only an elite of intellectuals and technicians will be allowed to do productive work, while the rest of society consumes. Or, the dreary practice of "unwork" will continue to spread.

For the first alternative to be acceptable, our entire social, cultural, and religious tradition, which has long been firmly oriented toward work, would have to be transformed in ways we can now scarcely conceive. The second alternative simply means that our economy will be more and more infested with "dead horses" and "featherbirds," with all the demeaning frustration they imply. "Unwork" will never be an easy problem to deal with, but it should be clear that the time to face up to it is now.

EDWARD R. F. SHEEHAN



EAST AFRICA . . .

the birth pangs of independence

It may produce many things that look bad to us—including violence, one-party rule, and a sort of home-grown socialism—but the long-range prospects are not altogether hopeless.

TANGANYIKA is a wild and beautiful country, larger than France and Germany put together. It corresponds to the foreigner's conception of what Africa should look like: the illusion of limitless space; vast, rolling stretches of land embellished by bush and the flat-topped acacia tree; an Elysium of elephant, lion, white-bearded wildebeest, zebra, baboon, pink flamingo, the tiny tit, and one hundred species of snake. From its northern plain soars Kilimanjaro, that snow-peaked eminence discovered by an obscure German evangelist and not, as we have been led to believe, by Ernest Hemingway.

It was in an open meadow near Arusha, not far from Kilimanjaro, that I first heard Julius Nyerere speak. The occasion was a pre-uhuru (independence) rally organized by the Tanganyika African National Union (TANU), his all-powerful political party. A heterogeneous mob had gathered to hear the Prime Minister: barefoot women in black dresses; robust youths on bicycles; bobbing heads declaiming noisily from lorries. Chagga tribesmen in prim Western business suits jostling with Masai warriors—idyllic, nearly naked, smelling of ochre and cow dung.

A profusion of spears, lion-tooth necklaces, and the shriveled bodies of reptiles. Huddling on the periphery, a few dozen of the detested Indian shopkeepers and a smattering of Europeans.

At last, the Prime Minister's motorcade arrived, and Nyerere emerged into the frothing welcome. He was a little man with a toothbrush mustache, in a bright sport shirt, and he carried a cane on his arm. "Kwacha! Uhuru! Uhuru!" the crowd roared. Under the broiling sun, the father of Tanganyikan independence spoke.

"There has been some misunderstanding somewhere," he began mischievously, speaking in Swahili. "It has never been our intention to turn Britain into a colony of Tanganyika!" This was a topical joke, and the crowd loved it; then Nyerere turned serious. "We are going to be very hard on loafers and hooligans after uhuru," he said. "Independence does not mean you are all going to get motorcars. Self-government is hard work. We are not going to kick the Europeans out, either. We need their help, we need their skills. . . ." When he finished the mob roared its approval; the men beat frantically on their drums; the women wailed and ululated; the children transported themselves in dance.

Later, in Dar es Salaam, the capital, I talked with Nyerere in his office. He sat beneath a formal portrait of the Queen, chain-smoked a cheap brand of British cigarette, and answered my questions with a precision that would do credit to any European statesman. "You are unlike any

nationalist leader I have ever heard," I observed. "When you speak to the people, you refuse to flatter them."

"Why should I flatter them?" he exclaimed. "Do people have to be educated to be treated as human beings? If the people are not intelligent enough to be talked to truthfully, then they don't deserve democracy. The function of leadership is to lead, and if necessary to tell the bitter truth."

With that sort of Prime Minister, small wonder that Tanganyika achieved independence last December with "the fairest name in Africa." True, most of the new nation's people were eking out a bare subsistence on the land, per-capita income was little more than \$50 per year, the problems of development were staggering—but with patience, foreign capital, and the help of a huge corps of British experts whom Nyerere had asked to remain on the job, the prospects for the future were promising.

WHERE "MODERATE" IS A DIRTY WORD

IT seemed too good to be true, and so it was. A bare forty days after *uhuru*, Julius Nyerere resigned as Prime Minister. His explanation for doing so sounded very sensible, but it was not completely convincing. He intended, he said, to devote all his time to strengthening TANU, so that through the party he might educate the people in the painful responsibilities of self-rule. For unless every village in the country could be mobilized in the struggle of national development, no government in Dar es Salaam could succeed. "What we have seen up to now," he said, "is confidence in Julius Nyerere masquerading as confidence in Tanganyika. This is too fickle a base on which to run a country."

Many observers felt that Nyerere's drastic action was simply a shrewd tactical maneuver—he was giving the extremists in the government a chance to show what they could do, or rather what they could not do, without him. He remained as President of TANU, the country's only political party of consequence. Thus he retained considerable authority, since the new Prime Minister—the thirty-two-year-old Rashidi Kawawa—and most of his cabinet are high TANU officials. In addition, Nyerere holds the new title of "Father of the Nation," and when Tanganyika becomes a Republic within the Commonwealth, at year's end, he is expected to become President with strong executive powers.

Nevertheless, Nyerere's resignation was an

unhappy sign for Tanganyika and for Africa, and the subsequent trend of events has only verified the misgivings his action caused. It is no secret that many of his colleagues in TANU and in his own cabinet did not share his sensible non-racial views. They considered him too moderate, and in the lexicon of African nationalism "moderate" is the most compromising of epithets. Nyerere was under tremendous pressure from extremists in the party and the labor movement to accelerate Africanization of the civil service at a rate which he knew to be perilous, and to grant wage increases the country could ill afford. His pleas for restraint fell on deaf ears—but then, perhaps Nyerere's greatest failing as a politician has been that his rhetoric appeals too much to reason.

For despite all his warnings, the mass of Africans thought *uhuru* would bring some sort of millennium; in fact, the reverse has happened. The dilemma, as Nyerere has written, is that "modern African expectations, aroused by nationalist parties, must be satisfied fast—and by governments that lack the men and money to do the job." Nine-tenths of Tanganyika is illiterate; there are fewer than twenty African doctors in the entire country, two or three engineers, and a handful of prominent businessmen. (Most of East Africa's commerce is in the hands of rapacious Indian merchants and shopkeepers.) Until 1961, out of a population of nine million, only about twenty Africans a year entered a university. Nyerere's strategy for closing the gap was to retain thousands of British civil servants until Africans could be properly trained to replace them. "We are ready to rule," he said, "but not administer."

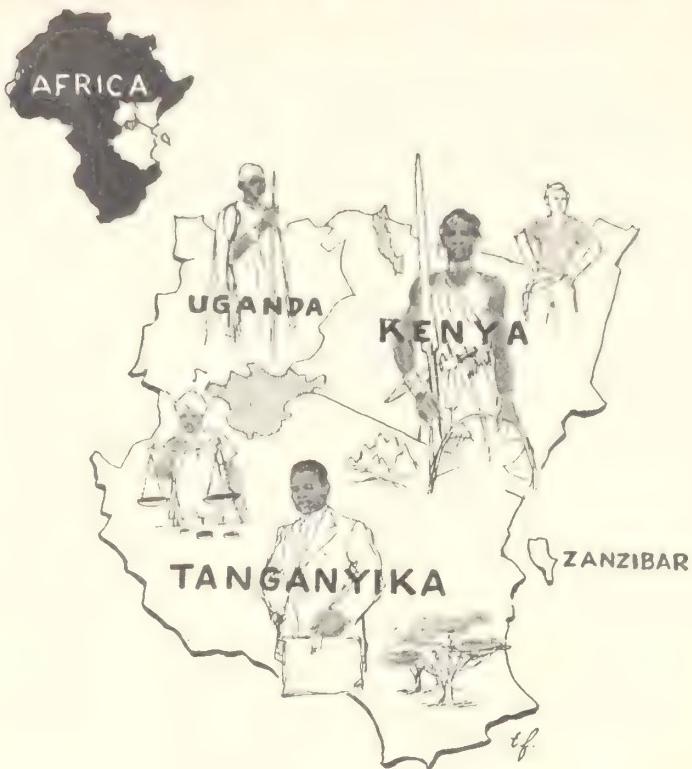
Of the nearly 5,000 senior posts in the government at the time of *uhuru*, less than 13 per cent were held by Africans. In Nyerere's own office, only one out of five officials was an African. Each of his African ministers had a British "permanent secretary" at his elbow, and in most cases it was these expatriate technicians who kept the ministries running. One of the permanent secretaries remarked to me: "What we have now in each ministry is an African on top and African clerks on the bottom. In between, practically all

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the officials are Europeans or Indians. Obviously this can't last."

It hasn't. Since Nyerere's resignation, Africans have been steadily displacing Europeans—which means, in local terms, all whites—and Indians in prize posts, often without visible qualifications. The exodus of indispensable European specialists has risen alarmingly, and by the end of this year about half of the technicians whom Nyerere wanted to stay will have sailed home. Political bosses from the TANU hierarchy have replaced the efficient British Provincial and District Commissioners in the countryside. By the end of the year, the veterinary and technical services on which the prosperity of the agricultural economy largely depends will be only half manned. Bowing to public clamor, the government has expelled a number of European businessmen for being "disrespectful" to Africans, and placed rigid restrictions on European landowners; it has also threatened to impose harsh controls on the press. Plagued by a succession of crippling strikes and threatened with more, the Kawawa government has reverted to Nyerere's old tactic of buying off troublesome labor leaders by appointing them to high official posts. Thus, the head of the Tanganyika Federation of Labor was made Minister for Health and Labor, and Kasanga Tumbo, an extremist railway unionist with no more than a secondary-school education, was sent into comfortable exile as Tanganyika's High Commissioner in London. The poorest workers were promised a raise in wages—but such expedients were temporary solutions at best.

Meanwhile, the administrative machinery of the country has rapidly deteriorated and in some places come to a grinding halt. The lower-echelon party officials who have replaced British administrators are often free to bully and intimidate the population as they please. Corruption has been chronic in local TANU treasuries. All this, together with Nyerere's untimely resignation, has severely shaken the confidence of potential investors in Tanganyika. In fact, the government has admitted that private capital is fleeing the country at the rate of nearly \$600,000 a month. True, a good many of the present difficulties can be explained as "growing pains"; a lot of this was



bound to happen; it follows the established pattern of most ex-colonial nations.

Nyerere believes that Tanganyika and its neighbors—Kenya, Uganda, and Zanzibar—will decline into political and economic chaos unless they join in an East African Federation. Uganda will become fully independent in October, Kenya and Zanzibar within a year or so after that. (All three are partially self-governing now.) The federation would cover an area almost the size of Western Europe, and the skeleton of unity has already been created by the common legacy of British rule; the territories share a common currency, customs, postal system, railways, and the like. But despite the almost universal lip service which the politicians pay to the ideal of unity, the actual trend often seems to be in the other direction—toward nationalism, separatism, and tribalism.

Zanzibar—that clove-sweet isle which a century ago Sir Richard Burton found "wrapped in a soft and sensuous repose, in the tranquil life of the Lotus Eaters, in the swoonlike slumber of the Seven Sleepers, in the dreams of the Castle of Indolence"—is today torn tempestuously between its Arab and African populations. Uganda—an enchanted land of lakes and emerald green, of the sources of the Nile and the Mountains of the Moon—is prosperous by African standards, but tribal and regional frictions are so serious they threaten to turn the country into another Congo.

But it is in Kenya that the shadow of the Congo looms largest, and Kenya's problems make those of the other territories seem slight by comparison.

Kenya is bedeviled not only by tribal frictions but by the presence of a wealthy white-settler population, and the economy depends on their prosperity. What most impasses Kenyan politics is the land question. British ownership of most of the good land is the root of resentment against the whites. Moreover, when the British leave, the grab for land among the rival tribes could precipitate civil war. Although Kenya's six million Africans outnumber the Europeans 99 to one, Africans inhabit only 52,000 square miles of arable land as compared to a choice 16,000 square miles reserved to Europeans in the White Highlands. A 1923 British White Paper stated that "African interests must be paramount when in conflict with European and Indian interests" in practice, the best land was repeatedly denied Africans on the pretext that they would not make best use of it. (This July, the British announced a plan to transfer one million European acres to landless blacks.)

NEW CROPS OF POLITICIANS

PANDERING to the hunger for land, the African politicians have made wild promises to the masses that, come *uhuru*, all white settlers will be evicted. Many of the European farms are now ringed with impoverished squatters. The result has been the departure of many Europeans, a crippling flight of capital, and a halt to investment. Kenya is now an economic invalid; African unemployment has risen to disastrous new highs. Alarmed at the consequences of their speeches, many of the leading politicians have assured Europeans that land titles will be respected after *uhuru*. But the damage—compounded by drought, floods, and famine—has been done.

Kenya's, and East Africa's, largest tribe are the Kikuyu, who number nearly two million and are relatively more advanced than their neighbors. The Kikuyu were the core of the bestial Mau Mau movement, which caused over 10,000 deaths, mostly of Africans. They dominate the Kenya African National Union (KANU), the political party which won 55 per cent of the vote in the last national elections. An uneasy alliance of Kikuyu, Wakamba, and Luo accounts for most of KANU's membership, and taken together these three tribes represent nearly half of Kenya's population. The other leading political party, the Kenya African Democratic Union (KADU),

is an alliance of the minority tribes—the Masai, Baluhya, Nandi, Kipsigis, and others. They are held together by an overwhelming fear of the land-hungry Kikuyu. To protect themselves they have insisted that the independent Kenya become a federal system of states, balancing the powers of a Kikuyu-controlled government. At a constitutional conference in London last April, the then Colonial Secretary Maudling accepted some of KADU's demands and persuaded KANU and KADU to join in a coalition government until new elections in late 1962 or early 1963. But the suspicion strongly lingers that if KANU wins the election—as it probably will—it will rewrite the constitution to its own fancy.

It is a bit frightening to contemplate what Kenya will be like after Britain's restraining hand is lifted. Although the leaders of both parties disavow it, violence has been commonplace in the countryside, particularly in KANU and Kikuyu areas. The discipline of both parties is deplorable and often nonexistent; corruption abounds. The KANU Youth Wing has indulged freely in extortion, mutilation, murder, and witchcraft—the victims are sometimes Indian merchants, more often helpless Africans. Oath-taking of the Mau Mau variety has again cropped up to some extent. One can appreciate the militancy of Kikuyu nationalism when one recalls what the old Mau Mau oaths involved. "For one of the more notorious concoctions known as the 'Kaberichia cocktail,'" a Colonial Office report states, "semen produced in public was mixed in a bowl with menstrual and sheep's blood and drunk while repeating the oath." Other memorable features were public congress with animals, the bayoneting of pregnant women, the castration of infants, and the exhumation of human corpses in order to feast on the putrefied flesh. Ninety per cent of the male Kikuyu were forced to take oaths.

However KANU leaders may deplore the recent violence, the middle and lower echelons of the party are all too often occupied by the same men who made Mau Mau the scourge of Kenya. The political parties have consistently attracted the half-educated, frustrated malcontents who have taken up politics as the easiest means of exploiting their own people. Indeed, we need be under no illusions about East African politicians generally. With some exceptions, the best of them are intensely ambitious, opportunistic men and the worst of them common criminals.

We must, however, make every effort to understand the sociology of the African politicians, since, like it or not, we are going to have to live

with them. The mass of Africans are emerging in a mere decade from the stone age into the twentieth century. The impact of Western life on a tribe such as the Kikuyu has been traumatic. In the past, an African derived a sense of security by strict obedience to the traditional rules of his tribe. Life was governed by a code of behavior which regulated almost every daily act. Western order is based on individual reverence for the law; in Africa responsibility has traditionally resided in the community. The deterrence to wrongdoing was based on fear of the consequences to the group if the customary law was violated.

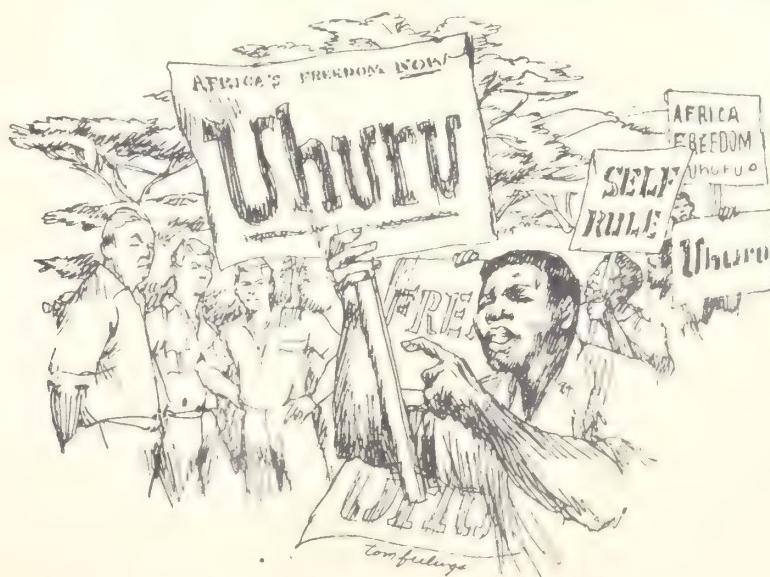
But now that traditional structure is breaking down, and the African, who has not had time to digest the Western substitute, is left rudderless and bewildered. Thus the British expert F. D. Corfield has pointed out, "the great danger lies in the transitional stage." When the African enters the outside world, "his magic modes of thought persist, but the old restraints are gone. . . . This rapid transition has also produced a schizophrenic tendency in the African mind—the extraordinary facility to live two separate lives, with one foot in this century and the other in witchcraft and savagery." Witchcraft, beer, and sex are possibly the three most potent influences on African behavior, and that includes the behavior of many of the politicians.

Presiding over KANU—though frequently powerless (or unwilling) to restrain its zealots—is the aging Jomo Kenyatta, the ex-Mau Mau leader. Less than two years ago, the Governor of Kenya was still publicly calling him "the leader to darkness and death," although in fairness it should be remembered that the oathing

did not enter its most satanic phase until after Kenyatta was imprisoned. In Kikuyu prayer books, Kenyatta's name was frequently substituted for that of Christ. At any rate, today he is a cabinet minister, and he may become independent Kenya's first Prime Minister. Kenyatta has an unquestioned ability for stirring up a crowd (and for calming it down when no one else can) but as a national leader he is most unimpressive. Muddled, indecisive, and corrupt (his record of extortion from his own Kikuyu makes painful reading), he has failed to impose order on the chaos either in Kenya or in his own party. KANU is rent by a serious dispute between its more moderate and its Communist-financed factions.

HOW RADICAL IS MBOYA?

DURING the constitutional talks in London, Kenyatta found himself having to defer frequently to the negotiating skill of Tom Mboya, KANU's General Secretary, and now Minister for Labor in the coalition government. Kenyatta distrusts the thirty-two-year-old Mboya, who to him typifies all the quick-witted and opportunistic younger politicians who endanger his traditional leadership. Mboya's greatest political liability is that he is a Luo in a Kikuyu party. As a politician, Mboya is demagogic and ruthless; as a person, he is discourteous and arrogant. But no other leader in Kenya comes near him in ability, and certainly he outstrips all of them in his grasp of world affairs. Over a period of several weeks I watched Mboya perform in Kenya's Legislative Council. It is something to see; as a parliamentarian, tactician, debater, he



is brilliant. Only Nyerere is his superior among East African leaders.

Mboya is much more radical than Nyerere on such matters as Africanization. Kenya is more advanced than Tanganyika—among Kikuyu children, primary education is now universal. But there are only a handful of African lawyers and engineers, and fewer than forty African doctors in the entire country. (In some respects British imperialism is the best thing that ever happened to East Africa. Britain's legacy of law, administration, and medical care is admirable; however, a strong case can be made that her crucial decision to train large numbers of Africans in the machinery of self-rule came too late.) The British are prepared to remain in the major administrative posts as long after independence as they are needed, but Mboya insists that "*uhuru* is incompatible with the employment of foreigners as top civil service administrators." As throughout East Africa, the management of the ministries is in the hands of British permanent secretaries. Mboya would forthwith replace these men with Africans, retaining Britons only as "technical consultants." He knows that if this were done today, the administrative apparatus of Kenya would probably fall apart, but he presses on.

Why? For the same reason that he once publicly advised all Europeans to "scram out of Africa"—a statement which in private he will admit was not to be taken seriously. Mboya knows better than anyone that European skill and capital would make the early years of independence a lot easier. But to survive politically—and he has many enemies—he must be a rabble rouser. Like so many other East African politicians, Mboya is the prisoner both of his own rhetoric and of ineluctable nationalist forces.

THE VENEER OF DEMOCRACY

IT IS fascinating to observe the Kenya legislature, or indeed any of the East African parliaments, in session. The mace bearer; the periwigged Speaker; the gleaming uniforms and inverted flowerpot fezzes of the African guards; the thrust of Westminster-style debate ("Is the Honorable Member suggesting that the convenience of the public be sacrificed to the convenience of his Ministry?")—the African politicians delight in all of this. "That's the trouble with these blokes," a permanent secretary remarked sadly to me. "They're fascinated with the *forms* of British democracy. The *substance* has eluded them entirely. No matter. It would never have worked here anyway."

What sort of democracy *will* work in these countries? This of course is the great question in Africa today. Nyerere's answer is one-party government. With such staggering tasks of development ahead, he argues, no nascent African nation can afford the luxury of political division. "In Western democracies," he says, "it is accepted practice that in times of emergency opposition parties sink their differences and join together in forming a national government. This is our time of emergency, and until our war against poverty, ignorance, and disease has been won, we should not let our unity be destroyed by a desire to follow someone else's book of rules. . . . We must work out our own form of African democracy."

Nyerere believes that the party should absorb such potential sources of opposition as the trade unions. "In Tanganyika, if the workers had the right to form their own party, what sense would it make?" he asked me. "TANU itself is a worker's party. Why should the workers oppose themselves?" Mboya agrees. "For fifteen years or so," he told me, "there will not be enough economic stratification in African society to *justify* a multi-party system. When you have substantially only one mass of poor people in a society, why should you require several parties to represent their interests?"

Nyerere insists that the right of dissent has a perfectly proper place in "African democracy"—but that it can be expressed far more effectively by free debate in committee and within the framework of the one movement. "In African tribal society," he says, "people discuss problems at the family level in an attempt to find a solution. When this process is transferred to a clan or beyond that to a tribe the whole purpose of discussion is to agree. Therefore an official opposition would not be understood by the people because it is contrary to the basic attitude of the African people."

I witnessed a striking example of this African form of democracy—in which the whole purpose of discussion is to agree—when I visited the Masai tribe in the untamed interior of Tanganyika. The Masai are a beautiful but deeply primitive people who have been exposed to Western civilization and have deliberately rejected it, clinging to their own nomadic way of life. They live in huts made of cow dung and thistles, and subsist on a diet of milk and cattle blood. When I visited them, their elders were debating whether to accept or reject an animal-husbandry scheme urged on them by some American priests. For days, the men argued and expostulated until all opposition

had been talked down and everyone had agreed to accept the fathers' proposal. It was clear to me that—in this limited context at least this was democracy in its purest and most pristine form. Whether such a process can be successfully translated into a large-scale modern political system remains to be seen.

In any event, the attempt is being made, and I am inclined to think that the one-party system in Tanganyika will eventually spread to the other East African states after independence. There will probably be a growing tendency to equate opposition with sedition, though the repression may fall short of what has happened in Nkrumah's Ghana. This system may not bring stability, but the alternatives might bring even less. The preconditions for our own kind of democracy just do not exist in Africa, and it is clear that a certain amount of authoritarian rule will be necessary for some time simply to maintain public order. It is hard to see how, under the circumstances, the dreary dictatorial phase can be avoided in the early years; it's a question of degree, I suppose. As one African politician told me, "It took the West nearly two thousand years to evolve its present system of civil liberties. Why begrudge Africa fifteen or twenty years?"

THE COMMUNISTS' CHANCES

A LONG with authoritarian government we may also see in East Africa an increasing recourse to state socialism as the cure for the inevitable economic problems. It is an unfortunate fact that no multiracial society has yet successfully survived the end of colonial rule; it is in the nature of things that most of East Africa's Europeans will leave. With them will go their capital, and the black governments may have to fall back on foreign aid and socialist measures to spur development. Again, the preconditions for a capitalist, entrepreneurial economy—one that could appease the teeming masses demanding a better life *now*—simply do not exist.

In Tanganyika, the government is already pursuing a program of Africanized socialism, involving production targets and all the political proddings that go with it. With so little capital to draw on, the emphasis is on self-help schemes and voluntary labor on roads, bridges, dams, and so forth. Under British tutelage, the co-operative movement has made an excellent start throughout East Africa, and it undoubtedly will be hugely expanded; in Tanganyika, African farmers earned over \$30 million through their cotton and coffee co-operatives in 1960. The World

Bank has made studies throughout East Africa, and in every case has recommended an emphasis on agricultural development, with light industry playing an important and supplementary role. In Kenya, Mboya is launching his own mass co-operative system, which leans heavily on the ideas of Israeli socialism.

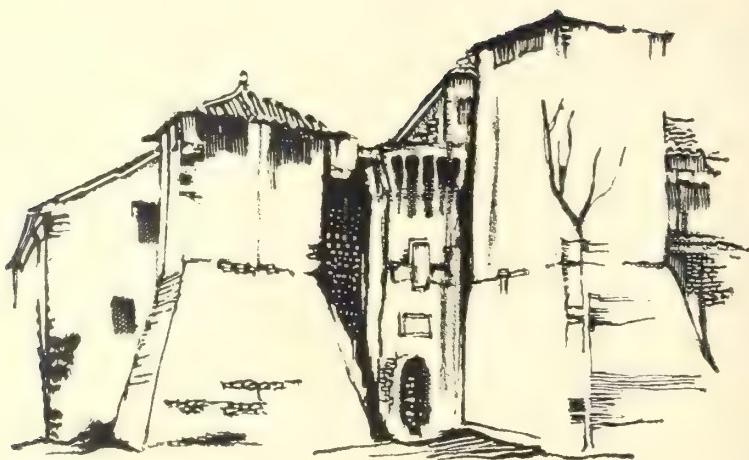
During their early years, the new East African regimes will perhaps seem more parallel in appearance to the communist system than to our own, and in fact they may borrow freely from the Marxist textbooks in their impatience for rapid development. But I do not believe that these countries will actually turn communist. Whatever their other imperfections, the African politicians do not intend to evict British masters only to welcome Soviet ones. Besides, if past experience is any guide, the communists can probably be depended upon to bungle many of their best opportunities. During the last several years I have seen one African nationalist after another fly off, starry-eyed, to Moscow only to return bitterly disillusioned. It is all to the good that they should make that trip, and get the bug out of their systems during the formative years. But it does seem clear that some form of noncommunist socialism—tempered by some private enterprise and inducements to foreign investment—may be the most effective way of preventing communism in East Africa.

And despite the cruel complexity of the problems these new countries face, one is somehow optimistic about the outcome. Not only are most Africans gregarious and goodhearted; given the proper opportunities, they are clever and quick to learn. Violence will continue; the extremists will have their day. But the future of Africa belongs, not to the Kenyattas, but to the Nyereres.

My most vivid memory of Africa is of returning to my hotel very late one night in Kampala, the capital of Uganda. The moon was full, and atop the city's highest hill an Indian temple of whitest marble glowed and sparkled and looked down, as if the velvet countryside below grew not a grievance or a care. Beneath some fluorescent street lamps which the British had built, I found a troupe of men, women, and children catching grasshoppers with their bare hands as the insects fell exhausted from the incandescence. "Have you no other meat?" I asked. "Only vegetables," they said.

Britain lit the lamps. As Americans we are equally privileged; for it is our destiny in Africa to help breathe new energy into what Mr. Adlai Stevenson has so aptly called "the revolution of rising expectations."

ROBERT LITTELL



Schizophrenics in the Sun

A group of disturbed patients trade the routine of hospital life for an exotic holiday on the Italian seashore—with startling results.

WHILE some of the Swedish authorities concerned were still debating whether such a flight should be permitted, the plane took off from Stockholm's Bromma Airport, climbed, banked, and headed south.

One can scarcely blame the authorities for hesitating. Besides the Scandinavian crew, the chartered plane had on board a physician, two head nurses, an educational therapist, eight trained attendants, and forty-nine patients temporarily discharged from Beckomberga Sjukhus, a fifty-one-ward mental hospital near Stockholm. The forty-nine patients were off for the wildly unorthodox purpose of having a month's holiday at Gabicce Mare, an Italian seaside resort 1,500 miles away. Most of them were schizophrenics of dimly long standing, half of them had for years been restricted to the hospital grounds, four of them were severe enough cases never to have left their wards without an attendant.

This bold experiment, conceived by the head of the hospital, Dr. Sander Izikowitz, may well have turned a new page in the book of mental care. Under the shock treatment of bright new skies and vividly strange surroundings, tears came

to the eyes of a human statue; one man who had barely said a word for years began to talk; another whose mind had seemed utterly sunless laughed for joy at the sight of Rome. People long sunk within themselves began to notice and help their neighbors. After they had returned to Sweden, twenty-nine patients were chalked up as having clearly benefited from the holiday, and of these a dozen were scheduled for discharge.

Dr. Izikowitz is a compassionate man as well as an enlightened doctor. For years he had seen that in spite of his ceaseless efforts to make life at Beckomberga as much like life outside as possible, there was a residue of chronic patients who failed to respond. And there were borderline patients who had been institutionalized so long that, though they had shed their worst symptoms, they had also lost the courage to face a normal life. Might not a radical change of scene distract them from the stifling obsession with self? And even if their clinical improvement turned out to be slight, did not such patients need and deserve a holiday, just like everybody else?

About ten years ago, when new medical methods and drugs made possible a revolution in the treatment of mental disease, progressive hospitals like Beckomberga opened more and more of their guarded chronic wards. They began to let certain patients try to live outside, get jobs, visit relatives, go on individual leaves, take holiday outings in supervised groups. Psychiatric institutions in England, Germany, Switzerland,

and France had experimented with the "environmental therapy" of sight-seeing jaunts or longer camping excursions. In America, Indiana's State Hospital at Evansville pioneered by giving two hundred mental patients a two weeks' vacation in cottages at Lincoln State Park. Connecticut, Maryland, Tennessee, and others followed suit. But no mental hospital anywhere had yet dared to send its patients into a completely alien setting.

When at last Dr. Izkowitz' dream of doing just this became a concrete plan, some of those involved thought the risks too great. And there were practical difficulties, such as the law which said that Swedish mental patients must remain in Sweden. This apparent roadblock was bypassed by giving each patient selected for the holiday a provisional discharge. Once discharged, a patient was entitled to a passport.

All through the final stages—inoculations, gamma globulin injections, Italian lessons, shopping for cameras and summer clothes—visions of possible disaster haunted the Doctor and his staff. They had been careful to exclude alcoholics, and anyone who had recently shown suicidal or homicidal tendencies. But the ones chosen to go were still sick people. They would be shut up in a plane for five hours. What if one of them had a sudden regression? Or simply disappeared while in Italy? Suppose Italian customs impounded the expedition's vast array of indispensable drugs?

ON MAY 2, 1961, the plane, with its load of paranoia, catatonia, and dementia simplex, landed uneventfully at the airport of Rimini. Waiting for them was Signor Gino Usvardi, owner of the Strand Hotel at Gabicce Mare, one of the string of resorts which have mushroomed along the Adriatic coast south of Venice. This riviera's hotels are new, small, reasonable, cheerful; the waves froth and hiss up the yellow sands almost to their parasoled terraces. The Beckombergers had three floors of the Strand to themselves. And thanks to the foresight of head nurse Eivor Saxborn, every patient found his or her name on a door.

The first few nights and days were not en-

couraging. The patients ate their unfamiliar spaghetti in glum silence, and followed the schedule in a dutiful haze.

Every morning, after medication ("I am not sick," a mental patient may say, "but I must take my medicine"), they sunned themselves on the beach or swam. After lunch, complete rest for an hour or two. Then, led by the devoted and inventive educational therapist, Mrs. Johanne Grieg Cederblad, there was supervised shopping, or a drive in a *carrozza* to the hills above the beach. Or there might be a lecture, or an Italian conjurer, or a quiz program on Italy, or music. There were excursions to see the mosaics at Ravenna, to the postage-stamp republic of San Marino. A select few were shepherded as far as Rome and Venice.

Bit by bit the tender, violent beauty of Italy worked its familiar magic—the blue sky, the bluer water dotted with sails, the golden sand hot under bare feet, the sting and prickle of the impudent sun, the dark eyes and many-vowled voices, the ancient procession of the Virgin to bless the fishing fleet . . .

Imperceptibly, things began to happen. Over faces that had for years been wooden there passed the flicker of curiosity. A woman who at Beckomberga had never expressed a wish of her own suddenly bought some jewelry. Table manners improved. The often quite stylish dresses bought in Sweden for the holiday were broken out like flags. A former army officer, who in the hospital had methodically shaved only every other day, began to do so daily.

"After all," he explained, "I'm in a *hotel*."

Most of the patients loved the water. The woman who had lost her way going to the hotel bathroom turned out to be able to swim like a dolphin. The staff became chilled and exhausted retrieving overambitious bathers—like the man who one morning struck out vigorously for Yugoslavia.

Even the non-swimmers had fun. Mrs. Blom* put on her bathing suit, then her best hat, waded proudly into the water, and sat down. "It's my hat," she retorted when a fellow patient remonstrated, "and I'll do just what I like with it."

One morning it was so rough that the Beckombergers were forbidden to swim. Herta L. was indignant. "But look," she said, pointing to the score of tourists in the foaming surf, "the other wards are allowed to go in, so why can't we?"

To the staff's great relief, no serious incident marred the holiday. No patient disappeared for

* The names of all the patients mentioned in this article are fictitious.

Robert Littell, who has been roving Europe for "The Reader's Digest" for the past twelve years, is one of the fourth generation of writing or editing Littells. He was a dramatic critic for the old New York "World" and has contributed several articles to "Harper's."

long, though two or three managed to sneak out for a vermouth (alcohol, even wine, was forbidden, as it can be dangerous to patients under medication). Hallucinations became gradually less agonizing. The few who had a way of talking to themselves on the street, sometimes cursing the voices they heard in their own minds, did so in Swedish—a language rarely understood in Italy.

The Italians tactfully treated the patients as ordinary tourists. Café proprietors would let them come in and knit and sew or just sit for hours over a single cup of coffee. One memorable day several male catatonic patients invited two nurses to lunch with them in nearby Rimini. After lunch they all went to a music shop to buy records. As they listened, Knut Bengtsson, usually a withdrawn, brooding man, asked nurse Gertrud Wikberg to dance, and in a moment the shop was the scene of an impromptu ball. If this had happened in Sweden, the proprietor might have threatened to call the police.

At the end of May the travelers were home again in Beckomberga. But the walls did not close in behind them. Ernst would now answer when spoken to, which he had not done for many months. He was also heard singing.

Helga asked to have the loom taken out of her room. "I'm through with weaving," she said. "It's all I did for fifteen years."

"In Italy," said Stig Eriksson, "I got the taste of freedom, and now I know that I can manage it." Though ill since 1939, he is slated for discharge.

Lennart brought back from San Marino a pretty ring for the nurse who had proposed him for the holiday. Freda expressed the hope that someone had written to thank Signor Usvardi. A woman of fifty-four, who had been in a hospital half her life, said: "In Italy I felt for the first time as I did before I was taken ill." When Henny went to the hospital hairdresser, she insisted on speaking Italian.

Periodically the veterans of Gabicce Mare hold meetings of their Italian Club, to keep up with their Italian and see films of the trip. Except for a few rigid catatonics and the old lady who, smiling absent-mindedly, stays in her seat after everyone else has gone, they look like a Swedish church social in a rural parish hall.

Dr. Izikowitz and his staff feel that the therapeutic results of the holiday are important and promising. The number of patients discharged was higher than expected. Though about twenty were classified as "not improved" according to the standards of clinical psychiatry, many of these

were more cheerful. Others, within the gray frame of incurable, act better, want something better than what they had before, and have a new sense of human dignity.

Relations between staff and patients also improved. Attendants dulled by long routine suddenly caught a glimpse of the mind and heart behind a slow, shuffling figure or a sagging face. As the expedition's able and perceptive physician, Dr. Kerstin Andersen, put it, "The barriers are gone; we are all fellow combatants in the same war."

"The experiment shows," says Dr. Izikowitz, "that we at Beckomberga are not doing enough to maintain the contact with reality established by the 'agreeable shock treatment' of the Italian holiday, because several of the patients whose behavior improved have since slid back. We should consider means of regularly giving patients vacations in some southern land. Within the hospital we should intensify forms of social therapy which might achieve some of the results of such vacations abroad. And we should build, near the hospital, transitional apartments where the patients could feel independent yet remain under discreet supervision."

LAST autumn at Beckomberga I saw many of those who had been to Italy, and heard their stories. Before he went to Gabicce Mare, Sven B. had been unreachable. He preferred hospital clothes; his head was perpetually bowed. When Sven returned, his English teacher did not recognize him, because he stood upright and looked straight at her. "I didn't know he had such beautiful eyes," she said; "it was the first time I had ever seen them." If his improvement continues, he will be discharged to go to live with his sister, who says, "Sven has his own will back."

With her flat heels and cascade of silvery hair, Herta L. would not have looked out of place in the Greenwich Village of forty years ago, which is when she was taken ill. She had been an artist. Until she was treated with the new drugs, she had been unruly. She heard voices. She tried to escape—perhaps from something inescapable within herself. Now and then she made grotesque clay figures, or painted, but the colors were strident. Finally she stopped doing even that. If anyone approached her she would neatly sidestep, like a dog wary of being leashed. But no sooner was she in Italy than—moved by the beauty of her surroundings and the sunsets—she took up painting again, in gay, harmonious colors. Often she would disappear, to be found in a favorite spot gazing at the sunset. I bought

one of her landscapes. While I was discussing the price with one of the staff, Herta flitted back and forth across the doorway; she wouldn't come in, she couldn't quite stay out.

In a ward parlor, among the half-dozen men who just sat there, I saw a human bundle of clothes that seemed about to droop right out of its chair. To me, the deep lines of this man's watchful, immobile face spelled a mind beyond repair or hope.

"Surely that's someone," I remarked, "who would have got nothing out of going to Gabicce Mare."

"You mean Gösta?" was the answer. "But he did go!"

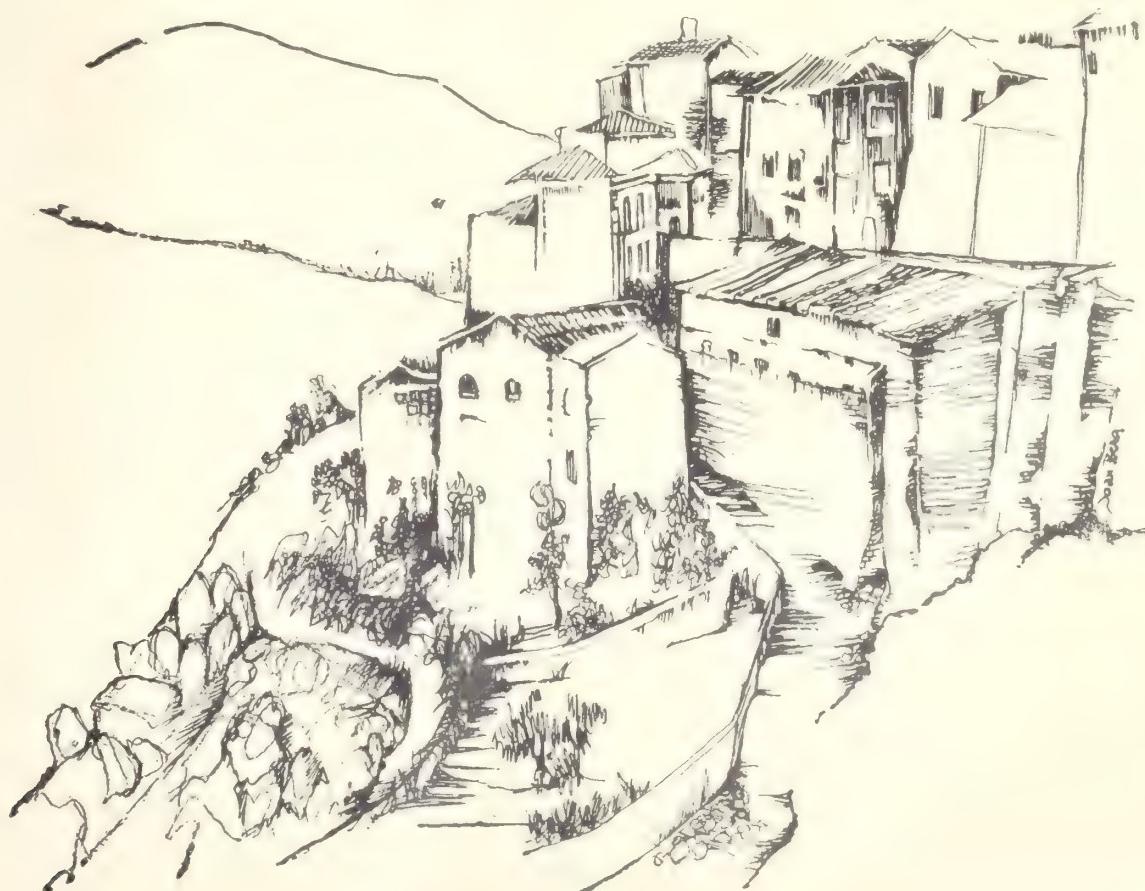
There was little known about Gösta Holm and Stina Larsson to foreshadow their story. Gösta had been one of the hospital's worst cases of catatonia. He used to stand motionless for hours in a corner, with a folded newspaper under his arm, as if waiting for a bus that never came. Stina was a young woman with eyes too bright, who talked too much and said too little. In the hospital, the two had never met. But when, on the plane to Italy, he was stricken with an infection, she went to him and held his hand.

And when the infection and his fears kept him indoors through most of the holiday, she mothered him and fed him.

Back at Beckomberga, he now understands what he is told and carries out instructions. Every day Stina comes to fetch him and helps him with his chores. Then they go walking together under the trees between the long pink buildings of Beckomberga.

The holiday at Gabbice Mare was so successful that it was repeated last April, with a staff of nineteen, and sixty-four patients all of whom were schizophrenics of long standing. The entire hotel was taken over. This time generous private donations made it possible to include patients with no resources of their own. Seven patients were veterans of the first expedition.

Again, much was learned at Gabicce Mare. Even the typical "chronics" proved to be far more alive, under their waxwork exteriors, than had been suspected; the insulating walls between their minds and reality turned out to be thinner than had been believed. But if reality is to penetrate such minds, it must be loud, gay, varied, insistent, multicolored, different, strange. And beautiful.



THOMAS B. MORGAN

ELIA KAZAN'S GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Can Broadway's biggest director renounce "Show Biz" for "Art"? In his new post he will have every chance to do so—with dizzying power to help rescue or bury the American theatre.

ELIA KAZAN, as director of the repertory company of New York's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, has been given a chance to do something important in the American theatre. As an actor and director, Kazan has survived thirty years in the jungle of show business. On Broadway since 1937, he has directed two plays by Arthur Miller (*All My Sons* and *Death of a Salesman*), four plays by Tennessee Williams (*A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Camino Real*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, and *Sweet Bird of Youth*), and fifteen other plays and musical comedies. In addition, since 1944, he has directed sixteen movies, including *On the Waterfront* and *Baby Doll*.

At the new Vivian Beaumont Theatre opening in the Center in 1964, he will command physical resources for play production which are unmatched in America and equal to the best in Europe. He will have nearly four times as much working space—11,000 square feet of stage area—as there is in any playhouse on Broadway, plus uniquely automated technical facilities. He will be able to rehearse plays for as many as thirty weeks, ten times the average Broadway rehearsal period. (Kazan rehearsed the cast of *J.B.* a few years back “for exactly nineteen goddamn days.”) At the end of his fiscal year he won’t be required to balance his considerable budget, let alone earn a profit for angels. If he shows a loss on ticket sales, the deficit will be made up by patrons such as Mrs. Vivian Beaumont Allen who gave \$3 million toward construction of the theatre. Most

important, Kazan will have a choice of plays, players, and methods of production limited by his own aims and not much else. He must make certain decisions with Robert Whitehead, his co-director whose functions are largely administrative. He must also satisfy Laurance Rockefeller, chief sponsor, and William Schuman, president of the Center. But these men are inclined now to defer to Kazan in artistic matters. “I’m going to work for Lincoln Center,” Kazan says, “as long as I can do what I want to do. When I can’t do that, I’ll quit.” So, for all practical purposes, he is quite free to create the repertory company in his own image.

Along corrupt, commercial old Broadway, something has always been going wrong with the American theatre. Either audiences are becoming insensitive, critics more dastardly, unions more intransigent, performers more repetitious, playwrights soft on their earnings, or directors, producers, and property owners hungrier for a hit. Where Broadway people have gathered, one has eternally heard fanciful talk of an ideal theatre. Every profession, of course, has its dream—in journalism it’s “let’s start a magazine”—but in the theatre the dream has had singular intensity for the simple reason that so much *has* been wrong.

The dream has had many shapes; but eventually it has always been defined as a theatre where a group of players could work continuously, free from box-office pressures, to put on the great plays of the past as well as the best new work being written. Beyond this, the dream theatre has always had some significant collective attitude toward the contemporary world which it would express through its art. The Provincetown Players, founded in 1915, and the Group Theatre of the ’thirties were attempts in this direction,

but eventually they floundered without sufficient funds to support them.

In Europe, the dream has been realized to varying degrees in state-subsidized theatres: France's Théâtre Nationale Populaire, Germany's Berliner Ensemble, and England's Old Vic (soon to be part of a National Theatre). And since 1958 in America, plans for Lincoln Center's theatre have evolved precisely with a view to forming an ideal repertory company. Robert Whitehead considers the appointment of Kazan as evidence of the group's vision: "We wanted a living theatre aimed at a more civilized world, an institution with a recognizable stamp, and we felt Kazan would give us this."

RELAXED AS A LIVE WIRE

NO T long ago, Kazan spent some days and evenings with me talking about the Lincoln Center and other aspects of his career. He is a short, congenial, ambiguous man with unruly-to-wild black hair (now graying), eyes too close, nose too much, and a taste in wearing apparel that ranges from wrinkled tweeds to sweat shirts. He complains that strangers often mistake him for a taxi driver. He has a sinewy quality and an intense way of expressing himself that often make him seem to be one of nature's own forces. You suspect that he is aware of his own superintensity but, at age fifty-two, is still a little in awe of it.

His surface manner is informal, tending toward raffishness. The knot of his tie customarily hangs an inch or two below his collar button. Invariably, he is the first person in a room to remove his jacket, slip out of his shoes, and put his feet up. He wolfs food, smokes big cigars, calls males as well as females *baby*, and swears just about all the time, using all the words in any company. All this gives a strong impression of aged-in-the-wood nonconformity. On the other hand, privately, he is extremely neat and well organized. Ten minutes after Kazan moves into a hotel room, his suitcase is emptied, his clothes are put away, and his toilet articles are regimented in the medicine chest. Even when he is not actively engaged in a production, his days are carefully (and usually completely) scheduled; recently, it was 8:30 to 9:30 A.M. at the psychiatrist's, a full morning of appointments, a light lunch at his desk, and a four-hour stint on the script of his new film, *America, America*. Then, too, he meticulously collects the opening-night reviews, telegrams, letters, memos, souvenirs, and news clips that touch on his professional life and has them pasted into thick scrapbooks, now num-

bering eighteen volumes. He explains the scrapbooks by saying that some day he is going to write a book.

Kazan is aware that he is expected to create something new and significant in the theatre at Lincoln Center. He, no less than other show people, has shared the dream. "I am ready," he says, "for work in something that is more the way I think the theatre should be. The theatre is a collective art and in the back of my heart I've always hoped to have this kind of theatre. I believe people value good theatre. They recognize it and flock to it when it happens."

Having said (in a public statement issued last year) that he would never again direct a play on Broadway, he obviously feels that an extension of the Broadway stage at Lincoln Center would hardly be worth the effort. He passionately predicts that he will do better things at Lincoln Center than he has ever done before. He says he has been frustrated by "disgusting" commercialism on Broadway (and in Hollywood, of course), by "the people with money who pressure you to make something popular." Now, he promises, he is going to get "the best actors, directors, and writers and make this a living art center for the theatre. . . . We're going to have about forty actors and actresses and they'll have a chance to play many roles. . . . We're not going to ask them to work for nothing, but for a living wage—what a fine actor wants is to have pride in and respect for what he does and he'll have that in the repertory company."

Kazan has many plans for the repertory, but few are operational now. One problem has been that the theatre itself has been delayed in construction. Another has been Kazan's involvement with *America, America*, which he is filming this summer in Greece and Turkey. Kazan and Whitehead have recently assembled a company of inexperienced players who will back up the professionals; this fall, they are scheduled to begin acting classes. Kazan and Whitehead have also been looking for a theatre elsewhere in New York, hoping to produce plays with the repertory company a year in advance of the opening at Lincoln Center. The professional actors themselves, however, have not been assembled. Conversations have been held with certain performers

Thomas B. Morgan, who was formerly an editor of "Look" and of "Esquire," has written scores of magazine articles, including many on the theatre. His film script on Albert Schweitzer won an Academy Award, and he has recently completed a novel.

but none (as I write) have been signed to contracts.

Some are expected to be "graduates" of Actors Studio, the Method acting school with which Kazan has been identified. Recently Kazan severed his official connection with the Studio. "I felt I couldn't wear two hats," he says. "Between the Center and the Studio, I would have been competing with myself." About two weeks later the Studio abruptly announced that it was planning to produce plays starring Studio people. Kazan remains confident that he will be able to sign up the Studio actors he wants, but a decided coolness now exists between Kazan and the old bunch. Finally, he may not "want" many of them.

Kazan has also been discussing plays with playwrights. Arthur Miller's new play, Kazan says, may be the first offering, going into rehearsal about a year from now. At the same time, a "classic" play (something Greek, a Shakespeare, or an Ibsen, perhaps) will be rehearsed and will open a few days after the Miller play. Six or seven weeks later, the company will present a third work, either a new comedy by S. N. Behrman or a work by a "new" American writer. Presumably, essayist-novelist James Baldwin is working now on a play for Kazan. The first year's repertory will be rounded out some ten weeks later by a Eugene O'Neill drama. During any given week, then, the company will be presenting two or three different plays. The first two will be Kazan productions—"to stamp the purpose of the theatre," Whitehead says. Thereafter, Kazan will direct one or more a year as other directors are invited in to work with the company.

Meanwhile, in a supplementary 299-seat auditorium, a different type of theatre will be presented at the Center. "Here our writers and directors will have an opportunity to try things that are far out," Kazan says of the smaller theatre. "They will be given an opportunity to say what they must say about living here and now in America. It will be a place where they can have the right to fail!"

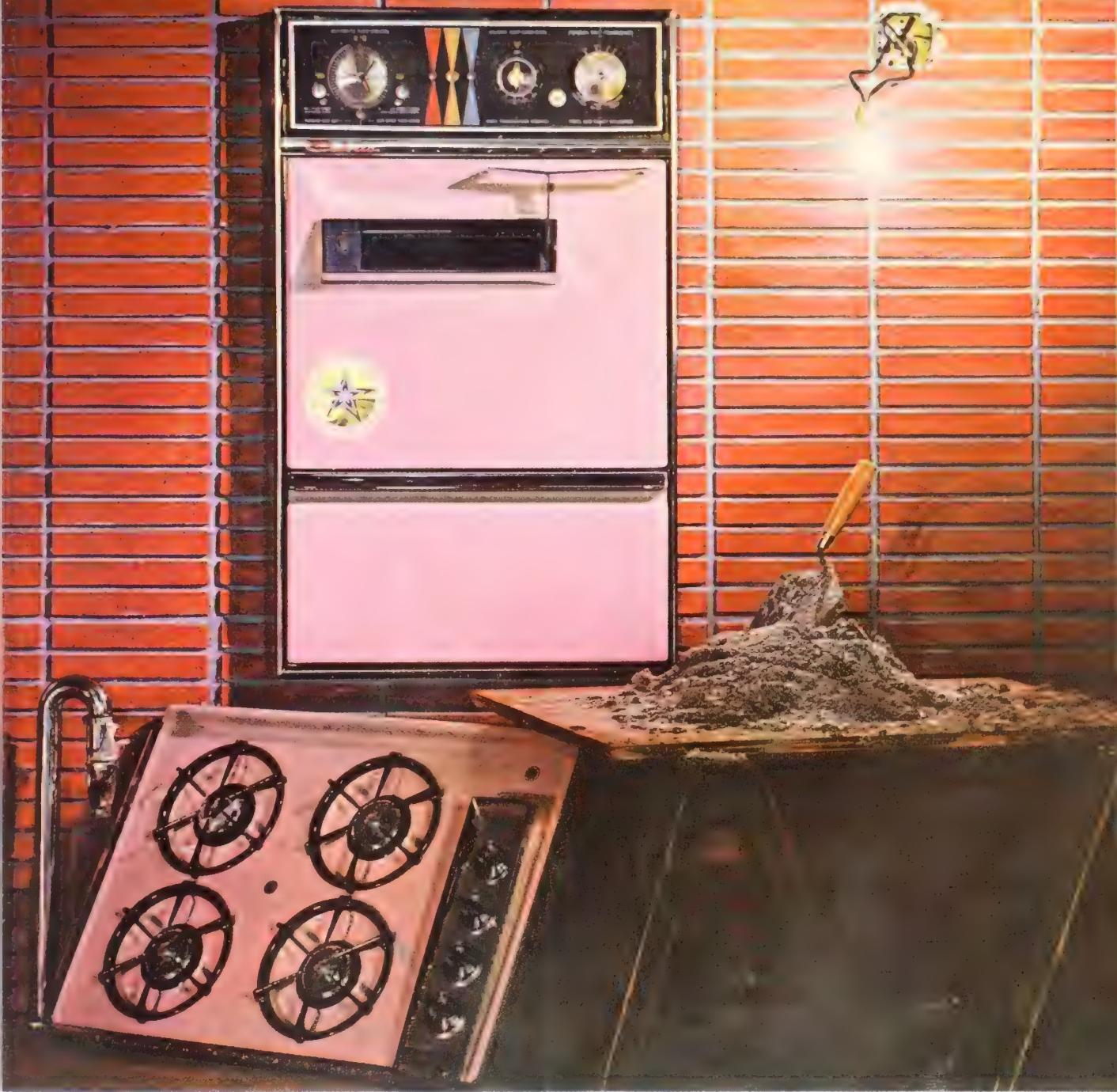
A RIGHT TO FAIL

BUT surely saying what "must" be said and its corollary, the right to fail, must turn out to be part of the *larger* theatre's essential purpose, too, or it cannot amount to anything. At least for the present, however, Kazan apparently draws a distinction between criteria for the work to be done in the big 1,100-seat Vivian Beaumont

Theatre, where his own directing efforts will be concentrated, and the little auditorium. One will offer "conventional," the other "unconventional" plays. It is as though he would combine Broadway and off-Broadway under a single, but segregated, roof without remedying the defects of either. He seems to have thought much more about creating a theatre to which people "flock" than about what might or should be presented to them. For instance, long before he had read Arthur Miller's play or had any idea what it was about, he had made up his mind that he wanted it for the repertory company's opening show. Also, he has signed up a play by S. N. Behrman, who seems a strange choice, given the pioneering ambitions of the Center. While Kazan has taken himself out of Broadway, it appears that Broadway has not yet been taken out of Kazan—all this raising some doubt as to whether Kazan's "recognizable stamp" will actually realize the Center's full potential.

Among the assets Kazan will bring to Lincoln Center is his characteristic directorial technique. He describes it as an attempt "to catch the thoroughly saturated essence of a type." As a former actor, he has the actor's anxiety to connect with the audience at all times, to grip the viewer at every moment so that the people on the stage are never left hanging or ignored. His work, therefore, seems supercharged. "When Kazan directs," Arthur Miller explains, "he wants to dramatize the metaphor in every human action. There is always the overt action and something under the surface. You kill a man, but in what attitude? In anger? Or as though you were praying to him? A good deal of the time, Kazan finds the inner metaphor and that is why his best work has tremendous depth. Now, other directors also try for this, but with Kazan it is in the forefront of his mind. If he finds nothing below the surface, his work tends to get clouded or seems overloaded. He is always on a quest for metaphors. That is his art."

Beyond technique, Kazan comes equipped with a knack for human relations in the theatre. The director of plays and films is expected to form a brotherhood with a writer, a fatherhood with a company of players and craftsmen, and an alliance with producers, bankers, lawyers, and bookkeepers. He must form a family that takes him away from his own family. He must be the leader of a safari, the foreman of a construction gang, chancellor of the exchequer, and a counselor on emotional problems. "You're expected to do this," Kazan says, "and still keep yourself soft inside to do the creative work." Kazan has been



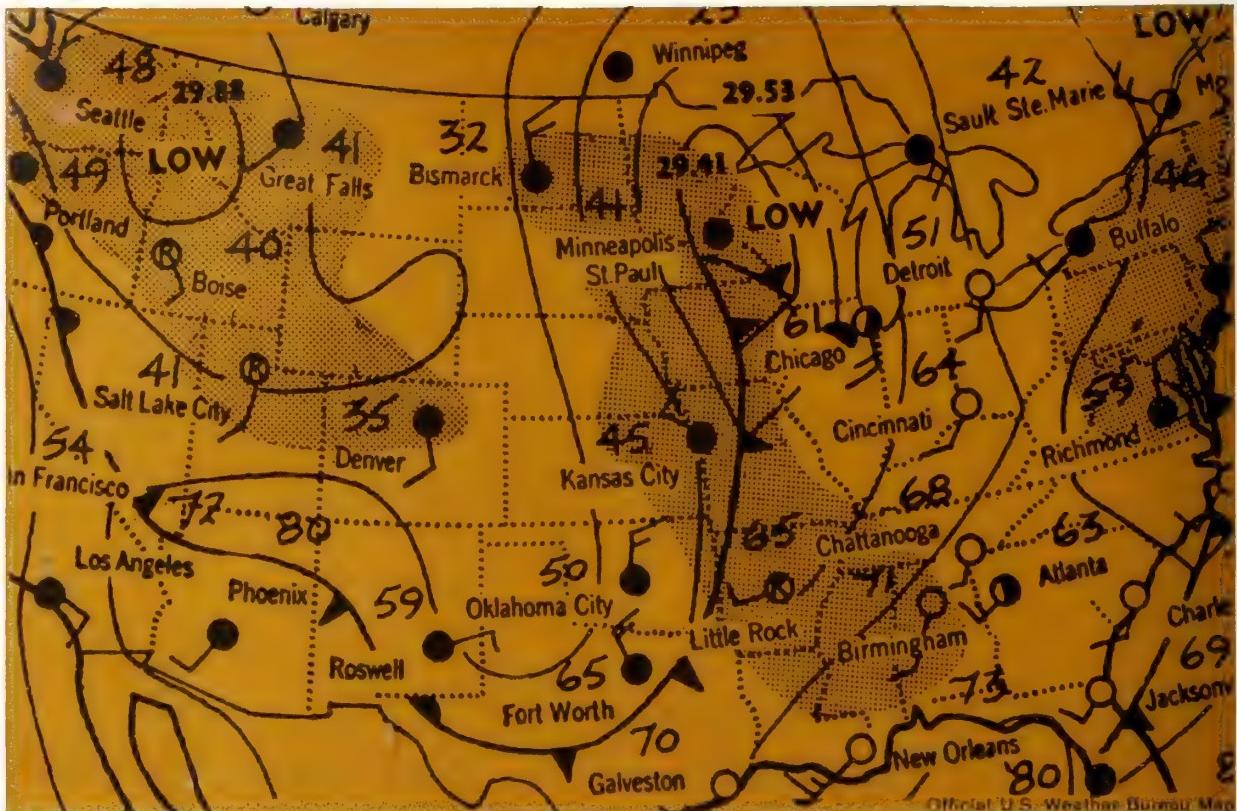
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able to do these things, pull a production together, convince a writer he ought to tighten up his script, and somehow get the best—or very nearly the best—out of performers.

No writer working with Kazan gets his play on without revisions. And none to whom I have talked (Miller, Williams, Robert Anderson, and others) have admitted that they are sorry about any changes inspired by Kazan. (The rumor that Kazan rewrites plays to make them work appears to be exaggerated; at least, no writer has admitted that Kazan ever did any rewriting of *him*.) Arthur Miller made substantial revisions in *Death of a Salesman*, adjusting his script to the staging conceived by Kazan and Jo Mielziner, the set designer. When Archibald MacLeish's *I.B.* opened in Washington, a friend called Kazan from New York and learned that the local critics were sure that the play would never reach Broadway. Kazan, however, was unperturbed. He said, the friend recalls, "MacLeish is working." Williams rewrote the third act of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* to suit Kazan, who was then belabored by the drama critic, Kenneth Tynan, because the play seemed to him to be "an edifice tilted, like a giant architectural folly."

Williams, however, takes Kazan's side. "Kazan's suggestions resulted in making the play more affirmative," Williams says. "He has a much more sanguine attitude toward life than I do. I'm more a pessimist. My taste is my taste, but I am fallible. Basically, the play was there with either third act and Kazan simply staged it more brilliantly than anyone else." Tynan, after seeing the same play in London, directed by Peter Hall and offering the last act as originally written by Williams, still insisted: "I prefer the author's third act to the modified version approved by Mr. Kazan," but even Tynan "missed, more than I would ever have thought possible, the galvanic inspiration of Mr. Kazan's direction."

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S BUDDY

KAZAN could not guide his playwrights if he were not able to get along with them as well as he does. Kazan respects writers (and until he started writing the screenplay for his new film, he even seemed to envy them). Furthermore, he has had a considerable range of contemporary plays and scenarios from which to choose, and has turned down the offerings of many, including Lillian Hellman, Paddy Chayefsky, and Williams. He had first look at *Oklahoma!* and *The King and I* and rejected both. He bypassed *Luther*. Thus writers assume that

when Kazan selects a script he believes in it as much as they do. From here on, it seems, Kazan gets what he wants through a combination of chemistry, sympathy, and mutual regard. "Most directors are nervous," Williams says. "Whenever I feel I am making a director nervous, I slink away. But Kazan is different. He makes you feel he wants you around."

On balance then, writers at least seem to feel that Kazan is an able script editor. But one can't help wondering how a play can say "what must be said" if it is to be radically altered for the sake of theatrical effectiveness. What will happen to the content of significant plays after many long weeks of rehearsal at the Center?

Kazan's way with writers is matched by his influence with performers. Again, it is Kazan's ability to inspire the feeling that he believes in the other person's work that forms the basis of his relationships. Kazan was a founder of the Actors Studio, the drama school led by Lee Strasberg and dedicated to the Stanislavsky method by which an actor uses his imagination and sense of reality to "become" the character he must portray. Here, actors and actresses have been trained and exercised like Kentucky thoroughbreds and many have gone into Kazan productions. (Oddly enough, Marlon Brando and James Dean, two of Kazan's faster horses, were not Studio products; the former attended about a dozen times and the latter just twice.) Studio membership, however, has been no guarantee of a job with Kazan. He lets nothing, not even friendship or the performer's needs, influence his casting selections. "Besides being in the Studio," Eli Wallach recalls, "I had known Kazan for fifteen years before I worked with him. He's a toughie. He knows what he wants and that's all that counts."

Kazan also hates to use stars. He avoids them whenever possible, even those he himself has created. "You lose something with stars," he says. "It always helps to have an unknown. The unknown hasn't got an investment in himself, he isn't goods for himself, his value to himself isn't diminished when people see him in something that doesn't make him look like a hero, and he isn't protecting his face. He's not an actor, he's just a person. Marlon Brando has never been as good again as he was in *Streetcar*. It isn't the bloom that comes off the well-known star—it's the humanity." Such is Kazan's ruthlessness in casting, that his choices feel they couldn't be in Kazan's play unless he believed in them. They are then ready for rehearsals.

During the rehearsal period, as Kazan leads his people toward his goal, he invariably establishes

a honeymoon relationship with them. Actors work hard for Kazan because few directors work harder for actors. He is willing to absorb more than his share of the routine pressures of show business—so much so that he usually develops a somatic disturbance, such as a brief illness or a sudden need for new eyeglasses, soon after the work begins. The ordered tumult that characterizes a typical Kazan rehearsal quickly wins the performers' respect. His industrious preparations for each day's work ("It's like he sleeps in the theatre," one actor said to me) reassure them that the master is in control. Actors are most afraid of making fools of themselves and Kazan gives confidence that he won't let this happen.

In *rehearsal*, Kazan is a tyrant and known to use any technique that will work, including mild torture, to get a performance. The actors let Kazan fool them. They may fear and resent him, but they also worship him, and so far they have willingly worked with him. "He sloshed me with attention and charm," Geraldine Page says, recalling the rehearsals for her role as the faded movie queen in *Sweet Bird of Youth*. "He wanted me to feel right in the role" so he dug up old screen magazines showing poses of old Hollywood beauties and left them around to inspire me. Meanwhile, he was using talk-therapy on Paul Newman, who was co-starring. Paul was nervous about acting on the Broadway stage. And Kazan kept telling him 'Don't be nervous.' And the more Kazan talked to him, the more anxious Paul became. He started worrying that maybe he really needed all the help he was getting from Kazan. The result was that Kazan made Paul so nervous that he gave Kazan the kind of nervous characterization he wanted for the play."

FROM RAGS TO RAVES

FOR Lincoln Center, Kazan's single-mindedness, his personal magnetism, and his professional know-how can be invaluable. These qualities, however, are largely procedural. The real questions about Kazan and Lincoln Center must concern his creative purposes. "I have a great belief," Kazan says, "that just below the surface there is a great gap between what we profess and what we do. It's a disease. You can die from it. I want to show it up." And one can gather some notion of what he means from his own life experience.

Kazan's is a familiar American success story—the ironic kind. Born in 1909 in Kadikou, a poverty-stricken suburb of Istanbul, he was one

of eight Kazanjoglou children. The family belonged to a community of Greeks who had been victimized for generations by the Turks. At age five, Kazan was brought to Ellis Island wearing an identification tag. The memory of once having been unidentifiable except for a tag still aggravates him. In Manhattan, he went to public school and attended the Greek Orthodox church. Then, as his father's rug business began to prosper, he moved with the family to New Rochelle, a suburb of New York which even then could hardly have been more different from Kadikou. Being Greek and looking Jewish, however, Kazan did find that Turks and Americans could share the same prejudices. Growing up, he was an outsider who wanted in.

As there were few Greeks and no Greek churches in New Rochelle, Kazan was sent to a Roman Catholic church. He remembers his first confession: "I kept trying to think up some sin I'd committed, but I was lily white. I hadn't robbed anybody and I hadn't told any lies. So, I made up something—I said I'd disobeyed my mother." He found it impossible to fib about disobeying his father. In spite of psychoanalysis, Kazan has a grudging memory of the man. "He used to tell me, 'Go shine your shoes. Go get a haircut.' He was always concerned about how I looked," says Kazan, who has made it a rule in his adult life to dress carelessly. "And when I said I wanted to be an actor, he wouldn't believe it. He said, 'Go look in the mirror.'" Kazan recalls that he had one great teacher in high school and has not forgotten what made her seem great to him: "Her name was Anna B. Shanks. I just did not want to go into any kind of business for a career and Anna B. Shanks taught me that it was all right to be different from my father."

At Williams College, Kazan was too small for varsity football, so he played quarterback on the nonfraternity touch team. With pride, he remembers that "we were all the freaks, the Negroes, the Jews, Greeks, and outsiders . . . and one year we had a hell of a team and beat all the fraternity-house boys."

Kazan directed the rest of his considerable steam into studying English (he graduated with honors), waiting on tables, and joining as many extracurricular campus clubs as he could. He maintained a pace that was, according to a former roommate, "almost threatening." Because he was so busy, he was given the nickname "Gadget," which has been shortened to "Gadge." Already, it seems, he felt an out-sized compulsion to get ahead. Yet, he had no particular career in mind while at Williams. He had been greatly im-

pressed by *Potemkin* and other Russian films. He had worshiped Eisenstein. Coming of age in the Depression and with the vague idea that he might like to make it as a film director, he decided to go to Yale Drama School. Here he met Molly Thacher, a fellow student, who became his wife and the mother of his four children. But he did not accomplish much in the way of theatrical efforts and left before completing the full course of study.



In 1932, he joined the Group Theatre, a repertory company with strong political impulses, as an assistant stage manager. Three years later, he was "discovered" as an actor in their production of *Waiting for Lefty* by Clifford Odets. In subsequent performances, especially as Fuselli, the gangster, in Odets' *Golden Boy*, he was highly praised. Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times* declared that Kazan was "one of the most exciting actors in America." He appeared in two movies, type-cast as a gangster and touted as the successor to George Raft. He might well have gone on as an actor, but by 1941 he had directed several plays, including two for the Group Theatre, and he had made up his mind that his future lay in directing. The next year, he was hired to direct Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*. Since, at age thirty-three, he had little to lose, he was willing to tackle the Wilder play, a highly dubious property before

opening night, and the formidable, preselected cast, including Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Edith Bookbinder. The play was a hit, running for 359 performances, and Kazan became one of the most sought-after directors in America.

For the next twenty years, he was a "success"—pursued by the powerful and highly paid. "Yes, we've got show business in America and not a theatre or film art," Kazan says, reflecting on his career. "By luck, once in a while, something comes through this mess made by freaks, this floating crap game. But I have done my best all the time—my flops have simply been my failures. I think of Shakespeare. He wrote five good plays and five pretty good plays. . . . No man is a machine. You can say this about me, though: I've always done the scripts I wanted with the actors I wanted the way I wanted. That's the way I've played the game and I'm proud of it."

In the early days of glory as a director, Kazan tackled one play after another in rapid succession, and made a picture a year for Twentieth Century-Fox. He approached theatre and films as an actor might approach them—he had work to do rather than a particular idea to express.

Out of his next four plays and two movies, Arthur Miller's *All My Sons* was the only one of any significance. The play was inferior to Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh*, which was staged in the same season, but the Kazan-Miller combination carried off most of the major Broadway awards for the year. More importantly for Kazan and Miller, they became best friends. And, as it turned out, Tennessee Williams enjoyed the production of *All My Sons* so much that he decided to offer *A Streetcar Named Desire* to Kazan. In 1948, *Streetcar* opened and Kazan's press notices were as ecstatic as Williams'. Newspaper critics proclaimed the dawn of "the age of the director" in which the director of stage plays would receive the kind of billing that formerly had been reserved for playwrights. And many, when they referred to Kazan's *Streetcar*, really meant that it was his. Yet, Kazan remained essentially the actor who had become a director.

The year of *Streetcar*, for example, was the year in which Kazan won an Academy Award in Hollywood for directing *Gentlemen's Agreement*. The film was about as far from Williams' tragedy of frustration as one could imagine. Its apparent point was that anti-Semitic prejudice cannot survive exposure. But Moss Hart, who had written the screenplay from the novel by Laura Hobson, once defined the point more accurately.

Wryly, he told of the lesson a stagehand had learned from it: "From now on, Mr. Hart, I'm going to be good to the Jewish people because you can never tell when they might turn out to be gentiles." Kazan himself now feels that the picture was glib. The same kind of variations in Kazan's work occurred the following year when he was represented on Broadway by Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* and in the Fox theatres by *Pinky*, a superficial little film on miscegenation. But if, as Kazan claims, these were really the scripts he wanted to direct, what went wrong?

By concentrating on movies for several years after *Death of a Salesman*, Kazan improved his technique in that medium, but he himself was still not satisfied with the results. Then, after studio executives cut 25 minutes from *Viva, Zapata!* without asking his approval, he thought he knew what the trouble was: "Once and for all, I learned that the guy who signs the checks in Hollywood is the guy with the big voice in making artistic decisions." So he set up his own production company, Newtown Productions, Inc., with offices in New York, and determined to make films for himself. He seemed to have every

chance for success although he would still have to depend upon the banks involved in the motion-picture industry for financial support—and upon the established Hollywood distribution facilities to get his Newtown pictures before the public. Yet, even before he had launched his first film, he almost lost everything.

POLITICAL PURGATIVES

WHAT nearly ended Kazan's career was the fact that, back in the Group Theatre days, he had been a Communist. For eighteen months in the early 'thirties, he had been a member of a cell with several other friends in the troupe. He had joined for the usual 1930s reasons—the party was then an accepted organ of social protest—and resigned when the cell members plotted to control the artistic policies of the Group. Nothing came of the plotting, times changed, and by January 1952 one member of the cell was dead and most of the others had long since quit the Communist party.

In that month, Kazan was summoned to Washington to testify before an executive session of the subcommittee of the House Committee on Un-American Activities looking into Communist infiltration of the Hollywood motion-picture industry. The position of the movie industry had become so hardened that anyone who for any reason withheld any information from "The Committee" could have no future in Hollywood. The situation on Broadway was equally menacing. And, further, the committee's procedure had also hardened: the ex-Communist could only absolve himself by publicly naming everyone he had known in the Communist party, whether or not the names were already on the public record. "The ritual," as Murray Kempton has said, "was more important than any revelation." At first Kazan withheld some names and gave others. But he did not satisfy the committee or anyone else, no matter where they stood on the conflicting principles involved.

"Four months went by," Molly Kazan recalls, "and Gadge was in a pressure cooker. He had to take stock of himself and decide what he believed in. We could have lived. We could have gone to England and he could have worked there. But this was a kind of political psychoanalysis for him. It was the best thing that ever happened to him. He had always been such a fair-haired boy."

Kazan voluntarily reappeared before the subcommittee in April and gave the rest of the names. In his testimony, he stated that after long

Box Office Poison?

LONDON, May 8: Writer-director John Ainsworth has planed into Britain to make Shakespeare's "Othello" as a motion picture, a flop when filmed some years ago by Orson Welles. Ainsworth, who for the last seven years has been directing in Hollywood, latterly on the Warner Bros' video series "Maverick," is sure he can turn the Shakespearean trick.

Star of his \$1-million-plus project is to be Laurence Harvey who will take on an Arabic look for the role of Othello. "It's a terrible thing to have to say," says Ainsworth, "but because Shakespeare is poison at the box office, we are going to have to use the second title for the play, "The Moor of Venice." . . .

In fact, the Bard won't get his credit until the end of the picture. "We want to get the twist kids in," says Ainsworth, "and they would be frightened off if we played up the Shakespeare angle. . . . Who knows, if this one is successful, we may be able to do the same for other Shakespeare plays."

—*Variety*, New York, May 9, 1962

and careful deliberation, he had decided that secrecy could serve only the Communists, and that the American people needed the facts to deal effectively with the Communists. "I hated a lot of the company I was testifying in," he now says, "but I also hated the Communists." His performance, however, disappointed many of his former friends. It lost him the friendship of Arthur Miller. "We disagreed," Kazan says, "on what was the right and just thing for me to do about the committee." Kazan and Miller had been together almost daily when Miller had written *Death of a Salesman*. They had been best buddies. Now, their plans for staging *The Crucible*, Miller's play attacking witch hunting, were abruptly canceled. They would hardly speak to one another in the next nine years. Perhaps the most poignant thing about Kazan's later films and plays is that none of them were written by Arthur Miller, a loss to both men. Recently, however, the friendship has been restored, as Kazan says, "on a new basis."

After the hearings, Kazan made his best, and perhaps his most deeply felt film, *On the Waterfront*. Since the movie makes the point that to inform is morally right, many critics see in it Kazan's personal justification for his Washington testimony.

Through the 'fifties, Kazan divided his efforts between plays and movies. With Tennessee Williams he made a good film, *Baby Doll*, whose ambiguous story line seemed more Kazan than Williams. Kazan was on the verge of becoming something more than an interesting film-maker. Thereafter, he tended to overload and overcook his stories, passing through such notable non-successes as *A Face in the Crowd* and *Wild River*, and culminating in last year's *Splendor in the Grass*. Written by William Inge under Kazan's close supervision, the latter film struck many critics as vulgar and foolish and grossed over \$5 million.

THE DIRECTOR WHO DIDN'T DARE

KAZAN has never been able to make films with the imagination and insight of a Bergman, a Fellini, or a Truffaut. He has missed the new era in film-making, the flowering of intensely personal directors who write their own scenarios and say only what they have to say. He may make his voice heard yet, however, depending on the outcome of *America, America*, the first Kazan film to be made from a Kazan screenplay. "I have always given life to the feelings of other

writers," Kazan says, "but now I am going to make people feel what I feel."

On Broadway during the past decade, Kazan has not ventured far from nor gained on *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Death of a Salesman*. Besides *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, he made hits out of a weak Williams play, *Sweet Bird of Youth*, and Robert Anderson's mawkish *Tea and Sympathy*. With the exception of *J.B.*, he did not test himself on any play with an unfamiliar theme. He shunned all but the contemporary Broadway theatre. He did not direct any Ibsen, Shakespeare, or O'Neill plays, nor any by the Greeks. Indeed he has shown little interest in the classical repertory which should be a part of a purposeful theatre; nor has he done more than acquaint himself with the disciplined styles of acting these plays require. He has in fact confined himself to the realistic dramas which have predominated in the commercial American theatre since the 'thirties. And these, of course, are only a part—and hardly the major part—of the dramatic tradition available to the Lincoln Center company.

Finally he was not tempted by the new wave of angry, mystical, or absurd playwrights. "It is unthinkable," Tennessee Williams says, "that Kazan would direct a *Waiting for Godot*." He found the command to succeed at the box office onerous but, for himself, unavoidable, and he lived with it rather than turn to off-Broadway, experimental, or even university theatre. "I've been making my living doing the things I most want to do," Kazan says. "I'm what I am. I can think of no other way to be."

What hope is there, then, for the Lincoln Center project? In 1958 in *The New York Times Magazine*, Kazan selected ten plays for a theoretical repertory company. They were all plays by familiar twentieth-century American playwrights—Miller, Williams, Odets, O'Neill, Inge. One hopes that Kazan's actual selection will show more variety and daring. Kazan's "stamp," thus far, is a mixture of artistic and commercial values hardly calculated to rescue the American theatre from the one on Broadway. Once Kazan even told a reporter that he equated "good plays with successful plays," to which Harold Clurman, the drama critic and director, replied, "If this is taken literally, we are preparing for the burial of the theatre as an institution of significant expression." Yet, it would be unsportsmanlike to put down Kazan as he begins his new venture. Presidents of the United States are not the only ones who grow and change in their jobs.

One just has to wait and see.

WILLIE MORRIS

TEXAS POLITICS IN TURMOIL

After years of feuding under the old one-party umbrella, a lot of Democrats are discovering they are really Republicans . . . to the joy of the GOP and the dismay of Lyndon Johnson.

PERAMBULATING journalists from the big Eastern dailies stop off in Texas more and more often. They seem to enjoy our retired generals, our quaintly endemic buffoonery, our appreciation for craftsmanship in its more aspiring dimensions. But they are also drawn here because Texas is now, irrevocably, a pivotal spot in national politics. They have learned to approach our politics with a bemused trepidation, for it is a collection of unresolvable ironies, on the verge of something new.

Rapid industrialization and urbanization give Texas a much closer affinity with New York or Michigan than with Mississippi or Arkansas. There are few traces of the traditional South, in which most Texans would wish to be counted, along the great industrial axis of Houston and the Gulf Coast, or in the Latin culture of South Texas and the Rio Grande Valley. It is most assuredly alien to Billie Sol Estes' rigorously capitalistic West Texas just as it is to Dallas, bristling citadel of Republicanism. Only East Texas, with its oil and plantation economy, is genuine Southern country, and its power within the broader commonwealth is slipping.

Texas has been steadily moving away from its comfortable Confederate orientation, from the easygoing melodrama of Southern politics with its stress on personalities rather than ideology. Racism is dead in statewide campaigning. The state legislature, whose biennial gyrations give it an eminent place in American show business, is less a traditional parliamentary institution than

a forum for the ambassadors-without-portfolio of oil and gas, of manufacturing and ranching, of organized labor. El Paso and Texarkana, nearly a thousand miles apart, have no more in common politically than have San Francisco and Savannah, Georgia.

The long-dominant Democratic party is now a jungle of diverse groupings and weird coalitions, rent by a growing liberal-conservative cleavage. A mounting political sophistication is evident among the two great minority groups, Negro and Latin. Most interesting of all, there is a tentative groping on the state level toward the two-party system which already exists here in national elections.

Texas can be described as a three-party state—liberal Democrats, conservative Democrats, and Republicans; or as a no-party state; or as a state with incoherent factional warfare more befitting France or Italy. The central figure in this politics of transition is Vice President Lyndon Johnson. His shrewd understanding of the shifting power structures in his home state has given him a base for a national prominence unmatched since the Civil War (if Woodrow Wilson may be relegated to New Jersey) by any Southern politician. Johnson, whose mastery of personal politics and backroom diplomacy made him one of the U. S. Senate's greatest parliamentary geniuses, has—at home—successfully played one group against another as the times demanded. But he is not "king" of Texas, as the national myth might have it. With the late Speaker Rayburn, he has been a kind of balance of power, a unique force standing between and slightly apart from the conservative financial establishment on the one hand and the gathering forces of postwar reform liberalism on the other. A thoroughgoing political pragmatist who is now a partner in President Kennedy's New Frontier

liberalism, his ideological position on the state scene has been almost impossible to define.

Unlike Sam Rayburn, Johnson has not inspired love and affection at home. His friends and allies honor and fear him. Many conservatives and many liberals in Texas bitterly dislike and distrust him, not merely because he is Lyndon Johnson, but because they have grown to fear his power. Addressing a recent University of Texas seminar on "The Issues Which Divide Us," the Vice President said he wondered if he had been asked to speak "as an expert or as an example." For him, this was a most uncharacteristic statement. His principal themes in Texas, against the threat of growing and more well-defined and even more partisan political warfare, have been unity and harmony. The consequences of this clash between the old unity and the new divergence are far more than merely provincial. Lyndon Johnson wants to be, and could be, our next President.

INTRAPARTY RIOT

AS elsewhere in the one-party South, the Democratic party in Texas has been a loose and rather purposeless brotherhood, broad enough to include the corporation lawyer and the Negro tenant farmer, the oilman and the labor organizer, the young executive on the make and the restless liberal egghead. This political monolith has subdued significant issues, encouraged complacency and corruption. It has helped perpetuate state social and educational services which are among the rock-bottom lowest in the Union. Texas does not have an industrial safety law; there are only six state juvenile parole officers; there is no home for neglected and dependent Negro children; mental hospitals are notoriously understaffed and ill-equipped. Texas has the heaviest caseload per state social worker in the nation, ranks forty-second in old-age pensions, fiftieth in vocational rehabilitation, forty-second in aid to dependent children, fortieth in public-assistance programs. Its anti-labor laws are the most rigorous of all industrial states' laws; its thousands of migrant laborers are among the most unfortunate citizens in America.

Industrialization, unionization, all the complexities of a burgeoning economy, do not fit conveniently into the mold of political unity. If Texas is, as some say, the last outpost of unfettered commercialism in America, then a financial community undergirded by tremendous natural wealth was bound to clash with the workers, the small farmers, the small businessmen, and the

dispossessed minorities, with direct repercussions on the one existing political institution—the Democratic party.

In the New Deal years the one-party hierarchy was almost wholly pro-Roosevelt. Texas in the mid-thirties was still an agrarian society, giving frequent vent to the old Populist tradition of railing against Wall Street and the Yankee profiteers. But by the end of World War II the state had undergone a major transition. Oil was booming, the utilities and the banks and the insurance giants were becoming the locus of power, cities like Dallas and Houston were growing steadily, the new-rich began looking to politics. Labor and the federal government became living issues. The Democrats splintered into interest groupings, with differing goals and colliding philosophies.

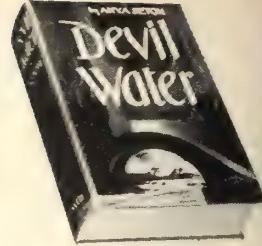
Since the war these divisions have grown progressively bitter, intense, and meaningful. The liberal wing, largely oriented to the modern national Democratic party and advocating sweeping reforms at home, grew stronger and tougher, despite the usual propensity for fratricide within its own ranks. In 1958, after three unsuccessful bids for Governor, Ralph Yarborough, nominal leader of Texas liberalism, was elected to a full term in the U. S. Senate.

The conservative wing of the party became, if anything, more states-rightist, wary of all reform, increasingly critical of a national Northern leadership which it assailed for deserting the pristine traditions of Jefferson and the Founders. In the middle of the party were the amorphous and often unpredictable moderates, ill-defined in either numbers or political convictions, swinging slightly leftward or rightward under top-level guidance. Either these moderates in combination with the conservatives, or the conservatives alone have ruled the Texas Democratic party in the postwar years. There has never been an effective liberal-moderate coalition and the liberals alone have been far from wielding real power. And for all its internal concatenations, the Texas Democratic party has never been far removed from the state's immense financial and industrial nexus: the corporations, oil and gas, banks, construction, and the utilities.

In a catchall political party, anomalies are un-

Willie Morris, editor of "*The Texas Observer*" published in Austin, is twenty-seven, a graduate of the University of Texas, and a former Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. His first article in this magazine was "*Houston's Superpatriots*."

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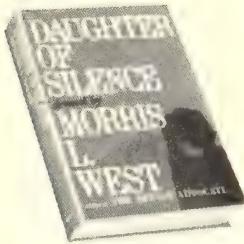


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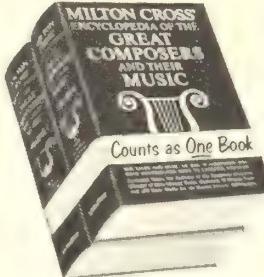
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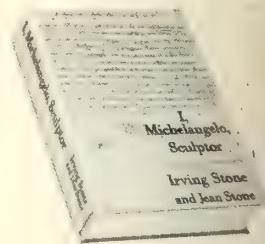
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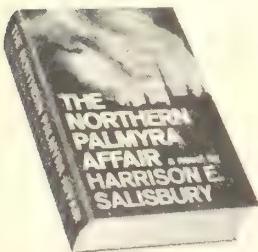
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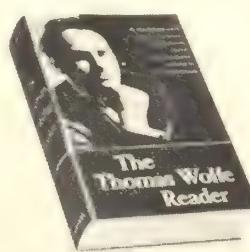
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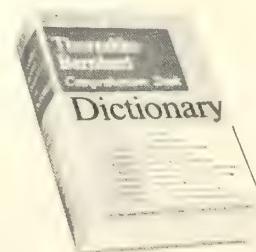
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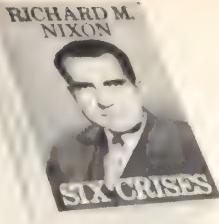
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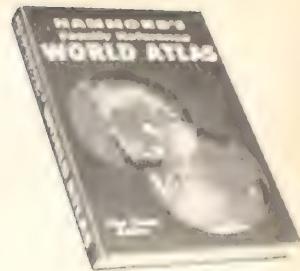
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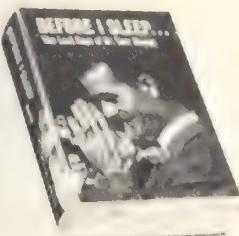
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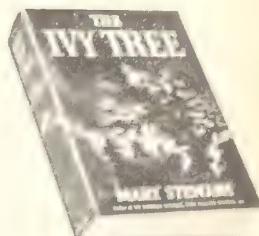
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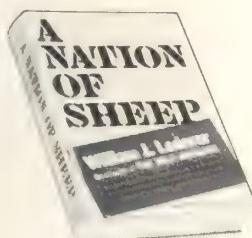
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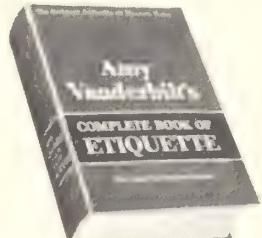
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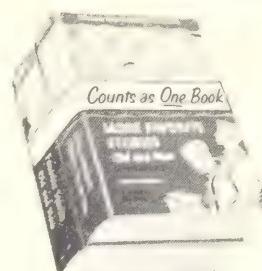
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an undertaker who has just conducted a \$10,000 funeral. I'm very happy, but I can't afford to show it because of the friends of the deceased."

Why, in fact, did the liberals help Tower win? Why was the old party loyalty theme, a clarion of the Eisenhower 'fifties, so unceremoniously junked to help elect a Republican? The answer lies in the hard geometry of political control and certainly goes somewhat deeper than the accusations of duplicity, treachery, and dishonesty—words which have always been popular in the Texas political dialogue—would have one believe.

The liberals' reasoning goes like this: Democratic conservatives will never leave their state party as long as they control it, no matter how they feel about Truman, Stevenson, or Kennedy. While the conservatives remain, the liberals cannot win control. "We wanted to free the Democratic party from the dead weight of the Dixiecrats, and Blakley was their symbol," one liberal said. Tower's victory, they predicted, would attract substantial numbers of conservative Democrats into "the party where they belong."

If a vital, functioning Republican party should emerge, then the dominant voice in the Texas Democratic party would become that of the classic Democratic coalition—East Texas farmers and city Negroes, Latin Americans, organized labor, the more general breed of "brass-collar" Democrats and liberal intellectuals. Today, the liberals argue, these groups are outsiders in their party despite their growing strength in statewide elections.

THE GOLDWATER CUT

THIS kind of political calculation may seem risky. For one thing, if the Republicans ever become a genuine second party, the Democrats will lose occasionally in the general elections, which have not been seriously contested in the past. "But we are defeated now in the primaries or in party caucuses," one leader said, "by pseudo-Democrats. They would be Republicans anywhere outside the South." Increased unionization and repeal of the state poll tax (Texas ranked 44th in voter participation in 1960) may add to the liberals' overall strength.

In any event, the Tower victory showed that the Democratic label, stripped of liberal-labor support, is no longer sufficient to win statewide office in Texas. This is one reason why the complicated and highly controversial strategy of the liberal Democrats is strenuously opposed by Lyndon Johnson and other traditional Demo-

cratic leaders, who are determined to preserve the loose confederation which has always been the Texas Democratic party. In a very real sense, Lyndon Johnson's political future is linked to the strange coalition of forces within his party in his home state.

Senator Tower's victory gave Texas Republicans the dramatic surge they needed. But a genuine two-party state is still remote. "We made our first breakthrough at the top," a party spokesman told a recent rally. "Now our problem is to go from the top down." Republicans are tackling this awesome task with considerable zest. Conservative Democrats at all levels are being proselytized. The Republicans have been staging "resignation rallies," curious rituals employing every kind of esoteric mumbo-jumbo except the blood oath, where Democratic conservatives become Republicans. Tower has attracted recruits on his frequent speaking tours in Texas (where he typically complains about the Kennedys: "appealing to the movie-magazine mentality, yachting off Hyannis Port, running to the foxes in Virginia, lolling on beaches in Florida"). The giddy prestige of having a U. S. Senator of their own has made it respectable to be a Republican in Texas; society matrons now list their GOP affiliation along with Junior League membership. On a different level, another Republican, an East Texas lumberjack, was photographed in dirty overalls, explaining that the GOP is "the party of the people." In special elections two Republicans were sent to the Texas House—"the largest GOP bloc in the Texas legislature since Reconstruction," the press blurbs said. Being roommates, they held a sort of continuing party caucus.

The Republican membership drive is a little like a fraternity pledge week, or a Chartist Crusade with a Madison Avenue twist. The main recruit so far has been Jack Cox, a West Texas oilman who ran for Governor as a Democrat two years ago and polled over 40 per cent of the vote. Forty years old, stocky, with a powerful campaigner's voice, Cox once served as executive secretary of the ultraconservative Freedom-In-Action movement which opposes the income tax, the UN, and social-welfare programs, and equates American liberalism with unadulterated Bolshevism.

His campaign literature describes him as a lecturer on "Americanism" and as winner of awards from the Freedom Foundation of Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. In making his switch to the GOP, Cox explained that he was enlisting as a "buck private in the ranks." It has apparently

been one of the swiftest promotions on record, since he is the Republican candidate for Governor this year.

The idiom of Texas Republicanism is laced with heady invectives. In at least one instance, Democratic methods were called "low, cheap, un-Texan, totalitarian, and un-American." Hardcore GOP membership ranges from the John Birchers on the right to Republican middle-rovers, but essentially the Texas GOP is tailored meticulously in the Goldwater cut.

Their philosophy was summed up by one of their Congressional candidates, a Church of Christ minister who is also a free-lance lecturer to junior executives. "Over the years of my ministry, I became increasingly concerned by the inroads being made in America by materialistic and socialistic programs . . . under the guise of liberalism," he said. "I decided I could best serve my God, my fellow man, and my country by serving in an educational program designed to renew our faith in the basic, spiritual values of freedom, conservatism, and free enterprise."

Not all Texas Republicans are so spiritual. One, for instance, said that he and his kind are rebelling against "the national fad of making a sad, ridiculous figure of the man who chooses to live as comfortably as his talents will allow and who insists that it is his job to provide for the future comfort and security of his family." "This country," says another, "was built and made wealthy by men who worked hard and long for one purpose—to make things better for their families. It was built on the principle that man will extend maximum energy and initiative only to protect and better the condition of his loved ones and himself. If this is selfish, then this country was made great by selfishness."

"If you are a conservative," full-page advertisements announce, "then you belong in the dynamic new Republican Party of Texas. . . . Throw off the shackles of the past, and move forward!"

The test of a developing two-party trend is, among other factors, the extent to which the minority party seriously bids for elective office. This year the Texas GOP has entered candidates in 18 of the 23 Congressional contests (compared to only five in 1960), and for 86 of the 150 places in the Texas House (compared to only 19 in 1960). This spring saw the first meaningful Republican primary in Texas history, with candidates for every major state office. Some 120,000 votes were cast in the GOP primary, which may appear slim beside the million-plus turnout of Democrats; but it is a deceptive figure. Four

years ago, only 16,000 votes were cast in the Republican primary. The presence this year of General Walker and another highly conservative candidate on the Democratic ballot seriously blunted the Republican appeal, and the GOP vote in November is sure to be their highest by far in a Texas general election. As it is, 120,000 Texans have openly forsaken such front organizations as Democrats for Nixon and thereby lost the privilege of voting in Democratic primaries. Only the most resisting Democrat could deny that a trend is under way.

DRIFTING TOWARD STATEHOOD

THREE are some engaging twists to the unfolding GOP threat. Conservative Democratic leaders warn fellow conservatives that if they leave the party of their grandfathers they will open the door to liberal Democratic candidates. "There's not enough of us conservatives to dominate two parties in Texas," one old-guard Democrat said. "We'd better stick to the one we have or we'll lose both." "The Republican party is the party of Rockefeller, Javits, and Keating," said the Democratic county chairman in Houston. "Remember the liberals in the Republican party," said a Democratic state senate candidate. "We must convince our Republican friends of the gravity of this situation."

Business leaders are working hard to keep the Democratic party as incomprehensible as is humanly possible. In circular letters they have warned of the ominous consequences of an operative two-party system. The leading business lobbyist in Texas, a veteran of many Democratic wars, put it bluntly. "If conservative Democrats are to continue supporting the Republicans on great national issues," he said, "then it is but fair that Republican leadership reciprocate through withholding support of activities inimical to election of conservative Democrats in the state Democratic primaries."

A prominent industrialist, supporter of GOP Presidents and Democratic Governors, explained that conservative Democrats must remain loyal to the party in order to get their men nominated and "thus gain the opportunity of voting in the general election for one of two conservatives, either the Democrat or the Republican."

It has become increasingly apparent, then, that the conservatives who stand to gain most from a continuing one-party climate—those politicians, businessmen, and lobbyists who understand and have worked in the eccentric traditions of the creaking Democratic machinery—are keenly per-

ceptive of the long-range issues evoked by the state GOP.

In the face of this kind of logic, the guileless and unsullied arguments for two-party politics by students of Southern history seem somewhat abstract. They are, in any event, not too relevant to this year's contest for Governor between the Republican and ex-Democrat Jack Cox and Democrat John Connally, who is Lyndon Johnson's most prominent protégé. Connally is tall, suave, and handsome, with the kind of imposing dignity which appealed to housewives on morning TV. At forty-five, he is well schooled in the practicalities of politics. A South Texas country boy, he rose to become lawyer for the vast Richardson estate, and ultimately U. S. Secretary of the Navy; his story sits well in a state which still produces its Horatio Algers. Connally's political idiom, though less folksy, sounds very much like Johnson's; the central theme of his primary campaign was "to unify our people . . . to see that we work closer together toward a common solution of our problems." Like Johnson, he is closely associated with the great hierarchies of financial power in Texas. For years he was Johnson's friend and assistant, handling much of Johnson's fund-raising and spearheading many of his convention battles.

IMPLICATIONS FOR 1968

THE Vice President says he did not persuade Connally to resign from the Cabinet and run for Governor. Very likely Connally decided quite on his own to make his first bid for elective office. But during the primary, such disclaimers became irrelevant. The chief issue was the past association of the two men and the effects of Connally's candidacy on Johnson's own political ambitions. Connally's opponents claimed that Johnson was out to make Texas a one-man state, that he was trying to scotch the Republican threat by running a candidate who would mean all things to all people, and was paving his own way to the Presidency in 1968. Connally was called "the Washington candidate."

His primary campaign, the best-financed in the history of Texas gubernatorial races, was waged along a broad political spectrum. He criticized such New Frontier proposals as Medicare and federal aid to education, and advocated a 10 per cent cut in state spending. Largely, however, he avoided direct stands on most state and national issues, and in the runoff for the nomination he refused to participate in a series of television debates. Disturbed by the rising liberal tide

within the Democratic party and the swagger of the Republicans since Tower's victory, a coalition of Johnson and Shivers forces supplied the bulk of his support. His connection with the Kennedy Administration was also effectively exploited in Negro and Latin constituencies.

Connally's challenger in the primary runoff was a thirty-six-year-old, politically unseasoned Houston lawyer, Don Yarborough (no relation to the senior Texas Senator, Ralph Yarborough). Don Yarborough ran on an unequivocal New Frontier platform with strong liberal and labor backing. In an evangelical style, he stressed youth, experimentation, and wide-ranging reforms. He frankly urged conservative Democrats to become Republicans, advocated increased state taxes on oil and gas and an end to "both public and private racial discrimination." The key issue, he said, was between "the small farmer, the small businessman, the working man of Texas against the huge out-of-state monopolies." His most enthusiastic supporters were a new generation of Texas liberals, young people in their twenties and thirties. His close advisers were highly pragmatic intellectuals, whose contempt for the ruling powers in the state Democratic party earned them the sobriquet, "the Texas liberal Mafia."

It was a bitter runoff. Connally called Yarborough "anti-business" and "extremist" and said he was backed by "Eastern labor organizers and Americans for Democratic Action." Yarborough in turn labeled Connally the "lobbyists' candidate" and a "traitor to the New Frontier," and made much of his refusal to debate. Although only one daily newspaper in the state endorsed Yarborough, his frequent television appearances toward the end of the campaign served to close the gap. Connally won by only 25,000 votes out of over 1,100,000.

The primary left the Democratic party more sullenly divided than ever. Yarborough waited several days before pledging somewhat tepid support to Connally in the general election. "We want people all over the South," he said later, "to know that the Texas Democratic party is moving toward the aims and traditions of the national party." In Washington, Senator Yarborough declined to join the rest of the Texas delegation in pledging support of Connally, and suggested that Texas liberals deserve a "fair share" of seats in the next national convention.

More crucially, a substantial number of liberal Democrats started a movement to boycott Connally and actively support Republican Cox, just as they backed Tower against Blakley in 1961.

An organization called "Texans for a Two Party Texas" was launched by one of Don Yarborough's top aides. Connally and "the so-called Democratic party in Texas," he said, are bound to "special-interest, multi-million dollar corporations" and are opposed to many of Kennedy's programs. "Lyndon Johnson's determination to put Connally in the Governor's mansion," he said, "is part of the most ruthless grab for power in the history of an American state."

Cox and the Republicans are campaigning against Johnson as much as against candidate Connally. Automobile stickers declare: "Scratch Lyndon's Boy John." Texans, Cox reiterates, must "refuse to be Johnsonized."

Connally's task meanwhile is twofold. He must hold the conservative Democrats who voted for him in the party primary; many will be tempted to support the more conservative Cox in the general election. At the same time he must keep a substantial portion of the liberal wing reasonably satisfied. Stated simply, his problem is this: How far can he drift to the left without alienating his conservative strength? (Significantly, this summer he got the recommendation of the state AFL-CIO.)

One thing should be made clear: John Connally is no Bill Blakley. He is more attractive, more politically adept, more perceptive of the seething discontent on the party's left. Appealing to party unity he has called Cox "a renegade turncoat opportunist whose own record as an agent of a dangerous secret political society [a reference to Freedom-in-Action] will shock the people of Texas." Johnson supporters who are backing Connally know that the Democratic party must be firmed up along its right wing to carry the state in future national elections. They argue that Johnson is doing an excellent job as Vice President, deserves close party ties back home, and that Connally will keep state government on a safe and moderately progressive course.

THE TWO-PARTY PROMISE

WHATEVER the outcome of the November election, there is no question that the trend toward a two-party system has been firmly established in Texas, even though the actuality is still distant. At its grass roots, the Texas GOP is most robust in the cities and their expanding suburbias (Tower, for instance, carried seven of the state's eleven counties with populations over 100,000). Over the next several years, the party may evolve into a more vigorous minority role, with as many as six or seven Con-

gressmen, perhaps even a Governor or a Lieutenant Governor, strong at the top but not at the bottom. "Right now we're sort of like the Liberal party in England," one GOP leader believes. "We're number three . . . but moving fast into number two, replacing the conservative organization Democrats." The Texas Republican chairman believes the criterion is "to elect Republicans *regularly* to the state legislature."

Under a straightforward two-party system, 40 to 50 per cent of the state legislature would be Republican today. But this possibility does not solve the most formidable Republican problem, the need for a functioning and viable organization at the lowest levels. And there are other serious hurdles.

"The lingering antipathy for the name 'Republican' is still fairly strong," University of Texas political scientist O. Douglas Weeks wrote in a recent study, "but there is no doubt that tradition is waning, because most of the original reasons for a Democratic Texas and a Solid South are no longer valid. Habit is perhaps a stronger reason, since customary ways of doing things may long outlive the reasons for their coming into being."

For decades Texans have fought their most vital political battles within the Democratic party and there are a good many practical reasons for remaining within a party which still controls almost all of the state's power and patronage on the local courthouse level. The GOP must keep its appeal dramatic and meaningful if it is to persuade conservative Democrats to change their allegiance. "It's like preaching the gospel on the sixth day of a week-long revival," one of their leaders says. "Lost souls still come forward, but the sermon has to be more persuasive than on the first day."

The election of a moderately conservative Governor like John Connally might postpone the two-party promise here, but certainly not forever. Far more than other Southern states, Texas is drifting steadily away from the old sectionalism and toward a more well-defined class and group-interest politics. A sprawling state dominated by growing urban areas and an industrialized economy cannot forever give adequate expression to its churning frictions in a Democratic party which means everything to everyone. In the larger perspective the convulsions in Texas' present-day politics, so incoherent to outsiders and even occasionally to those of us here who manage to contribute to the confusion, are only symptomatic of a complex and richly talented society in transition.

ANIMAL POEMS

PATI HILL



THE CAT

The cat watches his dinner
Singing through the trees
And coming out of holes in the ground.

He makes his paws soft.
The pangs of hunger
Snap in his stomach like little backbones.

The world is a big pie
Baking gently in the sun.

THE DEATH OF A MOLE

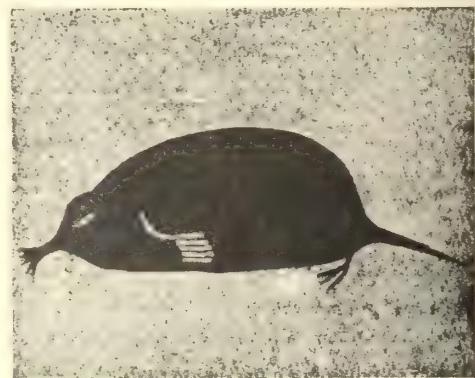
The death of a mole is no great thing.
More like a pincushion flung out of a window
Or a last minute doubt
Exploded upward through the snow.

When children lose mittens in the park
Someone finds them and drapes them over hydrants
Or stretches them out on benches palm up.
No one knows if this mole is the left one or the right one
So this has gone with him
But not much else.

Between your thumb and forefinger
He swims
No more amazing than a space ship.

It is hard to believe he is not useful for something.

Only his little flowering mouth
Expose that he had a purpose of his own.
It is rather embarrassing.
It would be better if he were just a pocket turned inside out.



THE DORMOUSE

The dormouse chews a hole
The size of himself
And gets into it for the winter.
He lies on his side
With his paws furled
Like the tips of ferns in spring.

If you take a dormouse out of his nest
Before he is awake
He feels cool and heavy.
His hole looks vacant
And repeats his shape after him.
The best thing to do is put him back again.

HELPFUL HINTS WHEREVER YOU TRAVEL

Do not put alligators in the bathtub.
It is bad for them.

Do not put gnus in shoes.

Do not give lighted cigarettes to rabbits,
Or anything else that is habit forming.

Do not step on cats any more than you can help
And if one is by chance in a chair you are
Thinking of sitting down on, *then sit somewhere else.*

Do not ask directions of Daddy-Long-Legs.
It's all they can do to keep track of themselves.

Do not keep canaries.
(How would *you* like to be kept?)

Do not tease caterpillars or rub them backwards.
They have their errands to do and want to get on with them.

Do not count sheep.
They do not count you.

Do not stare at zebras.
It is hard on the eyes.

Do not wrap pythons about your neck
Or play music to cobras.
Their taste may be different from yours
In such matters.

Do not eat eagles.
It is unpatriotic and inelegant.

Do not hesitate to say good morning to beavers
Even if you don't know them.
They appreciate neighborliness
And don't stand on ceremony.

Whenever you have a chance, aid the ape.

If there are peacocks in your yard
Give them your card and ask them to come back
On Saturday when your in-laws are absent.
Do not raise your voice but close the gate firmly
And they will understand.

Lions and bison should be treated nicely
And not lied to, because they are bigger than you.

Don't turn on turtles.
Pick up oysters politely.
Don't hurry terns
And brush Bassets nightly.

All these rules are good to remember
Whether traveling in Venice or the Netherlands
For it is upon such principles
That pleasant relations are established
And good times are had
Between Animals and Man.



Pati Hill's poems and Galway Kinnell's drawings will appear in "The Snow Rabbit," to be published in November by Houghton Mifflin. Miss Hill is the author of five books, including a new novel, "One Thing I know."

In kitchens or classrooms— customers themselves join with General Electric people in the search for better value



No wonder homemakers are enthusiastic about the new General Electric split-level range with the eye-level oven. Homemakers helped design it.

After General Electric engineers had developed the basic design — incorporating customer-proven features of previous ranges — they wanted the new range to have the benefit of actual use by housewives in their own kitchens. To achieve this, they followed the Company's practice of kitchen-testing new appliances in consumer panels numbering up to 1,000 homes. Models of the split-level range were installed in the kitchens of homemakers like Norma Staples of Louisville, Kentucky. Mrs. Staples (left)

is shown giving her views and suggestions to General Electric home economist Jean Boomer. This interview typifies the way consumers join with General Electric people in the search for improvements that add extra value.

Educators have good reason to welcome General Electric's new TV-audio equipment for classrooms. They helped design it.

What appears to be a large table-model TV set above — in General Electric's model classroom at Nela Park, Cleveland — is actually a versatile TV audio center. It has 24 special features that make it uniquely suited to classroom use. These specia-



Features are the result of many group discussions with school administrators, teachers, and educational consultants. The added values suggested by educators include an anti-glare hood for better viewing, a powerful high-fidelity audio system for better hearing, and great flexibility for use with other audio teaching aids.

Kitchens and classrooms are just two of the places where General Electric people are making an extra effort to seek out the views and suggestions of customers. General Electric works with local utilities, with communities, with industries, with defense and space agencies . . . all to serve you,

and your family, community and country, with products of ever greater value.

Working with customers is another example of how the 250,000 men and women of General Electric are striving to put the *accent on value* . . . value that starts in the hearts and minds of dedicated people.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

LIVING WITH YOUR HUSBAND'S CORONARY

*Cutting down on stress and calories calls
for ingenuity in the kitchen, plus a
bold break with some long-established—and
often tedious—social customs.*

ON A sunny May morning in 1958 a clot of blood found one of my husband's arteries too narrow for easy passage and shut off the blood supply from a segment of his heart. Coronary accident is much more likely to strike men than women, especially in middle age, but, as every wife of a "cardiac" knows, it happens to her as well as to him.

What is not so well known is that life need not cave in. I hesitate to say that my husband and I have a better life since his coronary than we had before. Such a statement would sound smug and irresponsible. Still, we both insist that we eat better, we have more fun, life is better now than before that morning in May.

Most men survive a first heart attack. More than 80 per cent return to their old jobs. These statistics ignore, however, the number who plod through their remaining years in weary frustration, resenting—and even defying—their doctors' orders; fearing another attack with every breath; eating a tasteless "diet" at every meal; thinking "should I?" with every trowelful of soil lifted in the garden. Far too often their wives never again know a peaceful night's sleep or a waking hour free from anxiety.

We too went through this phase. But eventually we evolved a new set of rules. These turned out to be the very rules we had approved but frequently ignored before our coronary. If you are a wife still harassed by people and things, you can change now and probably prevent your

husband's coronary. We—like millions of others—were slow to learn. It took a heart attack to remind us that life is to enjoy, to live up.

When the edges of your world are in plain view, you stop putting off the things you always wanted to do and you take a fresh look at some old habits. For instance, in our home laziness has become a virtue. My mother always insisted that dishes should be washed right after a meal. "The longer you put off the job," she'd say, "the harder the egg dries on the plates." But after my husband's coronary, I became lazy—with honor. "Rest after meals, preferably lying down," our doctor ordered. Now my husband isn't one of those shiftless characters who can doze while his wife bustles ahead with her work. (Shiftless men are not good candidates for heart attacks.) The clatter of dishes, the clack of heels, and the swish of skirts make most men feel guilty or irritated, not relaxed.

So—despite my mother's training—I now run a little water into the plates and stack them as I clear the table. The egg gets soft while we both rest. If we don't fall asleep, we listen to music or read or just enjoy a companionable silence. My husband is so far recovered now that he could probably climb the Washington Monument any evening after dinner, but why should he? We like resting after meals.

The same is true of our other new rules. My husband has given up most "heavy" work, but he was never too fond of moving pianos. He has been told to avoid emotional stress—to stop driving himself, fuming about deadlines, and watching the clock. As a result, we have learned not to hurry—a trick that allows plenty of time for whatever you have to do. We've found simpler ways of doing many jobs and have discovered that we actually get more done at a slow steady

pace than in stop-and-go spurts. By the perverse method of not rushing we almost always arrive early at church or theatre.

We have slowed down, but neither of us has grown soft or slothful. On the contrary, we are more supple, lighter on our feet, neater in our clothes. For now we are—with good reason—fat-snobs.

TURKEY FOR BREAKFAST

THORRIES about heart disease come and go. On one thing all doctors agree, however. If you're overweight your heart is working too hard. Staying too fat after a coronary is inviting catastrophe. What doesn't always occur to a "cardiac's" wife is that here is her opportunity to improve her health and appearance.

How to feed a "coronary" is a much debated question. Even doctors disagree about saturated vs. unsaturated fats, and some companies add to the confusion by rushing to cash in on unproven claims. Still, the high-protein, low animal-fat foods on your husband's reducing program are unquestionably good for you too. So is a low-sodium regime. The prepared foods which we Americans buy are often accented with monosodium glutamate or bathed in brine. So, "Go easy on the salt," is a good maxim for the whole family.

A little salt, of course, is an excellent thing. It releases the flavor of some foods, improves others, and is practically indispensable on a poached egg. Still, salt is only one note on the taste scale. Peas, for instance, have a flavor of their own. A little sugar accents it as well as salt or better. Lemon juice complements the bouquet of a well-aged steak. Herbs or wine do far more than salt for some dishes.

Unless a wife shares the food prescribed for her husband, she never knows how meals taste to him, and she makes extra work for herself. Don't go to the trouble of preparing food especially for your husband by taking out of it all the things he shouldn't have. Try positive cooking. Read, experiment, shop, and cook with delicious meals in mind. Then eat the same foods yourself.

At our house everyone eats the same. As a result we have no weight problems; our cholesterol and blood-pressure levels are low; and, mostly, we feel great.

I used to cook by my mother's spoonful-of-sugar, lump-of-butter method and I was rated a pretty fair cook. Now I am in the virtuoso class. Cooking can be an exciting business when your goal is to concoct concentrated fuel for an engine

that must work efficiently and is also equipped with taste buds. I adapt and create recipes always with double aim—my concoctions must be not merely "good for us," they must be *good*. My broiled chicken, for instance, has a special, herb-touched flavor and a tender-crisp texture. We, or our guests, never stop to think that it is high in protein, B vitamins, and linoleic acid; low in sodium and saturated fats.

My home-baked bread is high in protein, vitamins, and calcium. It contains very little sodium, and no solid fats. To make it I experiment with all kinds of flour, seeds, cracked grains, fruits, spices, herbs, vitamins, calcium, and vegetables. Nothing is more versatile than bread. The staff of life, it can be; or it can be about as tasty and nourishing as a cellulose sponge. Grandmother made it the hard way; I do it this easy way.

To 1½ cups of cracked-wheat cereal add 1½ cups of boiling water, and set aside to cool. Heat 2⅓ cups of water to 115 degrees on your candy thermometer. Pour this into a large bowl. Add one envelope of dry yeast, 2 or 3 tablespoons of sugar, 2 or 3 tablespoons of oil (corn, soya, or, if you like, safflower), 1 cup of dry milk solids, 1 or 2 tablespoons of calcium gluconate (from your drugstore). Stir in 4 cups of unbleached flour and the cracked wheat (cooled down to lukewarm). Stir and knead-in four cups of stone-ground whole-wheat flour. Now knead. In eight or ten minutes you should feel relaxed—kneading is a fine way to work off tensions—and your bread is ready to rise.

Toast made from this bread is no mere something to wash down with coffee. It is energizing and delectable. Breakfast, in fact, is a favorite meal of ours. With our toast we often have turkey. A nearby turkey farm grinds and packages turkeyburgers for the freezer. They cook in five minutes and turn breakfast into a meal to get up for. If you don't live near an obliging turkey farm, you too can grind a turkey.

Garner other ideas for high-protein meals from your doctor, county Heart Association, librarian, County Agent, bookseller; from the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the AMA, the Wheat Flour Institute, and many food companies.

In plotting your escape from high-calorie, low-

Terry Allen and her husband, Don, together wrote "Doctor in Buckskin" and other historical novels. They live in Carmel-by-the-Sea, and do freelance writing for magazines, TV, and films.

nutritive-value food and drink, you can also win release from hangovers, useless conversation, and tiresome company. To do this, you only have to master the art of saying, "No, thank you."

From the time of your first birthday party, you accumulate social obligations which often have little to do with the kind of person you are or what you enjoy doing. We all grow up under compulsion to say "yes" to virtually every invitation. After your husband's coronary (or, preferably, before trouble develops), it's time to take an honest look at your social life. How much of it do you really enjoy? Three hours of cheese-on-a-toothpick and dull talk are a drain on anybody's energy and equanimity. Then, you must still plod home weighted down by too much food and drink plus the duty to reciprocate in kind.

OUTWITTING THE BORES

A"CARDIAC" in the house calls for a pruning of your host and guest lists. Write down the activities and people you really enjoy. Then stick to your list. Social life thus ceases to be a burden, but retains its core of real stimulation. If you lack the audacity for declining an invitation, a heart condition provides the perfect excuse.

Most husbands take rather kindly to this idea, but it is hard—if not impossible—to cure them of the chivalrous and energy-wasting compulsions that have been bred into them since their first dancing class. (Could manners be that elusive reason why more men than women develop early heart trouble?) After your coronary some women are enemies—those who stop by your table in a restaurant, causing your husband to lift his weight from his chair; the able-bodied females who hover helplessly around their heavy luggage, waiting for a man to pick it up; or those who stride vigorously toward the car, forcing him to hurry to open the door. I don't know what to do about husbands' manners, but I'm grateful to every woman we know who avoids those situations in which my husband must be either unmannerly or unwisely gallant.

Architects are also enemies. There is a flight of stairs at the entrance to the hospital where you go for tests. You must climb other steps to visit a library, ride the subway, attend church, wash up at a restaurant, keep a business appointment, get a haircut, or mail a package. Everywhere, a conspiracy of steps confronts you. To defeat it calls for sleuthing.

The children's entrance to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York is at street level.

An elevator is tucked behind a door at the San Francisco airport. Elsewhere, all sorts of street-level service entrances, executive elevators, and no-step passages need only discovering. Second-story conferees can often be met over a glass of orange juice in the ground-floor restaurant. Our doctor's office can be reached by the usual flight of stairs or via the hotel next door—from the elevator and through a between-buildings hallway.

Most husbands consider such subterfuges unmanly. So it is the wife who must study the terrain in advance and plot the course. Still, you can't avoid all steps. Dr. Paul Dudley White suggests breathing in on the first step, out on the second, and so on. Merely take in extra oxygen for the extra weight lifting.

Energy shouldn't be wasted either after or before a coronary. Recall Archimedes' boast that given a lever and a place to stand he could move the world. After a coronary, the *principle of movements* and the tools based on it—wheelbarrows, hand trucks, jacks, pliers, nutcrackers—are all your friends. I use a spade to move my kitchen range for an occasional cleaning, and I've learned to pull weeds with a claw hammer. By inventing nonstooping, easy-does-it techniques you can both save your own back and help your husband keep active. As Dr. White says, "Idle-ness breeds unhappiness and is actually bad for the health."

Medicines are getting better all the time. Be grateful for them, and use them as your doctor orders. Don't force him, though, to keep writing stronger and stronger prescriptions. Walking has as much place in his treatment as drugs. Walks should be taken as conscientiously as pills.

We had always enjoyed walking, but didn't, somehow, find the time for it. Now, we walk every day—not just because it's doctor's orders, but because we like it. We have clearer skin, healthier color. We sleep more soundly at night.

Worry is, of course, an enemy that husband and wife must handle together. A coronary is an expensive luxury; and it isn't so much the initial cost, it's the upkeep. After a coronary, you adopt and support a doctor, a laboratory technician, and a druggist. Where is all that extra money to come from, especially if the family breadwinner must work his way gradually back to full-time employment? The obvious answer is for the wife to earn some money. How?

Sell something. Make something. Provide a service. Whatever you do must fit in with your husband's need for care and companionship. Still, if your husband works away from home,

even part-time, you too can work away from home during those hours. If your situation requires you to earn money at home, explore your skills and turn them into capital. Knit dresses, address envelopes, bake pies, upholster furniture, type manuscripts, refinish antiques, or shampoo hair. The money earned will not only help pay your medical bills; it will also give you a new sense of carrying your weight in the world. You, according to psychologists, will be among the few fortunate women who achieve that sense of personal worth necessary to complete happiness.

Earning money is also the best way I know of learning to compute the price of *things* in terms of their real value. You instinctively know which acquisitions are worth giving your life for, which are not.

All this can be learned before a coronary strikes your home. If it should happen to you, however, don't protect your husband to death. Many times during his convalescence you will want to wrap him in cotton batting. You will instinctively cry out against his carrying the groceries or transplanting a shrub. You will do

it and so do I, but I rehearse two facts each morning. One, my well-intentioned warnings sound to my husband like nagging. They insult his intelligence and raise his dander a little—both hard on the arteries. Two, nobody knows for sure the relation between physical exertion and coronary accident. Stress produced by nagging is, on the other hand, a known offender. Keeping still then will do him more good than crying out.

Follow your doctor's instructions. Make your own reasonable rules based on getting the most enjoyment from life. You can drain the tone of doom from the words "heart attack." You will know, by results measured in the laboratory, that you are not hexed by a mysterious, invincible killer; but are scoring real points against the likelihood of his return visit.

Return to normal is the goal for "cardiacs," and an impressive number achieve that. Your husband's coronary can, however, prod you into redesigning your pattern of life into something far better than your old normal. It can push you into living life to the hilt.

WALTER KAUFMANN

THE TEMPTATION

HE, too, like Moses and Elijah, dwelt for forty days in desert solitude: yet God did not appear to him: he felt the presence of the devil's voice that said, "Behold these stones: speak and they shall be bread!" replied, "Man does not live by bread alone"—but soon turned water into wine.

He saw himself stand on a pinnacle: "Cast yourself down," the devil seemed to prod, "angels will save you." To the voice from hell Jesus replied, "You shall not tempt your God"—but soon vied with Elisha's feats and awed a crowd by raising Jairus' dead daughter, withered a tree, and walked on water.

The devil promised Jesus world-wide fame and glory that no pharaoh or king or prophet ever equaled: yea, his name would be like God's and men would worship him, if he would bow to Satan's stratagem. He answered, "Worship none except the Lord"—but Satan's promise was fulfilled.

FOOD MEN SHOULD NOT TRY TO BE MEDICINE MEN

Dietary Treatment Of An Illness Is A Decision Which Should Always Be Made By Your Physician

Good health is surely a very precious asset. It is unfortunate that the American interest in health is often exploited by food faddists, quacks, charlatans, and even by highly respectable purveyors of foods and drugs who seek to sell their products by taking advantage of areas of ignorance about what promotes or prevents the achievement of a high state of good health.

The outstanding achievements of American medicine and of local, state, and federal public health agencies have contributed much to the good health which most Americans enjoy today. Remarkably enough, the life span of our citizens has been extended from an average of 47.3 years in 1900 to 69.7 years in 1959, and more of these additional years are happy and productive years because of the good health which people do have.

Among other factors which have contributed to this improved health and longevity, certainly the variety and abundance of high quality food has been of prime importance. This food is available to us at a steadily lower cost, in terms of the percentage of family income required for food or in terms of hours of labor required to purchase the food supply. What malnutrition we suffer in this country is mostly a matter of some of us consuming more calories than we need or making poor selections of food because of ignorance about the role that the well balanced diet plays in building and maintaining a healthy body.

MILK'S CONTRIBUTION IS BIG

The Food and Nutrition Board (a group within the National Research Council, National Academy of Sciences, an agency created by Congress to advise the government on matters in various fields of science) issued May 25, 1962, a statement in response to a query from the Secretary of Agriculture on "The Nutritional Significance and Safety of Milk Products in the National Diet."

This group of the nation's most eminent nutrition scientists pointed out that ". . . milk and milk products are prominent because they contribute approximately 24% of the protein, 76% of the calcium, and 47% of the riboflavin in the national diet." Of course, milk provides other important nutrients as well, but these three are the most important. This statement, reassuring the American people on the value and importance of milk in our diet, was issued because of some questions which have arisen in recent years about milk.

"CHOLESTEROL CONFUSION" REIGNS

Some people in this country are victims of what

might be labeled "cholesterol confusion," the result of the oftentimes conflicting reports in the public press on the causes of heart disease which each year claim more American lives than any other disease. Atherosclerosis, a form of hardening of the arteries, is the leading cause of heart disease deaths.

There are no definite answers today to the question of what causes atherosclerosis, although many millions of dollars are being invested each year in research to try to find the causes and possible treatments. A number of possible causes are being investigated, and there seems to be general agreement that atherosclerosis may be the result of several of these factors. This makes the solution of the problem more difficult for the scientist because solving the heart disease riddle is not a matter apparently, of isolating a virus and then developing a vaccine.

Some researchers are studying the effects of the stress of modern living as a possible cause of atherosclerosis. High blood pressure and obesity appear to be closely linked to the development of this disease. Cigarette smoking has been implicated by some researchers.

WOMEN ARE NOT THE WEAKER SEX

Being a woman is a highly protective factor against atherosclerosis until the later years of life, and this complicates many other theories about the causes of heart disease because many women also live under conditions of stress, eat more than they should, smoke cigarettes, and otherwise live as men do. Obviously body chemistry, affected by hormones, plays some undetermined role in the development of atherosclerosis—or, at least in women, its prevention.

Exercise is another uncertain influence which scientists are studying. It is usually agreed that the human body needs some exercise for fitness, but most Americans use their muscles less and less these days. We have become very sedentary. We sit for our recreation—at spectator sports, to watch television, and on golf carts while playing golf.

What we eat—and particularly the amount and kinds of fats in our diet—probably has been given more public discussion as a possible cause of atherosclerosis than any other factor. Obviously, since many public discussions of diet as one of the possible causes of heart disease have implicated animal fats, including the fat in milk, as being less desirable fats, we dairy men are very much concerned that the facts, and not wild guesses, be kept before the American public. We would hate to lose our business, in other words, simply on the basis of suppositions which ten years from now may be completely discarded.

DIET TREATMENT IS ONLY ONE APPROACH

Researchers have learned that some fats which we eat tend to raise blood cholesterol levels, while other types of fats tend to lower these levels *in some people*. On the basis of this evidence, some researchers and physicians have been willing to manipulate diets to lower cholesterol levels because many of the individuals who suffer heart attacks also have high blood cholesterol levels.

But it is important to note that heart attacks also occur in people who have low blood cholesterol levels. No one claims to have proved that there is a cause and effect relationship between blood cholesterol levels and atherosclerosis. Some scientists, in fact, have voiced doubts about the idea that the fat in our average American diet is an important causative factor in atherosclerosis. There is no general agreement on the idea that diet and heart disease are related.

Medical scientists and other researchers do have a solemn obligation, however, to investigate every possible cause and treatment of any disease. On the other hand, until the researchers have far more answers than they possess today, the prevention and treatment of atherosclerosis is a matter for individuals to work out with their physicians in the privacy of the physicians' offices. A physician is under oath to do his very best to save human lives and to prevent suffering, and sometimes the only avenues open to him are highly experimental. This is the case today in preventing or treating atherosclerosis. Patients must keep this in mind.

Researchers have numerous experimental approaches to the prevention and treatment of atherosclerosis under study. Chemo-therapy—the use of various drugs—has many advocates who believe that drugs may one day provide the necessary means to prevent atherosclerosis. Other physicians are experimenting with weight reduction diets, perhaps accompanied with increases in physical activity.

DIET TREATMENTS ARE NOT PROVED THERAPY

Some physicians are experimenting, among selected patients, with various dietary treatments—and it is important to keep in mind that any dietary approach to atherosclerosis at this time is *a highly experimental treatment*. Frequently, the physician using the dietary approach will recommend the lowering of the total amount of fat in the patient's diet and may also suggest some changes in the types of fat consumed.

Anyone who is inclined to try self-treatment through

dietary changes should keep in mind that there are some potential hazards in this approach. Laymen should rely upon physicians' advice designed for the individual patient and not be influenced by those food men who, acting in this area of ignorance about the causes of atherosclerosis, prefer to be medicine men. Prescribing treatment for illness is the business of the medical profession who recognize that it is important to design the treatment to fit the particular patient. Researchers have reported conflicting results from various efforts to regulate fat levels in the blood and to prevent atherosclerosis through diet. Your physician is the person best qualified to determine if you need treatment in the first place and what kind is best for you if you do need it.

Commenting on dietary changes, the Food and Nutrition Board, in the statement referred to above, said: "The questions of how much and what kind of fat can affect the development of atherosclerosis remain unanswered but are subject to very active research and continuing review.

"In view of these uncertainties and because many factors are known to influence the onset and course of this disease, the Food and Nutrition Board considers that drastic changes in the American diet with respect to fat intake cannot be recommended at this time."

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We dairymen cherish the confidence in our products expressed repeatedly by medical and public health scientists, and we have worked to improve our products as new research information has become available to us through the years. Today we are not only providing financial support to scientists seeking to solve any problems in which our products have been implicated, but also our past record is adequate evidence that we will cooperate fully in making any further product improvements which nutrition and medical scientists determine are beneficial for the American people.

Most Americans are healthy. It would be very unfortunate if we began to worry so much about potential health hazards that hypochondria would become our national pastime. Eating should be a pleasant affair, not a medical treatment, for healthy people. If we follow the basic pattern of eating a well balanced diet—in terms of quantity of food as well as variety, get adequate physical activity each day, obtain enough rest, and maintain an optimistic outlook toward life, we can make a big step toward maintaining good health. Regular medical checkups, *by your physician, not your neighbor*, are still the soundest way to determine if you need treatment for any illness.



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the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

The Breakup of the Tribe

STUDENTS of primitive societies are a good deal concerned these days with the phenomenon they call detribalization—the collapse of traditional ways of living together based upon biological relationships, and their replacement by forms of social organization in which the links, if any, are more public and abstract than consanguinity. But the change, though it may well be more abrupt among primitive societies, is by no means limited to them. The daily newspaper provides abundant evidence that it is world-wide: the care of the aged becomes a public problem when families cannot or will not any longer provide for their older members; the behavior of young people becomes a public problem when they live in a no man's land between dependence on parents and absorption into adult occupations and their own families; countless products, from electronic organs to soft drinks, are advertised with the promise, implied or blatant, that they will restore family solidarity. Doubtless the advertiser's picture of the family group raising their voices or their bottles in blissful unison becomes the more appealing the less basis it has in reality.

INDIAN SUMMER OF THE TRIBE

NICCOLO TUCCI'S novel *Before My Time* (Simon and Schuster, \$7.50) is a wonderfully full picture of family life in what may have been its last golden moment in the West: the first decade of the present century. Part memoir, part novel, the book is based on Tucci's own relatives—his Russian grandmother, a woman of great wealth and boundless ego; his mother, the old lady's most devoted retainer and the most sedulous student of her exercise of power; his father, a young and poor South Italian doctor no less familial in his loyalties but with a Latin sense of the primacy of the male; and an endless array of relatives, servants, friends, and hangers-on of every variety. The scene is a series of hotels and villas, chiefly in Italy and Switzerland, through which the old lady troops with her daughter, her possessions, and her staff in search of the happiness that always eludes her in spite of her princely outlays for its capture.

Tucci has an almost Tolstoyan power to depict the moment-by-moment shifts in feeling and relationship that his characters undergo, their inexhaustible supply of self-deception, the hopeless tangle of possessiveness and love, of greed and generosity, of selfishness and altruism, of intelligence and folly in which they are caught. The world of his characters is a world of mirrors; a characteristic scene is one in which a man and woman who think they are playing out a grand passion address their lofty remarks not to each other but to their own images reflected in mirrors on opposite sides of the room.

The cloying, claustrophobic atmosphere pervades the book. With insignificant exceptions, the action takes place in overfurnished and overheated rooms, each very much like the other no matter where in Europe it may be located. The characters are brilliantly differentiated, but since more or less disguised self-aggrandizement is almost universally their motive, their struggles have a fundamental similarity.

Yet it is a fascinating and absorbing novel. When the old lady's death happens to coincide with a terrible earthquake in the South of Italy, the reader can almost share her daughter's sense of appropriateness, her feeling that the departure of so remarkable a person ought to be accompanied by the convulsion of the earth.

As the story unfolds, it seems to be going nowhere, to have no perceptible pattern, but in retrospect it all falls into shape, because it is all concerned with that crucial moment in any power system, the moment of succession. Like all dictators, the old lady has predicated her rule on her own indispensability, and therefore cannot provide for the succession, but the member of the next generation who knows how to behave as impossibly as the old woman is of course her true heir, in conformity to the rule that a family is a group of relatives dominated by its most neurotic member.

Possibly one period of history differs from another in the kind of emotions it chooses to call love, or (to put it another way) in the kind of hypocrisy that it can permit itself to indulge in innocently. The loves and hypocrisies of Tucci's characters are of a certain period; in our post-Freudian times they would be somewhat differ-

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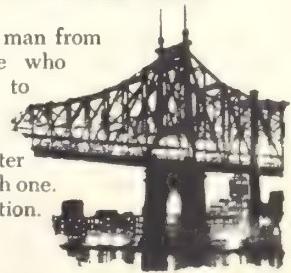
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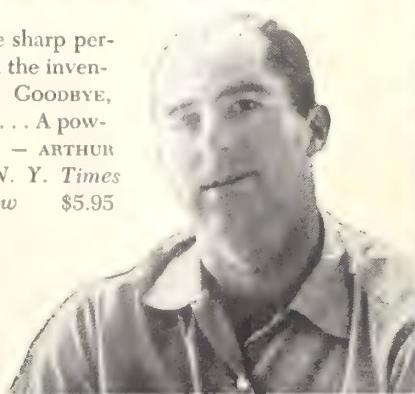
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ent, but his reading of the underlying motives is not disqualified by the shift.

Before My Time is a remarkable book, very European in its skepticism, its irony, its profound and witty pessimism. If it is true that Americans want to believe that experience is emancipating and educational, they will be disturbed by the psychological treadmill that the characters pace, and they may be even more disturbed by the uneasy conviction that their own lives are not very different.

All this may give a misleading impression that the novel is dreary. Nothing is further from the truth. It is almost always entertaining and frequently very funny. If life is a comedy to the man who thinks and a tragedy to the man who feels, then it must be something of both to the man who sees, and Tucci appears to be such a man.

JEWISH FAMILIES IN TRANSITION

IN the past few weeks several novels depicting the contemporary stresses on Jewish family solidarity have appeared. Since the Jews have been notable, perhaps beyond any other group in Western society, for their sense of family, these books hold a certain sociological interest apart from whatever literary merit they may have.

Diamond by Brian Blanville (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$5.50) is the story of an Irish-Jewish family in London from the late 1920s to the present. The character for whom the book is named is Dr. Jack Diamond, a member of a family of physicians who have emigrated from Cork in his late adolescence. He a man of wit and charm, sociable and generous, at times an almost compulsive gambler and always a hard worker, sacrificing his ambition to become a surgeon by grinding away in general practice to support his wife and two children.

But though the book bears Jack's name, the main character, at least from some points of view, is his wife, born Dolly Rosen of a Polish-Jewish family. Her gradual evolution from a shy, gentle, loving girl of almost impoverished background to a dominating, demanding wife and mother, pushing ahead socially and taking as her due all the rich things her husband can provide for her, is the central line of development of the book. Her absorption of her husband is almost complete; for her he gives up his ambition, his synagogue, his friends, and most of his family, and does so gladly, because he never ceases to love her.

Yet Dolly in the end is an embittered woman. Her strategy in life is essentially an attempt to translate into a more favored economic sphere her mother's undisputed matriarchy, and she fails. She bends her husband to her will, but her children escape her. Her son survives the anti-Semitism of various select schools to end up

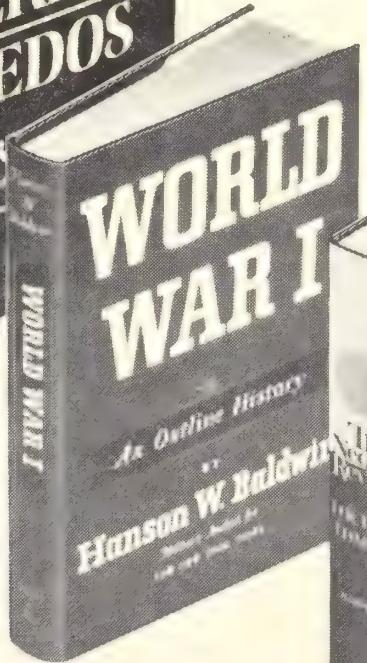
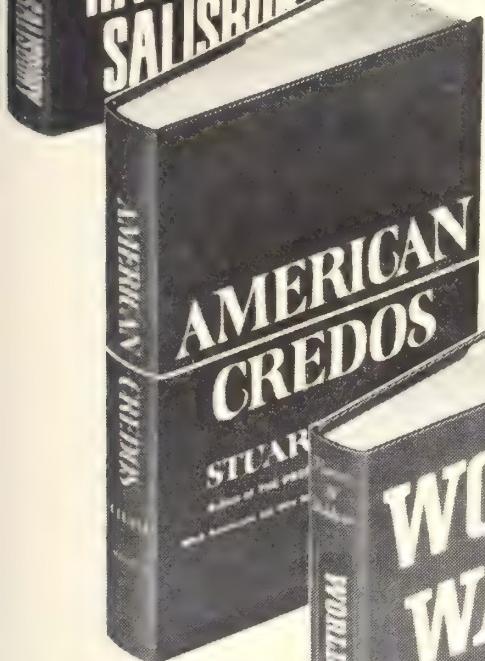
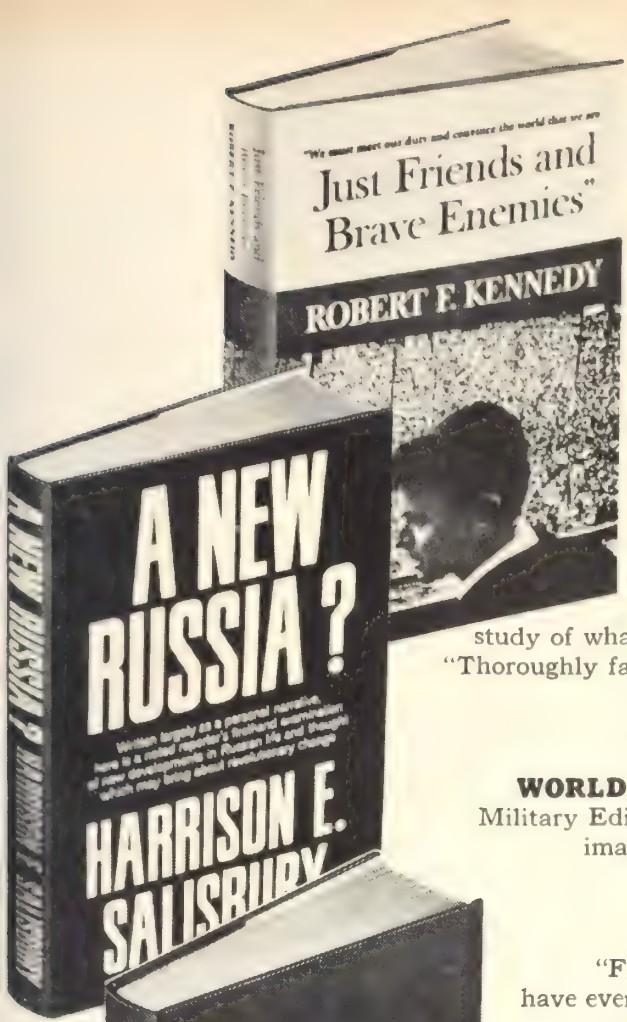
more English than Jewish, and by becoming an artist breaks with everything his mother can understand. Her daughter, in spite of promising beginnings, somehow fails to become the polished, handsome young woman her mother demands; at the end of the novel she and her gentile working-class husband are studying medicine at a provincial university.

Diamond is rather old-fashioned in technique. It consists of a great many brief scenes, conscientiously but rather stolidly reported. A good deal of it might have been written by a less gifted contemporary of Arnold Bennett. Yet it is solidly imagined and unpretentiously presented, and its picture of prosperous middle-class Jewish life in England in the last thirty years is not to be matched by any other novel I know.

THE title of Jerome Weidman's new book—*The Sound of Bow Bells* (Random House, \$5.95)—may sound as if it too were set in London, but the scene is in fact New York, and the title, very freely translated, means that you can take the boy out of the Lower East Side, but you cannot take the Lower East Side out of the boy, as the Cockney who grew up within the sound of Bow Bells will continue to hear them all his life.

The main character in Weidman's book, one Sam Silver, a Jew and an extremely successful writer, is more than anything else the creation of a poor and illiterate immigrant mother with immense native shrewdness and boundless ambition for her son. On the wave of his first success as a writer, Silver has withdrawn from his mother's domination by marrying a girl of his own sort of background but with a good deal more contempt for it. Where the mother has seen the move "uptown" as a fulfillment of her son's Jewishness, his wife sees it as a denial, and her sudden death leaves him paralyzed between the world of his past and the world of his ambitions. As a man he cannot bring himself to remarry, though he realizes that the woman who loves him is far superior to his first wife; as a writer he cannot bring himself to break with the formulas that have brought him success in the slick magazines, though he knows that they do not honestly represent his own experience of the world; and as a Jew he cannot bring himself to acknowledge his place among Jews by having a bar mitzvah for his son. The action of the novel, of course, consists of the working out of these problems, and it is hardly giving anything away to say that the resolution consists of a return to Sam Silver's values, including the religion and family, of his youth.

Like some others among Weidman's recent books, *The Sound of Bow Bells* has to be criticized in two layers—the layer of recollection, which concerns Sam Silver's years as a boy in the slums and his parents and other early associates, all of which is excellent; and the layer of



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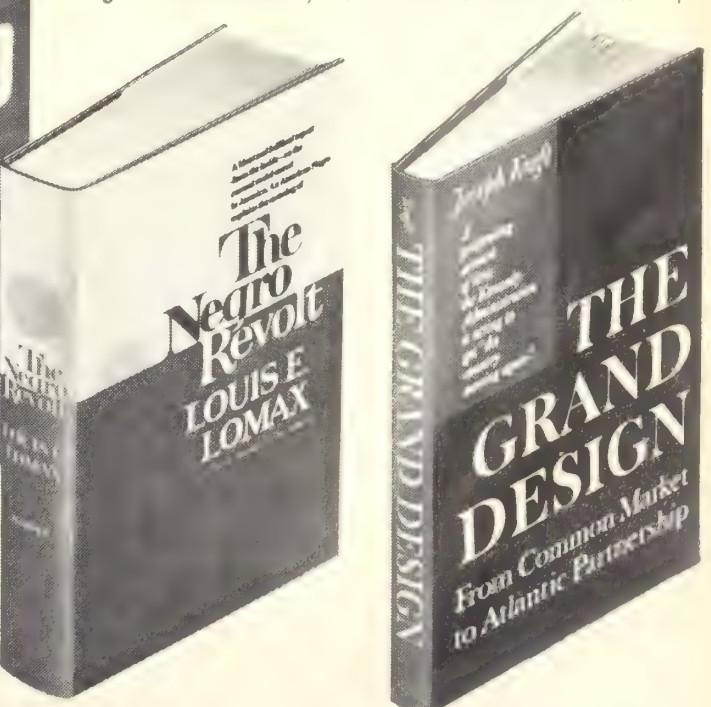
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"Far and away the best book on the Negro of the present that I have ever read," says HAYNES JOHNSON in the *Washington Star* about **THE NEGRO REVOLT** by **Louis E. Lomax**, author of *The Reluctant African*. \$4.50

THE GRAND DESIGN: FROM COMMON MARKET TO ATLANTIC PARTNERSHIP by **Joseph Kraft** is "timely and important . . . a lucid, stimulating book." — SENATOR J. W. FULBRIGHT, *N. Y. Times Book Review*. \$2.95



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his subsequent adventures among the rich and powerful with whom his success enables him to move, all of which is pure bilge. It is possible to draw a line between those scenes that are informed by past experience and those that have nothing behind them but journalistic contrivance. The scene that ends the main character's marital difficulties, for example, is simply preposterous; even if it were believable, as it emphatically is not, it would not take care of the situation that it is supposed to resolve.

As if he were aware of the extreme discrepancy in quality between the two sections of his book, Weidman avoids telling his story chronologically by having it begin very late in the action and then picking up the earlier episodes in innumerable flashbacks. This has the commendable effect of spreading the good scenes—the scenes from the youthful years—more or less evenly through the novel, but it also tiresomely and monotonously overworks what is rarely more than a very flimsy device. Like *Youngblood Hawke*, only more flagrantly, *The Sound of Bow Bells* is for the most part a slick commercial novel allegedly concerned with the horrors of slick commercialism. Weidman can do better.

OF the three novels of Jewish life here under review, James Yaffe's **Mister Margolies** (Random House, \$3.95) is most centrally concerned with the conflict between family loyalties and other considerations. His main character, the Mr. Margolies of the title, is a middle-aged nonentity who for many years has held a sinecure; he is vice-president in charge of public relations in Fishbein's Fashion Footwear, a job for which he has no qualifications whatever except that he is the brother-in-law of Murray Fishbein, the owner of the firm.

Mr. Margolies has been permitted to jog along in innocent self-deception as to his economic usefulness until his nephew Lester, fresh from the Army and the Harvard Business School, returns to work with his father. It is Lester's firm conviction (and Lester is a very firm young man) that business is a rational rather than a sentimental enterprise, and he begins a quietly ruthless

campaign to expose his uncle's incompetence. His father cannot believe that a successful business has no room for family feeling, but he has lived his life in expectation of the day when Lester would come into the business, and so he reluctantly lends his support to the systematic demolition of Mr. Margolies' self-esteem.

Yaffe dedicates his book to Jerome Weidman, but the Jewish society he depicts—the society of rich "up-town" families another generation or more away from immigration and the slums—is at least superficially quite different from Weidman's. Yaffe again demonstrates his brilliance in depicting that society: the parents who remember what it was to be poor and their children who do not, the layers of assimilation apparent when Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Siegel announce "the engagement of their daughter Marilyn to Dr. Lawrence D. Gleeson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Glixon, and grandson of the late department-store executive Sigmund K. Glickstein."

But the potential excellence of the book and the brilliance of its observations are seriously marred by the fact that Yaffe has made his situation so extreme. Mr. Margolies is such a fool that it is difficult to take him seriously, even at times to believe that he could exist: almost no business could afford to employ such a man. Moral choices become dramatic when the basis for choice is narrower. If Mr. Margolies were only a little less incompetent, if he were only a little less successful in his self-deception, the story would have greater dramatic interest and more poignancy.

Two Brothers, by the well-known Italian novelist Vasco Pratolini (Orion, \$3.95), is not a new book, but it has just been translated for the first time, and it has a certain relevance here because of its picture of family life among the poor of Florence. This novel, like much of Pratolini's work, appears to be autobiographical, and indeed contains a stern notice to the effect that it is.

The whole book (it is not very long) consists of the author's address to his younger brother, who is now dead. In life the brothers had been separated most of the time. Their

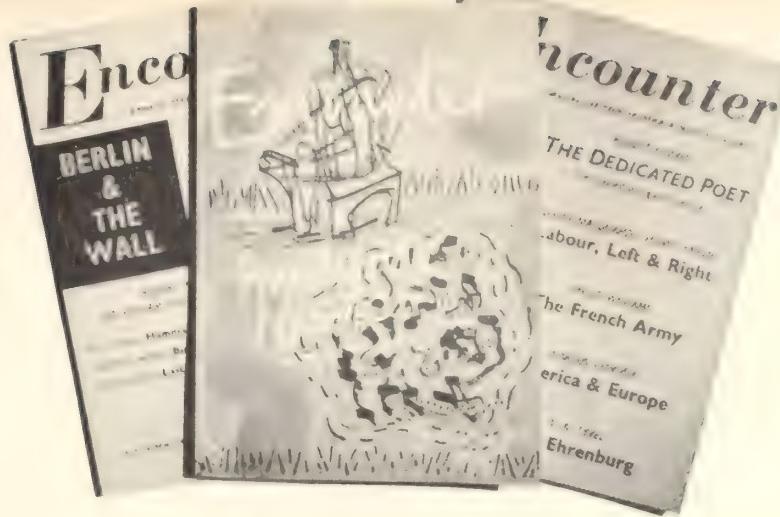
mother died at the birth of the younger, and he was reared as the ward of a more affluent family. Then in his teens, his sponsors failed him and he was thrown back into the poverty in which his older brother has grown up, though without preparation in the means poor people use to stay alive. The struggle to keep afloat in a world of savage deprivation proves to be too much for him, and his body slowly gives in to the afflictions of the poor. But in his last years, his older brother, who has always felt the distance between them created by the younger's more privileged upbringing, becomes acquainted with him and comes to recognize the depth of the love that unites them.

Two Brothers touchingly supports the notion that family solidarity is both strongest and most in jeopardy among the poor—strongest perhaps because they have so little else to fall back on, most in jeopardy because they have the least protection against the accidents of life than separate relatives. The book is unadorned, even naïve in style, in keeping with the sparseness of the life it describes. Though the constant use of the second person is a little awkward, especially in the opening sections, a certain rough eloquence is achieved, and the book's freedom from contrivance, its trust in the long pure line of feeling it describes, gives it dignity.

OTHER COMMUNITIES

AS the family becomes less pervasively the form of social organization, people tend to group themselves according to their common intellectual or economic or political interests, with the result that writers too turn their talents to other kinds of communities—to the world of academia or the Army, bohemia or business, and so on. Sooner or later every activity that brings people together, from a toy factory to a sports-car race, finds its laureate.

Elizabeth Sewell's **Now Bless Thyself** (Doubleday, \$3.95) is yet another novel of American academic life, but it has the distinction (I think) of being the first to be written by a writer who is not American. Miss Sewell is an English poet and critic who in recent years has spent roughly every



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Earlier this year ENCOUNTER published its 100th number—an event enthusiastically proclaimed by the world press (see comments in the next column). Edited by Stephen Spender and Melvin J. Lasky, ENCOUNTER has grown from a circulation of 10,000 to 35,000 today. Among its greatest devotees are thousands of American readers, who have come to regard ENCOUNTER's dynamic discussion of world affairs and the arts as an essential part of their intellectual life. Published monthly, ENCOUNTER contains articles, stories, poems, book reviews and comment by leading writers of the day. It is edited with a strong sense of continuity and so is best appreciated by those who read it regularly. If you are not already buying ENCOUNTER, we offer to send you the next eight issues for the special introductory price of \$4.00—*saving you \$2.00 on single-copy buys.* As Joseph Alsop says: "Anyone who wishes to follow the mysterious movement of ideas in the modern world is forced to read ENCOUNTER". Mail the coupon below today!

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THE NEW BOOKS

other year teaching in one American college or another.

The scene of *Now Bless Thyself* is a large Midwestern state university located in a town she calls Auber—a name that owes something to Poe and something perhaps to Ann Arbor. Adjoining its campus is the small Catholic College of the Holy Ghost, which gives Miss Sewell (who is a Catholic) an opportunity to contrast two kinds of American higher education, as well as a chance to indulge in some rather fuzzy symbolism.

In almost every way in which the book attempts to be a novel it is a failure. It begins with some highly dramatic events in England and New York, but those events have practically no relevance to what follows. Certain proper names occur so frequently that they must be meant to designate characters, but with very few exceptions the characters achieve no recognizable identity. There are occasional passages of earnest undergraduate conversation that Miss Sewell seems to take at face value, and long quotations from the speeches of a campus liberal and a visiting conservative (presumably William Buckley), which sound genuine enough but are hardly worth putting in a book. In addition, Miss Sewell has trouble with American speech—one of her undergraduates, for instance, speaks of some tickets as "not too dear," though no young American I know of uses the word "dear" in the sense of "expensive."

Fortunately, however, a good deal of the time Miss Sewell forgets that she is writing a novel, and for long stretches her book is simply a record of her impressions of American college life. Since she is an acute observer and a fine descriptive writer, these passages make the book eminently worth reading. She is victimized by neither snobbery nor condescension, and she has seen enough of her subject to write with something like authority.

In-Laws and Outlaws, by C. Northcote Parkinson (Houghton Mifflin, \$4), is not a novel, though with its array of characters and passages of dialogue it might easily have become one. As it stands it is a collection of humorous essays on how to succeed

in business. It seems to be American business that Parkinson has chiefly in mind, but since the vocabulary he uses is sometimes American and sometimes British, it is hard to say.

For my taste, Parkinson's manner is a little too cute; he is extremely fond of inventing jocular names and setting up the paraphernalia of mock scholarship—with a slight tinge of burlesque of pomposity. He establishes categories and sub-categories, charts and tests. He is at his best when least afflicted by this somewhat muscle-bound puckishness; when, in other words, he is most straightforward. Then he shows himself to have a good eye and to be an excellent teacher. Whether or not a reader knows very much about business, he will recognize and appreciate the account of the various devices by which a chairman gets his own way with a committee, the description of sex differences in institutions and the ways to tell a good boss from a poor one. (The poor one deplores the situation; the good one says what to do next.) In general Parkinson's prescription for success can be reduced to two words: be ruthless.

IN AFRICA

The Lonely African, by Colin M. Turnbull (Simon and Schuster \$4.50), is a direct confrontation of the problem of detribalization in one part of the world where it is at present particularly rampant. Turnbull, an English anthropologist now on the staff of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, has extensive firsthand experience of Africa, and his book is made up of a series of autobiographies of more or less detribalized Africans in the eastern part of the Congo Republic. The autobiographies appear to have been taken down from dictation, though they may have been edited to make them more relevant to the subject of the book, and they are interspersed by chapters of commentary and interpretation by the author.

Probably no other literary vehicle matches the autobiography in effectiveness when it comes to conveying what it means to people to be wrenched away from their accustomed relationships and ways of

THE NEW BOOKS

doing things. Turnbull's narratives range from the pathetic story of an African girl married to a Frenchman to a horrible account of an adolescent boy whom a sadistic missionary subjects to a surgical substitute for the traditional initiation of his tribe. Turnbull is a little too reluctant to let the material speak for itself,aboring a point that his narratives make more vividly than any commentary can, and he ends his book with some suggestions for preserving the tribal framework in the new African republics.

The Blue Nile, by Alan Moorehead (Harper & Row, \$5.95), is a superb account of the first massive incursion of the European powers on northeast Africa. It is a kind of sequel to the same author's *White Nile*, but it can be read quite independently, and in fact deals with an earlier period of history. The title is only approximately descriptive, for after an introduction concerning the Blue Nile and a fascinating late-eighteenth-century explorer of it, a Scot named James Bruce, the narrative settles down to relate major episodes in the European invasion of Egypt, the Sudan, and Ethiopia, beginning with Napoleon's invasion of Egypt in 1798 and ending with the British punitive expedition, under General Napier, against the Emperor Theodore of Ethiopia in 1868.

Moorehead (in contrast to Turnbull and of course many others) takes no strong moral attitude toward the events he relates. He seems to regard the European encroachment on Africa as more desirable than not, and in any event inevitable. Primarily he is concerned, as any good journalist is, with telling an interesting story, and in that he certainly succeeds. He is not a scholar, though he has consulted scholars and their work, and he has visited the places he writes about and read widely in the journals that earlier explorers of Africa seem to have left behind them in abundance.

Perhaps no aspect of the book is more enthralling than the vigorous portrayal of the succession of fascinating men who figure in the narrative, and of them all the most appealing is the last, the Emperor Theodore. Often pathetically lost

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

...on the First Church of Christ Economist
Fortunately, few today follow Christian doctrines—for were they to do so, our Gross National Product, instead of mounting as it must, would plummet downward. Esquire stands for social commentary with a Swiftian twist by such angry young men as Gore Vidal, William Styron, Brock Brower and an occasional irate elder statesman.

WILLIAM FAULKNER

...an excerpt from his last novel, *The Reivers*
...he cleared his throat loud and hard and went to the window and opened it and leaned out and spit and closed the window and came back to the bed, not looking at me, talking loud, like somebody that comes upstairs first on Christmas morning and tells you what you're going to get on the Christmas tree that's not the thing you wrote Santa Claus for... Esquire means top fiction means Roth, Miller, Wilson, Capote, Duerrenmatt, and some new names you'll be hearing lots about.

JACK PAAR

...on the state of the Fourth Estate

There is a well-oiled saw among reporters which says that they are afraid of only three things: chronic alcoholism, hemorrhoids, and impotency. Esquire has a way with the verbal dart, arrow, bullet. Deadly accuracy with the rhetorical ballistic missile, as Huntington Hartford, J. B. Priestley, David Schoenbrun take off on the countdown.

DWIGHT MACDONALD

...plays a new film

Miss McKenna's hopelessly mannered trick of mouthing her words could be justified only if they were something to eat. Esquire takes in all the arts—including the honorable art of living the leisure life. Dorothy Parker (books), Dick Joseph (travel), Martin Mayer (hi-fi & stereo), and assorted features on fashion, drinks, sports.

RICHARD ROVERE

...on the American Woman

I think that one of the rights a woman should have is the right not to avail herself of her rights. Apron strings, purse strings, heart strings, momism, Oedipus, Electra—Esquire has lots to say about the fair sex. (Sometimes Esquire says nothing. Merely stares.)

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

...on the late Whittaker Chambers

As a Communist he sleepwalked to heavy Dostoyevskian music... Full-face or profile, Esquire catches them all in their proper (and, sometimes, not so proper) perspective. Producer, writer, housewife—Jerry Wald, Ernest Hemingway, Jacqueline Kennedy.

HARRY S. ASHMORE

...on the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions

Associate Justice William O. Douglas pushed forward that notable face, which looks like a relief map of the high country he loves, and gently inquired of the Reverend John Courtney Murray, S. J. "How would you like to have your confessional bugged?" Esquire taps the national-life line, investigates the situation from striking politicians to pilots-on-strike—all with the aid of experts like Burton Crane, Steward Udall, Harvey Swados.

MELINA MERCIORI

...on love



THOMAS B. MORGAN

...on Teddy Kennedy

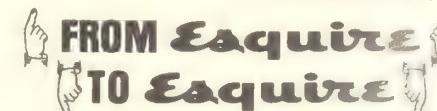
So far the only challenge that Kennedy has failed to accept was that of an Indian who offered to shoot a cigarette out of his mouth with a .22 bullet. "He would have done that," a friend said, "but Teddy doesn't smoke." Esquire reports on politics, even Politik, with estimates—to left, right and center—by some shrewdly accurate observers—Dan Wakefield, Neil Morgan, Bob Con-sidine.

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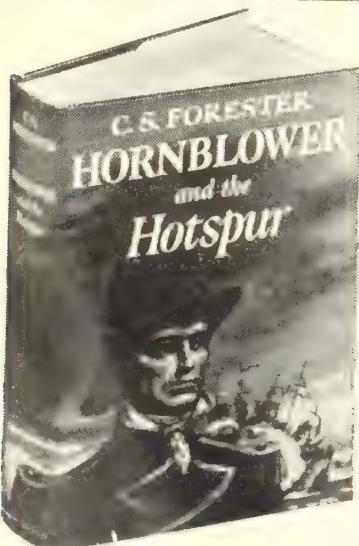
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

in madness that he recognized but could not curb, he had nonetheless a darting, flamelike splendor in his mountain fastness that makes the vast bumbling British expeditionary force sent against him look ridiculous. Even in his death he showed his gift for gesture: after the British victory, he committed suicide with a pistol that, as the silver plate inserted in it said, had been sent to him by Queen Victoria, in thanks "for his kindness to her servant Plowden." (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

A GREAT TRIAL RETRIED

ANOTHER fine new work of non-fiction is *Tragedy in Dedham* by Francis Russell (McGraw-Hill, \$7.95). Russell has not yet achieved anything like the reputation of Moorehead, but he too has been developing, in a series of modest but excellent essays, a very superior kind of journalism that combines personal recollection with social history. This book is the first he has published in America, but in it he shows himself a painstaking and accomplished writer with the ability to tell a good story well.

The subject is the great legal event of Russell's Boston boyhood, the Sacco-Vanzetti case. He brings to the case not only his own memories of the time, but an exhaustive study of the record, an acute sense of the structure of Boston society then and now, recent visits to whatever participants in the trial still survive, and some new evidence from ballistics which, because of the peculiar disposal of the exhibits in the trial, has become available only lately (and only through Russell's efforts, as I understand his account).

In a general way Russell sees the trial as he saw it when he was a boy and as writers over the years have tended to see it: as a situation in which people behaved according to their birth and background, a triumph of tribal loyalties over abstract justice. Old Boston, represented by such figures as Bishop Lawrence and President Lowell, with the less suave assistance of those who were, as they hoped, in process of assimilation to old Boston, like Governor Fuller and Judge Thayer, in the end held out for the majesty of the Common-

wealth against a couple of immigrant anarchists, an Italian shoemaker, an Italian fish peddler. Russell shows how other elements in society were reprehensible for respectability, especially the Communists, also useful in the trial for their purposes.

In one respect Russell breaks with most earlier writers on the trial. Contrary to his conviction when he started to study the case, he has reluctantly come to the conclusion that Sacco was probably guilty. He comes to this conclusion partly because of the implausibility of other standard explanation of the crime, which blames it on the Morelli gang from Providence, partly because several people who were deeply committed to the defense of Sacco and Vanzetti, including the chief trial lawyer, later pressed doubt of their innocence, and partly because the new evidence from ballistics seems to prove conclusively as such things can that least one of the bullets that proved fatal in the South Braintree payroll robbery came from the gun that Sacco was carrying when he was arrested. Not everyone will agree with these conclusions, but anyone who reads *Tragedy in Dedham* (the trial was held in the Dedham courthouse) is likely to agree that it is one of the best books of American social history to appear in some time.

BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FIC TION

The Incident, by Anne Rives.

A Frenchman, an engineer, driving along a country road in Southern France has a breakdown. He is on his way to pick up his wife and children whom he has not seen for some weeks, and the accident means prolonging the separation and staying overnight in a small village till his car is fixed. He resents the delay, goes out for a drink, and suddenly finds himself in a situation which changes his life. A credible and readable little tale, if somewhat spun out at the end, and the translation leaves

BOOKS IN BRIEF

something to be desired. Who, in America, ever heard, for instance, of a "sparking-plug"? The author of this first novel is an executive in a French publishing house and her book is scheduled to appear in Great Britain, Italy, Spain, and Germany as well as in France and the United States.

Dutton, \$3.50

Mission of Fear, by George Harmon Coxe.

A happy young couple, the wife four months pregnant, is suddenly confronted by a blackmailer who has evidence that seems to prove that her first husband, supposedly killed in an airplane accident two years before, is still alive. The blackmailer is after a share in the insurance, now invested in the husband's business. The night the blackmailer comes to their suburban town he is found stabbed to death in his room at the local motel. Of course the husband and wife are suspect. The frantic search for the missing ex-husband and the roundup of the murderer with clues and false clues making pleasurable dizziness, all take place within a few days and the pace is terrific. By the past president of the Mystery Writers of America who has written more than fifty thrillers since 1935.

Knopf, \$3.50

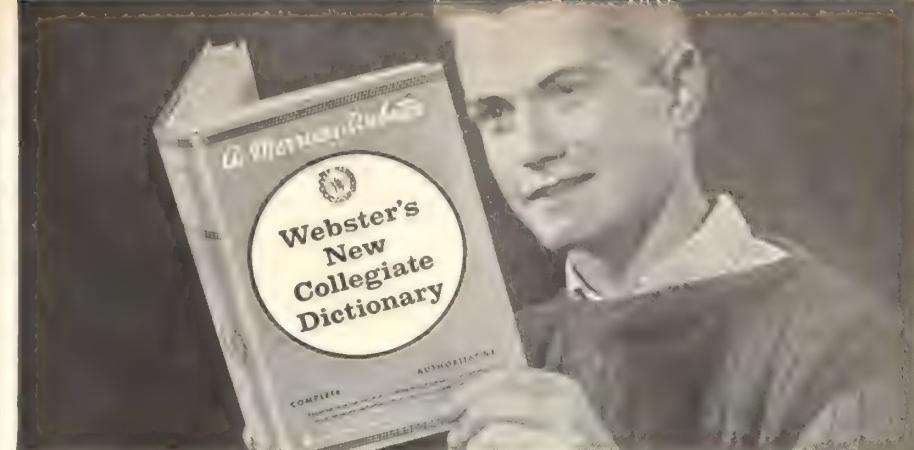
Seen Dimly Before Dawn, by Nigel Balchin.

The author of *Mine Own Executioner* writes a slow-starting but fast-finishing story of an adolescent boy, of a summer visit to his uncle, of his uncle's attractive young mistress, and of her Belgian police dog, Remus. Of course the boy falls in love with the young woman; then the dog—ah, but that's part of the mystery, and an exciting one it is. Don't be put off by the quiet start. Though you may feel, as I do, that the young man as first-person narrator is not entirely convincing, his predicament will hold you fast.

Simon & Schuster, \$3.75

The Cry of the Owl, by Patricia Highsmith.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Marta, by Rodolfo Celletti.

If in this story of a group of people, mostly Italians, mostly sometimes talented, who have grown up together, played together, made love often, one doesn't identify oneself some of the principals in the Montesi murder and other international scandals, again the jacket copy gives you a steer. "Inevitably American readers will recognize elements which have inflamed international headlines . . . whether in the murder case which resembles the infamous Montesi scandal or in the love affair between Arturo and Blanche." Arturo, you see, is Italian movie director and Blanche is a most beautiful Hollywood actress who has come to act in one of his productions. It is indeed a romance that needs no clef and it has been like "La Dolce Vita" whose mood so resembles, immensely popular in Europe. It is apparent that M. Celletti cares about these people and wants to show how true are the hearts that beat under the million coats, in the beautiful limousines, the most expensive spots in Rome and other European capitals. It may be because of awkward translation the very familiarity of the subject matter, but for whatever reason the book seems to me stilted and unconvincing. The golden, publicity-ridden heartbeats moved me not at all.

Braziller, \$4.95

NON-FICTION

A View of My Own, by Elizabeth Hardwick.

Several of the essays "in literature and society" in this distinguished collection appeared in their original form in *Harper's*, notably those of Mary McCarthy, Boston, and Eugene O'Neill. In addition there are discussions on subjects as varied as "America and Dylan Thomas," David Riesman, and Caryl Chessman (among others). Wry, wise, unpredictable, and compassionate commentary, by the author of *Ghost Lover* and *Simple Truth*.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

his own words) of the life of the man who has served six English sovereigns and in so doing has summed up in one lifetime many of the greatest moments of the history of the West from 1874 to the present. "My mother was American and my ancestors were officers in Washington's army," he has said. "So I myself am an English-speaking union . . ." Nostalgia for both sides of the Atlantic.

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FORECAST

Conversation Pieces for Fall

There will be a lot of newsworthy books competing for conversational attention over autumn dinner tables.

Take cities. In October Harcourt Brace & World will publish *London Perceived*, by V. S. Pritchett, with 120 photographs, 18 in color, by Evelyn Hofer. The publishers call it "a sweeping panorama of its history, art, literature, and life." Following that, in November from Atheneum comes a handsome book called *Paris on the Seine*, by Blake Ehrlich . . .

In novels there will be Shirley Jackson's *We Have Always Lived in the Castle* (October) and Saul Bellow's *Herzog* (November), both from Viking . . .

And from McGraw-Hill, also in November, will come two new volumes of the irreverent school, Richard Bissell's *You Can Always Tell a Harvard Man*, and Vance Packard's *The Pyramid Climbers*.

In Classes by Themselves

Three books, each of which is bound to have its own special audience are scheduled for October and November. Dr. Benjamin Spock's *Problems of Parents* (Houghton Mifflin) and Edgar Snow's *Red China Today* (Random House) will both appear in October, both authors so well known that they need no introduction. The author of the third, Dr. Edwin M. Schur, may not be so generally known, but his subject, *Narcotic Addiction in Britain and America: The Impact of Public Policy* (Indiana University Press), is of such wide interest and importance that this study, based on two years' research in England, should reach a large audience.

Coming in the October Harper's

A Special Supplement on



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Marion K. Sanders

Second Chance:

New Education for Women

Esther Raushenbush

Reena: What Life Is Like for a Modern Negro Woman

Paule Marshall

How to Make Friends with Women

David Yellin

The Young Divorcee

Midge Decter

Mother and Jack and the Rain

Anne Sexton

Honeychile at the Barricades

Florence B. Robin

The Swedes Do It Better

Richard F. Tomasson

For a forecast of the regular October issue, see page 24.

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MUSIC in the round

BY DISCUS

LIGHT WORDS AND LIGHT MUSIC

Thanks to the record makers for some exquisite G & S wit and for some matchless Strauss romance—plus a request for Offenbach.

Two of the great masters of light music were active much the same time—Johann Strauss Jr., in Vienna, and Sir Arthur Sullivan, in London. Sullivan, of course, was fortunate in having Sir William Schwenck Gilbert as his collaborator; for, despite Sullivan's considerable technique and melodic invention, it seems rather unlikely that his works would still hold the stage were it not for the wit and pungency of the Gilbert librettos.

Strauss was less fortunate, and that is why (in America, anyway) his operettas are so seldom heard. Only *Fledermaus* turns up with much regularity, though the Metropolitan Opera a few years back had a fairly successful revival of *The Gypsy Baron*. The librettos are poor. And, too, they are handicapped in translation. There is something so peculiarly Viennese about the words and music that a good deal disappears when they are sung in English. A case in point is the famous old London recording of *Fledermaus* as contrasted with the Metropolitan Opera version on two Columbia discs. The London, which uses Austrian and German singers, heard in a broad dialect, is packed with flavor, style, and nostalgia. Next to it the Columbia sounds like a cheap Broadway show.

The Gypsy Baron was just as bad in English. To get its real flavor, one must listen to the new *Zigeunerbaron* (to give it its correct title) that has recently been issued (Angel 3612, mono; S 3612, stereo; both 2 discs) with vocal sharpshooters like Hilde Gueden, Erich Kunz, Karl Terkal, and Anneliese Rothenberger, and

with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Heinrich Hollreiser. And to present the English corollar there are two Gilbert and Sullivan recordings. *Patience* has been presented by the D'Oyly Carte Company, complete with spoken dialogue (London A 4246, mono; OSA 1217 stereo; both 2 discs). *Trial by Jury* which does not have spoken dialogue, is sung by an English cast—George Baker, Elsie Morison, Richard Lewis, John Cameron, and Owen Brannigan. The Pro Arte Orchestra and Glyndebourne Festival Chorus are led by Sir Malcolm Sargent (Angel 35966, mono; S35966, stereo).

Trial by Jury came out in 1875, *Patience* in 1881, *Zigeunerbaron* in 1885. All of these are exquisite scores of their kind. But what a difference in philosophy and, even, entertainment purposes surrounds them! The scores also illustrate the differences between the two countries. In the Strauss operettas, one and all, the emphasis is on romance, tradition, the never-never land of Graustarkian nostalgia. All is sweet, sentimental, a fairy tale. Any humor there is—and, of course, the Strauss operettas abound in humor—is broad, general, unmalicious. Whereas the humor in Gilbert and Sullivan is often malicious, witty, and most specific. Nearly all of the operettas are a bit of social commentary, taking something to satirize: the legal system, in *Trial by Jury*; the Pre-Raphaelites, Wilde, and Swinburne in *Patience*; the House of Lords in *Iolanthe*; the navy in *Pinafore*; female education in *Princess Ida*; Olde Englande in *Yeoman of the Guard*; social equality in *The Gondoliers*; and so on. The English bent for self-criticism, as against the Austrian feeling of satisfaction and the status quo, was never so clearly revealed as in the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan versus the operettas of Johann Strauss Jr.

Musically the two composers are superior men, though most musicians

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

would automatically tend to give the edge to Strauss. (Most musicians have heard much Strauss and little Sullivan.) But there is a rumor at the point of writing that no less than Igor Stravinsky is going to write an article praising the G & S operettas. If that be so, Sullivan will suddenly be accepted by many intellectuals, who tend to look on him as a mustached cardboard relic from Victorian times.

Even a Pun

Such a judgment is unfair. Sullivan was a thoroughly equipped composer, a facile melodist stemming from Mendelssohn and Bellini, and he knew as much (if not more) about setting the English language to music as anybody who ever lived. His music has just as much a Victorian nostalgia as Strauss' has a Franz Josef one. A score like *Trial by Jury* is a brilliant piece of work, from first note to last: beautifully organized, flowing, full of tunes that are impossible to forget. And even in this early work, Sullivan's irrepressible humor flashes out—a musical humor, not a literary one, that allows him a good-natured parody of Handel in the chorus, "He'll tell us how to be a judge." The music accompanying Angelina has its hints, deliberately, of the English drawing-room style. The refrain accompanying the Defendant's aria ("Ah, consider the moral, I pray") is as gracious a melody as can be found in operetta. One could go on cataloguing the musical merits of *Trial by Jury*, an unflawed jewel.

Patience, too, has its quota of great things—including the libretto. Back in 1891, George Bernard Shaw took Gilbert quite seriously. "Mr. Gilbert at his best was a much cleverer man than most of the playwrights of his

day: he could always see beneath the surface of things; and if he could only have seen through them, he might have made his mark as a serious dramatist." Gilbert and Sullivan, too, were at their best in *Patience*; and one of the funniest choruses in all music is the outburst of the outraged dragoons ("Now is not this ridiculous—and is not this preposterous") counterpointed by the maidens' "Yes, we die for love of thee." Just as "Prithee, pretty maiden" is as enchanting a melody as ever came from Sullivan. There is even a pun in *Patience*—howlingly funny, because so unexpected (Gilbert was no punster, and almost never tried one). "Tell me, girl, do you ever yearn?" asks Bunthorne. "I earn my living," answers Patience. Then there is the mock solemnity of the music accompanying the mock solemnity of the Duke's appeal to the girls: "Our soldiers very seldom cry! And yet—I need not tell you why—/A tear-drop dews each martial eye."

The Gypsy Tint

This combination of word and music is seldom found in Strauss, who relies on music alone. Being Strauss, his reliance was justified. Silly as is the plot of *Zigeunerbaron*, it contains some remarkable musical moments. Near the beginning is that brilliant and evocative tenor aria, *Als flotter Geist*; and the section of this aria starting *Ja! ja, das alles auf Ehr* has a swing that is irresistible. Richard Tauber used to be great in this. Saffi is the gypsy girl, and she is given delicately tinted gypsy music—or what the Viennese consider gypsy music. In two of her arias, *O habet Acht* and *Hier in diesem Land*, she is singing on a



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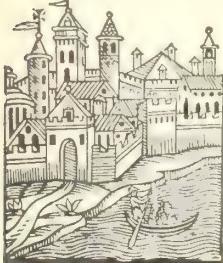
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

plane that quite rivals the great *Czardas* in *Fledermaus*.

But the greatest moment in *Zigeunerbaron* is the melting duet (between Saffi and Barinkay) in Act II, *Wer uns getraut*. Nothing even in *Fledermaus* (and, *Fledermaus*, musically and dramatically, is on a much higher level than *Zigeunerbaron*) can match it. Phrases pass in mid-air between soprano and tenor; then the chorus enters; and when Saffi sings *Wo Liebe, wo Liebe, daheim die Himmelsmacht*, it is the essence of every gypsy fiddler that ever lived, every Austro-Hungarian café that ever was, everything that was and should have been Viennese. (The duet is easy to locate; it ends Side 3 of the recording.) Here Strauss was absolutely inspired, and nothing in Gilbert and Sullivan can come close to matching it.

Where Is He?

The thought occurs that while Gilbert and Sullivan are represented *in toto* on records, and that while Strauss is fairly well represented, the third of the great trio of operetta contemporaries—Jules Offenbach of Paris—has not done so well. Several of his operettas can be searched out on minor labels, out-of-print or hard to obtain. But Offenbach composed much, and he belongs in the Sullivan-Strauss circle. In some respects he was even superior. The time should be here when the big record companies start looking into the amazing wealth of material that Offenbach has left. What fun it would be to contrast the prim virginity of G & S with the romantic love of Strauss and the can-can naughtiness of Offenbach.



JAZZ note.

Eric Larrabee

P R E - S W I N

In all likelihood, what the name Ray Noble will mean to you is a mixed image: a mustache, genteel baton-waving, songs like "The Very Thought of You," and a voice on the radio serving as foil to Charlie McCarthy. More diligent students may recall something called The New Mayfair Orchestra which Noble formed in London in the 1930s, and whose records (duly exported for American college students) were a phenomenon of that far-off era. The songs of them that Capitol has now reissued will more than reinforce this reputation.

These Noble recordings are most striking of all in the degree to which many of them (not all) escape from the banalities of their time and type. This is no surprise as you may imagine it to have been merely potted-palm music by a premature Lester Lanin. The ensembles are tight, their balance is good, and the truth is that now and then this outfit had, if not the authenticity and power of, say, a Basie, a good deal more vitality than one would have expected.

John S. Wilson, who has remarked on Noble's virtues both in his WQXR radio program and in the *New York Times*, went on in the latter to comment on Noble's "tremendous" impact on the United States in the 'thirties: "In 1933 there were few collegiate status symbols that could top a collection of HMV Noble recordings." Wilson attributes this to the orchestra's "remarkable sound," and adds that it was extremely influential in shaping the dance music taste of subsequent years. But this leaves unanswered the question of how an English studio band in 1929-34 could get to be so good—and even seem to anticipate the "golden age" of Swing.

Perhaps part of the answer is that one keeps forgetting what an absorbing music jazz has been. As the wind bloweth where it listeth, jazz steals from a variety of sources. That brand of it now known as Swing may sound to us like a single style, where it was in fact multifarious and variously derived. One of its sources was the Kansas City of Count Basie, but another was simply the dance band, and a sense of dance-floor sonority and control to which Ray Noble was no stranger.

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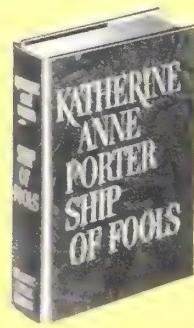


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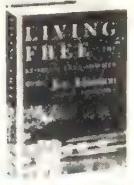
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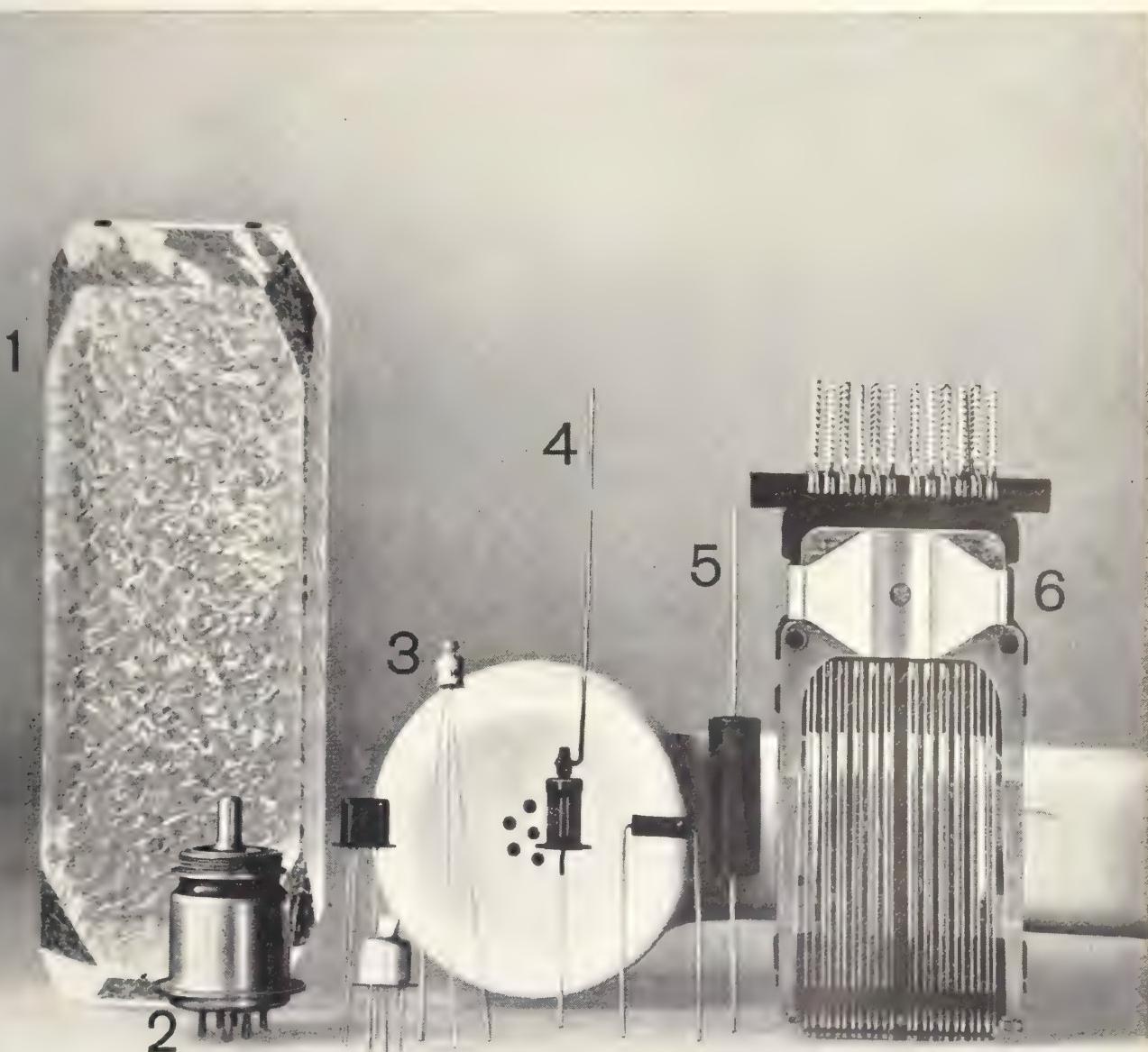
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OCTOBER 1962

ARTICLES

- 39 **The Race to Create Life, Leonard Engel**
46 **J. D. Salinger's Closed Circuit, Mary McCarthy**
49 **Sinus Tones with Nuts and Bolts, Paul Moor**
53 **The Death of Weake, Peter Matthiessen**
61 **Ohio's Unpredictable Voters, John H. Fenton**
66 **The Rising Leaders of Germany, Joseph Kraft**
75 **Your Friendly Finance Company on Capitol Hill, Julius Duscha**
82 **The Unreported Crisis in the Southern Colleges, C. Vann Woodward**

FICTION

- 79 **Peer the Traper, Garfield Scroggins**

VERSE

- 51 **October, Bill Butler**

DEPARTMENTS

- 4 **Letters**
16 **The Easy Chair—THE NEGRO AS FIRST CLASS CITIZEN: SOME COMMENTS AND REJOINDERS**
30 **After Hours, William North Jayne and Jan Holzman**
90 **The New Books, Benjamin DeMott**
100 **Frost, Williams, & Company, Stanley Kunitz**
110 **Music in the Round, Discus**
114 **Jazz Notes, Eric Lurabee**

A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

- 117 **The American Female**

ARTISTS: Cover, Janet Halverson; 30, 33, 180, N. M. Bodecker; 43, 45, Bunji Tagawa; 49, 52, Michael Ramus; 68, 71, 72, 73, 74, Joan Berg; 79, Robert Osborn; 92, 108, Helen Frank; 118, 119, Bernarda Bryson; 127, Norma-Jean Koplin; 134, Tom Keogh; 143, 146, Tomi Ungerer; 155, 159, Mozelle Thompson; 169, Joseph Papin; 175, Robert Cato



Self-regulation—from quaint beginnings, 170 years in the making

ANOTHER WAY THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE ENDEAVORS TO MAINTAIN A FAIR AND ORDERLY MARKET

On May 17, 1792, a group of merchants and traders decided to meet daily at regular hours to buy and sell securities under an old buttonwood tree on Wall Street, only a few blocks from the present site of the New York Stock Exchange.

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ery year, one of which is based on the audit. In addition, Exchange examiners will visit his firm's offices and spot check its books and records.

A Member's firm must also report weekly on its position as an underwriter of securities, and disclose certain borrowings or loans by the firm or individual partners.

The Exchange's regulations extend to Member Firm brokers too. There are 31,000 in some 3,300 offices. They have had to satisfy Exchange requirements for knowledge of the securities business and must be well grounded in the business by either experience or training. They must be familiar with—and are expected to observe—the rules laid down by the Exchange for themselves and their Member Firms.

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LETTERS

Enigmatic India

TO THE EDITORS:

"The Sometimes Baffling Mind of India" by Bradford Smith [August] contains gross misinterpretation of facts.

For instance, the author writes "... there is obvious discrimination against Sikhs, Christians, Muslims." But the Vice President of India is a Muslim. Union Ministers for Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs, and Irrigation and Power are both Muslims. India's former Ambassador to the United States was a Muslim. India's Finance Minister was a Christian. He was also the Governor of the Reserve Bank of India. Bombay had a Christian Governor. Jesuits run some of the best schools and colleges in the country. One of India's Ambassadors to France was a Sikh. India's Defense Minister was a Sikh. Sikhs occupy high positions in the armed forces.

The author refers to the habit of caste, inferring that the lower castes are looked down upon by the so-called high castes. But the man who was the chief architect of India's Constitution came from the so-called lowest caste. He was also India's first Law Minister. . . .

VIJAY S. KOTHARF
Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. SMITH REPLIES:

President Kennedy is in the White House, so obviously there is no anti-Catholic feeling in America. Arthur Goldberg is on the Supreme Court, so it is clear that we have no anti-Semitism. Ralph Bunche held many high posts in government before becoming Under Secretary at the United Nations, so of course we are free of anti-Negro feeling.

By this method one can prove anything. I think it illustrates what I was talking about. . . .

BRADFORD SMITH
Shaftsbury, Vt.

Not Quite the Original

TO THE EDITORS:

With great interest I read John Kouwenhoven's article, "The Trouble with Translation" [August]. . . .

Some years ago, when I was living in France, I read *Main Street* in French. I came across a passage in which the translator was speaking of a group of young businessmen who went around together.

The phrase came out—"they called themselves 'the bouquet.'" How, . . . I ask myself, could these men have chosen such a word as "bouquet" to describe their group? After long thought it came to me. The translator saw the word "bunch." It was strange to him, so he looked it up in his French-English dictionary and took the first definition—"bouquet" as in flowers—and never thought of the slang. "They called themselves 'the bunch,'" Sinclair Lewis had written.

Since then . . . I have wondered whether a French person with no English would have thought. The word pertains to flowers, and what other flowers are pansies? Depressing, isn't it?

RALPH E. DE CASTRO
Miami, Fla.

In one particularly memorable session of my freshman English class at Barnard College Professor Kouwenhoven asked how many students had read *War and Peace*. A number of us raised our hands. With devilish glee our instructor exclaimed, "That's funny, I didn't know so many of you could read Russian!" The lesson has not been forgotten. Of course, a classicist I might point out that the problems which Professor Kouwenhoven cites as being the trouble with translation provide the best possible justification for the study of the supposedly "dead" languages.

DEBORAH W. HOBSON
Classics Dept., Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Caitlin's Wisdom

TO THE EDITORS:

Sigma Delta Chi is trying to elevate the journalist to the status of a tolerable decent professional person. Caitlin Thomas's appraisal of us ["Not Quite the Original," Posthumous Letter to My Daughter" [August]] sets us back in this program three hundred years.

EMMETT PETER J.
Assoc. Editor, *Quarterly Review*
Sigma Delta Chi
Chicago, Ill.

Let the ladies in their middle years read Mrs. Thomas. They know and can laugh appreciatively with her about the likes of men. But for the love of all things bright and beautiful, let us hide *Harper's* on the sill or in the chandelier, that our lovely eighteen-year-olds need not have to drink from that bitter cup. At least not yet! PEGGY ISABEL

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LETTERS

Textbook Furo

TO THE EDITORS:

Martin Mayer's article, "The Troubles with Textbooks" [July], certainly should not go unchallenged. It is my aim to present the role of the textbook publisher positively.

There is no more dedicated group of men and women than those who devote their lives to the creation of books. . . At Prentice-Hall . . . we employ editor artists, writers, and creative people of all kinds who take special pride in what they do. Since book publishing is the very height of creativity, our people are satisfied only with the best. . .

I invite anyone who has any interest in the way books are created and put together to visit us at our Englewood Cliffs facilities and take one of our special guided tours. Just walking through our distribution department and thumbing through the books on the shelves will discard nine-tenths of Mr. Mayer's argument. Among our authors are the most respected names in the academic world and the books are designed and edited in up-to-the-minute style in both content and physical make-up.

Contrary to what Mr. Mayer writes the book-publishing industry feels a great social responsibility. We must keep abreast of all the latest tools and techniques available. Here at Prentice-Hall we maintain an active and continuing program of educational research and development. In charge of this is Dr. Carroll V. Newsom, our senior vice president and former president of New York University—one of the ablest educators in the world. It is with great eagerness and enthusiasm that together with educators at all levels we are planning for tomorrow's classrooms. . .

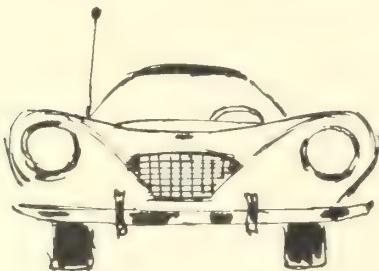
JOHN G. POWERS, Pres.
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Three cheers for Mr. Mayer's provocative article. Unfortunately he is quite correct in implying that the textbook publishers have somehow become the supreme dictators of American education. But who is to blame? As a member of the teaching profession, I submit that we have no one to blame but ourselves. Standards are low because we are willing to allow such standards. . .

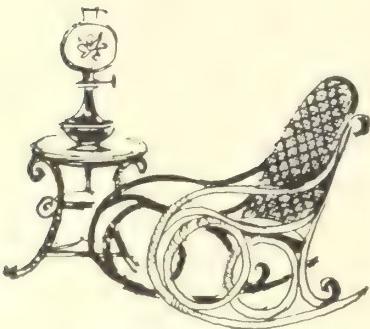
Poetry anthologies are, for the most part, pure trash, but oh those lovely colored plates and clever teacher guides! Who can resist? But resist we must. . . The market is flooded with expensive picture books which assume that the high-school student is bordering on idiocy or incapable of reading two consecutive pages of pure print. . . Only when the teachers, individually and



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LETTERS

generally, rise up, make themselves heard, and refuse to purchase and use such junk will there be a change for the better. . . .

CHARLES A. WHIT
Barrington, Ill.

I find Martin Mayer's article thoroughly inaccurate and distorted view. . . . There are troubles with textbooks. The troubles really lie in the demands made upon the textbook industry by both the professional community and the public. Anyone who has worked as an anthologist or writer of textbooks knows the tremendous pressure put on textbook publishers by a public who prefer to see the textbooks of the same type they used when in school. Efforts to bring new knowledge in the school curriculum through instructional materials have only recently begun to catch fire in mathematics, the sciences and the humanities. Although Mr. Mayer apparently examined a number of new books, he was unable to identify the knowledge in them as being new and therefore did not note the significance of the books.

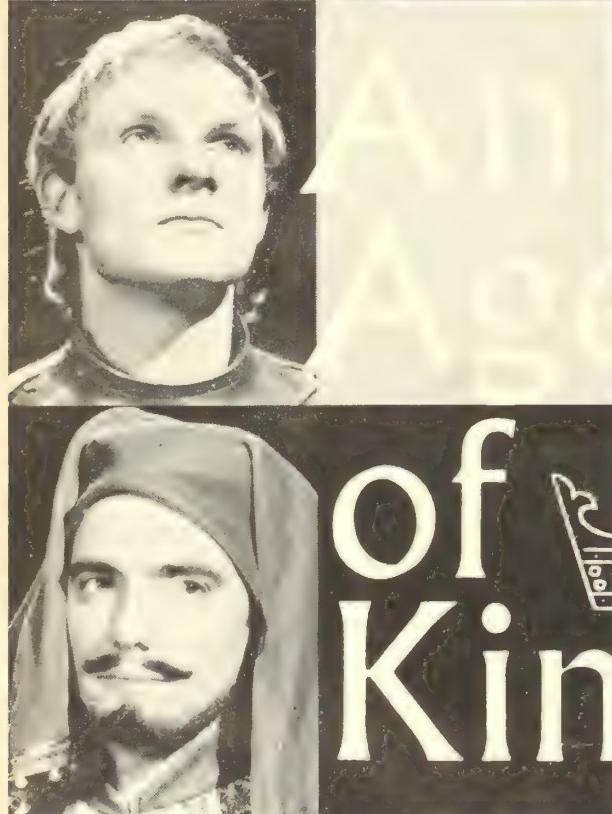
The big problem with Mr. Mayer is his failure to identify any criteria used to make his so-called evaluation. Such phrases as "less than perfect," "distressing," "many of the books are junk," "meaningless readability scales," and other such "evaluations" provide anyone seriously interested in the matter of textbooks for schools with no constructive ways to evaluate the usefulness of any textbook. . . .

ROBERT SHAFER, Assoc. Prof.
College of Education
Wayne State University
Detroit, Mich.

MR. MAYER COMMENTS:

The major point of the article, which apparently escaped Prof. Shafer, is that the textbook industry has organized itself so elaborately that it usually must sell hundreds of thousands of copies of a schoolbook to break even; that this organization is educationally harmful and economically ludicrous; and that it is perpetuated by certain well-known and much-deplored practices within the trade. On "evaluations": we are not dealing here with subtle shadings of quality, but with books which are recognizably ill-written, dull, condescending in tone, and lacking any imaginative (sometimes any realistic) grasp of their subjects. In the areas with which I am most familiar (economics, sociology, political science, and history), very few textbooks reflect any part of what Prof. Shafer so charmingly calls "new knowledge," though they show contact with Sunday-supplement features allegedly about scholarly work.

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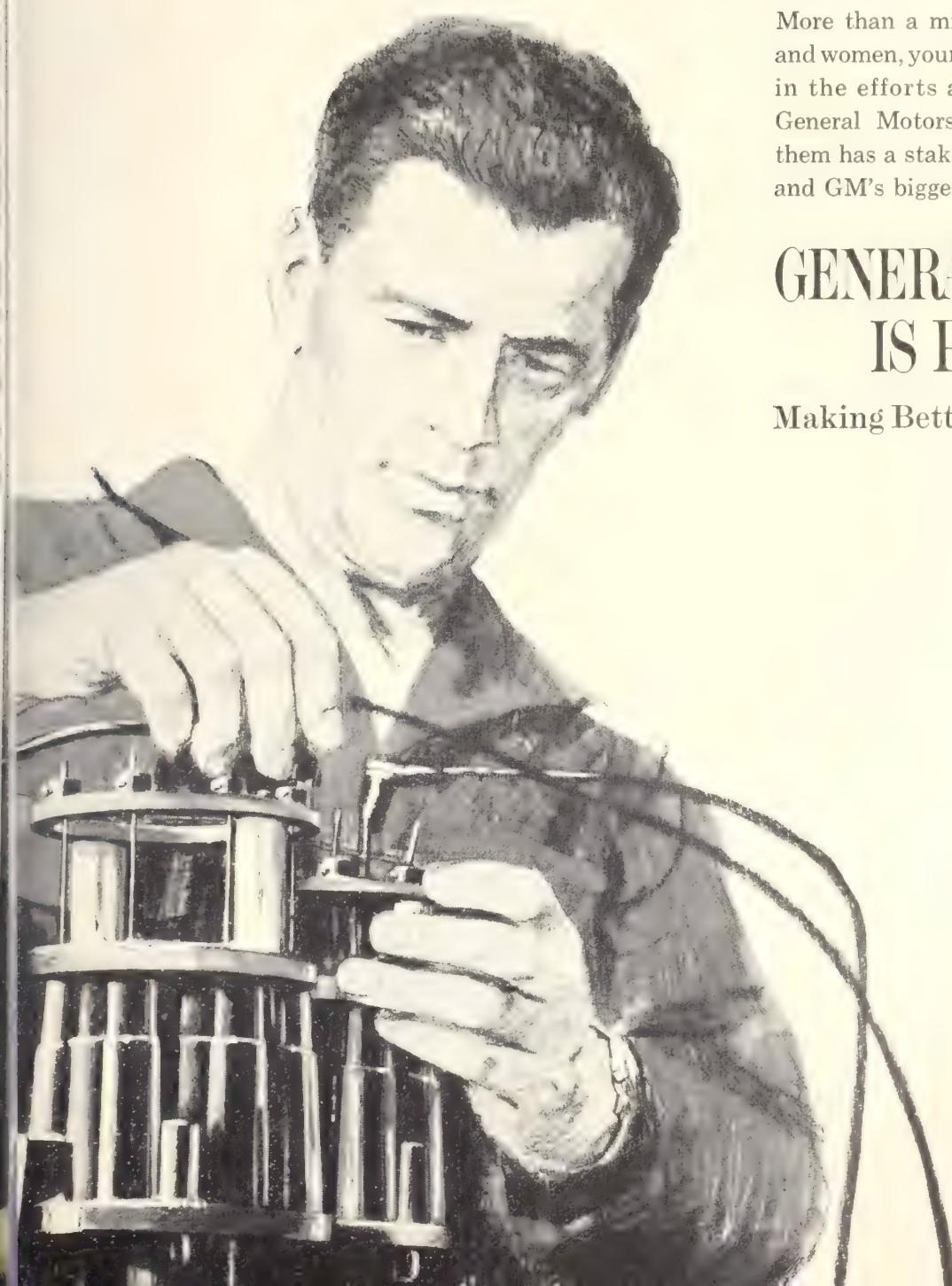
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LETTERS

I have spent most of my time over the last year with scholars who are taking some interest in education; almost universally, they do not find in the typical school textbook (I noted exceptions) any points of contact with the nature and quality of their own work. One of our great problems in educational reform is that people in schools of education and textbook houses, who have no scholarly authority themselves and have little serious professional contact with those who possess scholarly authority, insist on pretending that they are abreast of "new knowledge."

MARTIN MAYE
New York, N. Y.

Buckley's Nightmare

TO THE EDITORS:

It is my pleasure to inform you, officially, that William F. Buckley, Jr. has been awarded the Second Annual Don Quixote Award of the imaginary West Coast American Liberal Establishment. The award, voted to Mr. Buckley for his superlative article, "The Gentle Nightmare of Richard Rovere" [August], is given each year to noteworthy Americans who have distinguished themselves by tilting after windmills and dragons. Formally named the Richard Nixon Foot-In-Mouth Award, it was last given to Major Arch Roberts and General Edwin Walker for "fugheidism above and beyond the call of duty."

The award is voted annually by the nonexistent Board of Directors of the unreal West Coast American Liberal Establishment. . . . It consists of a small golden figure of a man floating several inches off the base of the award. It is, of course, entirely invisible.

BRUCE HENSTELL, Pres.
Palisades Young Democrats
Los Angeles, Calif.

Since my reading of *National Review* (Editor in Chief, William F. Buckley Jr.) has been limited (mercifully) to the *Review's* annoying advertising blurbs in respectable magazines (such as *The New Republic* and *The Reporter*), I do not know (definitively) whether or not Mr. Buckley habitually punctuates his palaver with parentheses (as in "The Gentle Nightmare of Richard Rovere"). However, I did count (pedant that I am) over two dozen instances of parenthetical elements in Buckley's article (groan). Why (one wonders) does Mr. Buckley so clutter his prose? . . .

CHARLES N. SOMERS
Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Buckley complains that "anti-Establishment scholars" are not given "true equality" in the marketplace. Ex-

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cepting Mr. Buckley, whose writing is always provocative, though fevered, one might wonder if the literary excellence and standard of scholarship usual in the conservative camp will ever surpass that of the Indianapolis *Star*. . . . What is to Mr. Buckley inequality may be shrewd editorial judgment. Tut, Mr. Buckley! Free enterprise, you know!

RICHARD A. LINDSEY
Assoc. Prof. of Social Science
Culver-Stockton College
Canton, Mo.

Scourge of the Cities

TO THE EDITORS:

I was delighted to see C. W. Griffin's honest and accurate evaluation of the many-faceted metropolitan transportation problem ["Car Snobs, Commuters, and Chaos," July]. For the most part, the nation's magazines have devoted themselves to side issues like safer driving, safety belts, exhortations against the horsepower race, honesty in road building, without seriously questioning the efficacy of the present (and past) road building program. . . .

The biggest obstacle to new solutions is the . . . road builder. Local traffic problems can always be "solved" by simply spending more money on roads, through either straightening, widening, or rounding curves. . . .

Our very affluence as a nation may be our undoing in transportation, because only a wealthy country could afford to build such an inefficient system. This system is, in turn, decentralizing our cities . . . and is costing us the commuting newspaper reader, the walker, all the book readers, conversationalists, window shoppers, and others developed from train and transit commuting. . . .

GEORGE B. BAILEY, Chairman
Sharon Transportation
Advisory Board
Sharon, Mass.

The Agee Cult

TO THE EDITORS:

Paul Pickrel, in his review of *The Letters of James Agee to Father Flye* ("The New Books," August), mentions that Agee divides artists into saints and bishops, and says Agee "had to spend a good deal of his life acting like a bishop."

Perhaps he was not a bishop, though. If a saint is one who has his own vision, the name could probably apply to the Faulkners and Hemingways. If a bishop is one who defends the established order, I suspect our writer-bishops of today are Michener (who thanks America for his scholarships), Weidman, Wouk, and a

host of others. (Bishops we can get for you wholesale.) But Agee—in his work of *Time* magazine and anonymity—is, best, a member of the canon court.

That such a functionary can now be exalted is a testament to our times. Certainly it is unique to collect and republish a man's anonymous movie reviews. (Should we be clipping *Time* and *Newsweek* each week to get a jump on posterity? Perhaps we too may discover unsung talent.)

What compounds the felony is the growth of a cult around the man's reviews. In some strange way, neurotic adolescence has found its image. Suddenly a man's self-pity (as found in *Death in the Family* and his *Letters*) has become a symbol for all those who wander the corporate wasteland, unwilling to cut loose from it, unsure of themselves, but group-convinced that they are all saints born to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageously regular paychecks.

Beneath it all is the Devil in the Pit—enterprising American publishing. Thanks to it, we have bound volume of the Best of Agee: mainly movie reviews and letters to a father-figure. How fortunate too that Father Flye was Father Flye, and not Bill Smith. How could anyone publish *Letters of James Agee to Bill Smith*?

Meanwhile, the presses roll and book reviewers review and everybody pretend that the whole thing is real and, oh what a tragedy—that a poor boy should after Exeter and Harvard, have to work for *Time*. Could he really never quit Does Henry Luce lock his men in irons?

Something is wrong with America's literary values when James Agee's life letters, and movie reviews are part of A Great American Tragedy. Meanwhile I'm clipping *Time's* "Milestones." The guy who edits them is a "real sleeper," believe me.

EDWARD LAHART
New York, N. Y.

Offbeat Cleric

TO THE EDITORS:

James E. Foster's "Priest" [August] graphically points out the hazards of the clergyman being himself. Individuality is not high on the list of desirable clerical traits. Too many laymen want a spiritual Santa Claus, an upholder of the established order, a nice guy—neither disturbing nor too prophetic, theologically correct, culturally proper (watch out for avant-garde tastes), and if at all possible, politically naïve. I am surprised that daring Father McDonnell was able to see his silver anniversary at St. Margaret's.

REV. HAROLD DAVID FOX
St. James Church
Upper Montclair, N. J.

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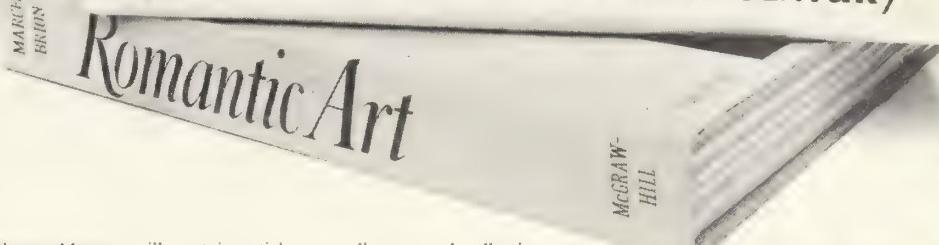
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The Negro as First Class Citizen: Some Comments and Rejoinders

The editorial which appeared here in July—"What the Negro Needs Most: A First Class Citizens' Council"—evoked an extraordinary outpouring of letters. About 60 per cent expressed general approval; 40 per cent disagreed—often vituperatively. Surprisingly, some of the most sympathetic letters came from Negroes, while the loudest outrage was voiced by so-called "white liberals."

A first sampling of this correspondence appeared in our September issue. Because many of the subsequent letters were so interesting—and in order to give a fair hearing to the wide variety of views expressed—a further selection appears below—THE EDITORS

The Negro and the Enlisted Man: An Analogy

ONCE in a while some of my friends who became commissioned officers in the service will sigh, shake their heads, and ask why I, who was born as proud as they, wasted three years as an Army GI. By now I've learned to shrug and feign puzzlement. For I know that soon enough—when the conversation turns to other topics and becomes sufficiently relaxed—they will reveal a total ignorance of certain experiences denied any middle-class American white except the peacetime Enlisted Man.

I was reminded of this in the July *Harper's* when Editor John Fischer wrote of the Negro's need to assume the responsibilities of first-class citizenship. About Mr. Fischer's service record I know nothing, but in that article he wrote as an officer. I too am a Northern liberal often discouraged by the refusal of Brother Tom to shape up. But as an ex-EM, I understand. In every dirty alley of Harlem, in every missed job of South Philly, I see myself lurking fatigue-clad behind Ft. Dix furnace rooms, relentless in my quest for the *bonum minimum*: the right to be bored in the way I choose.

Surely no other life open to the American white so closely resembles the Negro's—the world of Them and Us. They with their money, handsome

uniforms, knowledge, organization, and (O God) their power. We with our anonymity ("D'ja ever notice how all EM look alike?"), dirt, encouraged stupidity, and uselessness. In such a world, only one weapon is available, but it is mighty: The Resolve to Live Up to Our Reputation. We are clods? dolts? animals? Very well. We shall be the cloddiest, most doltish animals on earth.

The discovery of this moral principle was for me the equivalent of Rousseau's glimpse of the Social Contract. Once I had found it, I could even divide all the EM I ever met into two camps —those who lived by The Resolve and those who rejected it. The former flourished; the latter (and maddeningly enough for me, a large number of these were fellow college boys) remained miserable whiners, petition passers, and demanders of their nonexistent rights—in short, second-rate citizens instead of first-rate slaves.

How did The Resolve operate? The details were so subtle and multitudinous as to defy codification. In fact, you had to be there. But if I had to say it in one sentence, this would do: Stay out of the stockade, but barely. Obey the letter, but defy the spirit. Rake leaves? All right, one leaf at a time. Sweep the floor, but sweep it with the somnambulant majesty of one who walks under water. Salute like a cheerful idiot. And, whether raking, sweeping, or saluting, give the appearance of doing your wretched, pathetic best.

Such incompetence will endear you to most officers, by confirming their prior notions of you as a comic stereotype; even better, it will make them feel necessary—an almost miraculous accomplishment. Only a few officers will penetrate the disguise, and from these you have nothing to fear. The truly wise will be amused and keep your secret. The merely clever will be maddened because they are helpless; the Army depends too heavily upon enlisted stupidity to risk punishing it.

I received dramatic proof of this very early—in my last week of basic training. Several thousand of us were slowly filing through a wooden shed, having our papers stamped and receiving our orders for permanent assignment. It was a gorgeous day. After all, perhaps the worst was over, and at the least we were going home for a week's leave. So with face shining and heart

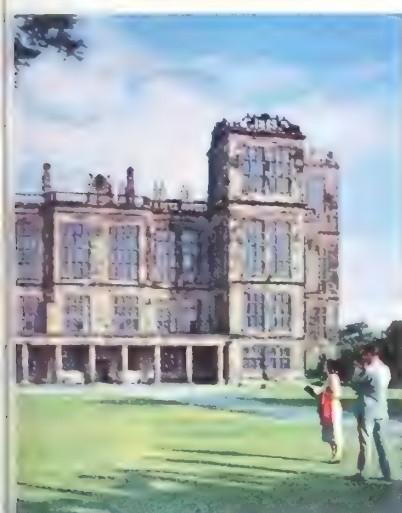
Guide to the stately homes

of Britain

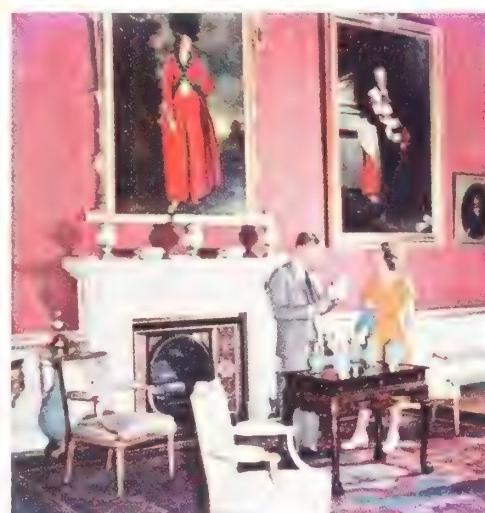
(Over 650 stately homes now welcome visitors in Britain—only $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours or 5 lively sea-days from New York.)



CHIRK CASTLE. This Welsh border castle has been lived in for 650 years. That's the charm of so many stately homes in Britain. They are *homes*, not musty old museums.



HARDWICK HALL. "Hardwick Hall—more glass than wall," says an old jingle. See for yourself—for 42 cents. That's the usual admission price to most of Britain's stately homes.



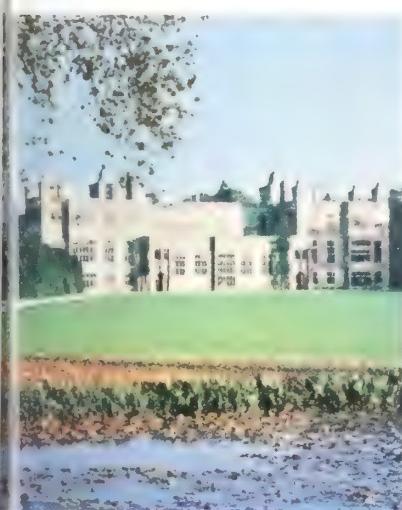
HAREWOOD HOUSE. Antique-lovers dote on it. Adam did the interior. The furniture is mostly Chippendale. Harewood is 203 years old, yet it is 643 years younger than the local church!



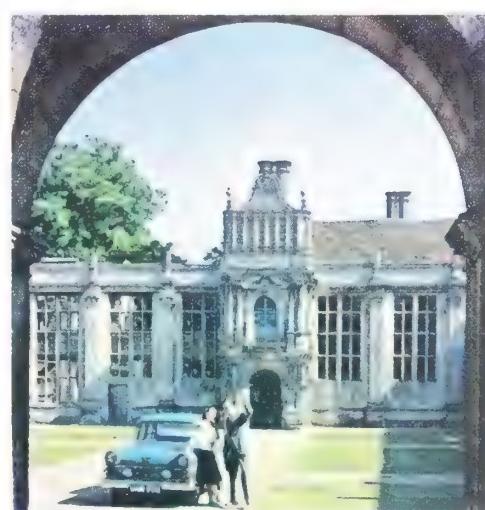
HADDON HALL. This mediaeval mansion belongs to the Duke of Rutland. If you rent a small car (about \$36 a week), you can easily visit three ducal homes in a single day.



HATFIELD HOUSE. Queen Elizabeth I roamed its gardens as a prisoner. (Recipe for an English lawn: seed, then mow for 500 years.) The Cecil family own Hatfield and live in it.



AUDLEY END. This was once a palace of Charles II; he summered here. Your best touring time is Spring or Fall, when the roads and hotels are uncrowded and the temperature is ideal.



KIRBY HALL. This renaissance extravagance has a garden with 4,000 rose bushes. A nearby castle has hedges sculptured like elephants. British gardens are glorious. Labors of love.



GLAMIS CASTLE. Princess Margaret's birthplace—and Macbeth's home. It now houses an Earl and a nameless red-headed ghost. Fall and Spring are best for ghost-hunting. Nights are longer.

Why does he have so many legs?

● I can go faster with just two. Are six legs better in the water? Why?
Why does he move sideways? Why does he have so many legs?

The crab has caught a child...captured his interest, roused the deep curiosity that helps his mind grow. Keeping this natural curiosity alive, as the child grows into adulthood, is one of the most important responsibilities of our time. For daily we are faced with new problems that can only be solved by men and women who keep on asking why. At Shell Research, or wherever they choose to serve, they make vital contributions.

This crab, for example, wriggling his protest at being snatched from the cold, clear water of Puget Sound, lives content and safe in the very shadow of our refinery at Anacortes, Washington. He, and the salmon, oysters and ducks who share his home, are safe because someone asked why: "Why can't the energy requirements of our time be met without endangering the wildlife of our shore lines?"

And the answer is: They *can*...because someone asked why, remarkable advances have been made in the treatment of refinery waste before its release. These advances include the use of microorganisms which consume and thrive on certain chemicals in the waste, rendering it harmless to marine life and waterfowl.

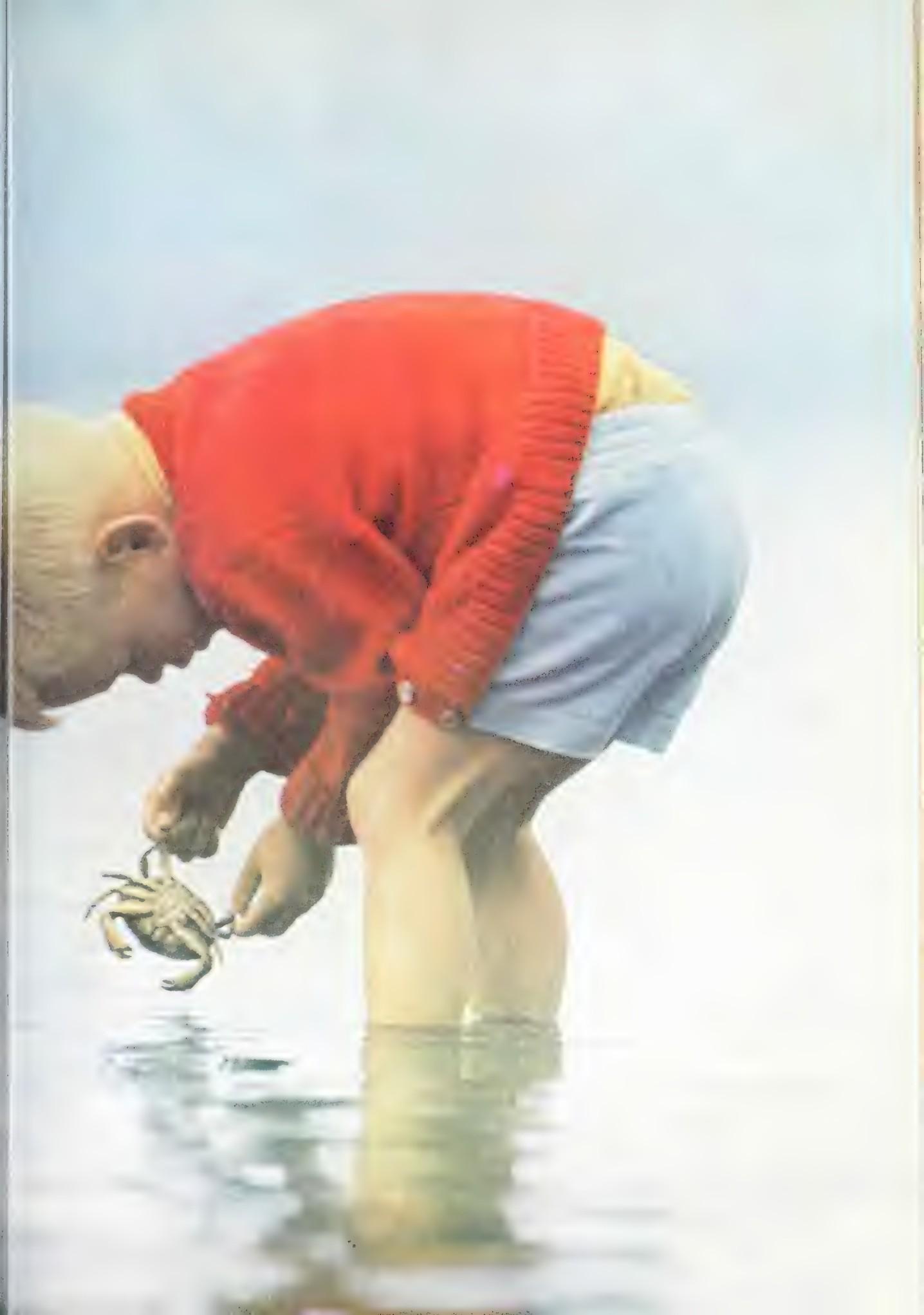
The answers to other vital "whys" are being sought at Shell Research by men and women who keep their childlike curiosity: Why can't all of the world's people be adequately fed? Why can't we harness more of the sun's energy? And, of course, because we *never* stop asking why, finer gasolines and motor oils for your car have come about.

Why is a child. *Why* is Shell Research.

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swelling, I passed through several stations without event.

It happened while I was standing in front of a warrant officer.

"Scott?" he said without looking up.

"Yes sir."

"Where are your glasses?"

Sudden, animal instinct told me something had gone wrong, but I took off my horn rims and handed them to him.

"Negative. Where are your government issues?" He still hadn't looked at me.

"These are the only ones I have, sir."

Now he looked at me. "Where were you in the third week?"

I saw. In the third week I had been in the hospital with arthritic ankles; my boots had been a size too small. After returning to the company, I had noticed men wearing thick glasses with steel rims, almost like welders' goggles. Like a fool, I had sneered, thinking they had turned *gung ho* and bought PX glasses. Now with my stomach sliding into my shoes I could only repeat, "These are the only glasses I have, sir."

He wasn't looking at me any more. He was stamping my papers HOLD! "You'll be delayed a week. Your leave's canceled. Get out of line. Next!"

I stumbled outside and saw my Field First leaning against a wall, looking bored. "Sergeant," I stammered, "what happens to someone held over a week?"

As always, at the prospect of inflicting pain, his boredom vanished. "Oh we got a *lotta* nice things. Strippin' rifles . . . sandin' tables . . . KP . . ."

All around, my comrades were jostling and swearing and hinting at how their leave-time would be spent. I made my choice.

Turning to a member of my platoon, I whispered, "Let me have those damn steel glasses for a minute." I grabbed them, ran back and put on the glasses.

My God! They were for astigmatism. My myopia was as bad as ever, and now the floor was about fifteen feet below and slightly slanting up toward the right. But I could see well enough to know I was now standing in front of the officer.

"Jackson?" he said, not looking up.

"No sir," I said in my best dirt-farmerese. "I ain' Jackson. Scott. You got m' over thur 'n the HOLD pile."

He looked up at me and remembered. "You didn't have government-issue glasses."

"Well, sir, you got m' all confused"—chuckle—"I didn't know you mean' Army glasses. I got muh Army glasses. I got 'm on raht here."

I could see him glaring up at me from ten feet below. He was trying to decide whether I was a criminal or a moron. All he had to do, of course, was to ask me to read something. (Read! I couldn't even walk!)

Then, still deciding, he looked behind me and saw the endless stream of cattle with serial numbers to be stamped. He glared at me once more and decided I was insignificant—very likely a moron, but definitely insignificant. He grabbed a pen as though it were a scalpel, scratched out HOLD!, threw my papers at me, and looked away.

"Next!"

I was free. A free moron.

Do I hear protests from officers and civilians that this was civic irresponsibility? Do they believe that EM should prove themselves with honorable behavior and work well done? Then they ignore the implications of a social structure as rigid as a bear trap, where no truly compensatory rewards or punishments exist and where work is infinite in magnitude and infinitesimal in worth. You finish Job A only to have Job B created especially for you. And should you finish Job Z, no one will make you General, or Lieutenant, or even Corporal.

No. The irresponsibility is not civic, but private and psychological. The price you pay for the joyful security of pretending to be what you are not, is to become what you pretend to be.

As a pre-Army undergraduate, I assumed that campus Veterans were merely more sardonic than I toward the Ivory Tower—and more sardonic because they were more acquainted with Reality. Only later, myself a Vet in graduate school, did I know that our "cynicism" was the undirected nihilism of someone emerging from years of deception. We no longer knew ourselves. Our conditioned responses, once so useful and amusing in the Army, were now inappropriate. Our new situations demanded action, not endurance and sensual torpor; they demanded perceptions beyond the smug categories of four-letter expletives; they demanded, ultimately, that we remake ourselves in an almost forgotten image. Most of us did it, of course, suffering only the temporary pangs of rehabilitation. But we were left with an understanding that made it worthwhile.

Mr. Fischer is quite right. Every day the Negro's "irresponsibility" becomes more and more inappropriate. But before the Negro will see it, he needs an unequivocal, legal "discharge." And even then it will not be easy. The man who is born an EM cannot be rehabilitated. He needs metamorphosis. And unlike the fellow in Kafka, he can't do it overnight.

DOUGLAS SCOTT
Santa Monica, Calif.

Points North and South

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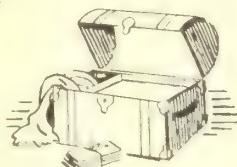
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THE EASY CHAIR

of information. . . . The facts are Mr. Editor, here in Williamsburg we do not have Negro taxi drivers under managerial supervision. We do have one whose work centers chiefly about the Restored Area of Williamsburg, but who is an independent driver . . . his record of service is highly commendable one. . . .

REV. DAVID L. COLLIN
First Baptist Church
Williamsburg, Va

The Reverend Mr. Collins is correct, and I owe an apology to the Negro community of Williamsburg

While I was attending a meeting in Williamsburg last year, a group of conference members ordered a taxi one evening to take them to the airport the following morning. It arrived late. The white driver explained that he was in charge of his firm's fleet of cabs; that he had to drive himself because the line's five Negro drivers had taken the day off, without notice, to go fishing; and that he therefore had not been able to keep all the commitments he made the previous day. At the time I had no reason to doubt his statement; and because I then had no idea of writing anything about the incident, I did not get his name or the name of his firm.

It is possible that the cab was ordered from outside Williamsburg rather than from a local taxi company. Certainly I should have checked further before mentioning the incident.

JOHN FISCHER

We in Baltimore are very aware of the need for a new Negro organization of the sort Mr. Fischer mentions. As a teacher and now Dean of Student Personnel at our Baltimore Junior College, I am working with school people to raise the horizons of our Negro children. As a white person who has always enjoyed First Class citizenship and a good education, I am disturbed by the apathy of many of the educated Negroes right here. I'm referring many of these people to Mr. Fischer's article.

Thanks for saying so effectively what many of us have been subconsciously aware of. It helps us clarify our own roles and helps us direct others to think more constructively.

LEONA S. MORRIS
Baltimore, Md.



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THE EASY CHAIR

Yes, Magnolia, there is a Joe Fischer. He is white, he is the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and he is your friend. Draw a picture of Mr. Fischer, Magnolia, and color him liberal.

Mr. Fischer has a wonderful suggestion for all your Daddy's and Mommy's problems—it will even help you. Tell Daddy to join Mr. Fischer's "First Class Citizens' Council." It is a white citizens' council for colored would-be citizens. I know Daddy is a Ph.D. and thinks he's a First Class citizen now, but he isn't really. He won't be until he joins the FCCC and gets all his friends to do so also. I just the Ralph Bunches, Rob Weavers, Marian Andersons . . . those tenant farmers back home and those winos on the streets of Harlem. When Daddy gets all of them to join, he'll be First Class, and he may even be able to live next door to Mr. Fischer. . . .

As you grow to young womanhood, Magnolia, try to cultivate a faculty for constructive self-criticism. Mr. Fischer says it's a rare commodity among American Negroes, although apparently possessed in great abundance by the rest of our population. In fact, Magnolia, organize a Juneteenth FCCC and help make your frier acceptable to their white playmates.

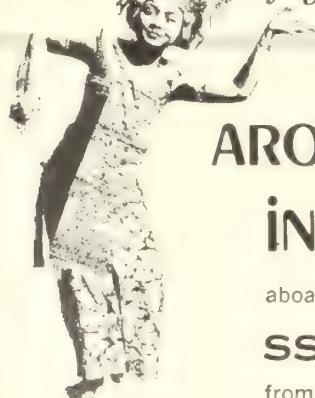
STAFFORD W. THOMPS
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I was delighted with Mr. Fischer's article. My husband and I are "Southern Liberals," who have worked in and been interested in the cause of Negro rights since we were old enough to look around.

When we returned to this country last year, after ten years abroad, following a four-year tour in Washington, we were faced with the dilemma of where to live. Our principles demanded that we live in an integrated community as we constant advocates. Our parenthood demands that we give our five children the best possible public education, at the safest, happiest childhood. We chose to live in segregated (by economics, not by law) Montgomery County rather than face the problems of being in the minority ourselves (as our children would be in District of Columbia schools), or investing money which we will later need for college expenses in a home which deteriorates in value because

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Alben Barkley used to tell about the clock his father borrowed from a neighbor.

"He kept Mr. Dunn's clock a week," Mr. Barkley related, "but could never tell the time of day or night."

"I should have told you about that clock before I let you have it," the neighbor explained. "When the hand points to eight and she strikes twice, that means it's half-past three!"

There's the same chance for mix-up when you buy your whiskey solely on its stated age.

The label may "point" to eight years, yet the whiskey itself may taste like "half-past-three,"—or even worse!

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THE EASY CHAIR

of an ill-kempt neighborhood. Our real estate investment is safe, the kids are happy, their schools are tops . . . but our consciences are sore. . . . And now of course when we go to South Carolina to visit, we no longer have the right to urge peaceful integration—we don't practice it, so we can't preach it. If . . . a First Class Citizens' Council is started I would be happy to be listed as a contributor—of work or of what small sum I can afford. Then maybe next time we come back to Washington, we can choose our address where we would like it to be, in a real American community, not a one-stratum suburb.

SARAH F. ROGERS
 Bethesda, Md.

In some integrated areas in New York City . . . community co-operation and group action have led many residents to acknowledge the responsibilities of good citizenship. In the Two Bridges neighborhood of the Lower East Side of Manhattan, a multi-racial group (Negro, Puerto Rican, Chinese, and white) has banded together to improve the community. Through a program of home, church, school, and settlement-house co-operation, efforts have been made to secure progress in problems as varied as narcotics addiction, hospital care, new schools, and better recreational facilities. . . . Families who had previously isolated themselves from the community have come to work together in problems of mutual interest. . . . More of the responsibilities of citizenship are being assumed through this type of community participation than in the so-called "better sections" of our city, and this kind of group process may be the first step in the solution to the problems which Mr. Fischer described.

RICHARD KRAMER
 Ass't. Principal
 P.S. 1, Manhattan
 New York, N. Y.

While integration can be helped by addressing ourselves to such questions as "What are these white people afraid of?" (and I recognize the fact of a genuine fear of "invasion"), the answers . . . will come only through individuals, not groups. What is really needed is a basic shift of our thinking from the group stereotype

to the assessment of the individual. The community standard must be met by the individual, and where there is wide deviation which appears to be concentrated in a particular minority group, this becomes a community problem for all citizens.

For my own part, I have resigned from the "Negro race" and joined the "human race." It is only in such context that I can deport myself in such a way as to reduce my white brothers' fears and phobias. Until my white brothers are willing to do the same, integration will continue to have the "bugs" of an imperfect product.

PALI MURRAY
 New Haven, Conn.

John Fischer's editorial on Negro responsibility and integration has struck a responsive chord in Bridgeport. For years as a high-school assistant principal and now as Director of Guidance of the Bridgeport Public Schools, the problem has seemed to me one of particular significance. In education we are aware of the many special educational opportunities which are not being picked up by Negro youngsters. . . . We initiated in Bridgeport what we call EODEE—"Equal Opportunities Demand Equal Education" [a program designed to convince boys and girls to remain in school, rather than drop out, and to encourage them to study and work toward a definite goal, rather than to drift]. We have addressed eighth-grade students (mixed groups) at four schools, and we hope to expand and continue this project. Next year [our program's] material will be part of a guidance manual for grade eight which I am preparing for the Bridgeport schools.

LESTER SILVERSTONI
 Board of Education
 Bridgeport, Conn.

From the Leaders

For me to answer John Fischer's editorial attack upon the Negro race requires a magnanimous restraint which white people have come to expect—even demand—of Negroes. Inexplicably, the culturally deprived, economically exploited, and politically disfranchised Negro is expected to manifest virtues not equal, but superior, to those of his more advantaged white fellow citizens. If I fail to conform with the pattern it i

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because I, like most Negroes, am weary of shallow thinking, superficial judgments, distortion, and hypocrisy on the nation's most pressing domestic issue. . . .

The editorial asks: Why do white people "begin to move out of a neighborhood as soon as any considerable number of Negroes move in?" The answer may be found in the works of such housing experts as Robert C. Weaver and Charles Abrams, and in the . . . authoritative five-volume study by the Fund for the Republic's Commission on Race and Housing. In addition the answer may be found in blunt and popular terms in an article in *The Saturday Evening Post* (July 14-21, 1962) by a Chicago real-estate operator writing under the pseudonym, Norris Vitchev. . . . The white people flee because of panic instigated for handsome profits by such operators as Mr. Vitchev. They are subject to panic because they believe the oft-exposed myth that Negro occupancy *per se* depreciates property values. *The Saturday Evening Post* writer is as honest as he is cynical and knowledgeable. He feeds these fears to make money. Mr. Fischer propagates the myth under the spurious guise of counseling Negroes on self-improvement.

Question No. 2: "How much of this fear is rational and how much is simply blind, unreasoning prejudice?" The literature in this field is even more extensive than that in housing. . . . I refer Mr. Fischer to the works of Gordon Allport, Gerhart Saenger, Arnold Rose, Kenneth Clark, Oscar Handlin, Robert M. MacIver, Charles S. Johnson, Goodwin Watson, Hortense Powdermaker, Bruno Bettelheim, Dorothy Whyte, and a host of other social scientists.

These writers also supply the answer to Question No. 3: "What can be done to remove the rational, valid reasons for such fear?" Mr. Fischer reaches an incredibly naïve conclusion, namely that with the removal of the "valid reasons" for racial hostility, "the purely irrational suspicions ought to be easier to cope with." The irrational mind never responds to logic or factual refutation. Anti-Semitism survives after 2,000 years, despite the incomparable contributions Jews have made and are making to human culture.

Mr. Fischer reports two incidents, one in Harlem and the other in Washington, D. C., involving attacks on white persons by Negro hoodlums while colored citizens stood by protesting. He cites the incidents as if such stand-off behavior were uniquely Negro. . . . There have been beatings of Negroes by white hoodlums in Little Rock, Birmingham, Chicago, Montgomery, and many other cities with white citizens offering no aid to the victims and even with white police officers looking on. Such behavior on the part of citizens is shameful and reprehensible. But is the indifference more堪nable when the passive onlookers are Negro? . . . By what right does Mr. Fischer demand that Negroes be nobler and more charitable than whites? In this he is one with those who demanded of the Jews in Israel that they be more Christian than the Christians and forgive Eichmann. Why are the minorities always required to be better than the dominant majority?

Now about crime statistics. Early in July the Reverend Martin Luther King and the Reverend Ralph Abernathy, leaders of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, were sentenced to serve time in a Georgia jail for an alleged offense for which no white man would have been arrested. These clergymen are exceptional only because of their national prominence. Hundreds of unknown Negroes are arrested every day on charges which would never be brought against white persons. This is true in the North as well as in the South. Every week scores of poorly defended Negroes are convicted on evidence which would be promptly thrown out of court if the defendants were white. In Virginia, rape is a capital crime, but the death penalty has been exacted only of Negroes. This unequal law enforcement swells the statistics on Negro arrests, convictions, and prison population. . . .

But the Negro has learned from bitter experience that he has to fight for freedom; it is not given as a reward for achievement or good behavior. The refusal of Atlanta hotels to admit United Nations Under Secretary Ralph Bunche demonstrates that exemplary character, culture, scholarship, international

eminence do not count with white bigots. Dr. Bunche was banned merely because of his race, just as any unlettered or unruly Negro field hand would be. The sustained struggle for Negro rights, carried on for more than half a century, primarily by the NAACP, has opened far more doors than has voluntary recognition by white people of the personal merit of individual Negroes. . . .

I resent deeply Mr. Fischer's untimely polemic, even more than similar attacks by such demagogues as Leander Perez of Louisiana, James O. Eastland of Mississippi, Roy V. Harris of Georgia, and Eugene "Bull" Connor of Alabama. These bigots frankly assert their primitive hostility and lay no claim to scholarly distinction. They do not and are not expected to read informed studies on race relations. They are ignorant and blatant. But Mr. Fischer, like so many white liberals . . . conceals his feelings behind a facade of helping the Negro to help himself. . . .

We Negroes are simply fed up with this kind of pious hokum. Moreover, we are damned tired of having to be nicer than white folk.

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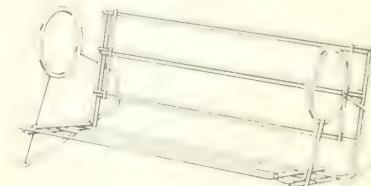
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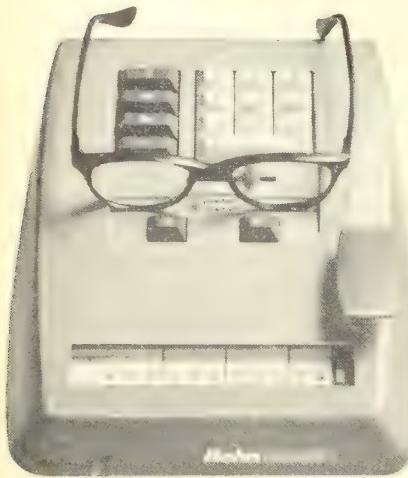
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DINING WEST OF THE HUDSON

NO MORE doubt about it: After three hundred years of eating, America has finally discovered dining, and nobody could be more pleased than I. Before moving to New York, I lived in America, and I know how things used to be.

In our Midwestern town, the "nice" place to take the family for Sunday dinner was a genteel residential hotel populated mostly by ladies who brought mysterious-looking medicines to the table. The cuisine was as subdued as the organ music that shimmered in the background, for in those days the invention of the tin can was still being celebrated.

Appetizer? Freshly opened pineapple juice or fruit cocktail. Soup? Chicken noodle or bouillon cube. Entree? Creamed Chicken à la King (shouldn't it be *au* King?), or Roast Beef, accompanied by mashed potatoes and gray peas.

Dessert? Jello with whipped cream. Or there always was apple pie. Each slice contained a bonus of five or six seed hulls. It was like eating contact lenses.

Today, you'd hardly know the place. The ladies are still taking their pills and potions. But instead of the organ music, there is the soft cha-cha-cha of martinis and bloody Marys being mixed behind the new bar. And the menu! Avocados and Artichokes Vinaigrette! Vichyssoise and

Lobster Bisque! Duck à l'Orange and Boeuf Bourguignon! Crème Caramelle and Peach Melba! Nor is this gastronomic awakening confined to my home town. It seems to be taking place all over.

Recently I had the good fortune to take a rambling trip by car throughout the United States—a trip made memorable, among other reasons, by running into Imogene Coca in a diner outside of Effingham, Illinois. The change everywhere is astonishing. In Sneedville, Tennessee, I found baked potatoes being served with chopped chives and sour cream. High in the Ozarks, I came across the Broiled South African Lobster Tail.

In Texarkana, Arkansas, unable to resist a highway billboard that advertised "12 Miles: Good Food Grim Hotel"—Grim, it turned out, the founder's name—I even came upon a Caesar Salad, whose ingredients include such un-American staples as anchovies, garlic croutons, Parmesan cheese, and raw eggs. The waitress, a walking lode of misinformation, told me it was invented by Sid Caesar. "Now he's not on television so often he has this salad, the same way Victor Borge has chickens."

In Sioux Falls, South Dakota, the Sheraton-Cataract Hotel offers New England Clam Chowder or Oyster Stew, followed by Alaska Red Salmon or a New York Cut Sirloin served with Mexican Cole Slaw and finished off with Florida Fruit Cup. In Dallas, Texas, The Golden Onion suggests Jumbo Louisiana Shrimp or Baltimore Oysters, followed by En-

AFTER HOURS

hilidas, Chicken Tacos, or Chili. In Phoenix, Arizona, the Camelback Inn has a menu that is almost lyrical: "Rosy Kennebec Salmon fresh from Pacific Northwest streams, Poached with Care," and Royal Silver Pompano Flown from the Atlantic, Sautéed with Care in Butter with Slivered Almonds." For dessert, "Genuine French Imported Camembert Cheese, Fully Ripened to Turn." (An English friend tells me that if all other indicators fail, Americans can easily be recognized in restaurants anywhere by the fact that when ordering, they read back to the waiter all of the advertising copy on the menu.)

Sutton's, which heralds itself as "A Good Place to Eat" in Provo, Utah—which heralds *itself* as "The Industrial and Educational Hub of the West in the Shadow of Scenic Timpanogos"—offers Fish and Chips. But perhaps the most amazing menu of all is that of the Town House on U.S. 27 north of Angola, Indiana (population 4,746). In addition to such unaccustomed delicacies as Marinated Herring, Garlic Rolls, and salads with Roquefort Dressing, this establishment, under the proprietorship of a man named Priest, offers an honest-to-Jehovah Kosher Corned Beef Sandwich.

Even the beverages are taking on sophistication. *Caffè espresso* is everywhere. Heinekens, Löwenbräu, and Carlsberg are almost as commonplace as Coors, Fort Pitt, and Grieselick. Nuits St. George isn't exactly outselling Nehi, but wine lists are in increasing evidence.

TO be sure, the Midwest still has some way to go before it can seriously challenge its counterpart, if any, in Europe. For one thing, we still persist in confusing the classic with the concoction. Buffalo may be nearly extinct on the Great Plains, but Thousand Island Dressing is not. Waldorf Salads occasionally still rear their ugly little creamed raisins. Ketchup is served with almost everything, including sirloin steaks and roast beef. And at breakfast, it is almost impossible to get an egg that has not been laid at the bottom of a nest of French Fried Potatoes.

Too, certain provincialisms in serving persist. The salad ritual, for instance. One evening, after driving

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west all day through the lava beds central New Mexico I stopped for dinner in the border town of Show Low, Arizona, possibly the one health resort in the world to call itself by a name that conjures up smoke-filled back rooms, late hours and rapid breathing.

Starving, I ordered a steak—"bloody rare, blue, almost raw." The young lady promptly plunked a salad in front of me. I idly moved it to the left of my fork, lit a cigarette, and sat back to wait. I lit another. I had a third. Finally, imagining my steaks slowly becoming undistinguishable from my ashtray, I beckoned to the girl. "Isn't it time you took my steaks out?" I asked.

"I haven't put it in," she said. "You haven't eaten your salad yet." She spoke as matter-of-factly as if she had said something logical. Resigned, I obediently began picking away at a sizable chunk of iceberg lettuce. Soon as the plate was empty—and full—the girl arrived with my steaks. Taking note of where I had placed my salad, she asked, "Did you want to eat your steak from over there too?"

Aside from peccadilloes like this dining on the other side of the Hudson is an experience that can heartily recommended. In fact, Manhattan might well start looking to bay leaves. Not long after my return a young French couple I know arrived for their first visit to New York. By way of introducing them to the city, I took them to one of the new restaurants-with-a-view. Our waitress padded up in orthopedic tennis shoes, wearing on her head what lamb chops use as bloomers.

Would we folks like a little libation? We would. The waitress turned with three rather tepid martinis, and we got down to the business of ordering. Would* this be a kind of big night on the town? Then the waitress would recommend the filet mignon. Whereupon she turned to my friends, whom she had ascertained to be foreigners from Paris-France. "A filet mignon," she informed them radiantly, "is a kind of steak."

—William North Jayne

*The author is also preparing a series of monographs on the grammatical construction known as Waitresses' Would. "Would there be anything else?"

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AFTER HOURS



MONTAGES

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The system of montages works as follows. An artist records a piece many times over, knowing that each time a different section may emerge with superior results. The engineer later mounts the total "performance" by assembling each of numerous morsels selected by the artist as the best. Furthermore, when a difficult stretch must still be conquered, or a portion consisting of even one errant phrase still reveals a flaw, the artist can play and replay it separately and rely upon the engineer to paste it eventually into its proper place. Dynamically, too, the engineer can be helpful in intensifying crescendos and regulating diminuendos to a degree of perfection that makes it impossible for the listener to determine

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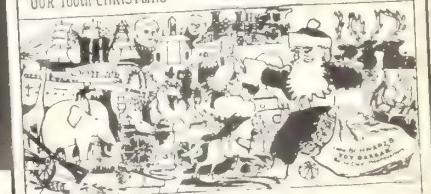
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where the skill of the artist leaves off and that of the engineer begins. Thus misused, the montage system, which at first appeared to provide such particular advantages for both the engineer and the artist, has instead resulted in bold distortion, not to say outright misrepresentation, of artistic performance.

Curiously, the abuses invited by the montage system are tacitly accepted by almost all performers. A prominent virtuoso once confided to me his experiences in recording on the "installment plan." After many sessions, one note still refused to behave to his satisfaction, no matter how many times he repeated the particular section. Finally he made a separate recording of the single note and had the engineer insert it into the total performance. When I failed to express my enthusiasm, the great pianist shrugged his shoulders, saying, "Recordings are made that way today," but I detected a note of embarrassment in his voice. In another instance, the problem of striking a hard-to-reach note was resolved by having it executed by the pianist's wife.

A third example has even more far-reaching implications. A decade ago a manufacturer of 78s released a record on which a famous pianist performed a group of Chopin études with incredible speed, precision, and dynamic control. There was no word to indicate that the disc was made from a piano roll operated at increased pace, and the fraud was successfully camouflaged by the fact that the acceleration of a piano roll does not raise the pitch. (Incidentally, there is a new device to speed up *any* recorded performance by 20 per cent without changing the pitch!) Not only will such tricky practices discourage the serious young student, but if the fraudulent origin of these unparalleled performances is not exposed, a hopelessly high standard for technique will be set up which will automatically—and falsely—condemn all subsequent performances as inadequate by comparison.

Inevitably, the practice of montaging will boomerang in the long run, for by deceiving the audience, artists only penalize themselves when the listener is disappointed repeatedly by concert performances that seem inferior in technique to the synthetic,

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orded performances. The more discerning listeners rightly become suspicious of every recording. Think of the Scriabin Nocturne, written to illustrate the charm of the left-hand piano. How can one be sure that it isn't performed on a disc by a piano team? All of us know that there are occasional performances where a master artist has a moment of unprecedented perfection or even an hour of imaginative and meticulous playing. But the skeptical listener, once conditioned by previous frauds, will interpret such moments as just another splicing job. Such instances are sadder, no doubt, in the case of the high jumper jumping seven and a half feet while the judge's back was turned.

OME will justify the doctoring of LP performances by referring to similar practices in the days of the 78. Admittedly, sectionalized recording was done in the past. It was done, however, purely out of necessity, for recording was made directly onto the disc, and time ruled as the determining factor. While breaks or transitions were predetermined, they did not always coincide with natural musical pauses, and occasionally continuity, or spontaneous character were disturbed by theseaneous conditions. Some artists, such as Rachmaninoff included, recorded each side many times over until satisfied with one. But an entire side was recorded each time, not simply a segment here and a measure there. The final version was an authentic specimen of the artist's work, free from doctoring by the engineer. Looking closer at the latest enterprise of modern sound-beauticians, we note that the development of stereophonic sound has only served to further broaden the scope of electro-cosmetical sins. A new riot of discs have appeared with drums and gourds, and mazes of loudspeakers, amplifiers, wires, and cabinets, with equivocal results. In many instances the sound product is impressive and effective rather than authentic, or, may we say, it is frightening rather than faithful, whereas past efforts were directed more toward authenticity. Few know that the piano, always a difficult instrument to record, has never been more genuinely reproduced than in a series of

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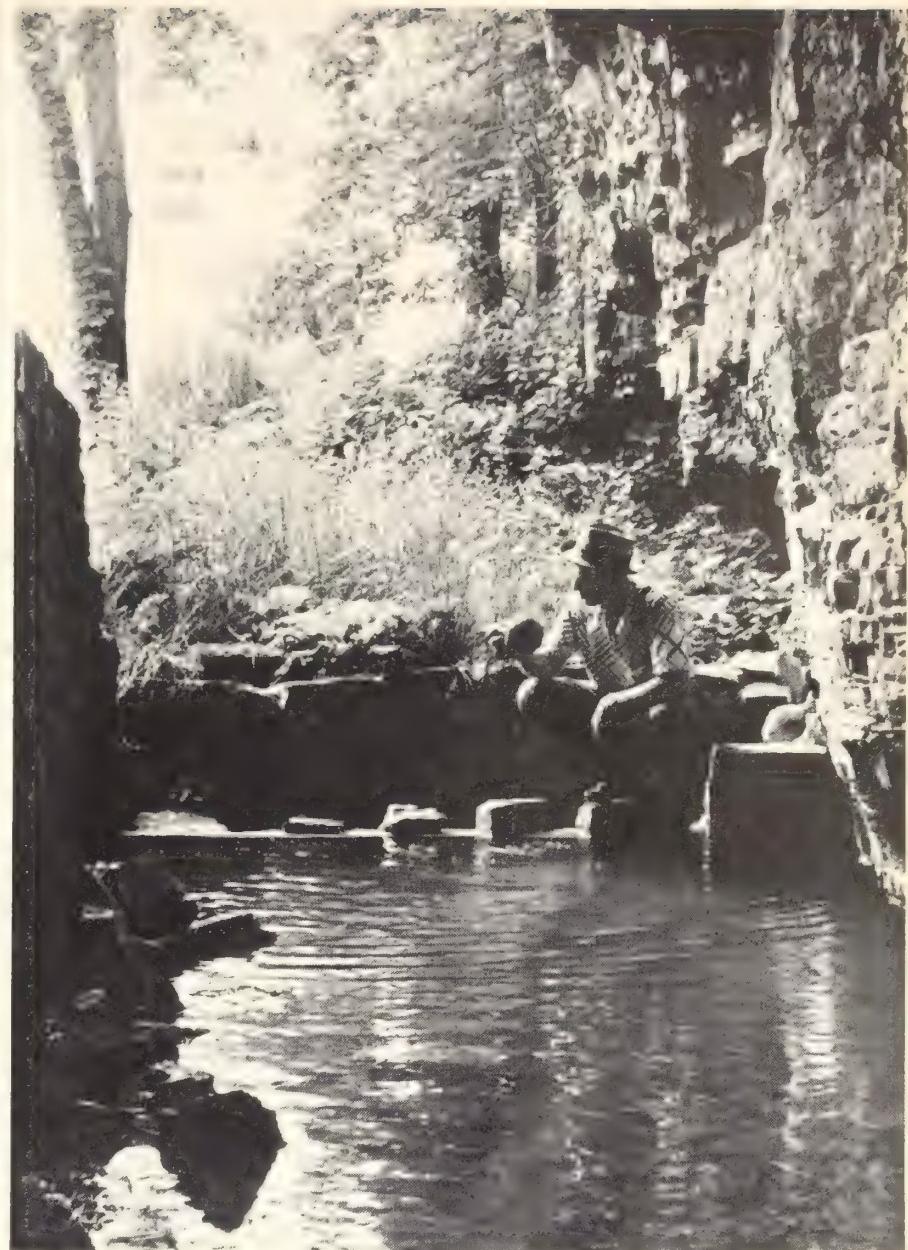
AFTER HOURS

Columbia discs played by Ignaz Friedman in the mid-thirties.

The dual division of sound made by the double stereo-speakers is in artificial one and it stubbornly litters from the natural blending we receive in the concert hall. Does one have a separate ear for each section of the orchestra? Why, hen, a separate microphone to pick up every isolated sound? I can see no benefit in being made to feel hat one has moved into the instrument itself. (Edison himself did not believe in it either.) Why not then nild speakers in the empty shells of pianos for piano reproduction, or isten to a violin only when the peaker is mounted inside an untrung Stradivarius? The stereo-fever may lead audiences to be dissatisfied with solo concert performances altogether, and force the pianist to install stereophonic equipment in he auditorium so that people may tear him from every corner at once s they do at home. If so, the next ogical step may be the elimination of the concert hall. The concert hall's ast advantage—the view of the perormer—could be replaced with the development of Tele-stereo, which we can doubtless expect imminently. soon we may have such a device in our own living-rooms to accompany he doctored recordings, and when perfected, it will surpass living color, f course.

The optimist will still seek a less isquieting solution. Let him hope he artist and listener will realize hat engineering techniques only erve art when they are confined to he faithful reproduction of original ound and skill. The artist can do his part by relinquishing those practices that undermine the integrity of music and its interpretation on ecords. The music listener can help y insisting that the records he buys hall be authentic and untampered effections of the performer's art. Only with his intervention may we each a point where our engineers ill no longer continue to nourish he commercial demand for more ffective and startling sounds, but ill realize, along with the artists, he importance of their vast technical knowledge in the search for more atural sound representing a faithful reservation of artistic integrity.

—Jan Holzman



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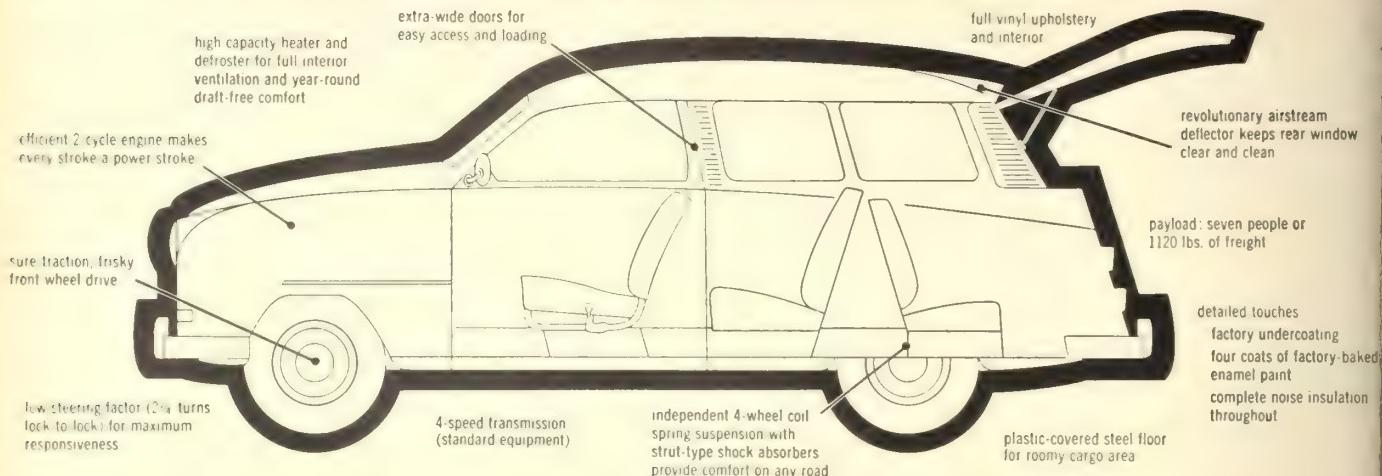
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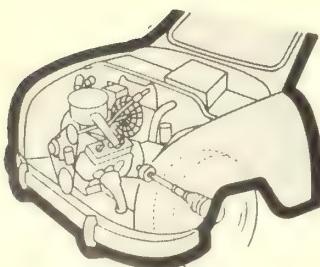
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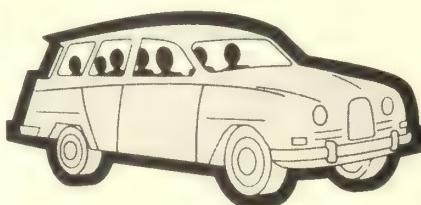
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THE RACE TO CREATE LIFE

LEONARD ENGEL

*Our scientists are now close to a
feat that will rival the conquest of space
—the unlocking of the secrets of
heredity, reproduction, and of life itself.*

FOR the past several years, a number of the world's ablest biochemists have been striving to create living matter in the test tube. Many will deny that they are competing; their own work, they will point out, is only indirectly related to the possible synthesis of living matter. Nevertheless, research on the chemistry of life is heading in that direction with a rush that can be described only as a race, and the result could be even more portentous than the lighting of atomic fire.

In perhaps as little as a year or two, someone in some laboratory will fashion a bit of the unique chemical called DNA, which is found in the nuclei of all living cells and also in many viruses. DNA contains the genes, the fundamental units of heredity, and is the "mother molecule" that shapes and directs the machinery of life. If man can fashion DNA in the laboratory, he will create a chemical agent capable of initiating living

processes and building up living tissue. In short, man will be creating life.

Until recently, the synthesis of living matter in the test tube was regarded as an idea for science fiction rather than science. What has made the artificial creation of living matter a genuine possibility is a remarkable new field of science, the chemistry of heredity. This is very different from the genetics most of us studied in biology classes, where we learned the chances, say, of a blue-eyed mother and a brown-eyed father having a blue-eyed daughter. The chemistry of heredity asks a deeper question: How do genes carry the message of heredity, and how is the message translated into living tissue? In hardly more than a dozen years, many answers have been found. Research on the chemistry of heredity has revealed in impressive detail how genes make and shape life and has also shown how man on his own can go about creating the gene-bearing material DNA, and hence living matter. The challenge has already been taken up in several centers. At least one team has come close. So before very long man will have gained nearly godlike power to interfere with nature and change it to suit his whim.

The first man-made living matter will almost certainly be a copy of a natural DNA, probably from a virus. Then natural DNAs will be modified in various ways, and finally there will be wholly artificial DNAs with no counterpart in nature. It is conceivable that they will be

capable of generating wholly new forms of life.

More importantly, they will provide a powerful new means of controlling heredity, not only in plants and animals, but in man himself. Once the scientist knows how to fabricate DNA, he will learn how to fashion *human* DNA containing *human* genes and how to use the test-tube product to alter human characteristics—to offset inborn defects, to produce children of specified sex and with other specified characteristics, perhaps with entirely new characteristics. Scientists themselves are awed by the prospect.

"Most of us can agree that it is all right to alter the heredity of plants and animals," says Alfred E. Mirsky of the Rockefeller Institute. "After all, man has been doing that by selective breeding for a long time. Many of us can also agree that it will be good to alter human heredity to eliminate congenital defects."

"But what about altering human heredity for other purposes? That is a different proposition altogether. Before long we will have to decide whether we want chemical control of human heredity—chemical eugenics—and if so, how it should be exercised. And we will all have to take part in the decision as citizens. There are problems that are much too important to be left to scientists alone. This is one of them."

Medical specialists foresee other striking (if less controversial) applications for the new knowledge. Research on DNA, for instance, apparently holds the key to the cancer puzzle. Some cancers are due to a change in the cell nucleus which upsets the cell's normal mechanisms for controlling growth; as a result, the cell goes wild. In other cases, viruses take over the cell's machinery and force the cell to grow without limit. Viruses have been shown to be the cause of many cancers in animals; cancer experts think they will be found involved in human cancer too. DNA is at the center of both these cancer problems—the DNA of the cell nucleus and the DNA of the virus. Knowledge of how to prepare and alter DNA in the test tube must lead to the discovery of powerful new agents for halting cancer.

Similarly, it should yield new, highly effective weapons against virus diseases generally. Bio-

chemists further point out that in living cells, DNA is responsible, directly or indirectly, for the manufacture of a great many different chemical compounds and especially proteins, the chief constituents of living tissue. Many of these compounds might have wide application in medicine—if we knew how to produce them. Biochemists envisage duplicating nature's own processes for producing them by putting appropriate DNA preparations, together with other needed materials, in factory tanks. The DNA will then spark the formation of the desired compound, just as it does in living cells.

The synthesis of living matter promises also to be a political event of first importance. Even in ordinary times such an accomplishment would add great scientific luster to the country which achieved it first. But in today's political atmosphere, it will be a "biological sputnik"; and, unhappily, someone is even now probably considering military applications of DNA research. Cold-war-minded scientists have in fact urged a crash program to guarantee a U.S. "first" in creating living matter in the laboratory. No crash program is needed, however, to heat up the race. Virtually every American capable of effective work in the field is already working on DNA, and at top speed. The excitement of the chase, and the place in history awaiting the front-runners, are spur enough.

MICROBES TELL TALES

HOW did modern science reach the point where the synthesis of DNA may soon be an accomplished fact? Bits and pieces of the story have found their way into the news. You may have missed much of the story, however, even if you completed your college biology course only two or three years ago. Many college texts still tell very little of what has been learned of research on the chemistry of heredity. To begin with, it is known that life is essentially a chemical process and that living organisms, in all their rich variety, are extraordinarily chemical machines. It has also been known that hereditary characteristics are passed on by threadlike structures called chromosomes. In multicellular organisms, nearly every cell has an identical complete set of chromosomes, usually located in the cell nucleus.

In human cells, the normal chromosome complement is 46. This does not mean, however, that man is a product of only 46 hereditary characteristics. Chromosomes are themselves made up of smaller units called genes, strung out along the

Leonard Engel prepared this article while working on his next book, "The New Genetics," to be published by Doubleday. Author of "The Operation" and editor of a new edition of Darwin's "The Voyage of the Beagle," Mr. Engel has written often for "Harper's"—on subjects ranging from cancer to oceanography—and he recently wrote the TV "Breakthrough Series" on medicine for NBC.

chromosome like beads on a string. Each gene is responsible for a distinct hereditary characteristic. A single chromosome may contain thousands of genes, and a set of chromosomes, tens of thousands—quite enough to lay down the blueprints for a creature as elaborate as a human being. One expert in heredity has estimated that the chromosomes in a single human egg contain information equivalent to a thousand printed volumes each the size of a volume of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

All this and more was known by the mid-1930s. Although most genes are too small to be seen through the light microscope (the electron microscope had not been invented yet), an alert geneticist had discovered that cells in the salivary glands of the fruit-fly larva contain chromosomes of giant size. When suitably stained, they can be seen under an ordinary microscope. On them, geneticists observed light and dark bands. These bands had been identified as giant genes. But at this point, no one knew what genes were, physically or chemically, or how they recorded and carried out the hereditary blueprint.

These questions could not be answered so long as geneticists conducted most of their studies, as they had for years, on an easily raised insect, the Mediterranean fruit fly. Though simple compared to man or mouse, it was too complex a creature for studies designed to reveal how genes actually work. In 1941, George W. Beadle, a geneticist from Wahoo, Nebraska (a town with an unusual number of eminent native sons), began experimenting with a common bread mold called *Neurospora*. It could grow in a broth containing nothing but sugar, a few salts, and the B vitamin biotin. Microscopic in size, this lowly mold could manufacture for itself everything else needed for growth—amino acids, proteins, fats, enzymes, and other vitamins. Beadle (who was professor of biology at Stanford University) decided that *Neurospora* offered a unique opportunity to learn how genes function. He proceeded to knock out one or more genes by exposing cultures to X-rays. As a result, the mold could no longer manufacture all the substances it needed for growth and could not grow on the standard artificial medium. Beadle then added various supplementary nutrients to the medium, one at a time, until the mold started growing again. Thus he pin-pointed the substance whose manufacture had been controlled by the X-ray-destroyed gene. Through hundreds of such experiments, Beadle, with a young graduate student, Edward L. Tatum, showed that genes control cell chemistry and that there is a governing gene for every chemical reaction taking place in the living cell.

Beadle's and Tatum's experiments (which won them the Nobel Prize) established the essential nature of what genes do but not what they are. This was finally revealed by studies of another simple organism—pneumococcus, the microbe responsible for bacterial pneumonia. Ordinarily, colonies of this germ growing in a culture dish look smooth and glistening to the naked eye. This is due to the germ's waxy outer coat. Occasionally, however, colonies of pneumococci without the waxy coat are found; these appear to have a rough surface. Bacteriologists became much interested in the coatless pneumococci when it was discovered that they are nonvirulent, i.e., unable to cause pneumonia.

Using heat, experimenters killed some of the virulent, coated germs and placed them in a culture dish with the nonvirulent, uncoated ones. Mysteriously, the uncoated germs regained their coats and became virulent again. In other words, the dead microbes altered the live ones. How had this come about? The puzzle was cleared up in 1944 by a trio of scientists—Oswald T. Avery, Colin M. MacLeod, and Maclyn McCarty—at the Rockefeller Institute in New York. They showed that gene material passed from the dead to the living germs. When extracted and purified, the gene material proved to be a compound known as deoxyribonucleic (dee-oxy-rye-boh-nu-clay-ic) acid, or DNA for short.

THE WONDER CHEMICAL

TH E discovery that bacteria can be altered by treatment with DNA extracts may have direct application in medicine. A few months ago, a seventeen-year-old Connecticut schoolboy found that DNA extracts can make antibiotic-resistant germs sensitive to antibiotics. Even more recently, a Cleveland medical researcher used a DNA extract to convert an abnormal form of hemoglobin (the oxygen-carrying pigment of the red blood cells) into the normal form. Red cells containing abnormal forms of hemoglobin are involved in several widespread, incurable types of anemia. So this experiment, carried out to date only in the test tube, could lead to a new method of treating anemia.

But of top importance is the discovery that DNA is the material of the genes. Clearly, it is an extraordinary chemical compound. It must, for one thing, be capable of representing the billions (or perhaps even more) of different hereditary blueprints to be found in the countless individuals and species of the plant and animal kingdom. By definition, chemical com-

pounds have a fixed composition—so many atoms of this combined with so many of that. To represent different genes, DNA obviously is untypical; it must have a composition that can vary “at will.” Furthermore, it must be able to initiate all the different chemical processes involved in cell chemistry. Finally, and most remarkable of all, it must have the power of self-multiplication. For every time a cell divides, two sets of genes are needed—one for each new cell. One set can come from the parent cell, but the other must be produced right then and there. And the two sets must be identical or nearly identical. Although mutations or changes in genes giving rise to new hereditary traits do occur and are very important in evolution (there would be no new forms of life without mutation), one of the remarkable features of life is the stability of hereditary traits.

DNA meets all these requirements and in recent years, science has obtained a clear understanding of many aspects of how it works. This feat has taken the efforts of many hundreds of minds and hands, armed with many ingenious new scientific techniques.

One of the first objectives of DNA research was to learn something of the DNA molecule. It was soon found to be one of the largest molecules known, made up of scores of thousands of atoms. In fact, many researchers believe that an entire chromosome with all its genes may well be a single molecule; in this case, a DNA molecule would contain millions of atoms. While there are certainly no other molecules that large, giant molecules are also characteristic of proteins and many other substances found in living cells. Over the years chemists have found that nature has an ingenious stratagem for constructing giant molecules and making sure that all the atoms entering into them are arranged in precisely the right way. Giant molecules are built up from smaller subunits—groups of atoms that serve as “building blocks,” much like bricks in the construction of a house. Thus, proteins are assembled from the molecular subunits called amino acids.

DNA proved to be no exception to the building-block rule. Chemical analysis showed that DNA's huge molecules are constructed largely from six building blocks. One is a sugar called deoxy ribose. Another is “phosphate,” a grouping of four oxygen atoms and an atom of phosphorus. Finally, there are four nucleotide bases, so called because they are found in DNA, which is found in the cell nucleus. The four nucleotide bases are relatively simple substances named adenine, thymine, guanine, and cytosine, usually called simply A, T, G, and C.

Not long after World War II, a group of researchers at Columbia University (Erwin Chargaff and associates) analyzed DNA from different forms of life. They found that the proportions of deoxy ribose and phosphate were always much the same. The proportions of the nucleotide bases, on the other hand, varied widely from species to species (which could be expected, since different species must differ in their hereditary blueprints). However, there was one peculiar “regularity.” In any specimen of DNA, there was always a subunit of A for every subunit of T, and one of G for one of C. In other words, A and T seemed to come in pairs and so did G and C.

As often happens in science, the next step—one of the great leaps in the history of science—was far more a product of the imagination than of laboratory experiment. Indeed, one of the young men involved, Francis H. C. Crick of Cambridge University, concedes that he has never spent much time in the laboratory and is more interested “in talking to people in different centers and seeing how their work can be fitted together.” In 1953, Crick and James D. Watson, a young American spending a year at Cambridge, made a bold guess as to how DNA's various sub-units were arranged and how the molecule is put together. To go on, they had information on the overall shape of the molecule (from electron microscope photographs, it was known to be long and thin) plus the knowledge that key subunits come in pairs. In addition, they had a few photographs of the DNA molecule made by a special X-ray technique by Rosalind Franklin—a gifted scientist whose career was cut short soon afterwards by untimely death—and her co-workers at King's College, London.

Watson and Crick deduced that the DNA molecule had a structure resembling a twisted ladder, as shown in **Illustration I** on page 43. The rails of the “ladder” are formed from alternating units of sugar and phosphate; the rungs, from nucleotide subunit pairs—either an A and a T, or a G and a C. The “double helix” model (as it came to be called) attracted immediate attention not only because it neatly fitted DNA's known physical and chemical properties, but because it clearly met several of the most critical requirements of a genetic material. For example, its chemical composition could be varied to represent varying genes. In addition, the double helix suggested a plausible way in which genes might carry out the all-important step of duplicating themselves when cells multiply. This is shown diagrammatically in **Illustration II** on page 45.

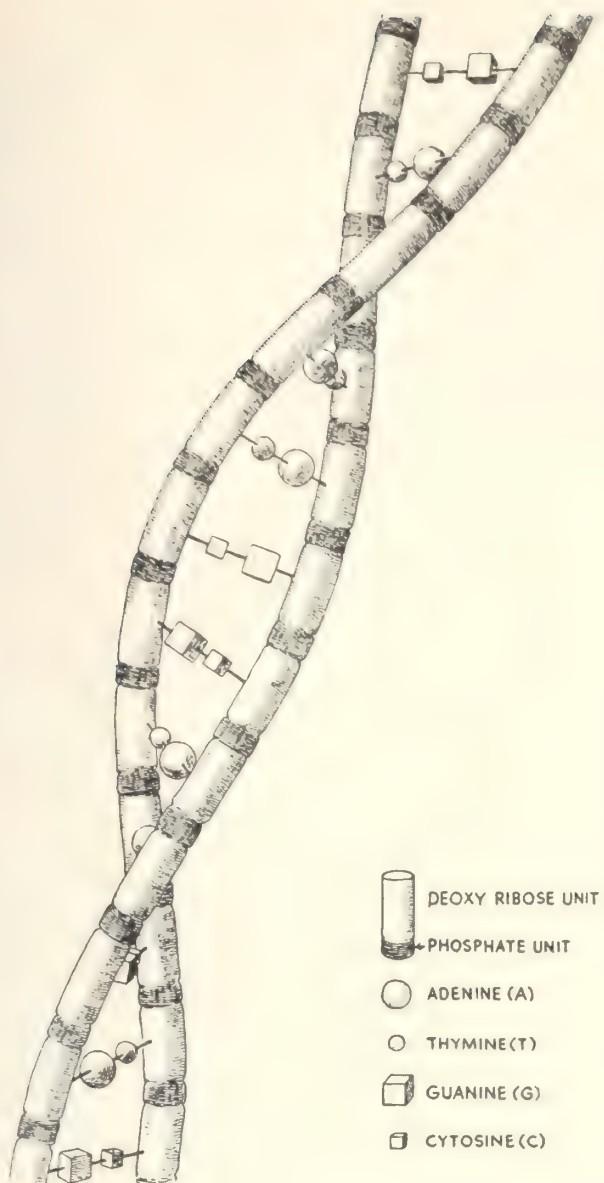


Illustration I: DNA owes its ability to carry the varying blueprints of heredity to its remarkable two-stranded "twisted ladder" construction. The strands—the "rails" of the ladder—consist of alternating phosphate and deoxy ribose units. The "rungs" are pairs of nucleotide units, either an A-T (adenine and thymine) or a C-G (cytosine and guanine) pair. Now look closely at the pairs. A-T and C-G are the same size and can fit between the strands in reverse (i.e., T-A and G-C instead of A-T and C-G) and in any order whatever without disrupting the DNA molecule. Thus each strand can have varying sequences of A, T, G, and C to spell out the hereditary blueprint and "tell" the cell just what chemical substances to manufacture and so on. Moreover, although the segment in the diagram is too short to show this, the two strands will have identical sequences of nucleotide units, though in head-to-toe order.

During the nine years since it was first put forward, researchers have made a number of findings that may require modification of some details of the Watson-Crick model of the DNA molecule. Few biologists, however, question its essential correctness. But the Watson-Crick model says little about two vital questions:

(1) Just how are the instructions of the genes spelled out?

(2) How do the instructions of the genes get from the cell nucleus where the genes are, to the outer part of the cell, where the cell's chemical machinery is located?

BREAKING THE BIOCHEMICAL CODE

ANSWERS to these questions are emerging from research that has come to a climax in the past few months. When Beadle and Tatum found in the 1940s that genes control cell chemistry, they were really discovering that genes control the production of various substances in the cell. Of these the most important (apart from DNA itself) are proteins. The latter form the structure of the cell and also play a strategic role in cell chemistry; the enzymes that make the cell's chemical machinery go are proteins. A living cell contains hundreds, perhaps thousands, of different proteins. So when you ask how the instructions of the genes are spelled out in DNA, you are really asking how DNA directs the making of proteins. And when you ask how these instructions reach the cell's chemical machinery, you are asking how they reach the sites in the cell where proteins are made.

It seemed obvious to many investigators what the answers to these questions must be. The instructions of the genes must be contained in some kind of "code" employing the subunits of DNA that can vary. That is, different combinations of A, T, G, and C must "tell" the cell how to make different proteins. And something bearing this "code" must go from the cell nucleus to the sites of protein manufacture.

But such speculations were more easily advanced than proved. In casting about for leads that might help, research workers noted that cells contain, in addition to DNA, a compound called RNA (ribonucleic acid). RNA and DNA resemble each other closely; the chief differences are in some of the building blocks from which they are formed. It seemed reasonable to suppose that RNA fitted somewhere in the steps leading from genes to living tissue.

To the confusion of the research workers,

though, several distinct kinds of RNA turned up. One kind was found in a distinctive type of small particle scattered throughout the cell. Another variety of RNA, with a molecule containing no more than a few thousand atoms, was detected in the cell fluid. And there was evidence that RNA also occurred in the cell nucleus itself.

The confusion was cleared up last year in a dazzling, rapid-fire series of research advances that left even cell scientists gasping.* The net of these discoveries is that there is a special form of RNA appropriately called "messenger RNA," formed in the cell nucleus by DNA and sent out to carry the message of the DNA to the sites where proteins are produced. (The other kinds of RNA also have roles in the cell's protein production, but they can be omitted here.) Messenger RNA was first demonstrated in bacteria, but just weeks ago it was shown that mammalian DNA produces messenger RNA too. Several teams of scientists have successfully used messenger RNA to produce proteins in test-tube systems.

The discovery of messenger RNA brought a solution to the riddle of the DNA "code." Even as the details of messenger RNA were being worked out, it occurred to two research teams ** that an artificial messenger RNA might be employed to "read" the "words" in DNA. The idea was to prepare an "RNA" containing a known arrangement of nucleotide subunits (for instance, all A or all C or varying combinations of these and other nucleotide units) and see what happened when this "RNA" was used as a messenger in a protein-producing test-tube system.

In August 1961, the first results from these experiments were reported at an international biochemistry congress. Evidence was presented showing the "code word" for phenylalanine, one of the amino acid building blocks of protein; whenever this "word" (TTT, that is, a sequence of three sub-units T) occurs in a strand of DNA, phenylalanine will occur in the protein blueprinted by the DNA. DNA code "words" for most other amino acids entering into protein were worked out in the ensuing months. Today, experts in the chemistry of heredity have a quite

*Too many research workers have played a part in these discoveries for all to be named. Particularly notable contributions were made by the following: Sidney Brenner and Matthew S. Meselson, California Institute of Technology; François Jacob, Pasteur Institute, Paris; Eliot Volkin and Lazarus Astrachan, Oak Ridge National Laboratory; Jeïard Hurwitz, New York University; Samuel B. Weiss, University of Chicago; and Audrey Stevens, St. Louis University.

** Marshall W. Nirenberg and J. Heinrich Matthaei of the National Institutes of Health, and Severo P. Ochoa and associates of New York University.

good idea how DNA spells out its instructions, how the instructions are sent to the cell's protein manufacturing centers, and how they are carried out—in short, how the scheme of the gene becomes living tissue.

CLOSE TO THE REAL THING

IN VIEW of these immense strides in the chemistry of heredity, many scientists believe that—barring unexpected difficulties—the creation of DNA and living matter in the test tube will not be an especially formidable task.*

"In arriving at our present understanding of life processes," notes the Rockefeller Institute's Mirsky, "cell scientists have already solved many problems involving what seem to me to have been greater technical difficulties. With the basis laid by recent research on the chemistry of heredity, the synthesis of DNA can be expected—and quite soon. In fact, from a technical point of view, it may well be only a footnote to a wider advance."

At least one man has already come very close. In 1956, Arthur Kornberg, a Brooklyn-born biochemist with an almost exasperatingly deliberate manner of speaking and an equally deliberate manner of working, set out with a team of associates to produce DNA in the laboratory. Kornberg had come only a few years before to Washington University in St. Louis from the National Institutes of Health, where he had acquired a reputation for his work on the chemistry of heredity. Kornberg and his colleagues prepared a soup containing the various building blocks of DNA in forms they hoped might be suitable for chemical combination. To the mixture was added a compound to furnish chemical energy and other needed ingredients plus an enzyme extracted from rapidly growing bacteria; previous research had shown that rapidly growing cells contain an enzyme that helps in the formation of DNA.

A very small amount of a DNA-like material was detected in the test tube, but the results of the experiment were disappointing on the whole. Kornberg then tried adding a trace of DNA to the mix to act as a primer. Quantities of a new "DNA" hundreds of times greater than the quantity Kornberg had put in were produced. The new "DNA" was all but indistinguishable chemically or physically from natural DNA and Kornberg succeeded in producing it repeatedly.

* Experiments in which tobacco mosaic virus may have been synthesized were reported this August by Dr. George W. Cochran of Utah State University.

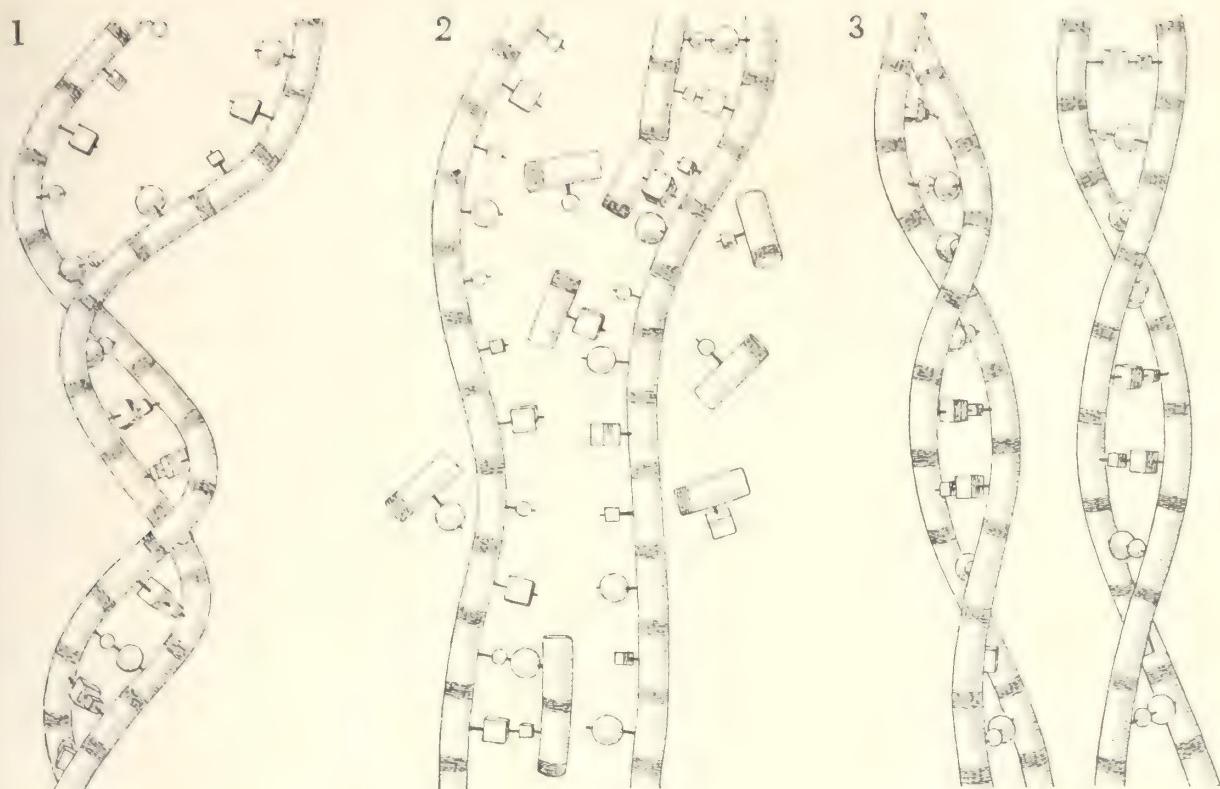


Illustration II: When a cell divides, two sets of DNA must be provided—one for each daughter cell. Though there are gaps in what is known of how DNA multiplies itself, experts believe the process takes place essentially as diagramed above. (1) The two strands unwind and separate. (2) Floating in the cell nucleus around each strand are "free" A, T, C, and G units, each with a deoxy ribose and a phosphate attached. Other substances are present to help things along, but are not shown. As nucleotide units on each strand encounter "free" nucleotides with which they can pair, they do so (center). This also lines up the deoxy ribose and phosphate units of the "free" nucleotides so that they can join. (3) End result is formation of a new strand of DNA for each old one, and a complete pair for each daughter cell. New and old strands have identical A-T-C-G sequences, though in head-to-toe order.

But it was not the real article. In different experiments Kornberg and his associates used, as a primer, DNA from three different types of bacteria, a bacteriophage (a virus that attacks bacteria), and glandular tissue from a calf. In each case, the test-tube DNA closely resembled the primer. None of Kornberg's "DNA," however, has, so far as is known, exhibited any of the properties that would entitle it to be called "living": it has not produced a messenger RNA that can be used to make protein; it does not multiply itself (*i.e.*, it cannot be utilized to make more DNA); it produces no transforming effect on other living cells. It is a DNA-like material, not DNA.

Kornberg's near-miss was an accomplishment, nevertheless, and for it he won the Nobel Prize. It was, moreover, only the opening heat in the race. Since then, other research men have joined in. All are following the useful scientific custom

of saying little or nothing until they have results to report, so there are yet no names to headline. But I know personally of three laboratories besides Kornberg's (he is now at Stanford University) where efforts to synthesize DNA are under way. And their chances of success become ever greater as the continuing rapid advance in the chemistry of heredity and of life gives them ever sharper insights, ever more powerful tools for the task.

One day, someone—perhaps a biochemist with an established reputation, perhaps a young man no one has heard of—will make a bit of stuff that acts and looks like DNA and is DNA, man-made. It will be a day to make one wonder at human curiosity and ingenuity and also a day to make one worry over the use to which man will put this unprecedented increment to his already immense command over the forces of nature.

MARY McCARTHY

J. D. Salinger's Closed Circuit

A suggestion that the literary hero of the Younger Set—the Great Phony-slayer—may, just possibly, be a bit of a phony himself.

WHO is to inherit the mantle of Papa Hemingway? Who if not J. D. Salinger? Holden Caulfield in *The Catcher in the Rye* has a brother in Hollywood who thinks *A Farewell to Arms* is terrific. Holden does not see how his brother, who is his favorite writer, can like a phony book like that. But the very image of the hero as pitiless phony-detector comes from Hemingway. In *Across the River and Into the Trees*, the colonel gets a message on his private radar that a pock-marked writer he darkly spies across the room at Harry's Bar in Venice has "outlived his talents"—apparently some sort of crime. "I think he has the same pits on his heart and in his soul," confides the heroine, in her careful foreign English. That was Sinclair Lewis.

Like Hemingway, Salinger sees the world in terms of allies and enemies. He has a good deal of natural style, a cruel ear, a dislike of ideas (the enemy's intelligence system), a toilsome simplicity, and a ventriloquist's knack of disguising his voice. The artless dialect written by Holden is an artful ventriloquial trick of Salinger's, like the deliberate, halting English of Hemingway's waiters, fishermen, and peasants—anyone who speaks it is a good guy, a friend of the author's, to be trusted.

The Catcher in the Rye, like Hemingway's books, is based on a scheme of exclusiveness. The characters are divided into those who belong to the club and those who don't—the clean marlin, on the one hand, and the scavenger sharks on the other. Those who don't belong are "born that way"—headmasters, philanthropists, roommates, teachers of history and English, football coaches, girls who like the Lunts. They cannot help the way they are, the way they talk; they are obeying

a law of species—even the pimping elevator operator, the greedy prostitute, the bisexual teacher of English who makes an approach to Holden in the dark.

It is not anybody's fault if just about everybody is excluded from the club in the long run—everybody but Ring Lardner, Thomas Hardy, Gatsby, Isak Dinesen, and Holden's little sister Phoebe. In fact it is a pretty sad situation, and there is a real adolescent sadness and lonely desperation in *The Catcher in the Rye*; the passages where Holden, drunk and wild with grief, wanders like an errant pinball through New York at night are very good.

But did Salinger sympathize with Holden or vice versa? That remained dubious. Stephen Dedalus in a similar situation met Mr. Bloom, but the only "good" person Holden meets is his little sister—himself in miniature or in apotheosis, riding a big brown horse on a carousel and reaching for the gold ring. There is something false and sentimental here. Holden is supposed to be an outsider in his school, in the middle-class world, but he is really an insider with the track all to himself.

And now, ten years after *The Catcher in the Rye* we have *Franny and Zooey*.* The event was commemorated by a cover story in *Time*; the book has been a best-seller since before publication.

Again the theme is the good people against the stupid phonies, and the good is still all in the family, like a family-owned "closed" corporation. The heroes are or were seven children (two are dead), the wonderful Glass kids of a radio quiz show called "It's a Wise Child," half-Jewish, half-Irish, the progeny of a team of vaudevillians. These prodigies, nationally known and the subjects of many psychological studies, are now grown up: one is a writer-in-residence in a girls' junior college; one is a Jesuit priest; one is a

* By J. D. Salinger. Boston, Little, Brown, \$4.

housewife; one is a television actor (Zooey); and one is a student (Franny). They are all geniuses, but the greatest genius of them all was Seymour, who committed suicide on vacation in an early story of Salinger's called "A Perfect Day for Bananafish." Unlike the average genius, the Glass kids are good guys; they love each other and their parents and their cat and their goldfish, and they are expert phony-detectors. The dead sage Seymour has initiated them into Zen and other mystical cults.

During the course of the story, Franny has a little nervous breakdown, brought on by reading a small green religious book titled *The Way of a Pilgrim*, relating the quest for prayer of a simple Russian peasant. She is cured by her brother Zooey in two short séances between his professional television appointments; he recognizes the book (it was in Seymour's library, of course) and, on his own inspiration, without help from their older brother Buddy or from the Jesuit, teaches her that Jesus, whom she has been sweating to find via the Jesus Prayer, is not some fishy guru but just the Fat Lady in the audience, the average ordinary humanity with varicose veins, the you and me the performer has to reach if the show is going to click.

THE ADMISSIONS POLICY

THIS democratic commercial is "sincere" in the style of an advertising man's necktie. The Jesus Zooey sells his sister is the old Bruce Barton Jesus—the word made flesh, Madison Avenue's motto. The Fat Lady is not quite everybody, despite Zooey's fast sales patter. She is the kind of everybody the wonderful Glass kids tolerantly approve of. Jesus may be a television sponsor or a housewife or a television playwright or your Mother and Dad, but He (he?) cannot be an intellectual like Franny's horrible boyfriend, Lane, who has written a paper on Flaubert and talks about Flaubert's "testicularity," or like his friend Wally, who, as Franny says plaintively, "looks like somebody who spent the summer in Italy or someplace."

These fakes and phonies are the outsiders who ruin everything. Zooey feels the same way. "I hate any kind of so-called creative type who gets on any kind of ship. I don't give a goddam what his reasons are." Zooey likes it here. He likes people, as he says, who wear horrible neckties and funny, padded suits, but he does not mind a man who dresses well and owns a two-cabin cruiser so long as he belongs to the real, native, video-viewing America. The wonderful Glass

family have three radios, four portable phonographs, and a TV in their wonderful living-room, and their wonderful, awesome medicine cabinet in the bathroom is full of sponsored products all of which have been loved by someone in the family.

The world of insiders, it would appear, has grown infinitely larger and more accommodating as Salinger has "matured." Where Holden Caulfield's club excluded just about everybody but his kid sister, Zooey's and Franny's secret society includes just about everybody but creative types and students and professors. Here exception is made, obviously, for the Glass family: Seymour, the poet and thinker, Buddy, the writer, and so on. They all have college degrees; the family bookshelves indicate a wide, democratic culture:

Dracula now stood next to *Elementary Pali*, *The Boy Allies at the Somme* stood next to *Bolts of Melody*, *The Scarab Murder Case* and *The Idiot* were together, *Nancy Drew and the Hidden Staircase* lay on top of *Fear and Trembling*.

The Glass family librarian does not discriminate, in keeping with the times, and books are encouraged to "mix." In Seymour's old bedroom, however, which is kept as a sort of temple to his memory, quotations, hand-lettered, from a select group of authors are displayed on the door: Marcus Aurelius, Issa, Tolstoy, Ring Lardner, Kafka, St. Francis de Sales, Mu Mon Kwan, etc. This honor roll is extremely institutional.

The broadening of the admissions policy—which is the text of Zooey's sermon—is more a propaganda aim, though, than an accomplishment. No doubt the author and his mouthpiece (who is smoking a panatela) would like to spread a message of charity. "Indiscriminacy," as Seymour says in another Salinger story, ". . . leads to health and a kind of very real, enviable happiness." But this remark itself exhales an ineffable breath of gentle superiority. The club, for all its pep talks, remains a closed corporation, since the function of the Fat Lady, when you come down to it, is to be what?—an audience for the Glass kids, while the function of the Great

Born in Seattle, educated at Vassar, Mary McCarthy writes about Salinger's strange young characters from Paris, where she now lives. Her novels include "The Company She Keeps" and "The Groves of Academe." In her critical essays, she has dissected such people, institutions, and characters as Vassar girls, the House Un-American Activities Committee, and—in the June "Harper's"—General Macbeth.

Teachers is to act as their coaches and prompters. And who are these wonder kids but Salinger himself, splitting and multiplying like the original amoeba?

BATHROOM WORSHIP

IN Hemingway's work there was never anybody but Hemingway in a series of disguises, but at least there was only one Papa per book. To be confronted with the seven faces of Salinger, all wise and lovable and simple, is to gaze into a terrifying narcissus pool. Salinger's world contains nothing but Salinger, his teachers, and his tolerantly cherished audience—humanity; outside are the phonies, vainly signaling to be let in, like the kids' Irish mother, Bessie, a home version of the Fat Lady, who keeps invading the bathroom while her handsome son Zooey is in the tub or shaving.

The use of the bathroom as stage set—sixty-eight pages of "Zooey" are laid there—is all too revealing as a metaphor. The bathroom is the holy-of-holies of family life, the seat of privacy, the center of the cult of self-worship. What methodical attention Salinger pays to Zooey's routines of shaving and bathing and nail cleaning, as though these were rituals performed by a god on himself, priest and deity at the same time! The scene in the bathroom, with the mother seated on the toilet, smoking and talking, while her son behind the figured shower curtain reads, smokes, bathes, answers, is of a peculiar snickering indecency; it is worth noting, too, that this scene matches a shorter one in a public toilet in the story "Franny," a scene that by its strange suggestiveness misled many *New Yorker* readers into thinking that Franny was pregnant—that was why, they presumed, such significance was attached to her shutting herself up in a toilet in the ladies' room, hanging her head and feeling sick.

These readers were not "in" on the fact that Franny was having a mystical experience. Sex is unimportant for Salinger; not the bed but the bathroom is the erotic center of the narcissus ego, and Zooey behind the shower curtain is taboo, even to the mother who bore him—behind the veil. The reader, however, is allowed an extended look.

A great deal of attention is paid, too, to the rituals of cigarette lighting and to the rites of drinking from a glass, as though these oral acts were sacred—epiphanies. In the same way, the family writings are treated by Salinger as sacred scriptures or the droppings of holy birds, to be

studied with care by the augurs: letters from Seymour, citations from his diary, a letter from Buddy, a letter from Franny, a letter from Boo Boo, a note written by Boo Boo in soap on a bathroom mirror (the last two are from another story, "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters").

These imprints of the Glass collective personality are preserved as though they were Veronica's veil in a relic case of well-wrought prose. And the eerie thing is, speaking of Veronica's veil, a popular subject for those paintings in which Christ's eyes are supposed to follow the spectator with a doubtless reproachful gaze, the reader has the sensation in this latest work of Salinger that the author is sadly watching him or listening to him read. That is, the ordinary relation is reversed, and instead of the reader reading Salinger, Salinger, that Man of Sorrows, is reading the reader.

At the same time, this quasi-religious volume is full of a kind of Broadway humor. The Glass family is like a Jewish family in a radio serial. Everyone is a "character." Mr. Glass with his tangerine is a character; Mrs. Glass in her hairnet and commodious wrapper with her cups of chicken broth is a character. The shower curtain, scarlet nylon with a design of canary-yellow sharps, clefs, and flats, is a character; the teeming medicine cabinet is a character. Every phonograph, every chair is a character. The family relationship, rough, genial, insulting, is a character.

In short, every single object possessed by the Glass communal ego is bent on lovably expressing the Glass personality—eccentric, homey, good-hearted. Not unlike "Abie's Irish Rose." And the family is its own best audience. Like Hemingway stooges, they have the disturbing faculty of laughing delightedly or smiling discreetly at each other's jokes. Again a closed circuit: the Glass family is the Fat Lady, who is Jesus. The Glass medicine cabinet is Jesus, and Seymour is his prophet.

Yet below this self-loving barbershop harmony a chord of terror is struck from time to time, like a judgment. Seymour's suicide suggests that Salinger guesses intermittently or fears intermittently that there may be something wrong somewhere. Why did he kill himself? Because he had married a phony, whom he worshiped for her "simplicity, her terrible honesty"? Or because he was so happy and the Fat Lady's world was so wonderful?

Or because he had been lying, his author had been lying, and it was all terrible, and he was a fake?



SINUS TONES

with nuts and bolts

PAUL MOOR

*It may sound like static from outer space,
but electronic music is one of
the two truly influential innovations in
serious music in half a century.*

THE first time I was exposed to electronic music, at an international congress of musicologists in Cologne several years ago, a member of the audience sneezed in the middle of one work. Several heads turned with polite interest, obviously thinking that the sound had come from one of the five loudspeaker groups surrounding us and was part of the work being heard. That evening Karlheinz Stockhausen, the impressive fair-haired boy of Radio Cologne's electronic studio, read a letter a listener had written after a broadcast of electronic music. What, he asked plaintively, had he tuned in on? Interplanetary static? Perhaps incidental music for "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof"?

That crack about static was not so far off base. Electronic music was born about forty years ago when a German schoolteacher, Jörg Mager, began musing whether the sounds of electronic interference in early radio broadcasts might not have some intrinsic potential themselves. Mager invented, so to speak, electronic music's vocabulary: he constructed an instrument, the Sphärophon, to produce those hitherto abhorred sounds at definite pitches and at will. The world received the Sphärophon with equanimity, and Mager, lacking both encouragement and funds, went no further.

After Mager, a technician named Fritz Trautwein and a pianist named Oskar Sala developed his ideas into a more practical instrument, the Trautonium, good enough for Paul Hindemith, Harold Genzmer, and Carl Orff to compose for it, but not until after World War II did Mager's vocabulary find its syntax. Germany's young composers, isolated since 1933 from all progressive musical trends, first fell upon Schönberg and his dodecaphonic theories with cries of discovery, and then soon discarded him as old-hat and "romantic" in favor of his more austere disciple, Anton Webern. From the twelve-tone system the step to composing with electronic sounds was not a great one.

While Stockhausen, Herbert Eimert, and Gottfried Michael Koenig were off on new paths in Cologne, the Frenchman Pierre Schaeffer was continuing the work in Paris which the German group had absorbed and more or less discarded. Schaeffer originated *musique concrète*, which he composed by recording, on tape and using a microphone, an almost infinite variety of sounds, then electronically splitting and transforming them in every conceivable way, and finally organizing those results into a finished work which was performed simply by playing the completed tape.

This music, obviously, did away with the performer altogether: the composer addressed his hearer directly without the mediation of an interpreter. The Cologne group went a step farther than Schaeffer and abandoned the microphone, producing their aural materials direct by means of electronic generators. Both schools of thought rely heavily on electronic filters, which can completely transform the sounds fed into them, and of course for both schools a reel of magnetic tape

is the end result. The basic necessary equipment for composing electronic music is found in any sizable radio station. Stereophony has been widely explored; one of Stockhausen's works has five simultaneous soundtracks, for which special tape had to be ordered and the recording machine correspondingly altered.

With these works, every "performance" is the same performance. Some composers, such as the Argentine Mauricio Kagel, who lives and works in Cologne, have tried to overcome this drawback by combining prepared tapes and live performers. Electronic music has brought with it a complete new terminology: pitch has become frequency, volume is decibel-level, time units are measured with a stop watch, and so on. As for organization of the aural materials, almost all composers employ variants of the serial technique originated by Schönberg but carried much further by his latter-day godchildren.

Today there are electronic music studios around the world. The triumvirate of young innovators dominating European composition today—Pierre Boulez, Luigi Nono (whose wife, incidentally, is Schönberg's beautiful American daughter Nuria), and Stockhausen—have all written electronic music. So have such older composers as Ernst Krenek and Roger Sessions, who is one of the heads of the Princeton-Columbia studio for which the Rockefeller Foundation put up \$175,000. Electronic music and the vivacious "indeterminacy" fantasies of John Cage are, when you get right down to it, the only influential innovations in serious music since Schönberg jettisoned tonality almost half a century ago.

At last year's musical Biennale in Venice, the Giorgio Cini Foundation put up the money for the first *Congresso internazionale di musica sperimentale*. Although all the works heard involved tapes (and an imbroglio of electronic equipment provided by Radio Milan), the choice of the word "experimental" represented a delicate point of diplomacy: the purists generally disdain terming electronic music anything involving a microphone, and the *musique concrète* faction was represented in Venice by Pierre Schaeffer himself. Also represented were elec-

tronic studios in Milan, Paris (two studios), Cologne, Warsaw, Tokyo, New York, Utrecht, and Brussels. The only known studios missing were those in Israel and Sweden.

Electronic music—like, shall we say, birdsong—cannot be accurately described: it must be heard. It can whir, rustle, wheeze, throb, rattle, bang, clack, belch, groan—and, in felicitous moments, sing. One's usual first reaction to it is laughter, but this does not last long. Although some works display considerable whimsical humor, in general it is anything but a gag, and it is not unusual for a composer to work a full year in completing a tape which will run only ten minutes or so. The sinus (or sinusoid) tones produced by the electronic generator have no colorational overtones, and their spooky impersonality carries an implicit connotation of space-travel, music from Mars, the machine personality; by the time those same sounds have been filtered and otherwise altered, they resemble nothing heard anywhere before, and this is the new realm which electronic music has opened up.

Writing about this music is tough even for the composers themselves; here is how the young Turkish composer Bulent Arel describes an interlude from his incidental music for J. F. Matthews' play "The Scapegoat," heard in Venice:

This piece is done electronically by using sine square waves and filtered white noise. The composition's plastic elements are made by use of the same 14-note tone-row loop. Melodic elements are formed by different combinations of the sound-loop taken partially. The continuous arabesque-like sounds are also the result of use of the same loop in different combinations of transposition and speed variations. The filtered white noises form a contrasting element against the arabesque-like continuously moving group sounds.

Clear? Fortunately, commercial recordings now offer quite a selection of electronic works. Noteworthy are three discs issued by the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft including works by Krenek, Stockhausen, Eimert, and Koenig; Stockhausen's stunning "Gesang der Jünglinge im Feuerofen" is especially recommended.

LOW BOILING POINTS

THE Venice congress was austere: nothing by Stockhausen, generally acknowledged to be the leading electronic composer, was performed, on the assumption that, to the people assembled, his works were already so familiar as to be basic. Each studio represented had one or two delegates present; they sat at a big horseshoe table and periodically made explanatory and

Paul Moor, who was born in Texas and has lived in Europe since 1949, is a free-lance correspondent and photographer who occasionally broadcasts from Berlin for CBS and CBC. He is also a concert pianist, and in 1958 he filed the "Time" cover story on Van Cliburn from Russia.

'learned comments, usually in French, the congress's official language.

If Pierre Schaeffer felt any abashment about being surrounded by younger men who regard his ideas and music as reactionary, he didn't show it. With his face, dark and leathery as a wine-skin, tilted back and sideways to let the smoke from the cigarette constantly in his mouth rise unimpeded, he quietly offered opinions in startlingly sensible contrast to the gaseous improvising which filled many of the lectures and discussions. A man of considerable charm and humor, Schaeffer disarmed everyone at the very beginning by deprecating himself as a technician and even more so as a composer; one felt not so much that this was false modesty as the genuine humility of a man who has learned enough to be able to recognize how much he still does not know, and since humility was not conspicuous in several composers present, its effect in Schaeffer was endearing. He caused many of his juniors to suck in their breath when he said that all these years of research and experimentation with electronic means had produced relatively negligible progress, but in view of the almost infinite possibilities in question, he was probably right, for electronic music is still unquestionably in its infancy. Not everybody was so down-to-earth as M. Schaeffer. The Yugoslav-born Italian composer Roman Vlad, his excited hands fluttering like birds, declaimed on the topic, "Traditional Music and Experimental Music," but he left most of us far, far behind him.

In view of the low boiling points of most of those present (including the volatile interpreter, who openly took aesthetic sides), there was comparatively little eruption. The American contribution, as not infrequently happens at these international meets abroad, came in for the most hostility. The Princeton-Columbia studio sent the Arel work already mentioned, Vladimir Ussachevsky's "Piece for Tape Recorder," William Smith's "Improvisation" for clarinet and recorded clarinet, and the "Concerted Piece for Tape Recorder and Orchestra" by Otto Luening and Ussachevsky. At the end of it, Franco Evangelisti (whose "Incontri di fasce sonore," done at the Cologne studio, was also heard at the congress) stood up and said, "It was my understanding we were invited here to hear electronic music, not the degeneration of electronic music." The audience's scandalized embarrassment was heightened by the presence of Bill Smith (a gifted clarinetist who still occasionally blows with Dave Brubeck and is on the faculty at the University of Southern California)

OCTOBER SONG

(For Roy Davidson)

OCTOBER summer gold the fields
Surrounded barn and white
Two storied narrow house.
Those late October years
The grain stood fallow,
Tall in thistles; and the houses fell;
The empty barn was held
By sweet-grape vines, winter killed,
And still inside the strong live smell of horses.
The full October moon
Hangs blood above the hills
And turns to ripe
October-bitter quinces, early frost-burned apples.
The empty barn is held
By dry-grape vines, winter killed,
And still inside the strong live smell of horses.
The ranch is fallow-tall in thistles,
And houses fall;
But spring, the bitter quince, will flower;
And green leaves start within the groves.

—Bill Butler

as official representative of the American studio.

The French composer Michel Philippot restored calm by uttering a few diplomatic generalities and complimenting Smith on his playing, but then Antoine Golea, the peppery little Rumanian who is a leading critic in Paris, jumped up and compared the American works in general with Waldteufel and Tchaikovsky. Arthur Berger, of the Brandeis University faculty, later grumbled about the American works heard; he said several other American electronic composers (especially Milton Babbitt, the other head of the Princeton-Columbia studio) should have been presented since they are doing things today of legitimate interest. Be that as it may, we got the worst of it in Venice.

Tokyo fared little better. If the two Japanese works sent—"The Stars of Pythagoras" by Makoto Moroi and an excerpt from Akira Miyoshi's "Ondine"—are typical, the Japanese composers have not gone much farther than using electronic sounds as coloristic background effects.

Utrecht sent ten works, most of them lasting only a minute or so, and suffering in general from lack of emancipation from conventional instrumental music. A "Study" by Ton de Leeuw was notable mainly for having shattered the octave into thirty-one notes. Henk Badings'

"Capriccio" for violin and two-channel tape seemed to me the best of the Dutch works; it should be mentioned as somehow significant, and perhaps slightly ominous, that the Dutch delegate didn't even bother to name the violinist on the commercial recording he played, nor did anyone bother to inquire: the human component here was of no interest. . . .

Cologne and Milan, to no one's surprise, took the top honors in Venice, as they have been doing in the electronic-music field for some time. Bruno Maderna's serene, eleven-minute "Serenata III," using only a few flute tones as the original material, was one of the best works heard, and Nono's "Ommaggio a Emilio Vedova," although at times harsh and loud, was an auspicious beginning for an impressive talent ranging in a new field. Not far behind Cologne and Milan came Warsaw, with some film music by Andrzej Markowski; a "Psalmus" by Krzysztof Penderecki; and an "Etude" (lasting just three minutes and forty seconds) put together by Włodzimierz Kotoński from a single recorded cymbal stroke. Poland's is the only electronic studio in the Soviet bloc, and typifies the free unorthodoxy which has enabled that gifted and astonishing people to make such impressive progress in the arts during the last few years.

CAN IT BE PROTECTED?

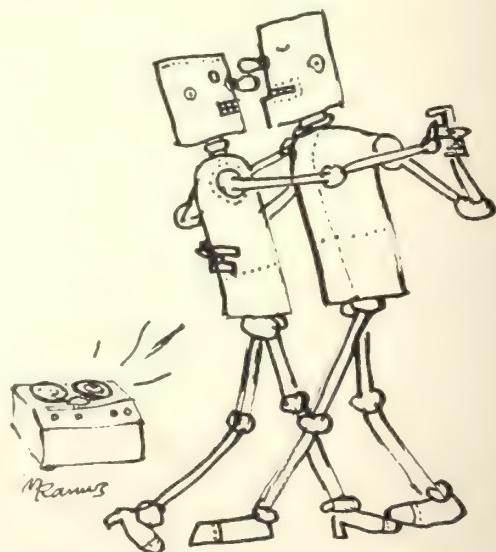
ON E problem discussed at length in Venice was a serious one to electronic composers: how do you write it all down? Universal-Edition, the adventurous Viennese house which also pioneered the works of Schönberg, Berg, and Webern, proudly published the first electronic score—a Stockhausen "Study"—a number of years ago, but without an engineering degree, the reader is apt to find it little more than uninformative geometrical designs on paper. No satisfactory system has yet been developed for setting down an electronic notation completely accurate enough to allow an engineer or technician, working independently, to realize on tape precisely what the composer meant. If this were the only difficulty, it would hardly matter, since the composer almost always works closely together with the technician. This scoring problem is a vexing one, for no score means no copyright, and no copyright means open season for plagiarists. The presentiment of how much money unscrupulous film or television producers, for instance, could cheat them out of is enough to give even the most art-for-the-sake-of-art electronic composer the horrors. Also, without a score, there is only

the tape, and tape's magnetism decomposes as time passes; you can put a one- or two-channel tape on discs, but what do you do with five channels?

Far from solving existing problems, some electronic composers are making their lives and works even more complicated. Karlheinz Stockhausen talks of a specially built room for listening where the auditors would sit on a platform suspended in the center of a sphere, the entire inside surface of which would be covered by loudspeakers; he envisions people attending such an experience as today they go to the theatre or the movies. Stockhausen says starkly: "Electronic music is not the music of the future, but of the present."

European critics are, certainly, taking the music seriously enough; a number of them came to Venice from considerable distances and wrote anguished, clotted exegeses of the works they heard. Paul Hindemith, in Venice to conduct a concert, expressed his opinion on the entire subject mutely but eloquently: he slipped into one session, stood at the back of the room for a brief few minutes wearing an expression of marked distaste, and slipped out again never to return. A nonelectronic American composer present remarked crossly that most of the works caused an irritating sympathetic vibration inside his nose. The distinguished Florentine composer Luigi Dallapiccola sat through all the sessions, listening attentively and saying little. He did not arrive or leave as a philistine, but his comment at the end of the final day says a good deal for electronic music at its present stage of development.

"I'm hungry," said Dallapiccola. "I'm going over to Malamocco's and have a big plate of spaghetti with nuts-and-bolts sauce."



PETER MATTHIESSEN

THE DEATH OF WEAKE

In a remote corner of New Guinea, living among Stone Age tribes, an American novelist watched a strangely tender drama unfold when a young boy was killed by enemy spears.

*The boy Weake, whose violent death is described in the following pages, was a member of the Kurelu, a tribe of warriors in the Baliem Valley of Netherlands New Guinea. Because their corner of this great mountain valley was entirely unexplored, and because they were untouched by civilization, the Kurelu were chosen for study by the Harvard-Peabody Expedition, which visited them in the spring and summer of 1961. Its purpose was to live among the people as unobtrusively as possible and to film and record their wars, rituals, and daily life with a minimum of interference, in order that a true picture of a Stone Age culture might be preserved.**

The death of Weake occurred in June, a consequence of the ceaseless rhythm of wars and revenge on which the culture of the Kurelu and their neighboring enemies, the Wittaia, is based. The two tribes share common customs, dress, and language, and appear similar in every way. They fight neither for land nor food, for there is enough for all—in the gardens outside their small village compounds, the people grow ample quantities of sweet potatoes and other vegetables, which they cultivate with wooden digging sticks, and they have, as well, small herds of pigs, usually tended by little boys like Weake. Their wars, which may take place several times each month, are a kind of ceremonial sport, a wild fierce festival, in which few warriors die. These are wars of individuals and gallantry, fought with long spears and crude bows and arrows, and innocent of

*The members of the expedition included, besides the author: Robert Gardner, its leader; Karl G. Heider and Jan Broekhuysen, anthropologists; Eliot Elisofon and the late Michael Rockefeller, photographers; and Samuel Putnam, a medical student.

slaughter. A single death on either side can mean victory or defeat. But should one tribe, in a series of wars, come out ahead, the score must then be evened; a raid or ambush is set in motion by the enemy, the purpose of which is the stalking and killing of a small party or an unwary individual.

In June the Wittaia had fallen behind by several men, and Weake became a victim of their revenge.

The expedition's stay among the Kurelu offered a unique chance, perhaps the last, to describe a lost culture in the terrible beauty of its pure estate. Armed Dutch patrols and missionaries invaded the land of the Kurelu on the heels of the expedition; and soon the proud and warlike Kurelu will be no more than another backward people, crouched in the long shadow of the white man.

FOR several days the Wittaia, unable to effect a death in battle, had attempted a raid near the river. The Kurelu were aware of this, and none more so than the great warrior Weaklekek, who was responsible for the river *kaio*—a lookout tower of young trees lashed together, about twenty-five feet high, where warriors gathered during the day to protect the women in the nearby gardens. Weaklekek's *kaio* was strengthened by more warriors, who laid traps for the raiders, a common practice on both sides. In consequence, despite several alarms, no real battle had occurred.

But on this morning the men did not go to the *kaio*, for a feast was taking place. No women were permitted in Weaklekek's garden, and the *kaio* was abandoned for the day.

The day was hot, and in the afternoon, a strange solitary man called Woluklek went down to the river to drink water. Woluklek was followed on his way by three little boys who were playing near the village. The people tire of the stale silted waters of the ditches, and in dry weather they will often go a long way to squat on the river bank and drink slowly for minutes.

One of the boys was Weake, whose father had been killed in the war the year before. His mother had since run off to the enemy Wittaia, and Weake was now the ward of his uncle, the warrior Huonke. He was a small boy, perhaps eight, with the large eyes and thick eyebrows which make many of the Kurelu children beautiful. His name meant "Bad Path," and recently he had hurt his leg. For this reason, on this day, he was slower than his friends.

Near the river, on a little rise of wild sugar cane just short of the side path to Weaklekek's *kaio*, Woluklek and the three boys were ambushed by a party of Wittaia; the raiders sprang from the low reeds and bushes. Afterward, Woluklek was not sure about their numbers, but a raiding party is usually comprised of about thirty men. There was nothing to be done. He dropped his spear and fled, the boys behind him.

ALL of his life Weake had been taught to hate and fear the enemy, and when he saw the strange men with their spears, he turned with the rest and ran. But he was not fast enough, and was almost immediately run down. He screamed for help, but the others were running for their lives and did not turn. The face of a man, of several men, loomed above him on the bright blue sky. The men rammed their spears through him, over and over, pinning him to the ground, and then they were gone, and Weake was carried home.

The alarm cry of "*Kaio, kaio*" carried to the pig feast, and soon word came about the boy. The *pilai*, or men's roundhouse, where Weake lived was scarcely a hundred yards across the fences. His uncle, Huonke, and Huonke's brother-in-law, Tamugi, ran toward Weake's compound, where the women's wailing had already started. In the long yard two women kneeled, facing the mute *pilai*. The compound lies beneath the mountain, at the north end of a great grove of evergreens, and the *pilai* at its southern end is shaded by banana trees, with the tall pines beyond, against the hill. Inside the *pilai* were a few old men, and then the young war chief Asikanalek arrived, and Huonke, and Siloba, a young warrior.

Weake lay on a banana frond beside the fire. He was still alive, and his clear, childish voice seemed out of place in the brown solemnity of the men's roundhouse: it cut through the decrepit snuffling of the old men as the shaft of daylight in the doorway cut through the motes of dust. Weake spoke of his own *etai-eken*—his seed-of-singing, the life he clung to with all his

strength—as if the mourning already started must be some terrible mistake. "*An etai-eken werek!*—But I'm alive!" Though he not once screamed or whined, his voice was broken as he spoke by little calls of pain, and the blood flowed steadily and irreversibly onto the banana leaf beneath him.

Huonke tried to quiet him, repeating the same terse phrase over and over, like a chant: "*Hat nahalok loguluk! Hat nahalok loguluk!*—But you're not going to die!"

Huonke's voice was the only firm one in the *pilai*. Tamugi, a large-muscled man whose ready smile is bolder than his nature, sobbed as loudly as he could, while Asikanalek cried silently. The boy's voice answered Huonke obediently—"Oh, oh," he repeated gently. "Yes, yes." But now and then, pain or terror overcame him, and he cried out, and fought to escape the death that he felt in their hands. Huonke held his left arm and Siloba his right, while Tamugi and Asikanalek held down his legs. Siloba neither talked nor cried, but breathed earnestly and ceaselessly into the boy's ear, *oo-Phuh, oo-Phuh*: this ritual breathing, which brought health, would be used in the next hour on the sacramental pig meat.

Weake twisted in their grasp, his back arching. His legs were released and he drew them into a foetal posture, covering the gleam of the neat spear holes at his navel and lower belly. The old cut on the boy's leg still had its green patch of leaf dressing, but the spear holes, like small mouths in his chest and sides, his arm and leg and stomach, had not been tended. Some fresh leaf was brought at last, and the two stomach wounds were bound up hastily, almost carelessly, as if the true purpose of the leaf was to protect the *pilai* floor from blood; in their distress the men handled him ineptly, and he cried out. The figures hunched over him in the near-darkness, with the old men's snuffling and the steady *oo-Phuh, oo-Phuh*, and the tearing of the leaf.

Behind Huonke, in the shadows, a woman sat as rigid as a stone. The custom excluding women from the *pilai* had been waived while the child lived, but nevertheless, she maintained

"*The Death of Weake*" is drawn from "Under the Mountain Wall," Peter Matthiessen's account of the Kurelu people, to be published later this month by the Viking Press. Before he joined the Harvard-Peabody Expedition to New Guinea, Mr. Matthiessen, the author of three novels, traveled to the South American wilderness to write his book on "*The Cloud Forest*" and to Alaska while preparing his study of "*Wildlife in America*." He is one of the founders and editors of "*The Paris Review*."

silence; when she spoke, but once, out of the darkness, her voice came clear and tragic, like a song. The woman was Huonke's sister, married to Tamugi; she has a sad wild quality in her face, and is one of the handsomest women in the Kurelu. She counseled the men to take the boy down to the stream.

WEAKE clung to life and would not die. His writhings had covered him with blood, and he lay in a pool of darkness. When the woman had finished speaking, the men agreed to take him to the water which, entering his wounds, would leach out the dark blood of illness. He was picked up and carried outside, Siloba holding his head up by the hair. The women in the yard began an outcry, but the men did not pass through the yard. They took Weake through a hole in the back fencing, across a pig pasture, over a stile, down through a small garden to a ditch. There they lay him in the muddy water, so that it lapped up to his chest.

Tamugi did not come. After leaving the *pilai* with the other men, he kept on going, for the rock fires of the feast had been opened, and he wished some pig. The others accompanied Huonke to the ditch. Soon they, too, left, for there was nothing to be done. Only Siloba remained with Huonke, and his friend, Yonokma. Yonokma sat in water up to his waist, holding the legs, while Huonke and Siloba, their own lower legs submerged, held the child's arms; Weake's head rested on Huonke's right thigh.

Fitfully Weake talked and now and then cried out; the voice rang through the silent garden, against the soft background of lament and the low hum of the men's voices at the pig feast. Once he cried, "Tege! Tege!" in terror of the spears, and Huonke shouted him down "Hat ninom werek! Hat ninom werek!"—over and over and over. "You are here with us! You are here with us!" He said this mechanically every time Weake called out. "You are here with us." Then Weake would resume his own meek, rhythmic *Oh, oh, oh*, of assent. His eyes closed, opened wide, and closed again; he seemed to doze. In the muddy ditch, with its water spiders, round black beetles, and detritus of old leaves, his blood drifted peacefully away. Above him rose the great arches of the banana trees, and the hill crest in a softening light, and the blue sky. Swiftlets coursed the garden, hunting insects, and the mosquitoes came—the men slapped one another.

In his last sleep, Weake cried, a small pure sound which came with every breath. When pain awakened him, he tried to talk but his voice was

faint and drowsy. Siloba breathed fitfully into his ear, but his efforts were disheartened: he only did it, guiltily, when the little boy called out. The small slim body had more than twenty wounds, and the wonder was that the boy had lived so long. But Weake would live until the twilight, asleep in the healing water, while the men attending him grew tired and cold. Sometimes Siloba poured water on the wounds, and more blood flowed down his side. Huonke said, "You will stay with us," and the child said, "Yes, Yes, Yes." He did not speak again.

A warrior came and stared at the little boy. He broke off the stem of a taro leaf, and with it probed the wound on the left side. He then attempted to push back a trace of white intestine which protruded near the navel as if, by concealing the evidence of hurt, he might somehow be of help. Weake was failing rapidly, and did not cry out; his mouth was open, and his lips had puffed and dried. In the attack he had received a heavy blow, for the side of his face had grown swollen and distorted.

Yonokma leaned forward and removed a bit of straw from the dry lips.

The warrior ran across the garden and sprang onto the roof of the pig shed by the fence. There, with a great cracking sound like anger, he broke off a large banana frond and hurled it down into the yard: this leaf would be the little boy's last bed. Returning, he picked Weake up out of the water and carried him homeward through the garden. Huonke and the others trailed him through the dusk, shaking with cold.

The small body was limp, with one foot lying on the other, and arms hanging; the blood dripped very slowly on the weeds. His breathing had silenced, and his eyes, half-closed, had glazed, like those of a fresh-killed animal. The war chiefs came to look at him in his *pilai*, but it was evening now and he was dead.

TH E next morning in the middle of the yard where Weake had lived, Huonke and Tamugi built the chair in which he would sit during the long funeral ceremony. While it stood this was the only piece of furniture in the village. Straight-backed as a throne, its seat high off the ground, it was a makeshift of split laths and saplings lashed together with lianas, with green fronds lining its seat and back. Four women emerged from the cooking shed and kneeled before it, and more women were already climbing the stile which separated this small yard from the main compound of the great chief

Wreklowe, the head of the Alua clan to which Weake belonged. The wailing had commenced, and the Alua were coming across the fields from all across the southern Kurelu.

In the *pilai* crouched Asikanalek, the young war chief, twisted by grief. Against the wall, where sunlight filtered through the chinks, sat Weake's small silhouette, already arranged in the position he would be given in the chair. Asikanalek went to him and carried him outside into the day. Still holding the boy, he kneeled in the bright sun before the *pilai* and, staring upward at the sky, lamented. The men about him looked disheveled and distraught, and Asikanalek's shoulders were smeared with the yellow clay of mourning. Weake's appearance in the yard had caused a stir among the women, and the long day of fierce wailing now began.

Weake was carried to his chair. His bound legs were hung over the cross piece, and his head was held up by a strip of leaf passed by Tamugi beneath his chin. At the foot of the chair, wailing, Tamugi's wife crouched upon the ground and mopped at it with torn-up grass; she made a circular motion with her hand, scarring the earth. Other women, with girls and small children, filed steadily into the yard, arranging them-

selves upon the ground before lending their voices to the waves of sound.

The men draped shell belts on Weake, binding his brow with the bright colors and building the belts into a kind of crown. But his head was small, and most of the belts were laid along his sides and down the chair arms. While his attendants scratched and shuffled and thought thoughts, in the warm doldrums of their existence, the child sat alone in cold serenity. He seemed to grieve, nevertheless, as if oppressed by all his trappings; when the women hung new fiber nets upon his chair, they almost hid him in the shadows. To assuage the spirit of the dead, Huonke smeared the body with fresh pig grease, and the small shins, still in the sun, gleamed.

A group of elders sang wheezily and long the ancient chants of mourning, working the ground with gnarled old toes and rubbing spavined thighs. One of them, his wrinkled skin reptilian, felt peevishly for the tobacco roll buried in the pouch strung on his back. At the same time, he contributed his mourning, a frail *woo, woo, woo*, and his long nose ran tumultuously with all the rest: the hole for boar's tusks in his septum had stretched wide with old age, so that the light shone through it.



MICHAEL ROCKFELLER

The body of Weake before the funeral: "Asikanalek [right] carried him outside into the day. Still holding the boy, he knelt in the bright sun . . . and lamented."



JAN BROEKHUYSE

The great chief Wereklowe at the funeral. The dead boy is sitting in his chair, wearing his crown of cowrie shells: "But his head was small, and most of the belts were laid along his sides and down the chair arms."

Some of these guests brought shell belts—long woven strands adorned with cowrie shells and red and yellow bands of orchid fiber—and Huonke called out to them in greeting, a loud *wah-h, wah-h*, somehow impudent, and at the same time self-ingratiating. He and his brother-in-law stood at the chair and haggled covertly about the placement of the belts. At the same time Tamugi contrived to sob, rolling his eyes in the frank, open face of cant.

Four pigs were brought forth, and an elder destroyed them with a kind of sad authority, shooting arrows into their lungs from close range. All four died speedily, snouting the ground, legs kicking, as if they were trying to bore into the earth. They were dressed swiftly, and the boys brought logs.

The mourning continued, and more people came. Huonke and Tamugi cried loud and long, mouths trembling and eyes alert. They watched the entrance of Weaklekek, his people behind him carrying three large flat stones, decorated around the middle with fur and cowries. These stones are valuable but not sacred, though they may later become so; they are used like the cowrie belts as a medium of exchange.

Weaklekek's party stopped before the chair to

grieve, and then the men went onward toward the *pilai*. Weaklekek sat down quietly and stared into the earth. Plainly he blamed himself for the boy's death, since it was his *kaio* that had been unguarded. But the raid and death were part of existence, and neither Weaklekek nor Woluklek were blamed by any of the others. Even so, Woluklek, who had been unwise enough to lead the three boys to the river, did not come to the funeral at all.

THE little girls of the village were going about on small, self-conscious errands; the girls smiled modestly at everyone, in the pretty illusion that all eyes were upon them. One of them, very young, had a poor grasp of the situation, but she took up the wail of mourning, humming it contentedly to her own rhythms. A little boy, escaping his mother repeatedly, played in the narrow path through the massed women; like most of the children, he accepted his mother's cuffs and cries in great good spirits, and smiled expansively at all and everything even when latecomers stepped upon him. He was finally placed in the care of an older child, who took him to a corner of the yard and picked lice from his head.

While the food cooked, more men arrived; they overflowed into the woods behind the fencing. The mourning faltered in the midday pall, and nothing stirred. At three places near the main entrance of the village, the tips of long grasses had been tied together in a kind of arch. These grass signs were a warning to the women, who were nearly two hundred strong, and whose use of the near weeds to urinate had become an offense to Wereklowe, the Alua chief.

The rock fire was dismantled, and pig distributed among the men. A few bits were borne to certain women, but the rest had to be content with the sweet potato passed around by Weake's little sister. During the eating, soft waves of mourning rose and fell. The sun, sliding down into the west, burned hotly on Weake's body and women tried to shield it with their nets. But now the men came forward and stripped it of the belts: the meal was over, and the day's business must begin. A funeral is an occasion of exchange as well as mourning, and those who had brought offerings expected something in return. The shell belts were stretched on a banana frond before the *pilai*, with the chiefs seated in a line along each side. When the belts had been admired for a time, and their destiny decided, Wereklowe stood up to dispense them.

Until this time, Wereklowe had remained out of the way, ceding the administration of the funeral to Asikanalek: Asikanalek was not only a sub-chief of the clan Alua but a fine warrior and a close relative of the dead boy. But the exchange of goods was an end purpose of the funeral, and the greatest leader of the clan directs it. With a weighty pause between each name, Wereklowe gave out the shell belts: he was attended by respectful silence. One belt was awarded to Weaklekek, but Weaklekek was still morose, and waved it off; in his despair, and despite all his rich gifts, he felt he did not deserve it. His wife, more practical, came forth and took it in her husband's name.

DESPITE the great amount of grieving, there seemed small hint of outrage. Huonke complained that the enemy should not have killed Weake, but then, Huonke had killed once himself, a harmless woman found near the frontier who had run away from her own people. Revenge there would be, inevitably, but without moral judgments. Nevertheless, for the funeral of a small boy, several hundred people had pushed into the small yard: more presents were brought and more pigs killed than for the funerals of ordinary warriors. Only a few could

have come there in real sorrow, and only a few for the exchange of goods. The rest had come because the killing of a child, despite its ancient sanctions, had made them unhappy and uneasy.

His back to Wereklowe, the child sat naked in the chair. The women started to remove the nets, and Weake stirred; his head dropped slowly to his breast, for his chin strap had been loosened from behind. Weake was carried back to the banana leaves where the shell belts had lain. The boys and men brought long laths for the pyre, and the mourning quickened. Huonke greased the body a last time and, when he was finished, took up a bow and arrow. Another man held up a great thatch bundle. The arrow was shot into it, releasing the spirit from the body, and the man ran out of the yard with the bundle, escorting it from the village: the spirit had now become the ghost and would go off into enemy country where, by causing trouble and dissension, it would abet the cause of its own people in the wars to come.

The fire had been assembled quickly, and a loud outcry erupted with the flames: the body was hurried to its pyre. Weake was laid upon his side, in the way that small boys sleep, with one of the laths pillowng his head. The flames came up beside him, and more laths were laid on top of him, and he disappeared. The last of Weake was the sweet choking smell of his burnt flesh, carried upward by an acrid smoke from the crackling pyre, and diffusing itself at last against the pine trees, the high crest of the mountain wall, the sky.

THE following morning, to show respect for the dead boy, a ritual mutilation was performed; the two outer joints were removed from two fingers of Weake's sister, Iki Abusake, and of three other little girls. A half-hour before the ceremony, the fingers had been bound tight, to cut off circulation; just prior to the operation, each child was struck forcibly on the upper arm, to render the hand numb. The fingers were placed on a piece of wood, and severed with a blow of a stone adze. This latter task had been performed by Tamugi who is considered skillful in such matters.

One little girl is Wereklowe's niece; another the daughter of a warrior who, having neither pig nor stone to bring to the funeral, offered the finger of his child. A third is the daughter of Tamugi, and Iki Abusake is an orphan. One of these girls had taken the place of another child, who had gotten hysterical and run off. Though this little girl had been beaten, she had not been



MICHAEL ROCKEFELLER

Weake's sister Iki Abusake after the ritual mutilation of her hand: ". . . all [of the mutilated girls] were silent in a way that children rarely are."

forced back to the ceremony; as in the case of cowardly men on days of war, her shame is thought to be sufficient punishment.

At three years, Weake's sister Iki Abusake is the smallest of the girls, though the other children cannot be more than four. The children sat together in the cooking shed. Their hands had been bandaged heavily in leaves, bound round with grass, and to slow the bleeding, each held the green mass upright, beside her face, like a toy or present to be shown to friends. The hands bled badly all that morning, and each little girl held a clump of grass under her elbow to absorb the blood. None of them gave evidence of more than slight discomfort, but all were silent in a way that children rarely are, and the eyes of Iki Abusake, whom the children call Kibusake, were round with shock.

Their relatives talked quietly to the little girls, and after a while they were taken out into the yard. Many women had come, for this was their occasion, and they sat talking cheerfully by the funeral ashes. The finger-cutting, like the funeral itself, had its practical side: it was a kind of holiday for the women, and would inaugurate a day-long feast of sweet potato, quite similar to the second day of the men's feast being observed

across the fences. The women made a kind, mild fuss over the little girls, but otherwise no notice was taken of them. They were fed sweet potato, and ate it.

Tamugi's wife sat by herself, picking the bones of Weake out of the ashes. She used a small wooden tongs, and she laid the white scraps in a little pile on a banana leaf. The motion of her arm, though sure and graceful, was infinitely slow, as if she were entranced. Her eyes were wide and sad, and she looked peacefully at the others without really seeing them. When her task was finished, she folded the leaf over the bones and took them away into the cooking shed. The following day, they would be buried.

The few men in the yard kept out of the women's way, but late in the afternoon, they asserted themselves once more. They raised a shout, and the boys came flying up the yard through the packed women, hurling stones at the fences and gateway and crying out: this was the banishment of Weake's ghost, reminding it of its journey to the Wittaia. The boys came back laughing, and all the women laughed as well, for the ghost-stoning is a constructive ceremony from which nothing but good could come.

On the third day of the funeral, another sweet-

potato feast was held, this time in the *sili* of Wereklowe. Among matters discussed were steps to be taken in the future to safeguard the river frontier, as well as the details of the retaliatory raid which was to come: the death of Weake was not going to pass unavenged. Another enemy, and preferably more than one, would pay for the death of Weake: that Weake had died as a result of the death of the Wittaia warrior Huwai, or of Owak, Tegeaolok, Wie, Haknisek, or Mali—all five of whom had died of wounds received in recent moons in battle—was not the point.

The feast was scarcely started when an alarm cry came out of the east, and this time the yard emptied of its warriors. The Wittaia were said to have struck again, on the mountain path, killing women and children. The warriors ran in a swift loping stride, up across the fields above the villages, into the trees. But the alarm was born of the high tensions of days past; if there had been Wittaia on the mountain, no trace of them was found. The men came down the hill, and the feasting was resumed. Once again, to shouts and laughter, Weake's ghost was sent upon its way in a hail of stones. On all of these days the grass near the place of ambush was burned and burned again. Weake's ghost would

linger near even a faint trace of his blood, and would not, until all blood was gone, be free to cross into the country of the enemy.

UNTIL the death of Weake has been avenged, a kind of altar will be maintained within the cooking shed, where two of the funeral nets still hang upon the wall. The tails of the slaughtered pigs are fastened to the nets, and with them a stalk of *toa*, a heavy-bodied cultivated grass which tastes like a fine mixture of artichoke and celery; Weake had been fond of *toa*, and its place on the nets is designed to please his ghost. In the rafters above hangs a grass bundle, used commonly as a sign to ghosts that all has been taken care of, and that therefore they need not loiter but should get on about their business. When a Wittaia has been killed by Weake's people the grass will be burned and the altar taken down.

The death of Weake was not called out to the Wittaia, for this was scarcely necessary; nonetheless, the enemy staged a victory dance. The boy's mother, who had run off to the Wittaia the year before, was certainly aware of Weake's identity; but what part she played in the enemy celebration the people did not know.



SAMUEL PUTNAM

Kurelu boys playing near the village: "A lost culture in the terrible beauty of its pure estate."

JOHN H. FENTON

OHIO'S Unpredictable Voters

Why the November election may scramble party alignments . . . how a minority usually wins (even when a "man of the people" gets in) . . . and why (occasionally) the popular will prevails.

IF OHIO'S voters behaved like the citizens of most other industrial states, conservative Democratic Senator Frank J. Lausche would lose this fall, and liberal Democratic Governor Michael V. DiSalle would win. But the "experts" have become wary of expecting the predictable from the Ohio electorate.

The most puzzling aspect of the way Ohioans vote is their penchant for electing and re-electing candidates whose political actions in office do not serve the economic self-interest of a majority of the electorate. Most people vote from a variety of motives, including concern for good government or the general welfare, desire for a change, admiration for a candidate, and religious or ethnic prejudice. But it has been generally assumed by most candidates as well as political scientists that economic self-interest is the most important motive behind voter preferences.

In an effort to understand why so many of Ohio's voters violate the "belly vote" law of politics, let us begin by examining Senator Frank Lausche's career, for in a sense Ohio is Lausche's state. We will also look back to the votes for former Governor C. William O'Neill and Senator John Bricker; to the "right to work" issue of 1958; and then return to DiSalle and the present.

Frank Lausche has an almost unbroken record of political success in Ohio. He was twice Mayor

of Cleveland, and Governor for five terms (1944-46 and 1948-50). In 1950, he was elected to the United States Senate. Lausche's background helps explain his appeal to the electorate. His parents were foreign-born (Slovenian), Catholic, and lower-middle-class. His father was a steelworker who also edited a foreign-language paper. Even Lausche's opponents admit he has a good deal of earthy charm.

Ohioans think of Lausche as a "man of the people." The most important ingredients in this image are his reputation for sympathy with the underdog; his continuing and well-publicized battles with Ray Miller, the Cuyahoga County (Cleveland) Democratic party boss; his crusades against the trucking industry and "corrupt" or "power-hungry" labor leaders and racketeers; and his veterans' ties from World War I.

Lausche often runs far ahead of the Democratic ticket. In 1956, Ohio led most of the states in ticket-splitting when Lausche won by 203,000 votes while Adlai Stevenson lost by 823,000 votes. But few Democratic political leaders rejoice in Lausche's success, for he seldom supports his running mates. In 1956, for example, he promised that if Eisenhower were elected President, and if he were elected to the Senate, he would, if necessary, vote Republican on Senate organization matters.

Politicians of both parties indict Lausche as a political chameleon, and they enjoy relating stories of his political techniques which are intended to reflect unfavorably on his character. One Cuyahoga County Democratic leader tells about a trip he took with Lausche. It seems that while driving through a "dry" section, Lausche ordered his chauffeur to stop in front of a bleak but substantial farmhouse. Patting the head of a boy standing in the yard, Lausche inquired if his parents were home. The mother appeared and looked with bewilderment from the chauffeur-driven car to the Governor. Lausche bounded to the porch and asked, "Ma'am, I am Frank Lausche and I wonder if you could give a thirsty traveler a drink of water?"

"My, ain't you the Governor?"

"Yes, ma'am," responded Lausche. "I would have stopped at one of the establishments along the highway for a drink, but they all had beer signs."

The same politician accompanied Lausche when he addressed a Slovenian group in Cleveland. Lausche's companion was nervous, first, because the audience was reportedly hostile as a result of Lausche's support of the anti-union "right to work" amendment and, second, because

he feared that Lausche had indulged a bit too heavily at a party preceding the meeting (his favorite drink is a boilermaker). Lausche, however, met the cold silence which greeted him with a loving and forgiving smile. He then launched into a defense of American democracy and an attack on communism, followed by reminiscences about his childhood in Cleveland which moved him to tears, and transformed the unfriendly crowd into a wet-eyed family reunion.

Hostility toward Lausche is not confined to the professional politicians. Many public servants in fields such as education, welfare, and finance, as well as working newspapermen, claim that he was one of the poorest Governors in Ohio history. As evidence, they point out that he balanced income and outgo through extensive debt financing to avoid asking the state legislature for tax increases. (From 1948-56 while Lausche was Governor, Ohio's per capita total general revenue increased 45 per cent compared with 60 per cent for the all-states average, and the per capita total debt increased 5,403 per cent compared with an all-states average increase of 221 per cent.)

Lausche's critics in state government also attack what they call his policy of "underemphasizing" education and welfare needs, and "overemphasizing" the highway program. When Lausche was elected Governor in 1948, Ohio's per capita expenditures for education, welfare, and highways were about the same as the average for all states. In 1956, when he left for the Senate, Ohio's per capita state expenditures for education were \$22.48 compared with the all-states average of \$34.75; \$13.85 for welfare compared with \$16.35; and \$42.16 for highways compared with \$32.74.

In the Senate, Lausche has consistently opposed the party program. For example, the *Congressional Quarterly Almanac* for 1961 listed the seven Democratic Senators who opposed the Democratic program most often as follows:

Thurmond (S. C.)	<i>Opposed</i>	76 per cent
Lausche (Ohio)		67
Holland (Fla.)		48
Byrd (Va.)		45
Robertson (Va.)		43
Russell (Ga.)		40
McClellan (Ark.)		40

According to this measure of liberalism, Lausche is the second most conservative Democratic Senator in the Congress of the United States.

Analysis of Frank Lausche's election victories indicates that he regularly leads the Democratic ticket largely because of the votes cast for him by Republican voters superimposed on the

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regular Democratic vote. In normally Republican counties Lausche invariably runs far ahead of the Democratic ticket, whereas in most Democratic counties there seems to be little ticket splitting. The data imply that a large proportion of the high-income Republican voters discriminate between candidates on the basis of their narrow economic self-interest as defined for them by business and conservative groups, whereas low-income Democratic voters fail to apply this yardstick in casting their votes. Moreover the vote for Lausche is not an aberration, but is only one example of an enduring trait of Ohio's voters which has also found expression in the success of Robert Taft and John Bricker.

WHAT LOU HARRIS DUG OUT

LOUIS HARRIS, the well-known public opinion analyst, reports in his unpublished "Study of Issues and Candidates in Ohio, 1958" * that many Ohioans simply do not associate their economic self-interest with the views and records of the candidates on the ballot. For example, when Harris and Associates polled Ohioans in September of 1958 they found that "almost no one we talked with is aware of very much pro or con in Bricker's Senate record." Only 2 per cent of their sample criticized Bricker for being "too conservative." On the other hand, 20 per cent of the voters perceived him as a "pleasant, genial man"; 10 per cent called him "capable"; 7 per cent volunteered that he was "honest"; 20 per cent termed him "experienced"; and many referred to him as a "good family man."

Again in 1958 when the sample voters were asked for their opinion of C. William O'Neill, the Republican Governor, about 11 per cent replied, "He's not big enough for the job" (O'Neill is small physically) and criticized him for being a "fence sitter" and "indecisive." In conversations with Ohioans, I have found that this criticism developed, in part, out of the Sheppard

* I am grateful to Mr. Harris for permission to quote from this study and to former Senator Earle C. Clements of Kentucky for giving me a copy of it.

murder case. Dr. Samuel Sheppard is the Cleveland osteopath who was convicted of the murder of his wife in a trial which received wide publicity. In 1957, the "Court of Last Resort," a television program created by Erle Stanley Gardner, became interested in the case when a Florida convict "confessed" that he had murdered Mrs. Sheppard. Subsequently, Gardner asked O'Neill for permission to give Sheppard a lie-detector test. O'Neill gave his consent, but a few days later changed his mind. Newspapers generally headlined both the decision and the reversal, and editorials and news accounts frequently mentioned the case in assessments of O'Neill's performance as Governor thereafter. Few people in the Harris study discussed O'Neill's generally conservative approach to the problems of state government.

The following interview with a service repairman in Berea is typical of the failure or inability of Ohio's Democratically inclined voters to, as Harris puts it, "connect their basically quite liberal outlook on issues and even their own economic self-interest with the men they put into office":

First I ought to tell you that I know Lausche. [Lausche was not running in 1958, having been elected to the Senate in 1956.] He was raised in my old neighborhood. The big things now are the cost of living and the big changes in prices as far as we are concerned. They should hold the money situation down all around. Especially prices and profits, but also wages. With me, I'm lucky on employment, but with some it's tough. With things the way they are now, the government should build roads and keep things going. I'm also worried about the situation in the Far East. We are committed to help, and tension has increased everywhere. There's no telling when war will break....

I'll vote for Bricker, even though I'm a Democrat. He is more experienced and more influential. People respect him and so do I. . . . I do feel strong about one more thing. They should raise old-age security. The way the cost of living is, people should have a decent wage to support them. Pensions now are not livable. No, I've not heard the Democrats have raised social security, and so far as I know, Bricker is for good wages for the working man.

ATOMIZED AND SHUT IN

THE primary question raised by the foregoing interview and the other data on the Ohio voter is the "why" of it. Why do upper-income people in Ohio seemingly vote in terms of their economic self-interest—that is, conservatively—while low-income people fail to associate their economic problems with their votes? Part

of the "why" is that in Ohio, the businessman, both large and small, is systematically fed information by the Chamber of Commerce, the Retail Merchants Association, and other business organizations. The Ohio businessman would find it exceedingly difficult to avoid knowing that Lausche, Bricker, and Robert Taft were sympathetic with the problems and aspirations of the business community, and in varying degrees hostile to union power and government spending.

In contrast, the workingman in Ohio, such as the Polish service repairman quoted by Harris, seldom has comparable sources of information. The primary explanation for the political naïveté of Ohio's less well-to-do voters and the relative political sophistication of high-income voters is that many low-income voters are socially isolated, whereas high-income voters are part of a close-knit community. A big proportion of Ohio's low-income voters live in medium-sized cities—according to the 1960 census, Ohio has more cities (five) with a population of 150,000 to 500,000 than any other state. (Only Cleveland and Cincinnati are over a half-million.)

This diffusion of the working population has profound effects on voting behavior. In mining communities or large cities where workers tend to live in working-class ghettos, every aspect of the environment reinforces a working-class psychology. People in such environments judge political candidates on the basis of their support of or opposition to measures which will promote the interests of the working class.

But many of Ohio's workingmen live in lower-middle-income neighborhoods. The most striking feature of such neighborhoods—like the one where I grew up in Canton—is the infrequency with which people come to know each other locally. In some cases next-door neighbors are well acquainted, but even in these instances the interaction is largely of the casual "over-the-fence" variety, even when the families have lived side by side ten years or more. In many ways the resident of the lower-middle-income Ohio neighborhood is kith and kin of the suspicious, isolated French peasant. He is very nearly totally absorbed in his one-half acre, his family, and his television set.

The reason for the social isolation of such families is that they have little in common. The postman in one house does not talk the same language as his accountant neighbor, and the accountant is in a different world from the skilled workman at Timken Roller Bearing who lives across the street. Thus, conversation between them usually takes the form of monosyllabic

grunts about the weather or the future of the Cleveland Indians.

The result is that these lower-middle-class Ohioans fail to identify *politically* with a working class or with a neighborhood or with any group much larger than their families, though they may have meaningful church or ethnic or social ties elsewhere. Consequently the unions to which they belong are politically weak, and the Democratic party, to which they give nominal allegiance, is divided into many factions and is virtually nonexistent as a statewide entity. The disunity of unions and the Democratic party in Ohio is a faithful reflection of the social disorganization of their members.

In the absence of a class or community basis for choosing candidates, Ohio voters generally respond, first, to personalities and, second, to what they believe the candidates stand for on problems related to the family. Thus the candidate who in their opinion is personally honest, genial, capable, and a good family man wins their vote, as does also the one who comes out strongly in favor of the full lunch pail and capital punishment, and against higher taxes, Sheppard, gambling, prostitution, and organized crime. Another, though subordinate appeal may be based on religious or ethnic loyalty. For example, Lausche receives a substantial vote from Catholics and Slovenians, as DiSalle gets some support from Catholics and Italians; but this is a less reliable appeal than that of hearth-and-home.

THE ARGUMENT: JOBS

IN OHIO, generally speaking, there is no agency which systematically reports on the actions of politicians as they relate to the narrow self-interest of working-class people—as the United Auto Workers does in Detroit or the United Mine Workers does in West Virginia. Consequently, the lower-income person in Ohio must depend upon newspapers, radio, or TV for such information, and these channels—including the newspapers—instead of providing useful information, obscure the issues and the positions of politicians on them. (I base this unhappy judgment on a lifetime of reading Ohio papers and on my special study of the 1958 campaign coverage. Incidentally, one highly placed public official in Ohio told me that Lausche rarely made a decision without consulting a half-dozen publishers.)

The 1958 election, when the “right to work” amendment was on the ballot, is the exception

which proves the rule concerning the unpredictable Ohio voter. “Right to work” in Ohio, as elsewhere, meant outlawing the union shop or, as labor leaders prefer to put it, providing for the compulsory open shop. Union leaders claimed that the proposal was an attempt to break their unions.

The decision to put “right to work” on the ballot was made at a meeting of Cincinnati’s Queen City Club in June of 1958. Arrangements for the meeting were made by Charles R. Hook, Chairman of the American Rolling Mills Company. Other prime movers were leaders of Timken Roller Bearing and General Electric. At the meeting were Senator Bricker and some twenty-five businessmen from the retail trades. Although Bricker and Ray Bliss, Republican State Chairman, objected, the businessmen ignored the warnings. Their decision proved to be a death warrant to the Republican candidates.

In the election, “right to work” was defeated by a record majority for a constitutional amendment: “No”: 2,001,512; “Yes”: 1,160,824. The Republicans also lost the Governorship to Mike DiSalle by nearly a half-million votes; and Bricker was defeated by Stephen Young, a candidate who was nominated by the Democrats in despair of defeating “Honest John.” In addition, the Democrats won both houses of the state legislature, and captured three additional seats in Congress.

Labor unions, feeling acutely threatened by the “right to work” rule, especially in a year of job depression, engaged in the most intensive registration and propaganda campaign in Ohio’s history. In Cleveland, for example, telephone operators were employed by the union to call all union members to remind them to register and to push the argument that “right to work” would jettison the seniority rule and other forms of job security. The union propaganda successfully transformed “right to work” from an abstract moral issue (the right to join or not join unions) into a threat to home and health (the threat to job security).

Ohio’s newspapers were overwhelmingly pro-“right to work.” It is true that some important newspapers, including the Akron *Beacon Journal*, the Cleveland *Press*, Toledo *Blade*, and Dayton *Daily News*, opposed it, but in a luke-warm or indifferent way. In addition, only one newspaper (the Toledo *Blade*) supported Young against Bricker, and the overwhelming majority backed O’Neill against DiSalle. In general, the Ohio voter who relied on newspapers for information would not have known that the backers of “right to work” were strongly anti-union or

that Bricker was identified with the right-wing faction of the Republican party. Labor won in that extraordinary election not only over big business's chosen issue but over the newspapers as well.

AN ISSUE FOR DISALLE

LE T us turn to the 1962 election and attempt to apply some of these observations to the current campaign. Governor Mike DiSalle, running for a second term, is a "sport" in Ohio politics, for some of the same reasons that the "right to work" campaign was an exception in Ohio politics. DiSalle, unlike Lausche, came up the political ladder less as a man of the people than as an able and likable administrator. He was appointed by the City Council of Toledo as Mayor and City Manager in 1948, then went to Washington to serve as Truman's Director of the Office of Price Stabilization. After two defeats at the polls—for U.S. Senator in 1952 and for Governor in 1956—he won the Governorship in 1958 by a record plurality.

DiSalle won because he was an issue-oriented liberal running for office in an issue-oriented election. Not surprisingly, then, he has been an unorthodox Governor. During his four-year term (the first four-year term in the history of the state), he has made a continuing issue of the state's need for increased expenditures and higher taxes. Unfortunately, criticisms of DiSalle now sound a good deal like those pinned on O'Neill: he is referred to as a "big taxer and spender" or as "too soft on criminals." Few people realize that DiSalle's taxes in 1959 were made necessary, in large part, by Lausche's arrears. Even fewer people are aware that Ohio still ranks very low in per capita state taxes (39th) even after DiSalle's increases. The charge that he is "too soft on criminals" seems to go back to his support for legislation abolishing capital punishment. Each time he has commuted a sentence from death to life imprisonment, the newspapers have headlined his action.

So far in this campaign, DiSalle is not attempting to duplicate the 1958 class division of the electorate, partly because he believes it to be impossible in the absence of the "right to work" issue, but primarily because he thinks it is undesirable. Instead, he is attempting to challenge one idea dear to the middle-class political myth: "The less government the better." Through a series of "seminars" on Ohio's expenditures and revenue needs, DiSalle hopes to propagandize the fact that government has a positive role to

play in maintaining an environment favorable to the middle-class goals of social mobility, freedom, economic growth, and prosperity. Perhaps one ominous measure of the limited success of the "seminars" showed up in the Democratic primary last May. DiSalle barely won the nomination for Governor, while Lausche swamped two opponents for U.S. Senator.

Ohio's voters may fool the experts again, of course, but many signs point to a DiSalle defeat and another victory for Lausche. DiSalle's opponent is James A. Rhodes, a Lausche-type Republican, who is now State Auditor and was formerly Mayor of Columbus. His position on issues is unknown, but he takes credit for being a watchdog of the treasury. Lausche's Republican opponent is John Marshall Briley, a businessman and political unknown. He is campaigning on the innocuous slogan, "Elect a real Republican," while Lausche has made political capital at home out of his isolationist amendment in the Senate this spring denying foreign aid to Communist countries.

The surprise appointment of Cleveland's Mayor Anthony Celebreze as Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare may help DiSalle indirectly because of the Cleveland mayoralty election and the increased Democratic organizational activity which may result. Some Ohio politicians believe, though, that the appointment was aimed primarily at Massachusetts, where an Italian, Governor Volpe, heads the Republican ticket. They note that an Italian already heads the Democratic ticket in Ohio.

DiSalle apparently hopes that his effort to educate the voters in a new concept of the proper role of government will inspire a crossing of party lines in his favor. After all, he and Lausche are not running against each other, and in a year of continuing unemployment both Democrats might succeed in pulling their weight with separate coalitions of the electorate. However, given the anti-government and pro-business bias of Ohio's major newspapers and broadcasters, this hope seems unrealistic.

If DiSalle and his advisers decide to abandon this intellectual approach to politics, they may swing to a class appeal. Their justification might be that from a democratic (small D) class conflict, public policies may emerge that take into account the interests of the total community. But where, as in Ohio, only a minority is intensely class-conscious (the well-heeled business group), while the majority is atomized, the minority usually finds an instrument by which it can impose its will.

JOSEPH KRAFT

The Rising Leaders of Germany

With the Adenauer era all but over, a different generation of politicians waits in the wings.

. . . A critical estimate of the new men of power, and of their chance to master the chief trick of stable democratic government.

POLITICIANS in Bonn like to tell the story of a Catholic official in Konrad Adenauer's Government who went to visit a Catholic schoolteacher friend in a Catholic section of southern Bavaria. Invited to question his friend's pupils, the visitor first asked: "Who is responsible for building this school with all its fine equipment?" The answer was: "Our beloved Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, and his Christian Democratic Union." The same answer came when the official asked who built all the new roads and buildings, and similarly when he asked who put irrigation in the fields. But when he asked who made the forests and mountains, one student replied: "The good Lord." At which point, the teacher angrily explained: "That boy comes from an old family of Social Democrats."

That story comes from the heart of West German politics and denotes a fundamental change. A decade of prosperous rebuilding has softened traditional lines of conflict to the point where it is normal for clericals to emphasize social progress, while Socialists acknowledge religious values. There has been a shift from division to consensus as the basis of German political life. As a result the main parties are being reshaped, and there is emerging a new class of political leadership. Still overshadowed by the giant figure

of the Chancellor, Germany's new men remain strangers to the outside world. Apart from the familiar name of West Berlin's Mayor, Willy Brandt, the list includes such obscure figures as Wolfgang Döring, Franz-Josef Strauss, Gerhard Schröder, and Josef Herman Dufhues. But already they are challenging the Chancellor's authority, and their rise combines with his eighty-six years to make it plain, as *Die Zeit* of Hamburg recently wrote, that "the Adenauer era is over."

What is chiefly remarkable about the new men is that they are unremarkable. Members of the war generation, their lives radically altered in mid-career, they are of the type that survives: trimmers and organization men, with a distinct capacity for adjustment, more interested in power than in principle, and without notable flair. Not one has the personal force or the strength of conviction that made it possible for Dr. Adenauer to bind Bonn so firmly in the Western camp. On the contrary, if the bond is to be preserved, it will have to be cemented by tangible benefits in the form of prosperity and influence. And if political gales once more engulf Germany, it is hard to see any of the new men as safe moorings in the storm.

But given tranquillity, their qualities may match an historic opportunity. It is the opportunity to reconcile, once and for all, the harsh, divisive elements of Germany's terrible past. Well-endowed with the talent for compromise, Germany's new men are already reforming politics in the image of a two-party system, with a third group acting (like the British Liberals) as a potential balance. They are better equipped than any German leaders of the past to accomplish the chief trick of stable democratic government—the peaceful passage of power from one party to another.

RED, BLACK, BLUE

HISTORICALLY, the electoral basis of German politics has been what may be called the Red, Black, and Blue spectrum. Red, in that formula, stands for the industrial workers concentrated in the big cities of Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, and Frankfurt; they have been voting Socialist ever since they won the franchise in the 1860s. Black represents Germany's Catholic population, centered in Bavaria and the Rhineland; it has been voting for heavily denominational parties ever since the *Kulturkampf* (or culture battle) of the 1870s. Blue is Germany's community of businessmen, professionals, and small land-

owners, comfortable in economic status and Protestant, if not free-thinkers, in religious belief. Since 1848, the Blues have been backing parties calling themselves Liberal and National, as opposed to Socialist and Catholic.

Because this three-way split tended to be even, German political parties traditionally received one third of the vote—and no more. Condemned to minority status, they developed not as agents of compromise seeking broad popular backing, but as political projections of narrow interest groups. Invidious distinctions of region, class, or religion were their stock in trade, and each developed a comprehensive ideology, and a bitter enmity for the others. Unfitted for compromise they made their spells in office notable for harsh bickering over irrelevant issues. Negatively, at least, they played a part in producing the most characteristic feature of German political life: the taste for blood and iron. Three times—for Bismarck, for the Kaiser, and for Hitler—the German people, fed up with party politics, followed authoritarian leaders down the road of aggressive national expansion.

But not even the disastrous consequences of the third bid for power—defeat, partition, and loss of the former German lands east of the Oder-Neisse line—could obliterate the old political spectrum. In West Germany's first postwar election, in 1949, a little less than a third of the vote, concentrated in the old Red Belt, went to the Social Democratic party. Almost a third, chiefly in the Rhineland and Bavaria, went to the Christian Democratic Union. Though the Nazi defeat had discredited and splintered nationalist forces, a little more than a third went to a collection of smaller Liberal and National parties, notably the Free Democrats. The stage seemed set for a reprise of the old drama.

The more so as the same old actors seemed to be mouthing the same old lines. The Social Democrats picked as their leaders two veterans of their pre-Nazi party: first Kurt Schumacher, then his protégé, Erich Ollenhauer. Though the party was bitterly anti-Communist, "Comrade" was retained as the official means of address between party members. Fidelity to Marxist principles (notably nationalization of industry) was proclaimed anew; as was anticlerical dogma. "The fifth occupying power," Schumacher used to say, "is the Vatican."

The Free Democrats, or Blues, were, if anything, even more traditional. Their early post-war leaders included Theodor Heuss, born in 1884 when Bismarck was still ruling; and Reinhold Maier, sixty-eight years old when he took

over the party in 1957. In some regions they flew the ancient Guelph flag—a fourteenth-century symbol of resistance to the Papacy. Party headquarters was established in Württemberg, a Protestant section of southern Germany dominated (like neighboring Switzerland) by small (and usually outmoded) family businesses. Party literature argued that a vote for the Free Democrats was really two votes: "against the planned economy; against Rome."

The Christian Democratic Union, it is true, had broadened the base of the old Catholic Center party by infusion of some labor leaders and some Protestants. Still, the party tended to play hard on the High C—as the clerical influence was called. Local leaders stressed such issues as religious instruction in the schools, and no work on Sundays. The tiny party bureaucracy (with only four hundred paid employees in the whole Federal Republic) relied heavily on support from Catholic unions, Catholic youth groups, and the Church itself. And against the Social Democrats, the party used the same old Red scare tactics. "All Marxists," one slogan went, "lead to Moscow."

Despite this rich potential for a reversion to type, two factors worked to keep the past in the past. Prosperity, for one, took much of the sting out of traditional differences. The most potentially disruptive force in West Germany (the nine million refugees from behind the Iron Curtain) participated fully in the getting and spending, and thus became integrated into the Federal Republic. Their resettlement tended to give balance to areas that were formerly all Catholic or entirely Protestant: currently the 54 million West Germans are nearly evenly divided between the two faiths. Economic growth also spread industrialism far beyond the bounds of the big cities: for example Neu-Gablonz, a town in Bavaria that in 1946 had four firms employing 22 persons, is today the center of a thriving glass business employing several thousand workers in more than a hundred firms doing over \$40 million worth of business annually.

Class, as well as regional, differences were blurred by affluence. If the steel barons of the Ruhr acquired mansions and expensive mis-

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tresses, their workers took paid vacations abroad: three million went to Italy alone this summer, and enough "did" the Costa Brava to warrant the claim that "we finally occupied Spain." Not centers of power but shopping marts became West Germany's best-known streets: the *Ku-Damm*, or Kurfürstendamm, in Berlin, and *die Kö*, or Königs-Allee, in Düsseldorf. "From a class society," one German political scientist has said, "we became a consumer society."

Moreover, the Christian Democrats had, besides the High C of clerical backing, the Big A—Dr. Adenauer. Master of the fine political art of oversimplification, the Chancellor was able to put a personal stamp on broad lines of basic policy: rapprochement with the West, and free enterprise supplemented by a system of social security. Authoritarian in his ways if not beliefs, he fostered a one-man system known as chancellor-democracy, and he appealed to many as a leader in the line of Frederick the Great and Bismarck. He thus drew to the Christian Democratic standard a wide range of popular support including—besides Catholics—workers and businessmen, farmers and professionals, ex-Nazis and pure democrats, Hanoverians, Württembergers and refugees from the Eastern lands. From less than a third of the vote in 1949, the party's slice of the electorate mounted steadily until, in 1957, it reached just over half. Thanks to the economic miracle and the Big A, the Christian Democrats had become the first majority party in German history.

Though the majority has since receded, the 1957 poll remains a watershed in German politics. It set in motion reform waves that eventually swept over all three parties, bringing to the fore Germany's new men.

TOGETHERNESS WITH BRANDT

THE most dramatic change came in 1958 at the Social Democratic party congress. Erich Ollenhauer was re-elected party chairman—a post he has continued to hold. But a triumvirate of the party's leaders in the Bundestag or parliament—Herbert Wehner, Carlo Schmidt and Fritz Erler—won control over the party executive. They lined up the party behind a program that was virtually a carbon copy of the Christian Democratic platform: moderate in general tone, and with no mention of nationalization, it gave full support to the Chancellor's foreign policy, including rearment and European integration which the Socialists had previously opposed. Two years later, the triumvirate induced the



Willy Brandt

Socialists to drop Ollenhauer as candidate for Chancellor in the 1961 elections, and to run, in his stead, Willy Brandt.

It was an inspired choice. An attractive, relaxed man with a pretty wife, young children, a two-family house, and a taste for schnapps, Brandt is a picture of the comfortable bourgeois. He is fluent, fast on his feet, and a great crowd-pleaser: few statesmen in the Free World ever draw anything like the 700,000 West Berliners who turn out annually to hear Brandt on May Day. Moreover, Brandt passed the Nazi period in Norway where he became familiar with "the middle way," achieved by co-operation between the Social Democratic and other parties.

"The Social Democratic party," Brandt says, "is not a substitute for an old-time religion. We have to concentrate on practical things, not absolute values. In our relations to the state, we see middle ground between being in power and being in total opposition. A constructive opposition can do useful things, in the parliament, in the committees, in the state and city governments. In economic policy we are much more cautious than even the British Labor party; our motto is 'As much private initiative as possible; as much public control as necessary.' As far as the churches go, we are neutral. We respect and we appreciate religious values. We look for a good partnership."

"Togetherness" (*Gemeinsamkeit*) was Brandt's slogan in the 1961 campaign, and far from wearing party principles on his sleeve, he repeatedly indicated willingness to enter a coalition government with the Christian Democrats. On campaign trips, he skirted the old Red Belts, concentrating instead on smaller towns with new



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Information is snowballing

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is finding new ways of using computers to cope with the great volume of information that is piling up in science and business today.

One recent IBM development is a computer system that acts as an electronic traffic director for information. From the flood of reports, articles and books received by an organization, the new system selects and routes information to people according to their specific interests and needs.

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New information-handling systems like these from IBM are urgently needed if scientists and businessmen are to make the best use of man's vast and growing store of information.

industry: Mörfelden, Langen, Dieburg, Ober Ramstadt, Eberstadt, Bickenbach, Bensheim, Lorsch, and Lampertheim—towns as unknown to most Germans as they are to most Americans—made up one typical day's campaign tour. As campaign director, Brandt picked, not an old-line Socialist, but a thirty-two-year-old, Harvard-educated polling expert, Klaus Schütz. As issues, apart from the Berlin Wall which went up when the campaign was only a week old, Brandt stressed such matters as water pollution and smog in the Ruhr.

The vote showed impressive inroads in regions and social groups never previously penetrated by the Social Democrats. Regionally, the biggest gain came in the small business stronghold of Württemberg. Gains in suburban constituencies far outpaced vote increases in the Red Belt. In total, the Socialists under Brandt took 38.5 per cent of the poll—the largest in their history. It is a near certainty that Brandt will be the Socialist candidate again, and there is at least a prospect that the Socialists may eventually win more than half the total poll. Indeed one Christian Democratic expert has written: "An election victory for the Social Democrats in 1965, even an absolute majority . . . is not impossible."

Even before the Social Democrats had started to reform, change had made its way among the Free Democrats. But where the Socialists moved to become a majority party, the Free Democrats deliberately shaped themselves as a *Dritte Kraft*, or Third Force, short on popular appeal but capable of coalition with either of the two major groups. The starting point was a maneuver in 1956 for control over West Germany's largest state, North Rhine-Westphalia. In the so-called

Düsseldorf revolt, a group of Free Democrats known as the Young Turks, broke the party's ideological barrier against co-operation with the Social Democrats. The Young Turks first voted with the Social Democrats to oust a ruling Christian Democratic regime; then formed a coalition with the Social Democrats to take over the state government.

A year later the Young Turks were strong enough to oust the Free Democrats' party chairman, and in 1960 one of their own—Dr. Erich Mende—became party chairman. Though held to 12.8 per cent of the vote in the 1961 elections, the Free Democrats profited from Socialist gains to become the swing party in the Bundestag. As a price for supporting Dr. Adenauer's Government they won the right to approve the West German foreign minister. In five years, the Young Turks had taken over their party, made a dent in national politics, and cast a shadow over Bonn's foreign policy.

FROM THE BARRACKS

TYPICAL of the Young Turks is their ginger man, Wolfgang Döring, the Free Democrats' vice chairman and Bundestag caucus leader. A Hollywood German, tall, well-built, with close-cropped blond hair, youthful looks, a bluff manner ("I talk the language of the barracks"), Döring is politically without roots. He was born in 1919, in what is now East Germany, entered the German army (but not the Nazi party) at age nineteen, and by leadership abilities worked his way up from enlisted man to major. The same qualities earned him an executive post in industry after the war; and business connections brought him to the Free Democrats. "Döring," a critic says, "has no loyalties, so he finds it easy to maneuver between Socialists and Catholics."

It is true that Döring, like all the other Young Turks, is an avowed nationalist: "Germany first, then Europe," is one of their slogans. But the nationalist emphasis takes the form of hoping to make a deal with Russia, on the theory that, with the Berlin issue settled, the way would be open for German unification, and a more active German foreign policy in Eastern Europe. "Berlin," Döring says, "is like a military outpost, cut off from the main body of troops. There are two things you can do. You can move your own lines up. Everybody knows we are not going to do that. The other thing is to pull back the outpost, and regroup forces." In the unlikely case that anybody takes that analysis seriously,



Wolfgang Döring

he will be speedily disabused by—first of all—Döring himself. "We all know," he says in virtually the same breath, "that the Americans will not abandon Berlin."

In domestic policy, Döring acknowledges that there are few issues of dramatic import: "There is basic agreement about the economy and the social order." Instead of issues, he stresses style—notably being up-to-date. His campaign photos showed him flying an American jet. An independent study of his speeches and campaign literature found that his favorite words were: "youthful, sporty, adventurous, brash, outspoken, adaptable, astute." Of the two larger parties, Döring says: "It will take them a generation to de-ideologize themselves. We Free Democrats have already changed generations."

Stress on youth is obviously designed to underline the advancing age of the Chancellor. But that secret is known to many, including Adenauer's own party, the Christian Democrats. As Heinrich Krone, the Chancellor's closest associate in the party, and a member of his cabinet, says: "We all know the Chancellor is eighty-six years old, and that we have to make preparations against the time when he will no longer be running things." In the course of the preparations, there have arisen three Christian Democratic Young Turks.

CONTACTS BUT NO FRIENDS

THE most prominent of these, Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder has perhaps the most curious career of all the Christian Democratic leaders. A Protestant, born in 1911 in that old Franco-Germany battleground, the Saar, Schröder joined the Nazi party early in the 1930s to advance a legal career in Berlin, but later quit the party, married a half-Jewish wife, and, as a result, spent the war years as an enlisted man. Moving west to Düsseldorf after the war, Schröder plunged into the legal thicket growing out of reorganization of the West German coal and steel industry. He emerged as parliamentary spokesman for the Ruhr barons in 1949, and four years later became Minister of Interior. He was widely criticized in that post, first, for ducking responsibility in the affair of his subordinate Otto John, the security chief who skipped to East Germany for a brief period in the mid-1950s; next for sponsoring an emergency powers law that clearly opened the potentiality of dictatorship. In November 1961, he replaced Heinrich von Brentano as Dr. Adenauer's Foreign Minister—his appointment being the price exacted by

Gerhard Schröder



the Free Democrats for support of the Adenauer Government.

A sleekly handsome man, with the well-brushed hair and flashing smile of an actor, Schröder has a reputation for being cold in personal dealings: "he has contacts but no friends," a subordinate in the foreign office says, and one recent press ball in Bonn saw the spectacle of the German Foreign Minister sitting next to a vacant chair. As his success in reorganizing the coal and steel industry suggests, Schröder is a bear for work with great capacity for comprehension of the complex. "A week after he came over here," one of his foreign office aides says, "he knew more of the details of the Berlin problem than von Brentano had learned in six years."

Privately, Schröder has indicated keen interest in various schemes for a compromise settlement on Berlin; among them, the Rapacki Plan for a thinning out of troops and weapons in the European heartland. His more flexible attitude on negotiations with Russia has endeared him to the Kennedy Administration, and to the Free Democrats; there are some in West Germany who speak of him as the Crown Prince, predicting he can use the Foreign Ministry as a springboard to the Chancellery. One gauge that the possibility exists is the hostile attitude of Konrad Adenauer. Not only has the Chancellor publicly disavowed understandings worked out privately by his Foreign Minister, but he has openly rebuked him. "A Foreign Minister who is praised by the opposition," Adenauer said recently, "should wonder whether he is doing a good job."

Franz-Josef Strauss



HE WANTED TO TEACH LATIN

NEXT to Schröder, the most prominent of the younger Christian Democrats is Defense Minister Franz-Josef Strauss. A highly controversial Bavarian, Strauss is seen by many as a future German "strong man." Forty-seven years old, and in the prime of condition (as Americans who have climbed mountains with him can testify), Strauss has the massive head, shoulders, arms, and fists of a butcher boy—which he once was. Repeated incidents suggest a disposition for high-handed ways: in 1955, his chauffeur, acting on Strauss's orders disregarded a policeman's stop sign, and nearly collided with a crowded streetcar in downtown Bonn; currently Strauss is in trouble over the Fibag affair, involving a military contract granted on his recommendation to a Bavarian constituent who turned out to have no competence for the job.

But Strauss must be measured against his local background, and notably against his chief rival for leadership of the Christian Democrats in Bavaria. He is a militant, black-bearded thunderer, appropriately named Alois Hundhammer, who is best known for favoring the maintenance of corporal punishment in the schools. Compared to Hundhammer, Strauss is a Bavarian Voltaire. On the issue of stopping Sunday work, for example, Strauss says: "Why not stop football games? That keeps the players, and the stadium attendants, and the bus drivers working. And how about tourism? That keeps open the restaurants and gas stations."

Moreover, Strauss is a man of heroic organizing ability and keen intellectual power. In the face

of suspicious allies and an indifferent, cynical public,* he has built the West German army into the finest ground force in Europe. A prize scholar in the Munich public schools who wanted to be a Latin teacher, Strauss is one of the few Defense Ministers who have taken the trouble to familiarize themselves with the thinking of the American academic strategists concentrated in Secretary McNamara's Pentagon offices, and in the RAND Corporation and other defense studies centers in this country. He is the leading Continental proponent of a plan that is rapidly gaining American support—a plan for providing NATO with a European, as well as an American, nuclear deterrent force.

Because the plan cuts across General de Gaulle's program for a French nuclear deterrent, Dr. Adenauer has been leaning away from Strauss. According to one story when Strauss concluded a recent briefing by saying, "So you see, Chancellor, you agree with me and the Americans," the Chancellor shot back: "How do you know I agree with you? I agree with de Gaulle." Strauss himself acknowledges that "it is sometimes difficult to talk to the Chancellor about technical matters." But he can afford to be out of favor with the old man. As the leading Bavarian politician in the Bonn republic, he commands a local base of great strength—a prime asset held by only one other Christian Democratic leader.

DUFHUES: STORM SHELTER

THE other is the least known, and potentially the most important, of all Germany's new men—Josef Herman Dufhues, named in June of this year to the post of Christian Democratic executive chairman, a job second only to Adenauer's in the party hierarchy. The name Dufhues (rhymes with *too loose*) comes from an old German word meaning *deep house*, or, by extension, *storm shelter*. And that is the party role Herr Dufhues is expected to play. His job is to replace the High C and the Big A: to build a

*It is typical of the current West German attitude toward the military that this riddle is going round Bonn: "What is gray, lies in a field, and is afraid?" The answer is the Bundeswehr. It is true that small towns still have military parades on Sunday, but the bands now play Dixieland. It is also true that dueling is widely practiced in the universities, but less as a mark of virility than for sordid commercial reasons. Like club membership in our Ivy League colleges, dueling scars are an entree to the higher circles of business, which in Germany are filled with the duelers of yore.

party machine that can function independently of its Church auxiliaries; and a party platform that can attract voters even while Adenauer is not there to personify the program. His particular hope is to build anew a majority that can govern without Free Democratic support. He claims that he once dreamed that he was asked to be a minister in a government headed by the Free Democrats. "It was awful," he says.

For the role of organization man, not even many Germans are better fitted. Externally unimpressive, Dushues is a butterball in build, moon-faced and bespectacled. Like most Christian Democrats, he is a Catholic, middle-aged (fifty-four), a Rhinelander, and a hard worker: before taking his present post Dushues was simultaneously Minister of Interior in the state government of North Rhine-Westphalia; local judicial officer in the town of Bochum; president of a Cologne broadcasting company; and a director of two construction firms, a steel works, and a machine tool concern.

Extensive political experience does set Dushues apart. Before the Nazi period he had a nodding acquaintance with politics through his father-in-law, who was the press chief of the old Catholic Center party; and he has been active in the Christian Democratic Union since 1945. Still no line reveals itself. "I wear no uniform," is one of his favorite phrases, and another is: "There is no taboo on pluralism." As a Berlin lawyer before the war, Dushues counted as clients both the Communist leader Ernst Thälmann, and

Bata, the Czech shoe trust; since the war he has defended nationalist workers (against Allied charges of obstructing industrial dismantlement) and prosecuted them (for marking swastikas on the Cologne synagogue on Christmas Eve, 1959). If he is identified with a single issue, it is arguing the case for new men in the party. As a Catholic Youth leader in 1947, Dushues warned against the "overaging of the Union," and in 1956, he led a successful fight against Adenauer to expand the party executive. But he even deprecates his role in opening the party to younger men. "When you have a Chancellor who is eighty-six," he says, "everybody is a young man."

Because he will soon control the party machinery, Dushues has been cast by some as a potential Chancellor. But Dushues says of his new job: "The important thing is for sensible men to get together and make sensible decisions. Crown princes never cut a very good figure. The party convention has elected me for two years. After that we will see what happens."

WAITING to see is, no doubt, the wisest policy for everyone. It is likely that Adenauer's immediate successor will not be a young leader, but Bonn's sixty-five-year-old Economic Minister, Dr. Ludwig Erhard. Long cast as number two man, Erhard is personally popular in the Christian Democratic Union (he received more votes than Adenauer in the elections to the party executive at the last party congress) and is known in the country at large as the author of the economic miracle. But he is not young, he has no local organization behind him, and though an acknowledged expert in economics, he has little purely political experience. The betting is that he will take Adenauer's place next spring; that he will last until the next election—and not much beyond. When he goes, the time for takeover by Germany's new men will at last have come round.

How will they do? One weakness is evident. Devoid of mystique and lacking in personal distinction, they are not the men to beat back the challenge of some future charismatic leader. Indeed, they would be hard pressed to contain even a screwball revolt, like Poujadism in France, or Social Credit in Canada. But by their very lack of color and individuality, they are supremely fitted to blend into a collage of imperceptibly merging shades, the old spectrum of Red, Black, and Blue. If they do, they will have achieved something far more impressive than the famous German economic miracle. They will have achieved a German political miracle.



Josef Herman Dushues

JULIUS DUSCHA

Your Friendly Finance Company and Its Friends on Capitol Hill

How the foes of the "truth-in-lending" bill are fighting to keep millions of installment buyers in profitable ignorance . . . while those "easy monthly payments" continue to cost up to 40 per cent interest a year.

A LITTLE noticed fact of Washington life is the way in which lobbyists form shifting coalitions to meet their ever-changing legislative needs in Congress. The tools of their exacting trade are unobtrusive. A quiet word here, a private luncheon there, an appointment on Capitol Hill, a corridor conversation in one of the Senate or House Office Buildings—these are the modern lobbyist's instruments rather than the women and liquor of fiction. But the impact is equally deadly, and usually it is the public interest that suffers.

A disturbing current example of such a behind-the-scenes operation is the campaign against Senator Paul Douglas' "truth-in-lending" bill. Everybody who buys on the installment plan—which includes the majority of American families—would benefit from this law, which simply requires merchants and lenders to disclose the real cost of credit to their customers. Twenty-one Senators are co-sponsors of the legislation. It also has wide support in the House and has been endorsed by President Kennedy as part of his consumer-protection program. Yet for more than two years the bill has been suffocated in a Senate subcommittee.

The attack began in 1960 when Senator Douglas first introduced his bill. The small-loan companies quickly understood that one effect of such a law would be to bring about a reduction in their rates, which are now frequently camou-

flaged in what has been called "the wonderland of credit." Often the installment buyer who thinks he is charged only 6 per cent a year is actually paying six or seven times that amount. The Douglas bill would require the lender to disclose not only the dollar cost of the loan ("only \$5 a month") but also the annual interest rate. It would not regulate rates, but the result would be real price competition in the lending business and a lowering of finance charges which can legally run as high as 36 or even 42 per cent a year.

Natural allies of the finance companies were the automobile dealers—particularly used-car merchants—whose national, state, and local associations were lined up against the bill. They were joined by furniture stores and other retail establishments which have discovered a bonanza in "revolving" credit (the poor man's charge account which permits him to be permanently in debt to the vendor—for a price). The problem now was to broaden the base of the opposition, for a lobby made up only of those with a crude financial stake in legislation is in a vulnerable position.

To cover their exposed public-relations flank, the two high-powered organizations of the small-loan companies shrewdly sought the backing of the American Bankers Association, the American Bar Association, and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. They entered the battle despite serious disagreement within these organizations over the "truth-in-lending" bill. Generally, spokesmen for the larger banks and the bigger businesses saw no great harm in bringing to the credit marketplace two time-honored goals of conservatism—the full disclosure of price as well as true competition based on price. Twenty-eight years ago, exactly the same principles were applied to the stock

market with the New Deal "truth-in-securities" legislation.

But in the end, other considerations prevailed. For one thing, bankers regularly need the support of finance companies in state capitols where laws regulating banking are enacted. For years the small-loan people have assiduously—and profitably—cultivated state legislators to protect their own state-regulated business interests. In many states, harmonious relations are assured by the fact that lawyers who serve in state legislatures are also attorneys for loan companies. Furthermore, small-loan companies are often big customers of banks, and, like all businessmen, bankers want satisfied customers who will come back for more.

As for the American Bar Association, its committees concerned with credit problems are usually made up for the most part of lawyers with close ties to lenders. The chairman of its Consumer Bankruptcy Committee, for example, is Linn K. Twinem, who also happens to be general counsel for the Beneficial Finance Corp., one of the largest small-loan companies in the country.

The Chamber of Commerce is always concerned about any extension of federal authority and has based its opposition to the bill largely on the familiar states' rights arguments.

MORE SOPHISTICATED TRUTH

PROFESSORS have also been enlisted in the campaign. At hearings on the bill the principal spokesman for the National Retail Furniture Association was Albert Haring, professor of marketing in the School of Business at the University of Indiana and a consultant to the nation's furniture dealers for the last twenty years. Another star witness for the opponents of the "truth-in-lending" bill was Professor Robert W. Johnson of Michigan State University. Appearing for the National Retail Merchants Association was its consultant, Theodore N. Beckman, professor of business organization at the College of Commerce and Administration of Ohio State University.

In seeking to explain his opposition to the "truth-in-lending" bill, Beckman made much of his own search for truth. "At no time have I been motivated solely or principally by pecuniary considerations on matters of this kind," he said, "because all of my adult life has been devoted to teaching and research at the university level, and thus in a constant search for truth."

Senator Douglas then placed in the record

excerpts from a book, *Principles of Marketing*, of which Beckman is the senior author. The book seems to support the "truth-in-lending" bill by noting that "few consumers know just how to determine the actual rates paid by them on a per annum basis, and yet such knowledge is indispensable in making intelligent comparisons with respect to alternative methods of financing."

Beckman hastily explained that he was preparing a new edition of the book. "In that edition," he added, "I am treating the subject with greater maturity, with much more knowledge, a great deal more sophistication, and you will not find me making statements of that character."

The president of the National Retail Merchants Association this year is Harold H. Bennett, a prominent Salt Lake City businessman. His brother happens to be Senator Wallace F. Bennett of Utah, a well-known Salt Lake City automobile dealer and a former president of the National Association of Manufacturers. Senator Bennett has led the opposition to the Douglas bill in the Subcommittee on Production and Stabilization of the Senate Banking Committee where it has been languishing. Douglas is chairman of this ten-man subcommittee, which includes Banking Committee Chairman A. Willis Robertson of Virginia. The subcommittee is split five-to-five on the legislation.

With such a formidable opposition lined up, neither of the two small-loan company organizations thought it even necessary to testify against the bill this year. The spokesman for the National Foundation for Consumer Credit, William J. Cheyney, describes his organization as being "dedicated to making consumer credit more widely and more perfectly understood by those who use it and all others in American society." Despite its name, the foundation does not represent consumers, but speaks for small-loan companies, merchants who do an extensive credit business, and a few bankers.

The other small-loan company organization is the National Consumer Finance Association, the industry's trade association which is run by Paul L. Selby.

Cheyney, Selby, and their aides are largely responsible for putting together the highly effective lobby against the "truth-in-lending" bill. In

In recent months Julius Duscha, a reporter for the Washington "Post," has covered both the Congressional hearings on military muzzling and the Billie Sol Estes case. He was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard in 1955-56 and has written for "Harper's," "The Reporter," and other magazines.

this project they have the great advantage of dealing with a committee whose chairman, Senator Robertson, is a now-aging protégé of that still older friend of business and banking interests, Senator Harry F. Byrd, also of Virginia. (Byrd himself is chairman of the powerful Senate Finance Committee, which handles all tax legislation, including the Social Security program.)

Organizations favoring the bill include the AFL-CIO and the Credit Union National Association as well as some mutual savings banks and well-meaning but anemic consumers' groups. This support has been far from sturdy. Nowadays, the AFL-CIO has plenty of troubles getting its way with labor legislation, and its influence on issues like consumer credit is marginal. Nor are the credit unions any match for finance companies and banks.

But, as its opponents realize, the few consumers who do know about the legislation are for it. In fact, all consumers have money to gain and not a penny to lose from the bill. That may be why the Chamber of Commerce noted in a recent letter to its members:

Because the bill obviously now has Administration backing, this magnifies the problem of heading off the legislation. As in the past, though, our best opportunity to do this is still within the subcommittee itself. Fortunately, five of the ten members of the subcommittee still share our views about the bill—and so long as they are opposed, Senator Douglas cannot muster a majority vote for reporting his bill.

A SCHOLARLY COMMANDO

SHOULD the proposal ever get out of subcommittee into the full Banking Committee and then onto the Senate floor it would undoubtedly find overwhelming support. Few Senators or Representatives want to be recorded against a bill that tries to help consumers by seeking out "truth in lending," and Senator Douglas is stubbornly determined to fight for his bill. Despite the forces lined up against it, he may well succeed.

A deliberate man who prefers to concentrate on one legislative proposal at a time, Douglas did not begin to press for action on this bill until the spring of 1961 when Congress finally approved the depressed-areas program that he had been championing, at times almost single-handedly, for seven years. The Senator says, however, that he has been concerned about the cost of consumer credit since his academic days of the 1920s and 1930s when the dollar-down, dollar-

a-mouth philosophy became part of the American middle-class economy.

Douglas may not be a member of "The Club" that runs the Senate, to which Byrd and Robertson belong, but he is equally persistent and can be as political as he is learned. It is no ordinary academician who can be elected to the Chicago City Council while serving as an economics professor at the University of Chicago, as Douglas was in the late 1930s. Nor would many men of fifty volunteer as privates in the Marine Corps, which Douglas did soon after World War II began. His white hair askew, his blue eyes blazing, words tumbling from his mouth with a faint touch of a disarming Down East accent (he was born in Maine), the Senator is a formidable adversary in debate.

He is one of the few champions of mortgaged-to-the-gills middle-class America. Personal debt in the United States now totals nearly \$200 billion, of which \$140 billion consists of home mortgages. However, interest on mortgages has been kept relatively low, largely through the influence of the federally fixed rates on mortgages insured by the Federal Housing Administration and guaranteed by the Veterans Administration. Furthermore, Congress long ago equated low interest rates on housing loans with the public interest—and votes.

It is the remaining \$55 billion to \$60 billion in consumer debts that concerns Douglas. Since the end of World War II consumer credit has increased a spectacular nine-fold, from less than \$6 billion in 1945 to more than \$55 billion today. By contrast, mortgage debt has gone up about seven-fold, from less than \$19 billion to today's \$145 billion.

Americans have come to accept personal loans, installment purchases, charge accounts, revolving credit, and the credit card itself as a way of life. But they have been little agitated about the staggering cost of credit. This is partly because credit charges and interest rates are often cleverly concealed and misrepresented. The average consumer cares only about the amount of the monthly payments on the car, the television set, the refrigerator, and now even the summer vacation.

When the consumer decides to buy on credit he is generally faced with one of the following five situations:

(1) He is simply told that, say, a \$10 down payment will be required and that the monthly payments will be \$10 for one, two, or three years. Neither the total finance charges nor the interest rate is even mentioned.

(2) He is informed that the finance charge will be \$6 a year per \$100 borrowed. Although such an "add-on" rate is often represented as 6 per cent interest, it actually amounts to almost 12 per cent over a period of a year because the borrower has the use of only about \$50 in credit during the year as the outstanding balance declines month by month.

(3) He learns that the loan will be discounted at the rate of \$6 per year for each \$100 borrowed. Under this variation of the "add-on" rate he receives \$94 and the interest rate again amounts to about 12 per cent a year.

(4) He is told that the monthly interest rate will be one per cent or 1.5 per cent, which sounds small but actually is a substantial annual rate of 12 to 18 per cent.

(5) He discovers that fees are loaded on the loan to pay for its cost and to increase the lender's profit. These fees usually are for such things as credit investigations, the processing of the loan, and credit life insurance.

D O U G L A S insists that the annual interest rate is the only yardstick available to consumers for meaningful comparison of credit costs. "A major segment of the consumer credit industry," he has said, "is trapped in a web of misleading and deceiving trade practices when it comes to stating the true costs of credit. Honest and ethical lenders are frequently forced into deceptive practices in order to survive in competition with some of their less ethical competition."

Commenting on hearings held on the bill by his subcommittee, Douglas went on to say: "One witness who was in the lending business described the average borrower as being caught in a wonderland of credit where percentages are divided and multiplied at will, where finance charges

materialize on command and fees are collected on the way out—where sharp practices and rackets not only inflate the cost of credit but also impose enormous financial hardships on the debtor, particularly those who can least afford it."

In automobile financing, for example, kickbacks to dealers by banks as well as by loan companies are common. In one instance cited to the Douglas subcommittee, an automobile dealer who steered a customer to a particular bank received almost half of the \$500 interest charge. There is vigorous competition among lending institutions for automobile dealers' "paper," a sure sign that it is highly profitable despite the cost of kickbacks.

Opponents of the "truth-in-lending" bill all argue that the compilation of annual interest rates would make life unbearable if not unprofitable for small retailers. In answer the proponents point out that financial tables are available now for the compilation of bank loans to businessmen, who insist on knowing the true annual interest rate on the money they are borrowing. Surely America's computers are capable of solving this rather minor mathematical problem for haberdashers and hardware dealers.

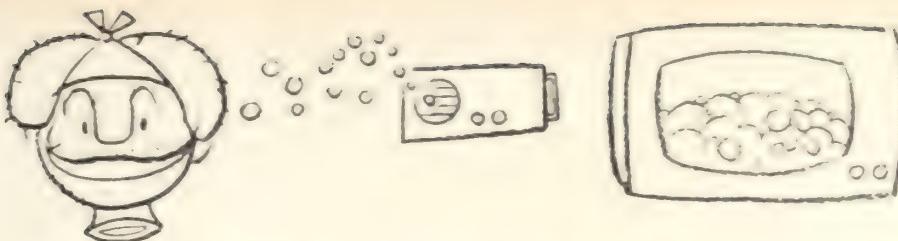
As the President said in his message on consumer legislation last spring, consumers have the right "to be informed" and "to be heard." Douglas is trying to make certain that they are informed about the costs of credit. But consumers still cannot make themselves heard in Congress. They are unorganized and often inarticulate. Unless they can organize as effectively as have small-loan companies, automobile dealers, retail merchants, bankers, lawyers, and other business interests, consumers will have to depend on tenacious Senators like Douglas to fight their battles for them.

What "Truth in Lending" Would Mean

YOU decide to buy a \$2,500 automobile by making a down payment of \$500 and spreading the rest of the cost over a three-year period. The dealer will tell you merely that the charge will be \$65.56 a month. Under the "truth-in-lending" bill, he would have to disclose that the finance charge on the \$2,000 you owe amounts to \$360 and that the true annual interest is 11.5 per cent.

Or perhaps you acquire a \$400 refrigerator-freezer without any down payment at all. It will take eighteen monthly payments of \$26.18 to pay for it. But you are not told the annual interest rate is actually 22 per cent.

The "truth-in-lending" bill would arm consumers with information which would enable them to shop around intelligently for the best credit deal.



PEER THE TRAPER

Chapter 2 of a Story by Garfield Serog

Willsie, Alaska



Dear Editor:

Mrs. Mires said I should of made Peer the traper in to a serial so here goes for part 2. But it dont look ness and I left Peer in last chapter but she said people like the same character over and over and it dont mater if you kill them longs their ready for chapter 2. And how about the commicks and soap oppera and tellevisian wich of coarse I aint got but I bough a trance sister radio and all I hear is Rusian bom testing and I wish Teddy Roosevelt was alive yet.

Peer the traper set his head carefully back in place after wiping the blood out of his eyes so he could find his neck to set it on. He stepped back and shot the poachers air plane just once with his 90-90 moose and bear gun. Then he cut off a hind quarter of meat from the first moose and that was mighty heavy and many went 100 pounds or 180 and Peer had to strain to walk off with it in that deep snow.
BANG, BANG.

Peer felt his burden shutter and knew he was being shot at by Ankerage hunters which shoot at anything. So he groaned just like a dieing moose and laid down in the snow and slid around till he was behind the meat which he now used like a fort. As the Ankerage hunters come wading through the snow to stick their pray Peer got set to shoot them which they deserved. The Ankerage hunters were to exhausted to make it in one jump so they stiped to blow only 40 yards away and Peer herd one say puff puff oh all that meat. Keeth, and then the other said puff puff puff because he was fatter and had a red face and wore pansy close like the ads in REAL TRUE. Then he said You can have the lousy meat Jack, but I want them beautfull horns and they look like Boon and Crokkes grade to me puff puff!

The first one said Man my old lady and kids can chew on that big son of a bitch all winter. That was the first Peer knew he had kill so his temper fel off some and he reared his bloody head up and stuck his thumbs in his ears and wagled his fur mittens like they was ears and he howled like no wolf ever herd.

Whoosh! Them guys was good and off Peer saw them in gun powder thirty feet high. Peer collected their guns and picked up his meat and headed for his cabin. Two grate writers were made that day because soon after both of the Ankerage hunters wrote stories. The story in REAL TRUE was intitlled I Was Attacked By Alaska Wolves and the other was storie in CHRISTIAN STRENGTH was intitlled Prayer Saved My Husband From The Wolf Pack.

Peer pored some iodine on his sore neck and went to bed.

This is a story about Peer the traper. The former Minot's Lumber Co. employee (1901). The author is an Indian and doesn't write things only when his family is drugged.





1

6

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Last night in Antarctica, nuclear power

- 1 lit the bulb**
- 2 heated the room**
- 3 fried the eggs**
- 4 boiled the coffee**
- 5 kept the scientific instruments running**
- 6 burned the toast**

Antarctica's first nuclear power plant is now operating. It supplies all the electricity for the 1000 men stationed at the Navy's McMurdo Sound Research Base.

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Each of these installations was designed and built by the nuclear division of Martin Marietta. Each utilizes portable nuclear power, a form of power that is becoming recognized as one of the most practical known. Portable nuclear power units can carry us to outer space. And some day they may be used for simpler things like frying your eggs.



The Unreported Crisis in the Southern Colleges

Assaults on academic freedom have been mounting in recent years. . . . A distinguished historian

reviews some of the most humiliating cases and points out where resistance can work best.

ON June 1, 1961, after the riots in Montgomery and Birmingham, Professor Robert M. Wallace of the University of Alabama wrote to fourteen college and university presidents of the state: "The bleak and frightful truth is that . . . it is dangerous for an educator to stand openly, actively, and vigorously for decency and moderation." In spite of a decline in outright violence, academic freedom is still taking a beating in the lower South, from Texas to Florida. Faculty dismissals and harassments have been increasing, and reprisals against students reached a new peak this year. The outstanding cases of academic freedom and tenure in the files of the American Association of University Professors increased from thirty-seven in April 1961 to fifty-five a year later. Twenty-three of the cases and a majority of the institutions censured are in the South.

When I visited more than a score of Southern campuses during the spring term last year I found some of them nursing fresh wounds, others worried over immediate prospects, and several in the midst of crisis. The fundamental trouble is that for the last two years a wave of reaction—led by the White Citizens Councils, the John Birch Society, and the Ku Kluxers—has clashed with the great movement for Negro rights. Both movements are not involved in all cases of academic freedom, but when they are the troubles are intensified.

What the colleges are up against is illustrated most recently by the high-handed firing of Professor Rupert C. Koeninger of *Sam Houston*

State Teachers College at Huntsville, Texas. A native of Texas and head of the college's sociology department for fifteen years, Dr. Koeninger is described in a petition signed by 175 of his 190 colleagues as "the most eminent professor on the campus." Several of his colleagues planned to resign in protest. An investigating committee of the Texas Association of College Teachers reported that everyone interviewed "spoke in highest terms of Dr. Koeninger as a man, as a teacher, and as a citizen . . . the pressures operating . . . seem to stem from the John Birch Society in Huntsville and from Mr. Ramsey's unhappiness over some of Dr. Koeninger's political activities."

Chairman C. S. Ramsey of the board of regents is the brother and law partner of former Lieutenant Governor Ben Ramsey. The investigating committee described the professor's political activities as "not only proper but . . . sanctioned by the statement on political activity adopted by the board in 1949." One such "activity" was a speech in 1955 factually reviewing the first year of school desegregation. When the board met on May 22, 1962, to take final action, Chairman Ramsey flatly refused to reveal any charges or bill of particulars against Dr. Koeninger or to give any reason for firing him. "This is like a blindfolded boxer entering the ring against an opponent who can see," declared Koeninger's attorney. "It's impossible to defend your client properly when you haven't any idea what he's been accused of." Ramsey refused to see a representative of the American Association of University Professors, saying, "I am a busy man."

This was not the first time that rough-riding governing boards in Texas had applied their philosophy of academic freedom. In July 1957, the board of *Texas Technological College* in Lubbock went into secret session, excluding the

president of the college. They came forth with the announcement that they had unanimously voted to fire three professors—Byron R. Abernethy, professor of government with more than ten years service, Herbert M. Greenberg, assistant professor of psychology, who had come in 1955, and Per G. Stensland, professor of education, who had been at Tech since 1952.

NO CHARGES STATED

TWO of the professors learned of their dismissal through the press and the third was out of town. The faculty immediately condemned the action as a blow that would "destroy faculty morale," and Dean R. C. Goodwin said there was no question of the professional competence of the men dismissed. The board nevertheless refused to reconsider its action, to give the dismissed men a formal hearing, or to state the charges against them. The faculty and the state press believe that the professors were dismissed because of their political, social, or economic views. Abernethy was an outspoken member of the liberal wing of the state Democratic party; Greenberg conducted an opinion poll on school integration; and Stensland organized discussion groups for adult education. The investigating committee of the AAUP justly found the board guilty of "arbitrary action and a flagrant denial of the principles of due process."

J. Evetts Haley, a member of the Texas Tech board of directors, figured recently in a more physical assault on academic freedom. Haley, a cattleman and a former candidate for Governor, had previously offered a resolution at a board meeting deplored "the unctuous and dishonest cloak of 'academic freedom'" and promising "tax-paying parents of Texas" to run the college without regard to "left-wing clamor, innuendo, and agitation." In May 1961, at a showing of the House Un-American Activities Committee's controversial movie, "Operation Abolition," at **West Texas State College**, Haley exchanged sharp words with John W. Cooke, a history instructor, who challenged the fairness of the film. Though Haley is not on the board of the college, he had its president call Cooke into his office the next day. There in the presence of the president, Haley and his son berated Cooke for political heresy and followed through with a physical assault. They swapped several punches before being separated. Instructor Cooke was not fired, but he took a job elsewhere and did not return.

These vigilante tactics are not confined to Texas. A recent victim in Florida is Thomas P.

Hardeman, assistant professor of philosophy at the **University of Tampa**. Although technically a member of the faculty until August 1962, Hardeman received notice of his dismissal in June 1961, and was not only forbidden to teach but banned from the campus for the ensuing year. The dismissal followed an attack on Hardeman by the "Florida Coalition of Patriotic Societies," headed by Sumter Lowry, a Tampa businessman and retired National Guard general. Lowry is a member of the John Birch Society's "Committee of Endorsers," and his son-in-law is head of one of the Tampa chapters of the society. Dr. David Delo, president of the university, denied that the Birchite attack was the reason for Hardeman's firing but announced that "I will certainly tell him to keep his mouth shut." But the professor refused to stop speaking in favor of the United Nations and the World Court or to give up his opposition to the House Un-American Activities Committee and the Birch Society. He was fired without a formal hearing or written charges against him.

The weaker institutions are more vulnerable to pressure, but the big state universities of the lower South have also suffered indignities. The **University of Florida** at Gainesville, for example, submitted to an outrageous inquisition three years ago. It was conducted by a committee of the state legislature, headed by a gubernatorial candidate, which held hearings for seven months on or near the campus. With the aid of lawyers, police, detectives, and paid informers, the committee dragged in hundreds of witnesses, mainly students, to testify against professors. Disclosures of political heresies were disappointing, but sexual deviations supplied headlines.

Louisiana State University managed to stave off a full-scale legislative heresy hunt in 1960-1961, but in the process was compelled to sacrifice a professor who became embroiled with influential members of the legislature over public-school integration.

Faculty resignations at the **University of Mississippi**, which is under constant harassment by politicians, have been crippling. Within one recent two-year period nearly a fourth of the faculty resigned. Undeterred by this, powerful

C. Vann Woodward, the author of "The Burden of Southern History" and other books, is beginning his duties as Sterling Professor of History at Yale this fall. Born in Arkansas, he was brought up in the South, and taught at Johns Hopkins. He has won the award of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the Bancroft Prize.

members of the State Senate undertook more than a year ago to make an object lesson of William P. Murphy, a prominent member of the Law School faculty. His offense was membership in the American Civil Liberties Union and an openly professed opinion that Supreme Court decisions are the law of the land. After extended leave of absence that probably avoided outright dismissal, Professor Murphy recently resigned to accept a desirable job elsewhere. His former colleagues, along with all other teachers in public institutions of the state, are still required by law to file annually a list of all organizations to which they belong or to which they have contributed. An Arkansas statute of exactly the same kind was declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court in 1960, but Mississippi continues to enforce her law regardless.

The *University of Alabama* still lives in the shadow of the Autherine Lucy mob incident and the Ku Klux. Though Klan activity has abated, a man who calls himself the National Grand Wizard and was prominent in Governor John Patterson's 1959 campaign, runs a filling station adjacent to the campus. Last year he told the university newspaper that, "If anyone can stop integration at the university, the Klan can do it," and that he had "a definite plan of action." In March 1961, hooded men took a ministerial student from his church after an integrated seminar, blindfolded him, took him out of town, and beat him. The University of Alabama is still under judicial order to admit Negro students and still postpones integration.

No university in the South has a prouder tradition of freedom nor a more spirited faculty than *Vanderbilt*. But early in 1960, while tempers were hot over sit-ins, Mayor Ben West of Nashville took offense at a Vanderbilt Negro divinity student, James M. Lawson, Jr., who said publicly that the law had been used "to keep the Negro in his place." As a missionary to India, Lawson had studied Gandhi's doctrine of passive resistance. He had taken no part in the sit-ins, but refused to forswear future participation. Chancellor Harvie Branscomb with the support of the executive committee of the trustees expelled Lawson on the ground that he identified the university "with a continuing campaign of mass disobedience of law as a means of protest."

The faculty's protest stirred national interest. When Chancellor Branscomb refused to yield, twelve professors of the divinity school, led by Dean J. Robert Nelson, turned in their resignations. Eventually Dean Nelson's resignation was accepted and the other professors reluctantly

withdrew theirs with the statement that Nelson's dismissal was "unjust and ungracious." The faculty retired from the fight with bruised consciences and damaged morale.

A PROMISE TO PURGE

THE plight of the Negro colleges is much worse than the cases so far cited. Fifty-one such colleges in the South, twelve of them open to white students, are constant targets for attacks on the Negro rights movement as well as on academic freedom. Presidents of state-supported institutions in particular must walk a tightrope. Typical of the reprisals and harassments that president, students, and faculty can suffer is the recent history of *Alabama State College* in Montgomery.

Birthplace of the nonviolent crusade against segregation led by Martin Luther King, Jr., Montgomery was the scene of the successful boycott to desegregate city buses in 1956 and the mob attack on Freedom Riders in 1961. On February 25, 1960, thirty-five students from Alabama State College staged the first sit-in demonstration in the Deep South. When Governor John Patterson threatened to expel them from college, a thousand fellow students demonstrated on the steps of the state Capitol—once the Confederate Capitol. Montgomery police then arrested thirty-four students and a faculty member at a protest meeting near the campus and threatened to close the college. At the Governor's request the State Board of Education at once ordered the expulsion of nine students, placed some twenty on probation, and started an elaborate investigation. For several months a police inspector appeared on the campus almost daily to question students, attend their meetings, and collect evidence. The investigation "uncovered" at least eleven faculty members who were not "loyal" to the institution.

Then on the demand of Governor Patterson, President H. Councill Trenholm promised "to purge the college of disloyal faculty members." If the President failed "to straighten out the situation," Patterson announced that he would "find someone who can." Before the end of the term seventeen members of the faculty resigned, some under pressure, some in fear of reprisals, and some for other reasons. Professor Lawrence D. Reddick, chairman of the history department for five years, was the only one fired. He had already resigned effective August 31, 1960, but on June 14, without any warning whatever, Patterson denounced him on television as "a Communist sympathizer and racial agitator" and



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demanded that President Trenholm dismiss him "before sundown." The president did just that.

A teacher of twenty-seven years' experience, Dr. Reddick was the author of a biography of Martin Luther King and a companion of King's on a trip to India. He made vigorous demand for his rights and received the full support of the American Association of University Professors and the American Civil Liberties Union. In spite of this, he was dismissed in violation of his contract, without a hearing, without seeing the charges and evidence against him, and without salary due.

The humiliations of President Trenholm were not yet ended. Before the television camera Governor Patterson exacted from him promises to keep "a close watch" on students, to retain only such members of the faculty as maintained "proper conduct," and to "enforce more strictly" the admission requirements for students. The opening of the college the next fall was long delayed while the president personally interviewed applicants. He required all to sign an "oath of honor" pledging "gentlemanly" and "ladylike" conduct, and inquired closely into their associations and acquaintances. The president admitted numerous candidates, including the president of the student body, only on probation. Enrollment fell off sharply, vacancies in the faculty remained unfilled, and the Southern Association of Colleges, which carried Alabama State on its probationary list of accredited institutions, dropped it. And in spite of Trenholm's compliant policy, Patterson removed him from office and placed him "on leave."

In the meantime Tennessee, Georgia, and Louisiana followed Alabama's example. In April 1960, the Tennessee State Commissioner of Education instructed all state colleges to "dismiss promptly any student . . . arrested and convicted on charges involving personal misconduct."

In May of the following year, fourteen students at *Tennessee A & I State University* in Nashville joined the Freedom Ride through Alabama after the sponsoring organization, CORE, had decided the going was too rough and called off the ride. The Tennessee students survived the riots and imprisonment, but Governor Buford Ellington saw to it that thirteen of them were expelled from college without a hearing. Under threat of a student boycott of commencement, the Governor permitted the fourteenth student to graduate with her class. The others brought suit and eight of them were ordered readmitted by a federal court.

After the mass demonstrations at Albany, Georgia, which led to the arrest of seven

hundred Negroes last December, the president of the local college suspended more than forty students for "conduct detrimental to *Albany State College*," in sharp contrast to the lenient treatment of the white students who demonstrated a year before in favor of segregation at the University of Georgia. In January, some thirty Negro students of *Alabama A & M College* joined sit-in demonstrations at Huntsville in northern Alabama. Whereupon Governor Patterson removed the president of the college with the professed purpose of finding another "who will require discipline, make the students behave, and make them study."

In President Felton G. Clark of *Southern University*, Louisiana found a disciplinarian who needed little gubernatorial prompting. The largest institution of higher learning in America with an all-Negro student body, Southern occupies a new campus full of striking contemporary architecture near Baton Rouge. Last December more than a thousand students from Southern marched to Baton Rouge jail to protest the imprisonment of twenty-two fellow students. Police broke up the demonstration with tear gas and jailed fifty. The next day the State Board of Education ordered the automatic expulsion of any student arrested or jailed and forbade all unsanctioned demonstrations.

President Clark not only complied with the board ruling but closed the university until after Christmas holidays. Students had scarcely returned when further protest prompted Clark to close the university again until further notice. He ordered every student off the campus with his belongings by five-thirty that afternoon. Upon reopening ten days later, the president required all students readmitted to register anew. The purpose, according to the *Baton Rouge State-Times*, was "to weed out trouble makers." The number denied readmission has not been revealed, but a hundred students were simply not informed of the reopening and some two hundred were readmitted on probation after "good citizenship" pledges. Among those who did not return, according to well-informed faculty members, were many of the best students and campus leaders. "We at Southern," declared President Clark, "are interested in education, and nothing else."

Privately supported Negro colleges have put up a better defense, but they are by no means immune from state pressures. Sit-in demonstrations by students of *Talladega College*, which has a few white students, brought Alabama's Attorney General MacDonald Gallion down upon them last April with an injunction prohibiting



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all such demonstrations. In the midst of a desperate campaign for Governor in May, Gallion followed up by threatening to revoke the college charter. He dropped the proceedings after losing his race.

Under pressure from state officials, President Frank R. Veal of *Allen University* in Columbia, South Carolina, asked in June 1957 for the resignation of three faculty members who held strong views on racial equality. They refused to resign, and the board declined to approve their dismissal. The State Board of Education, with Governor George B. Timmerman, Jr., as chairman, then denied Allen graduates certification to teach in public schools. Since Allen is largely a teachers' college, this was a deadly blow. The president desperately renewed his efforts to get rid of the objectionable professors, only to be officially informed that the African Methodist Episcopal Church which contributed to Allen's budget would withdraw all support if it knuckled under to the Governor. President Veal was clearly damned if he did and damned if he didn't. At this juncture Governor Timmerman attacked the professors, without naming them, as "Communist workers" and abused the Allen board for reappointing them. The chairman of the board ruthlessly overrode opposition at the next meeting and ousted the professors without a hearing. He told the press that he "assumed the restoration of our certification would follow." It did, a month later.

The subjugation of *Benedict College*, a Baptist affiliate also in Columbia, followed the same pattern of threats and humiliations. The dismissal of three faculty members violated all accepted principles of academic procedure. The professors were not given a hearing or confronted with specific charges, and such tenure as they had was ignored. Both Benedict and Allen were later censured by the AAUP. The Governor retorted that academic freedom was becoming "an instrumentality of treason." Under a new administration Allen University has recently apologized and offered to make amends to the professors, and the AAUP has removed its censure.

APOLOGIES and restitutions may help injured individuals and reputations but they cannot compensate for timidity and shame in the classroom, nor dispel the cloud of distrust and suspicion between trustees and state officials, between faculty and administration, between students and teachers. What happens to the pursuit of truth and the advancement of learning in such an atmosphere as the heresy hunters and

thought controllers have created in parts of the South can only be conjectured.

If there is any disposition to shrug off these outrages as an unfortunate regional peculiarity, it might be well to recall the plight of other regions a decade ago at the height of Senator Joseph McCarthy's rampage and to remember that the present revival of McCarthyism is by no means confined to the South. A recent outcropping in Pennsylvania, for example, resulted in the firing of Professor Larry Gara at *Grove City College* and the resignation of six of his colleagues. Complaints of interference by Radical Right organizations come in constantly from colleges of the Midwest and the West Coast.

It was inevitable that the greatest protest movement in the history of the American Negro should have made its hardest impact in the South. The colleges have felt the wrath of the resistance to the movement and the fury of the Radical Right because they are vulnerable targets and because they have sometimes furnished enlightened opposition to the reactionaries. Freedom to investigate, to think, to teach, and to learn are a standing threat to the program of those who lead the assault on academic freedom.

The colleges need help. Two significant federal court decisions in cases arising from Alabama and Tennessee furnished help of one kind within the past year. Both decisions struck at state use of academic discipline and dismissal to curb student protest and demonstrations. Further assistance may come from the courts, but college faculties still rely mainly on their own defense organization, the AAUP. It has earned respect by its methods and results, and within its limits it is effective. But the AAUP cannot take the initiative against politicians and pressure groups who are causing the trouble. An aroused public opinion informed by exposure of outrages and abuses should count in the long run.

One encouraging thing about the present crisis is the spirit that many embattled collegians, students as well as faculty, have shown in defending their walls from the assaults of the mob and the reprisals of its flatterers in high office. It is true that the South is losing professors and many have fled the fight, but most of them have remained to fight it out. "The place to fight for a principle," writes Professor Iredell Jenkins, who remained in the philosophy department of the University of Alabama to do just that, "is where it is a living issue, not where it is an accomplished fact, and still less where it has become a mere object of sanctimonious self-congratulations."

the new BOOKS

BENJAMIN DEMOTT

Muslemen and Dreamers

Benjamin DeMott's criticism of the new books will appear frequently in these columns in the coming months. He is Professor of English at Amherst, a novelist, and the author of "Hells & Benefits"—a volume of essays published this September by Basic Books.

IS "the sickness of our time" a literary hoax? Are the writers who call the present age a cesspool mistaking personal whiffiness for objective truth?

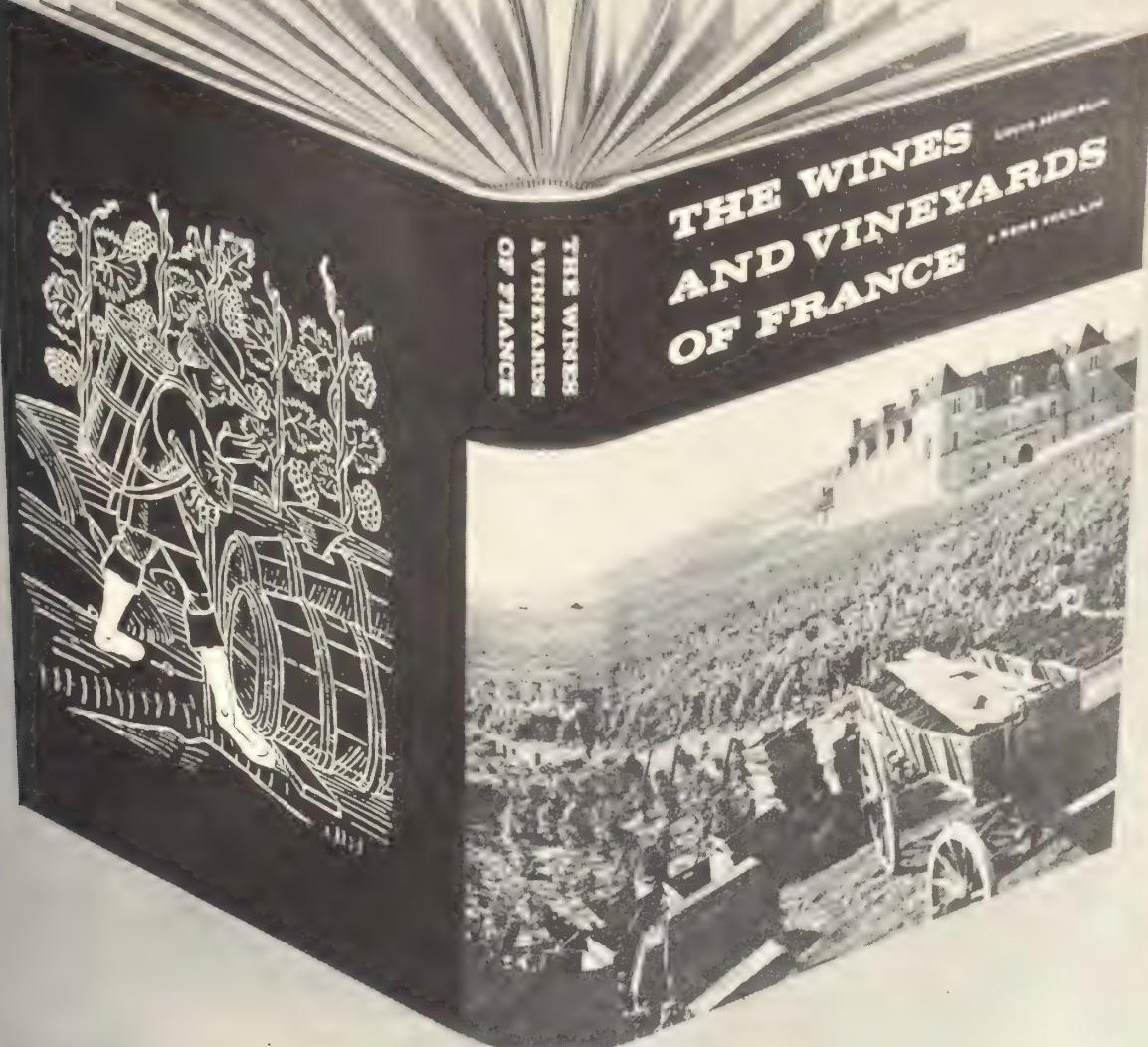
Colin Wilson, the aging adolescent terrible of English letters, answers Yes to both questions in **The Strength to Dream** (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.50). He argues that the keys to the failure of modern literature as a representation of life are immoderate subjectivity and immoderate objectivity. He "explains" these immoderacies, as they appear in the writing of Yeats, Strindberg, Wilde, Beckett, Gogol, de Sade, Wedekind, and others—by linking them with physiological and psychological disturbances. (Dostoevsky's "preoccupation with supernatural evil" is connected with his "lack of sexual development"; Huxley has "a sick man's hatred of illness"; D. H. Lawrence was "a delicate child . . . spoiled by his mother"; etc.) And, after completing the explanations and diagnoses, he ventures some quasi-medical advice to critics—namely that they cease writing unmanly aesthetic "evaluations" and begin judging works existentially, "by standards of meaning as well as impact."

The school of Critical Hardrockism to which the book at hand belongs is not a new school: it has been staffed by many spiky, interesting men, Irving Babbitt and Frank O'Connor among them, in the last half-century. And Wilson himself is not an uninteresting writer. His account of Faulkner as a sadist is badly informed (the critic concentrates almost entirely upon *Sanctuary*); his treatment of Zola as an obsessive exaggerator is oblivious to the nineteenth-century industrial scene. But he is thoroughly convincing as he shows how a view of life as a disease

governs even the most casually offered, seemingly innocent descriptive adjective in Graham Greene or H. P. Lovecraft. And his boredom with pessimism and enthusiasm for a literature that will be "purposeful and exuberant" can hardly fail to please.

What is troubling about the book is the author's boyish impatience with the world as it looks to plain non-Platonic men. A critic who aims at a sound assessment of the relations between modern literature and modern fact needs to possess a sense of this world—an eye for the quality of general life, an imagination of the past that is responsive to grubiness as well as to glories, a readiness to set visions on the wheel of fact and specify the precise place of breakage. Yet Colin Wilson, like many Nietzschean hipsters less knowledgeable than himself, finds facts old and new to be kind of a drag. Ask him what he means by contemporary reality—that which writers irresponsibly ignore—and he answers not with events or situations, but with tacky metaphysical abstractions. (Reality equals "evolutionary drive," the "instinctive faculty of affirmation.") Ask him how a writer can equip himself for the task of adequately representing the experience of this age, and he answers: Trust the river of life. ("No matter how detached and uncommitted an artist pretends to be, he is involved in a world whose 'direction' is as positive as the current of a river.")

People convinced that the realities of national and international politics and culture in 1962 support no confidence in the positiveness of human direction may deserve to be put down as disaster-mongers. And perhaps only the poet-saint can be certain that modishness played no part whatever in the creation of modern literary gloom. But the path leading from these concessions to immersion in the Life Force as All is hard to follow, and *The Strength to Dream* does too little to point the way. The bargain it proposes, an exchange of the clichés of twentieth-century litterateurs for the duller clichés of unreadable nineteenth-century metaphysi-



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cians, will doubtless be hailed by non-readers. Others, manly or unmanly, may well respond with an abrupt: No Deal.

BEATNIK AND JAMES JONES

TO say this isn't of course to contend that the idea of testing books on a scale of objectivity and subjectivity is indefensible, or to claim that writers themselves have never been known to invite analyses of their physical condition. "My work comprises one vast book like Proust's," says Jack (Call Me Marcel) Kerouac in a headnote to *Big Sur* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$4.50), "except that my remembrances are written on the run instead of afterwards in a sick bed." And the remark does stand as a frank snippet of self-diagnosis. Not a trustworthy snippet, however. *Big Sur* is about a man running terrified from the objective world with a hospital as his probable destination. This figure, a rich, wretchedly unhappy, beatnik writer, is hounded out of his Long Island home by youngsters eager for roadwork in his company; he flees to California in search of isolation, tranquillity, the sound of the sea, and lost innocence; after recovering the latter, he drinks himself into delirium tremens.

As might be guessed, the book is dense with evidence of a sagging reality principle. The beatnik writer, Duluo (his real name, says the mystifying author, is Jack Kerouac), thinks it possible that advice he gave to a General in a Pacific Coast bar shaped a major military decision of President Kennedy. He believes (in common with many other American subjectivists, as Leslie Fiedler once proved) that solutions to problems of human relations may issue from the holy marriage of males—"some kind of new thing in the world where men can really be angelic friends and not be homosexual and not fight over girls." And he imagines that ordinary readers will profit from the perusal of twenty-one pages of oceanic onomatopoeia, a "poem" whose single apparent purpose is that of putting the poo back into the Pacific:

Tamana	—	gavow	—
Va	—	Voovla	Via
Mia	—	mine	—
	sea		
	poo		

There was a time, early in this writer's career, when people put off by the frenetic senselessness of his books could be brought to agree that at least the author himself was a lively, cheerful, high-spirited fellow—a rarity among writers, somebody who really did like to be out and about. Now that Gay Jack has been displaced by Sad Jack, a man of pure inwardness and self-absorption, grounds for his defense will be harder to find.



AT first glance James Jones would appear to have little in common with the Beatnik King. In *The Thin Red Line* (Scribner, \$5.95), the author of *From Here to Eternity* returns to what has been called the large canvas; he recounts the agonies not of a lucky author but of an unlucky line infantry company in the Guadalcanal campaign. He writes in a sort of bureaucratized Casey Stengelese ("this trip was neither routine nor known and was composed of a mixture of dense anxiety and tense excitement") which, though clumsy, is easier to penetrate than the sea poetry of *Big Sur*. And he has arrived over the years at a kind of bemused, romantically cynical stance of reconciliation that is essentially un-Beat in conception. His book is dedicated with thudding irony to "those greatest and most heroic of all human endeavors, WAR and WARFARE . . ." And virtually every soldier who is sympathetically rendered in it lives through the campaign and is at length evacuated to safety by kindly rear-echelon doctors.

Yet despite all this, James Jones does not rank as less of a subjectivist than Jack Kerouac. It may or may not be true that the act of writing an historical novel—*The Thin Red Line* is that or nothing—is analogous to the act of taking flight from hard, immediate experience. But it plainly is true that the conventions of the old-style, pre-*Catch-22* war book are hostile to patient effort at constructing substantial characters who act humanly in a recognizable world. The big, swiftly-paced, foot-soldier view of world war won its audience by going the detective story several steps farther. (In detective fiction the center of the narrative interest usually lies in a question about who murdered whom; in the war novel the center of narrative interest lies in the question, who will be murdered; in both the focus is not upon character or human relations but upon *clues*.) And *The Thin Red Line* is as abstract as any of the previous works of its kind. Nasty sergeants, opportunistic West Pointers, and filthy Japs sweat and swear, kill and are killed, without ever becoming more than names. The novelist who ached for the tough, fresh-faced, sweet-bugling Prewitt, and thereby made him matter, now manipulates figures as

The Swivel Chair

All the best hats don't get tossed in the ring. Some of the very best are the alternate hats of writers distinguished in fields far from the best seller lists.



Professor C. Northcote Parkinson had published some seventeen scholarly volumes on aspects of political history before his famous LAW liberated sober-minded citizens by the hundred thousand. His new book, **In-Laws and Outlaws**, first exerted its wonderfully baleful influence on artist Robert Osborn. Instead of the dozen illustrations requested he has drawn enough to give the book a second market as Osborniana. The chapter on the Parkinsey Report alone is a collector's item.

Louis Auchincloss, lawyer, occasionally writes of people in legal and financial circles. But whatever the setting, his novels are social history. His most recent novel **Portrait in Brownstone** which became a national best seller immediately, has been called,

"the perfect example of the novel of manners that has virtually disappeared from American letters." Robert Morton SHOW.

Cornelia Otis Skinner has matched her fame as an actress with a long list of delightful bestsellers. Her forthcoming book **Elegant Wits and Grand Horizontals** would be too short at three times its present length. Paris in the '90s, La Belle Epoque of incomparable wit in salon and boudoir, has exactly the right historian in actress Skinner. From first page to last it is superb theatre.



Bear Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison, one of America's most eloquent historians, turns to personal history in **One Boy's Boston**, 1887-1901, another happy instance of a city finding precisely the right interpreter. In this case it is the reminiscence of one who was on the scene. In Boston in the '90s the wits sparkled more often in the library than the boudoir but sparkle they did and the Morison home was itself a salon in the truest New England tradition.

More than thirteen million families have sought the advice of Doctor Spock through *Baby and Child Care* and *Doctor Spock Talks With Mothers*. His new book **Problems of Parents** is a warmly wise discussion of, among other things, parents' guidance in teen-age mating, and in cold-war anxiety, of meeting the crises of divorce and death, of finding help for the disturbed child. Coming early in October.

And now, a book which Justice William O. Douglas calls "the most important chronicle of this century for the human race" **Silent Spring** by Rachel Carson, biologist and writer. Long before publication the book-sellers were told in a trade paper, "This is the horrifying story. It needed to be told — and by a scientist



with a rare gift of communication and an overwhelming sense of responsibility. It should come as no surprise that the gifted author of *The Sea Around Us* and its successors can take another branch of science — that phase of biology indicated by the term ecology — and bring it so sharply into focus that any intelligent layman can understand what she is talking about. Understand, yes, and shudder, for she has drawn a living portrait of what is happening to this balance of nature as decreed in the science of life — and what man is doing (and has done) to destroy it and create a science of death. The book is not entirely negative; final chapters indicate roads of reversal."

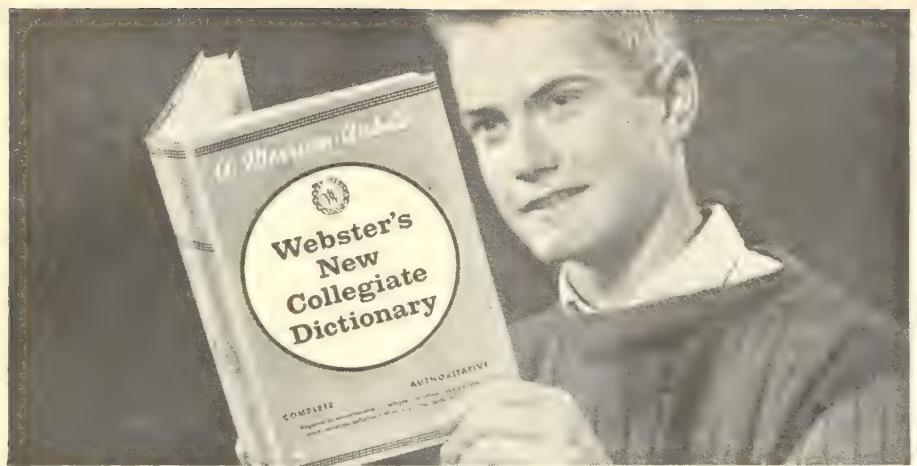
Audubon Society members were advised by their president, "I recommend that all members of the National Audubon Society read Rachel Carson's new book . . . In **Silent Spring** she has put a grave problem into focus. We predict this book will cause a furor and if it does, it will serve an important purpose. In a free society public controversy and discussion are essential forerunners of action and action is urgently needed to regulate the present, practically unrestricted promotion and distribution of the powerful chemical pesticides that are polluting our soils and waters, destroying wildlife, and perhaps even creating serious, long-range hazards to man himself."



To Book-of-the-Month Club members: "Only with two selections in recent years have we advised members that it was unwise to use their privilege of rejection or substitution. We do so once again in the case of this remarkably illuminating new book by Rachel Carson, for it is certain to be history-making in its influence upon thought and public policy over the world." Harry Scherman

And readers of the editorial page of the New York Times were told, "If her book helps arouse enough public concern to immunize Government agencies against the blandishments of the hucksters and enforce adequate controls, the author will be as deserving of the Nobel Prize as was the inventor of DDT."

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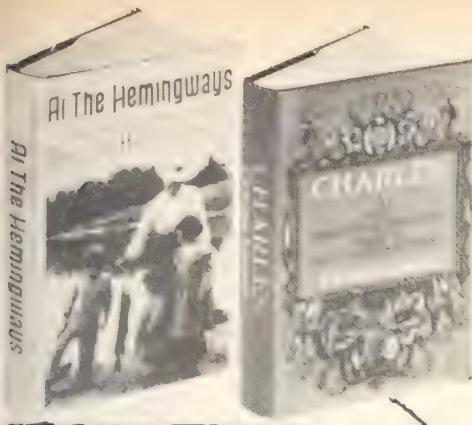
uncaringly as the very brass hats whom he (ritualistically) claims are inhumane. There are a great many more victims in *The Thin Red Line* than in the run-of-the-mill mystery story, hence more uncertainty, hence more narrative interest. But there are no more people, indeed no people at all.

U-BOOKMAN

NARRATIVE interest is a quality that the work of Wright Morris does not as a rule possess, and his fourteenth book, **What a Way to Go** (Atheneum, \$1.50), is no exception to this rule. A sort of secular, or happy, *Ship of Fools*, the book tells of the Mediterranean holiday of a middle-aged American—a small-college professor who learns about "the wisdom of the body" from a golden nymph named Cynthia who is traveling with her aunts. The nymph in question, an Oberlin freshman of healthy appetite, is engaging. She wears a jokebook bathrobe (the title of Morris's book is stitched hip high across this garment). She puts amusing questions to a cat named Aschenbach who is not dying in Venice ("Aschenbach—" she said, stroking his pleated ear, 'you a real cool cat or you a square?'). Her nickname for the Italian painter, Condotti Pignata, retained to do her portrait in the style of the "Primavera" of Botticelli, is Cee-Pee.

And Morris himself is not much less engaging, as he makes light sport of American ladies whose scent is "suggestive of Airwick," Venetians who behave "with the animation so highly esteemed since the rise of the Italian movies," and German tourists who act like German tourists.

The standard complaint about this writer is that he is an English teacher's dream, full of allusions to U books. And it is undeniable that here as elsewhere in his work Morris fails to hide his acquaintance with Homer, Mann, Nabokov, Orwell, Henry James, and many another literary type. The more damaging complaint is that Morris himself is a subjectivist of a sort, a writer in love with the sound of his own curious, ineluctable voice. As he talks his way ceaselessly through his story, asking half-a-dozen unanswered questions per page, continually reversing



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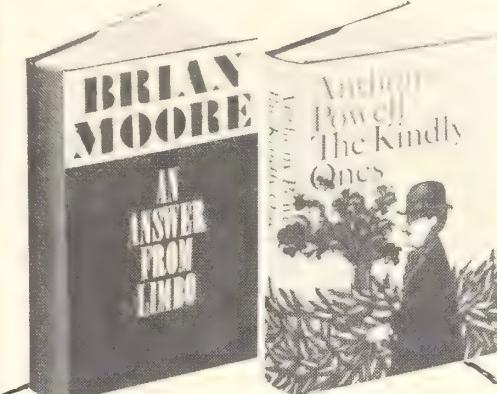
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THE NEW BOOKS

and re-reversing his field, he seems to tease not only himself, his reader, and his characters, but the idea of objective reality itself.

Once it is admitted, though, that few living American writers of distinction care less than he about a Ripping Good Story, it needs to be added that few are more original, acerb, charming, funny—or American. *What a Way to Go* is a highly entertaining book.

FIRST BY POWERS

THAT egos more restrained than Morris's are often better able to tell their stories directly and locate them in a familiar world goes almost without saying. But such a capacity is not in itself a perfect guarantee of fictional success, as is demonstrated by J. F. Powers's *Morte D'Urban* (Doubleday, \$4.50). This first novel of a much-admired short-story writer tells of the "professional" life of a priest of the Clementines (an invented order) named Father Urban. The man is vain, worldly, fastidious, ambitious for his order, and unaware that the latter ambition is really ambition for himself. At just the moment when his fondness for worldly men outside the church begins to produce "results" for the order, he is reassigned from Chicago to a decrepit Minnesota mission and set to work there painting and plastering.

The narrative focus of the novel is Father Urban's attempt to chicify the mission with a golf course and other enticements. Its freshness lies in its multiplication of incongruities—an innocent priest lunching in the Pump Room on shish kebab asks a less naïve brother whether it might not be possible that the dish was favored by Our Lord. And its poignancy stems from the careful nurturing, by the novelist, of a sense of the incommensurateness of modern opinion-engineering with the old offices, prayers, and dignities of a noble tradition.

The "natural" theme for a book like the one at hand would doubtless be Chastened Pride—and Powers's worldly priest does suffer a fall. But the action that carries Father Urban into absurdity and humiliation lacks moral force; the writer stands off from it timidly, as though uncertain

whether to present it as punishment or accident; and his hesitations, timidities, small ironies (the title itself is an example) diminish the effect of his tale, and obscure his meaning. Powers is an evenhanded writer, flat in composition and a shade phlegmatic in manner. Observant and intelligent, he commands respect of the kind given only to writers who care as much for truth as for fame. But the failure of subjective force in his book—the writer's lack of responsiveness to the energy of his own matter, as it were—does lessen the achievement.

IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS

TALK of force and energy inevitably brings Colin Wilson back to mind—and for that reason it is well to note that novelists are not the only writers presently out of touch with universal energies and "positive directions." Meyer Weinberg's *TV in America, The Morality of Hard Cash* (Ballantine, 75 cents) has a heartening section on Arthur Cohn, Jr., the strong-minded car-card advertising salesman who, in the period of the \$64,000 Challenge, ranked as the only quiz contestant who refused to accept money and protested at deception. But the weight of this earnest inquiry, which reveals hitherto unchronicled turpitude and evasiveness at the highest levels of the mass-communications industry, falls not upon strong egos but upon pathetic, thin-blooded self-deceivers and hypocrites.

Or again: a new handbook of politics, *The Compleat Politician, Political Strategy in Massachusetts* (Bobbs Merrill, \$6), by Murray B. Levin and George Blackwood, has hopeful words to say (in its conclusion) about the potential role of organizations like the League of Women Voters in rousing public concern over issues of contemporary moment. But the book as a whole, which is stimulating, is not about democratic promise but about democratic failure. It uses Massachusetts politics as a laboratory in which to develop a characterization of a new and immensely important American political phenomenon, the alienated voter, whose behavior is determined wholly by feelings of personal powerlessness.



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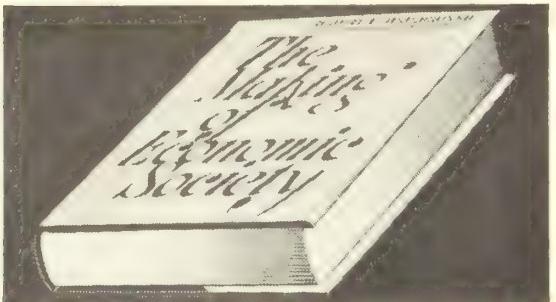
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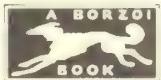
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THE NEW BOOKS

INDEED even the non-fictionist whose primary purpose is to express faith in Energy, Drive, and Modernity finds himself obliged, as a sound reporter, to include material inimical to this faith. Theodore Berland's *The Scientific Life* (Coward-McCann, \$5.75) is a hymn of praise to the working and home lives of nine leading American scientists, filled with the good news of scientific dedication, absorption, and selflessness. Yet at moments the absorption it celebrates seems itself somewhat inhumane.

The book opens with an account of the habits of Williard Libby, Nobel prize-winner in chemistry and official rationalizer of fallout at the time of the *Lucky Dragon*; the man rises at 3:00 A.M. every day to pursue his research, attacks every enterprise with extraordinary verve and industry. On the day of the great Bel-Air fire last fall, Mrs. Libby called her husband's secretary, not her husband, and asked the woman to bring out the car to help collect the family's belongings from their Bel-Air home; by nightfall the house was gone, nothing saved except children, minks, and the Nobel citation. The great scientist and his labor had not been disturbed.

Should Dr. Libby have been disturbed? Would his positive, hard-driving force have foundered if interrupted in the name of immoderate subjectivity—by a voice asking, say, whether there was a less public prize, an old bottle or pipe, that he would like to have saved? The questions are a trifle arch and a trifle impudent, but they light up one further reservation about the arguments of hard-nosed Nietzscheans—namely, that evolutionary drive, even if it is Reality itself (Ultimate of Ultimates), nevertheless begs for humanizing. This isn't to deny that the Nietzscheans are entitled to their preference for the truth of strength. It is simply to assert unsolemnly that, since truths of strength have been known to encourage love of harshness, they do need to be qualified by truths of weakness, sickness, delicacy. Writers deficient in exuberance who meet this need may, in quick paradoxical sum, be serving the homely interests of survival in the very act of winking at the proud Life Force.

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Poet, teacher, editor, and winner of the Pulitzer Prize for his "Selected Poems 1928-1958," Mr. Kunitz has for the past two years written for "Harper's" an annual critique based on his reading of the year's poetry. This review, his third, discusses some books published in the period from August 1961 to August 1962.

SCI culture heroes do not customarily in our civilization produce books of verse at any time, let alone at the age of eighty-eight, the publication of Robert Frost's *In the Clearing* (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, \$4), his first collection in fifteen years, was properly celebrated as a great public event, with an appropriate burst of sentimental and patriotic flourishes. The new image of Frost as official bard of the administrative establishment and fireside poet to the American people has certain comic overtones, for he is anything but "progressive" (in the liberal Democratic tradition), his characteristic vision could scarcely be described as optimistic, and in the main body of his work, forgetting the more recent public doggerel, he is to be seen as hermetic, idiosyncratic, and egocentric—qualities that he shares with many other famous poets.

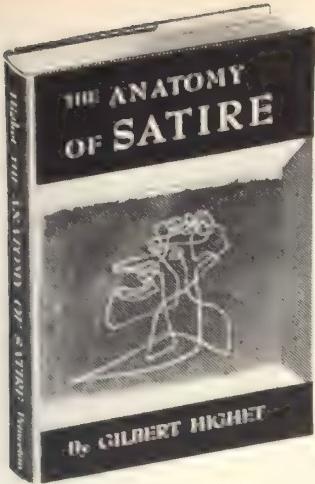
Even in the present volume one gets occasional flashes of the essential Frost, as when he notes, of butterflies, "They knock the dyestuff off each other's wings," and comments later in the same poem ("Pod of the Milkweed"): "But waste was of the essence of the scheme. . . . the reason why so much/ Should come to nothing must be fairly faced." In the title-poem ("A Cabin in the Clearing") the speakers are Mist and Smoke, and the subject of their dialogue is the uncertainty of the human condition. The final lines of the poem, though stiffly compounded, are clear enough: "Than smoke and mist who better could appraise/ The kindred spirit of an inner haze."

One of the most profound of his aphorisms stresses the necessity coupled with the difficulty of making choices: "Nature within her in-

most self divides/ To trouble men with having to take sides." The theme is a recurrent one with Frost. Years ago he wrote, in lines that every schoolboy thinks he understands: "Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—I took the one less traveled by./ And that has made all the difference." This traveler's pride in his ability to confront his fate and to make up his mind, despite the persistence of the "inner haze," is evident in the title of one of his new poems, which can be read as self-descriptive: "Escapist—Never." But as the poem reaches its summing-up we are given a momentary glimpse of a redemptive pathos: "His life is a pursuit of a pursuit forever./ It is the future that creates his present./ All is an interminable chain of longing."

NO fireworks or testimonial dinners, so far as I know, greeted the publication of William Carlos Williams' *Pictures from Brueghel and other poems* (New Directions, paperback, \$2.25), but that may be explained by the fact that Dr. Williams is a mere child short of eighty and still an incorrigible rascal. The collection embraces work of the past decade, containing more than fifty poems not previously available in book form, as well as the complete texts of *The Desert Music* (1954) and *Journeys to Love* (1955), the latter including "Asphodel, That Greeny Flower," a modern love poem that will stand comparison with the best in the language.

An extraordinary aspect of Dr. Williams' book is that the reader is not tempted to make apologies for the most recent poems: they dance as smartly as anything he ever wrote. His responsiveness to experience is a



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kind of beauty in itself: he remains awake at the controls of his technique—what a joy it is to watch him tinkering with his "variable foot"!; and he has never stopped tuning his ear to catch the true idiom of the living tongue. The image that he presents to us is not that of the wise ancient or of the poet-as-hero; the man who walks through his poems is the man of our time, fallible, vulnerable, full of marvels. In one of his latest poems, "The Stone Crock," the style is characteristically open, almost casual, on the verge of flatness, yet at the same time exquisitely taut, partly as a result of the felt discipline of the mind in its motion, and partly because of the sensitive manipulation of the short fourth line of each stanza—a departure from Dr. Williams' habitual triads—culminating in the isolated power of the very last word of the poem after we have been led to expect it to be thrown away:

*In my hand I hold
a postcard
addressed to me
by a lady*

*Stoneware crock
salt-glazed
a dandelion embossed
dark blue*

*She selected it
for me to
admire casually
in passing*

*she was a Jewess
intimate of
a man I
admired*

*We often met in
her studio
and talked
of him*

*he loved the early
art of this
country
blue stoneware*

*stamped on the
bulge of it
Albany reminding me
of him*

*Now he is dead how
gentle he
was and
persistent*

THE vagaries of a literary career are illustrated by the sudden acclamation of Alan Dugan, a native New

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by JORGE AMADO

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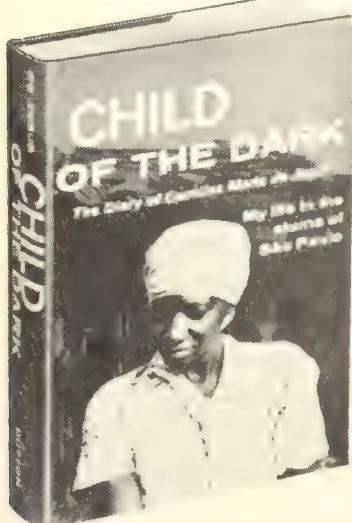
Her voice rang out from the depths of a São Paulo "garbage dump"

This is the book *Time* magazine called "Brazil's biggest literary bombshell," a terrifying social document about sub-human existence in a breeding ground for disaster.

The author of this extraordinary diary is a São Paulo *favelado* (Portuguese for slum dweller). For years Carolina Maria de Jesus scavenged the *favela* dumps for the bits of waste, clothing and food that meant survival for herself and her three illegitimate children. Her diary, written by the light of a kerosene lamp in a 4 x 12 shack, is a day-by-day record of the sordid life in the prison that is the *favela*.

Discovered by a São Paulo newspaperman, Carolina's diary was published and read by a stunned Brazil. Countless printings later, with a history as one of Brazil's all-time best-sellers, the diary is now published in English. Certain to shock many American readers, this pungent, primitive work contains devastating implications for all concerned with the political fate of the largest and most powerful of our hemispheric neighbors. Translated from the Portuguese by David St. Clair. With 16 photographs taken in the *favela*.

Child of the Dark:
My Life in the Slums of São Paulo
by Carolina Maria de Jesus



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Yorker, who had been writing for years without recognition, only a few of his poems having found their way into print. Last year Dudley Fitts, who had just taken over the editorship of the Yale Series of Younger Poets, made a spectacular demonstration of his qualification for the post by picking Dugan's *Poems* (Yale University Press, \$3) as his initial selection . . . a fortunate piece of timing, for eligibility to the series is restricted to poets under forty. The book made a quiet debut, receiving only scant notices and these not, to my recollection, overly enthusiastic; but in March of this year it won the National Book Award for poetry and in June the Pulitzer Prize, a most unusual duplication of blessings.

After the event these honors seemed less surprising than at the time of their announcement, for though this is a first book of poems, the art in it is mature, the voice original, the achievement commensurate with the real risks taken. The mind that made these poems is a bold one that ranges everywhere, even in the most unlikely places, collecting its particulars, finding its meanings. There is room in these poems for supermarkets, hangovers, genitals, diaphragms, and false teeth, as well as for the grand themes of love, politics, and war, but no room for precious versifying, dull proprieties, or faked emotions.

The toughness of the sinew in Dugan's work is as characteristic as the directness of the passion. "Love Song: I and Thou" provides a good example:

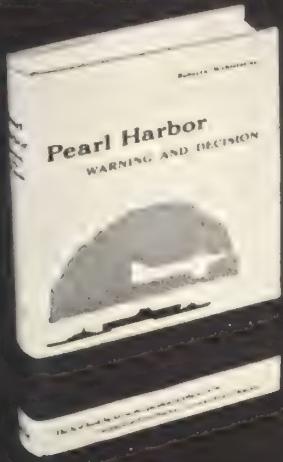
*Nothing is plumb, level or square:
the studs are bowed, the joists
are shaky by nature, no piece fits
any other piece without a gap
or pinch, and bent nails
dance all over the surfacing
like maggots. By Christ
I am no carpenter. I built
the roof for myself, the walls
for myself, the floors
for myself, and got
hung up in it myself. I
danced with a purple thumb
at this house-warming, drunk
with my prime whiskey: rage.
Oh I spat rage's nails
into the frame-up of my work:
it held. It settled plumb,
level, solid, square and true
for that great moment. Then*

*I screamed and went on through,
screwing as wrong the other way.
God damned it. This is hell,
but I planned it. I saved it,
I nailed it, and I
will live in it until it kills me.
I can nail my left palm
to the left-hand cross-piece but
I can't do everything myself.
I need a hand to nail the right,
a help, a love, a you, a wife.*

THIS year's addition to the Yale Series, Jack Gilbert's *Views of Jeopardy* (\$3), is likewise a collection by a poet in his late thirties that seems destined to attract more attention eventually than it has on publication. It takes time to adjust oneself to a poetry that is at once so sensitively modulated and so fiercely obsessional. The disciplines are hard; the rage is dry; the burden of the voice is loss, nostalgia, and a pitch of eroticism that impinges on anger. His object, he says, is "to destroy the reader's ease . . . by moving the fulcrum of his mind just slightly until everything is disturbingly fresh and operating." That slight trepidation of the fulcrum is precisely the way in which his own imagination goes to work. He clarifies his feelings about America by looking at Europe—Italy, in particular; and he refines his sense of the present by kindling the fires of the past. Essentially his necessity is to turn experience into myth, a conclusion supported by the evidence of his titles: "Orpheus in Greenwich Village," "Malvolio in San Francisco," "Don Giovanni on His Way to Hell," "Susannah and the Elders," etc.

In some respects he is a more "literary" poet than Dugan, and on a few occasions he permits himself to be caught in the act of watching himself in the act of composing a poem—an excess of self-consciousness. The repetition of such phrases as "But this poem is not concerned with justice," or "And yet this poem would lessen that day," or "I'll try to explain about the fear again" leads to a suspicion of rhetoric. Compulsiveness is a prime attribute of the creative imagination, and Gilbert's work is fortified by his recognition of the compulsive materials—e.g., elephants, whales, Alcibiades—that he must cope with. He is one of the few contemporary poets whose

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dragons and monsters come alive. In "Myself Considered as the Monster in the Foreground"—another example of his mythopoetic predilection—he writes:

*Yet monster he is, with a taste for decay.
Who feeds by preference on novelty and shock;
On the corrupt and vulgar, the abnormal and sick.*

*Still it is a beast bent on grace.
A monster going down hoping to prove
A monster by emphasis and for a time—
Knowing how many are feeding and crying.
They are saintly dragons on their way to God,
Looking for the breakthrough to heaven.
But the monster goes down as required.
O pray
For this foolish, maybe chosen beast.*

Robert Creeley's *For Love: Poems 1950-60* (Scribner, paperback, \$1.45) gathers together the work of a poet who over the past decade has published seven books of poems. No one has more successfully practiced the hard, dry, anti-poetic style that represents a dominant strain in modern writing. It is the kind of verse that illiterates claim not to be literature, since it lacks the romantic effusiveness that is popularly associated with poetry. What is one to make of a poet who is so unlike Tennyson that he is prepared to expose his most intimate domestic complaints?

*Let me say (in anger) that since
the day we married
we have never had a towel
where anyone could find it,
the fact.*

"The fact" is terribly important to Creeley and he is shameless in his determination to record it as strictly, as sparingly as he can. He is chary even of metaphor, as though it were a form of decoration. This purism breeds a cold strength. His aesthetic is related to that of several young contemporary painters—Jasper Johns is the most familiar name—who present, in explicit detail, the American flag as American flag (a composition of stripes and stars) or a slice of blueberry pie as a slice of blueberry pie, stripped of all background, con-

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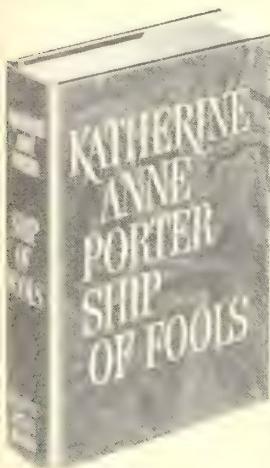
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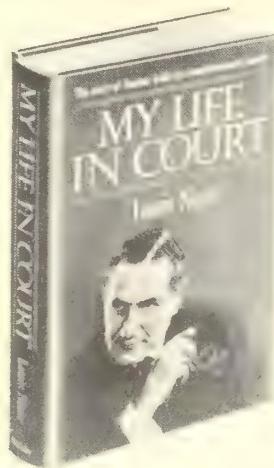


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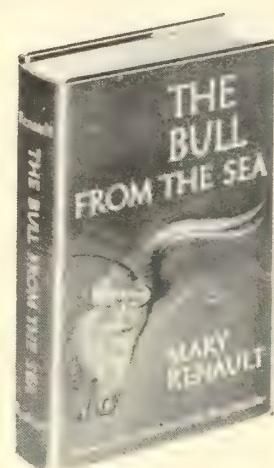
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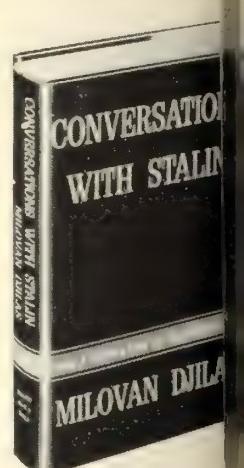
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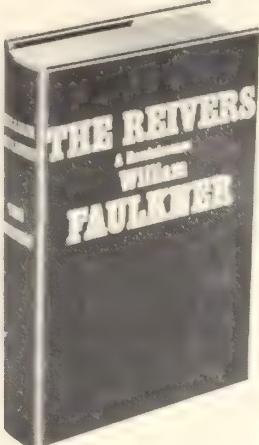
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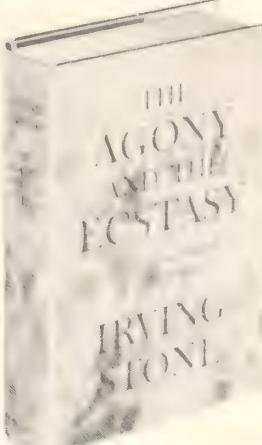
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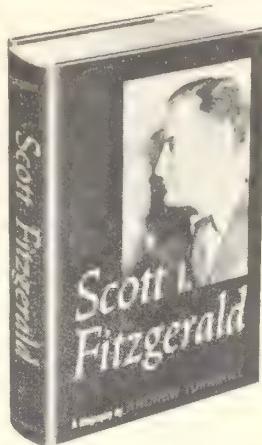
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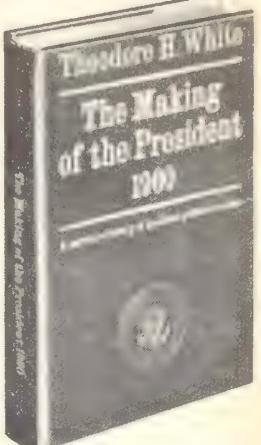
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notation, or symbolic aura, as if to say, "Here is the thing-in-itself: take it for what it is, and take it now." This whole tendency in the modern arts can be called actualism; and Creeley, it seems to me, is the best of the actualist poets, all of whom derive in varying degrees from W.C. Williams. In his more recent poems Creeley is emotionally freer than he has been before, without rejecting his hard-won disciplines:

*Love, if you love me,
be next to me.
Be for me, like rain,
the getting out

of the tiredness, the timorousness,
the semi-
list of intentional indifference.
Be wet
with a decent happiness.*

THERE is a kind of poetry—T. S. Eliot's, for example—that invites, begets, and is nourished by prose commentary; on the other hand, the spirit and caprice of Kenneth Koch's *Thank You and Other Poems* (Grove Press, paperback, \$1.95) are calculated to drive the critic speechless by reminding him of his jargon, his too-solem pretensions, the number of hairs on his head, and his heavy feet. Is one prepared, after reading "Fresh Air," Koch's rousing mock-manifesto, to identify oneself with the hideous chairman of the Poem Society who announces, "The subject for this evening's discussion is poetry/ On the subject of love between swans"—no wonder they threw candy hearts at him!—or with the "castrati of poetry," the fat-headed defenders of

"stale pale skunky pentameters (the only honest English meter, gloo-gloo!)"? The answer is No, thank you.

In an age of dialectical poesies those who are engaged in a running quarrel with themselves and with their world, Koch is that genuine rare bird, an accumulative poet, one who delights in composing loose incremental structures, association houses—that-Jack-built, word-capped towers. If his poems sometimes seem to run on too long, it is because they are extravagant by nature and not by choice. On occasion Koch can add his wit and his inventiveness to swift lyric purpose, as in "Permanently":

*One day the Nouns were clustered in
the street.
An Adjective walked by, with her
dark beauty.
The Nouns were struck, moved, change
The next day a Verb drove up, and
created the Sentence.*

*In the springtime the Sentences and
the Nouns lay silently on the grass.
A lonely Conjunction here and there
would call, "Ind! But!"
But the Adjective did not emerge.

Is the adjective is lost in the
sentence,
So am I lost in your eyes, ears, nose,
and throat—
You have enchanted me with a single
kiss
Which can never be undone
Until the destruction of language.*

Perhaps the pleasures of *Thank You* will steer some of its readers to Koch's inexhaustible fantasia in a mock-epic, *Ko, Or a Season on Earth*, published by Grove in 1955.





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MUSIC in the round

BY DISCUS

GENERATIONS OF PIANISTS

New recordings by Russia's most hypnotic concert performer open up some moot questions about how the romantic composers should be played.

How much of Sviatoslav Richter's success is due to his platform presence? It is not an idle question. The Russian pianist seems to hypnotize audiences, and in the concert hall he can do no wrong. Paderewski must have had this quality above all other musicians. He was not the best of technicians, but his personality was awesome and made one forget such mundane things as finger slips and erratic rhythms.

And erratic rhythms and finger slips are what one hears on the Richter recordings. He is a puzzling

pianist. At all times his interpretations have personality, like it or not. And, in the concert hall (as with Paderewski), one is apt not to notice certain inequalities of technique and even of expression. On records it is another matter. The series of Carnegie Hall programs that Columbia has been releasing (taken direct from the stage during Richter's appearances there in 1960) reveal quite a lot of wrong notes and debatable tempos. They also demonstrate a singing line and occasional beautiful turns of phrase. And they indicate that Richter may be uncomfortable in large-scale musical forms; that is at his best in shorter pieces.

Certainly he is a master pianist in the two-disc set containing Haydn's Sonata in C, three Schumann Novelettes, and Debussy's Suite Bergamasque.

AND ALSO . . .

Ravel: Trio in A minor; Mozart: Trio in E (K. 542). Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Gaspar Cassadó, cello; Louis Kentner, piano (Angel 56030, mono; S 15630, stereo).

Vigor, rather than subtlety, marks these performances. Technically there are some dubious moments, especially from Menuhin's bow, but the spirit of the playing carries the day.

Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 2. Van Cliburn and the Chicago Symphony conducted by Fritz Reiner (Victor LM 2581, mono; LSC 2581, stereo).

A deliberate-sounding, massive performance in which Cliburn stresses solidity rather than flashiness. The recorded sound is of unusual clarity and brilliance.

Berlioz: *L'Enfance du Christ*. Peter Pears, tenor; Elsie Morison, soprano; St. Anthony Singers and Goldsborough Orchestra conducted by Colin Davis (Oiseau-Lyre 50201/2, mono; 60032/3, stereo).

The best modern recording of Berlioz's beautiful score. The singing is stylized, the orchestral and choral work handled with knowledge and sympathy.

Schumann: Symphony No. 1; Manfred Overture. Charles Munch and Boston Symphony Orchestra (Victor LM 2471, mono; LSC 2474, stereo).

Rhythmically buoyant performances presented with Munch's typical clarity and also his tendency to avoid going deeply into the musical matter. But this symphony is a very gracious and elegant piece of music, and responds well to Munch's treatment.

Mahler: Symphony No. 4. Georg Solti and Amsterdam Concertgebouw (London CM 9286, mono; CS 6217, stereo).

Color and strength are here in plenty. Solti is a knowledgeable conductor who is especially akin to music of the Central European school. The last-movement soprano solo is neatly sung by Sylvia Stahlman.

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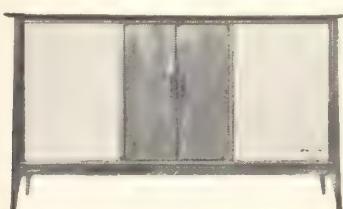
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

gamasque, first book of Images and L'Ile Joyeuse (Columbia M2L 274). These were recorded from his concert of October 25, 1960, the second of his six Carnegie Hall recitals. Here his playing has shape and line, and also a quality of nuance that makes one think of Giesecking. He uses a good deal of pedal in the Debussy pieces but never blurs the line, and the effect is enchanting.

All of the playing is natural. But in his disc of the Schumann Fantasy and Beethoven D minor Sonata (Op. 31, No. 2)—not a Carnegie Hall recording (Angel 35679, mono; S 35679, stereo)—the performances are extraordinarily mannered. Some might say affected. All would agree that it is original. His tempos are slow and stately in both works. But is the finale of the Beethoven supposed to be played at such a deliberate pace? And do those long pauses in the first movement really help the mood? He starts the Schumann *Fantasy* in a grand manner, with an authentic big line. But then the playing becomes sectionalized. It is a series of episodes rather than a unified sweep. In a frustrating way,

Richter opens the second movement mezzo-forte instead of fortissimo. Later he builds to a big climax, but it is too late. The last movement has many little hold-backs that make the line sag; and the tempo is perilously slow to begin with. All this is very strange from so important a pianist, and hard to reconcile with the magnificent playing that he can deliver at his best.

Easy and Natural

For authentic romanticism, one can turn to the veteran Benno Moiseiwitsch. He has recorded the Schumann Carnaval and the Mussorgsky Pictures at an Exhibition (Decca 10042, mono; 710042, stereo), and both performances rank among the greatest in phonographic history. Both works, too, happen to be extremely difficult to put across. The Schumann, with its varied succession of moods, its whimsy and charm, has never been the property of many pianists, though everybody plays it; while the *Pictures*, not the most pianistic piece in the world, can become a terrible bore unless the pianist is an artist with unusual nuance and authority.

Harper's magazine

Coming in November and the Winter Months

American Protestantism—as it looks to a friendly but candid Catholic layman

And in December, a Protestant's view of the Catholic Church; the prospects for religious unity; and the things which still worry lots of non-Catholics

The Bored and the Violent

Arthur Miller

A three-part report on our Army, Navy, and Air Force academies

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Vladimir Horowitz, in his famous old recording of the Mussorgsky work, got around it by editing the actual writing. He did not hesitate to double octaves, to touch up the passage work, and in general make the work pianistically more effective. But Moiseiwitsch feels no necessity to tamper with the original, and he somehow manages to make an exciting experience of it—an experience emotional as well as pianistic.

Another veteran, Guiomar Novaes, brings to fourteen of the Mendelssohn Songs Without Words (Vox 12000, mono; 512000, stereo) much of the pianistic skill that Moiseiwitsch employs in his disc. Like Moiseiwitsch, Novaes has a perpetually singing line and a natural elegance of musical approach. As played by these two great artists, it all sounds easy and natural. Then why does it seem to baffle the younger pianists? Geza Anda tries for it in his disc (Deutsche Grammophon 18783, mono; 138783, stereo) of Mozart's Piano Concertos in G (K. 453) and C (K. 467). Instead of sounding free, he is constrained, and in his effort to become elegant he ends up sentimental.

Even so skillful a pianist as Moura Lympany seems unable to duplicate the finesse and nuance of the previous generation of pianists. She has recorded all of the Chopin Nocturnes (Angel 3602, mono; S 3602, stereo; both 2 discs), and there is much to admire in her broadly planned, large-scale approach. Yet the perfume that a Novaes (who has recorded the *Nocturnes*) or a Moiseiwitsch brings to this kind of music is missing; and Lympany, with all of her fine musicianship and unerring fingers, fails to go much beneath the surface.

Can They Change The Notes?

Perhaps the answer to the problem of why the younger pianists have so little luck in romantic music is part and parcel of the twentieth-century attitude toward music. For, though they are not that old, Moiseiwitsch and Novaes represent a nineteenth-century attitude toward music. The great virtuosos of the nineteenth century took a very free view toward the music they played—not only rhythmically but also textually. They had no hesitation about changing notes or inserting expressive devices

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JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

MINGUS AGAIN

It has, I'm ashamed to say, been exactly three years since these notes were last given over to the subject of that double-bass-player extraordinary Charlie Mingus; and Mingus—as the list below will indicate—has during that time been anything but unproductive. He has in fact established himself as one of the most ingenious and inexhaustible of jazz composer-performers, and by all odds the most emotionally intense.

Three of the records listed are reissues (by Fantasy) of sides originally brought out under Mingus' own label Debut, including one of a justly renowned concert played in Toronto's Massey Hall by Mingus, Max Roach, Bud Powell, Dizzy Gillespie, and Charlie Parker. One other (on Mercury) contains Mingus compositions of twenty years earlier, and still another (on RCA Victor) is a belated issue in that Victor recorded it in 1957 and has been sitting on it since ("the best record I ever made," according to Mingus). But for the rest, they represent Mingus as he now is, which is formidable.

This man is an outraged innocent of enormous arrogance and style; his music is frequently punctuated by his own angry shouts and hollers, and he does have something to holler about. He is the product of a period in which a talent like his can run so far ahead of its possibilities for recognition and reward that he feels starved for lack of them; and Mingus' life and his works—sometimes a flight of lyric yearning, sometimes a wild barnyard squall—are one long cry of incomprehension as to why this should be so. Last August, describing New York as "a jungle with money," he departed with his family—"perhaps forever"—for an island in the Mediterranean.



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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

that the composer had not marked Pianists like Moiseiwitsch and Novaes do not tamper with the notes—our age would not allow it—but they most certainly do take more expressive liberties than their younger colleagues. And since they have the background, instinct, and taste to add their own personality to the music without destroying the essential message of the composer, their performances have that vague thing known as style.

Better on Bach

They know when to be free, or when to use all the discipline at their command. Younger virtuosos when faced with romantic music have the discipline but not the freedom. For some reason they often fail to bring out inner voices of a composition even when they are clearly marked in music. Nearly all composers of romantic music—Chopin, Schumann (especially), Liszt, Brahms—wrote in a texture where little melodic lines are supposed to be introduced both as opposed to the main melodic lines and as simultaneous with them. These inner voices, as they are called, generally occur in the bass or tenor (in the tenor, the thumb accentuates the inner voice). There was not a romantic pianist of the previous generation—and that goes for Rachmaninoff, Hofmann, Gabrilowitsch, Friedman, Lhevinne: all the giants—who did not eagerly bring out these opposing melodic strands. And rightly so, for these musical elements heighten the texture and add contrapuntal interest.

Young pianists today, when listening to recordings of the old pianists, sneer at this approach to music. Old fashioned, they say; artificial and mannered. But those old pianists were a good sight closer to the nineteenth-century tradition than today's youngsters (who, curiously, tend to align themselves with the baroque), and their performances of romantic music have that much more authority. They may not have understood Bach and Mozart as well as today's pianists do, but they did understand Chopin and Schumann, as pianists like Moiseiwitsch and Novaes amply illustrate; and as the younger pianists also illustrate, though in a way not entirely to their credit.

Charles Mingus, *Wonderland*, United Artists (stereo) UAJS 15005. *Tijuana Moods*, RCA Victor 1 PM/LSP-2533. A Modern Jazz Symposium of Music and Poetry, Bethlehem BCP 6026. *Chazzl*, Fantasy 6002. *Jazz at Massey Hall*, Fantasy 6003. The Bud Powell Trio, Fantasy 6006. Pre-Bird, Mercury MG 20627. Mingus Ah Um, Columbia CL 1370. Mingus Dynasty, Columbia CL 1140. Charles Mingus presents Charles Mingus, *Candid* (stereo) 9005. *Mingus*, *Candid* (stereo) 9021. *Newport Rebels*, *Candid* (stereo) 9022. *Blue & Roots*, Atlantic (stereo) SD 1305. *Mingus, Oh Yeah*, Atlantic (stereo) SD 1377.



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A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT
OF HARPER'S

THE AMERICAN FEMALE



FOREWORD: *The idea for this Supplement grew out of the belief that important changes are taking place in the lives of American women, and that so far they have been reported in only a fragmentary way. The outward signs, to be sure, have been well noted—the early marriages, the lengthened life span, and the abundant babies. But there has been little frank discussion of the new beliefs, doubts, and goals which now seem to be crystallizing.*

Indeed, it can be argued that—beneath the eyeshadow, the black leotard, or the wig—the American woman of today is not very different from her mother or grandmother. She is equally attached to the classic feminine values—sexual attractiveness, motherly devotion, and the nurturing role in home and community affairs. She is no great figure in public life or the professions. And like most men, she is repelled by the slogans of old-fashioned feminism.

Yet an extraordinary number of women are troubled by some of the same problems that bothered the Woman's Rights agitators of the past. Not, of course, the vote or the property rights of wives. Those issues were useful symbols and focal points of the legislative battles of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. But this was not really what the Woman's Rights Movement was about. In part it was simply an outcropping from the great social reform causes of their day in which all the women leaders were deeply engaged—abolition, temperance, trade unionism, and world peace among others. Insofar as they were concerned with their own state—and they were much concerned—they were ardently determined to extend their vocation beyond the bedroom, kitchen, and nursery. Women, they said, must re-examine their roles as wives, mothers, and members of the human race.

This is precisely what is going on today. However, it is happening so privately and with such an unmilitant air that one must look to the statistics for perspective—to the fact, for instance, that the number of women holding jobs outside their homes has nearly doubled since 1940, making almost a third of our present labor force female.

Crypto-feminism, it would appear, is a mass movement. This is something new on the American scene.

For the fighting feminists were an eccentric minority. Blessed with exceptional talents and energy, they spent most of their waking hours on the lecture platform. Most of them somehow managed also to rear large families, keep their husbands content, and run complicated households. And they did not greatly mind being considered peculiar.

Perhaps this was a mistake. Many ladies were leery of crusaders who—since their first convention in Seneca Falls--had been called atheists and probably hermaphrodites. Nor

did the Bloomer Girls help matters by looking ridiculous in baggy pants topped by layers of shawls and peplums.

It took arduous doorbell-ringing to find signers of suffrage petitions and marchers in parades. The unfortunate public image of the cause was not, however, the chief trouble. Most American women were just too busy to bother. Scrubbing clothes on a washboard was no more soul-satisfying than carrying them to the Laundromat, but it certainly took longer.

While dishwashers and vacuum cleaners have not assumed all of dear, departed Bridget's chores, the mechanized home has brought millions of women the gift (or the burden) of uncommitted hours. They lengthen as children flee to their school and teen-age worlds, marry early, and migrate to remote cities or suburbs.

A measure of the time American women have on their hands is the annual flood of female volunteers into political campaign headquarters across the country. This is a recent and sometimes embarrassing phenomenon. Professionals in politics—or for that matter in philanthropy, church, and cultural activities—have a hard time finding satisfying work to soak up the tide of eager and unskilled amateurs.

Since copious leisure did not arrive yesterday, why, one wonders, did American women wait so long to figure out what they should do with their lives?

One major factor surely was the cult of domesticity which burgeoned after World War II. All women, of course, were not equally seized. Some rugged characters continue to be lawyers, scientists, and artists as well as wives and mothers. But they are burdened with a whole crop of new anxieties—about the damage to femininity caused by competing with men on the job; about their adequacy as their husbands' bedfellows and status symbols; about their children's frail "security" entrusted for seven or eight hours a day to a housekeeper who does not understand the hazards of premature toilet training.

Not surprisingly, the psychiatrists have flourished as well as the beauty salons and diaper services. And the vast majority of women have cheerfully or reluctantly agreed with the marriage counselors, the child-guidance experts, and the advertisers of amenities for the hearth and barbecue. So they stayed home.

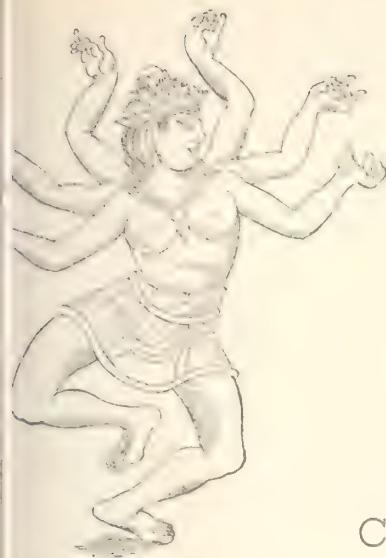
Whether one finds it richly rewarding or frustrating, there is one trouble with motherhood as a way of life. It does not last very long. Indeed the average American couple today are still in their twenties when they are through with child-bearing. The wife, at this stage, has probably forty additional years to fill up.

Faced with this void, a mounting number of women are trying to pick up the pieces of an interrupted education. Others are taking jobs in offices and factories. Some are casting about for new functions within their own homes and communities. And there are those who can find no better answer than drinking too much, buying things they don't need, or moving unhappily from one bed to another.

Whatever their solution, many are finding that the institutions that are supposed to serve women are not very helpful, and neither are many of our deeply rooted attitudes and customs.

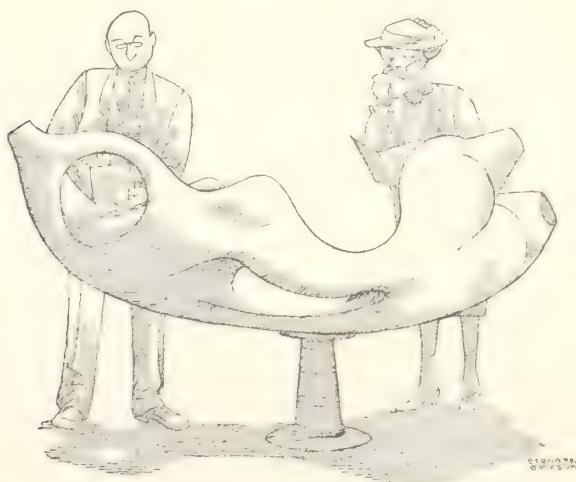
Contributors to this Supplement explore some of those institutions, attitudes, and customs. Others report on a variety of individual experiences. We do not claim that they speak for or about all American women. They are the voice—and we believe it to be a considerable one—of those who view themselves and our society critically; who are skeptical of much that has gone before, anxious about what lies ahead; serious but by no means humorless. What they have to say, we think, casts light on the concerns of many American women today—and even a few illuminating beams on the future.—THE EDITORS





CONTENTS

- Foreword* 117
- Growing Up Female* BRUNO BETTELHEIM 120
- Speaking for the Working-class Wife* PATRICIA CAYO SEXTON 129
- The Decline and Fall of Fashion* ANN ST. CODE 134
- Nobody Here but Us Pompadours* MARION K. SANDERS 141
- Second Chance: New Education for Women* ESTHER RAUSHENBUSH 147
- Mother and Jack and the Rain: A Poem* ANNE SEXTON 153
- Reena* PAULE MARSHALL 154
- How to Make Friends with Women* DAVID YELLIN 164
- The Young Divorcee* MIDGE DECTER 166
- Renting: A Poem* WILLIAM DICKEY 172
- Honeychile at the Barricades* FLORENCE B. ROBIN 173
- Thread: A Poem* FLORENCE TREFETHEN 177
- The Swedes Do It Better* RICHARD F. TOMASSON 178



GROWING UP FEMALE

BRUNO BETTELHEIM

An eminent psychoanalyst calls for a first-class revolution in American attitudes toward women. Author of "The Informed Heart" and "Dialogues with Mothers," Dr. Bettelheim is a professor in the University of Chicago's departments of education, psychology, and psychiatry.

Into what is a modern girl to grow? Many a psychologist or educator today will find few questions more recurrent, or more troubling than this one if he stops to consider it. On every side he encounters growing girls and educated women who may seem to have followed out the respected modern formulas: they have "done well" at school, at finding jobs, at finding husbands, at running homes, at planning activities of all sorts. And yet they remain, as Veblen put it, "*touched with a sense of grievance too vivid to put them at rest.*" They are frequently baffled by this and so, unhappily, are some of the psychologists they consult. In trying to help women—to "accept the womanly role," for example—they often seem to aggravate the grievance, rather than cure it.

What I shall try to show in this article is that the grievance is very real, and very justifiable, although it is barely understood. The ways in which we bring up many girls in America, and the goals we set for them are so strangely—and often painfully—contradictory that it is only too predictable that their expectations of love and work and marriage should frequently be confounded, and that deep satisfactions should elude them. Very few human problems have been so transformed by the convulsive growth of modern society as those of women; but the parents and psychologists and educators who guide young women today have hardly begun to inquire into what a modern and satisfying female life might really be.

Of course it can be argued that many of the special difficulties of women—particularly their emotional difficulties—are timeless and practically inevitable, springing as they do from the distorted images of females which preoccupy so many men. Freud was probably right in thinking that the male infant's overattachment to his

mother projects him into a continuing emotional predicament which is peculiarly difficult for most men to solve, and often warps the demands they make of women. Bound emotionally to the infantile image of his mother as unassailably pure, a man may seek out a superior woman he can worship. Or, trying to break the infantile bond, he may choose a woman who appears inferior to himself. The different kinds of emotional balm men seek from women are as various as their frustrations when they do not find it. But the female who needs and wants a man—and all women do—is often placed in a sadly absurd position: she must shape herself to please a complex male image of what she should be like—but alas it is often an image having little to do with her own real desires or potentialities; and these may well be stunted or concealed as she grows into womanhood.

Certainly such irrational demands on women are nothing new, as we can learn from the Bible. In the purely psychological sphere, relations between the sexes have always been difficult. But we often forget that until the modern industrial era, the great majority of people had little time or energy to devote to purely emotional "satisfactions" and "relationships." Life was still taken up with the basic necessities of food, clothing, and shelter. To secure them, most men and women and their children worked extremely hard—and often worked together—in their homes and shops and fields. If the family was to survive and prosper, the women and girls simply had to do their heavy share, and this earned them a certain respect. It would seem from the available

evidence that enough good feeling existed between the sexes to make their emotional difficulties manageable—especially if their sex relations were satisfying. What we today call “psychological satisfactions” were frosting on the cake—the cake of economic survival, and simple sex.

Now the technological revolution has brought us to precisely the opposite condition. Most women no longer need be bound to men by economic necessity, they rarely share any work with their husbands, and their time is often their own. Reluctant as they are to face it, women are at least reaching that stage where they can shape their own personal relations if they choose. What choices are they making, and how successful are they?

Most women claim to base their relations on what they conceive to be “love”—on “emotional satisfaction.” In this, they are clearly the children of modern technology and the easy life it brings. So too is psychoanalysis itself, which aims to make emotional satisfaction more possible. But now a savage paradox is slowly—all too slowly—dawning on the psychoanalysts and their crowds of female patients: it appears that relations entered into chiefly to gain psychological satisfaction more often than not end in psychological despair. *“Love,”* as Saint-Exupéry put it, “does not consist in gazing at each other, but in looking outward in the same direction.” For what kind of love, and what kind of life, are we preparing our girls today?

EDUCATION FOR FAILURE

Paul Goodman has suggested that boys today are growing up in ways he calls “absurd.” But how much more absurd are the ways in which we raise our daughters! We tell them early that they are very different from little boys and make them play with dolls instead of baseballs; but then, from kindergarten on through college, we provide them with exactly the same education given to boys—an education clearly designed to prepare boys for a life of competition and independent responsibility.

Consider the contradictions which are thus thrust upon the growing girl. For fifteen years or more she is officially encouraged to compete with boys in the schoolroom, to develop her mind and her initiative, to be second to none. She may study the same physics and history as her boyfriends, work at jobs not too different from theirs, share many of the same political and social interests. And then our curious system insists she “fall in love” with a potential hus-

band: she is in fact expected to love giving up what she may have loved until then, and suddenly find deep fulfillment in taking care of a child, a home, a mate. Her life is to be filled with what are, to her husband, after-hours occupations, and the training of her youth is seemingly intended to fall away like an afterbirth. After years of apparent equality, it is made clear that males are *more* equal, and some females resent this. And they should. Our educational system has ostensibly prepared them for a kind of liberated marital and occupational life that in fact rarely exists in our society; at the same time it celebrates the values of an antiquated form of marriage inherited from a time when wives were prepared for little else.

If many girls seem to accept these hypocrisies calmly, perhaps it is because they have been made aware, quite early in the game, that their role in society will in fact be very different from that of the boys sitting next to them in the classroom. The boys have no doubt that their schooling is intended, at least, to help them make a *success* in their mature life, to enable them to accomplish something in the outside world. But the girl is made to feel that she must undergo precisely the same training only because she may need it if she is a *failure*—an unfortunate who somehow cannot gain admission to the haven of marriage and motherhood where she properly belongs. Surely this is absurd.

Actually, the gravest damage is done long before this. The little girl’s first storybooks and primers, for example, hardly ever show a woman as working or active outside the home. It makes no difference that over five million American children under twelve have full-time working mothers. The little girl is expected to shape herself in the image of the maternal housekeeping women in these stories, and never mind what certain unfortunate mothers may be obliged to do. And emphasizing society’s ambivalence, this image of the stay-at-home woman is presented by her female teacher, who may well be a working mother. In these early years, it is rare indeed for girls to hear the slightest suggestion that they might one day do the interesting work of this world quite as well as many men, or even better.

It is little wonder then that, as adolescence approaches in the last year of grade school, many girls are already quite convinced that what *really* counts is not any commitment to their studies—although they may be conscientious—but their ability to carry on social, emotional, and sexual relations that will make them popular and ultimately attract the right boys. And here mat-

ters are made more difficult by the fact that young girls tend to mature faster physically and emotionally than boys, although the boys may do better academically. The girls soon perceive that they are ahead of the boys in the maturity and sophistication of their desires. The boys seem more childish, less grown up, less certain about their ability to cope with the other sex. What is more, they often come from homes where mother knows best, and now they find themselves ruled by female teachers who day after day impress upon them their authority and competence. In this situation it is not easy for a boy to gain confidence in his maleness, to say the least. (Later on, of course, both sexes are exposed to male teachers in high school and college, but by then it is often too late to undo the damage.)*

Thus the high-school and college girl must face a frequently awful predicament. She—and her mother—feel she must be popular with boys. And to get the dates she wants, she must try to reassure the boys that they are really superior to her; but deep down she cannot believe in this pretense, and she may well resent the necessity for it. Once she has gained the ultimate objective and is safely married, she will, as likely as not, drop the mask and begin to assert in her home what she is convinced is a superior maturity. By then however, it may no longer exist, for boys typically catch up with girls in this respect during their mid-twenties. And in the meantime the boys are generally given a good deal more freedom to experiment—to “sow their wild oats.”

A good many young men, for example, may skirt marriage until they are into their thirties—and they are allowed to go their way, suffering no more than a mild nagging and some teasing from their friends. It is tacitly acknowledged that they need more time to find themselves in their work before they settle down, and they remain popular in both married and unmarried circles. They will be considered failures only when they cannot support themselves, or make headway in their careers. By contrast, the situation of an unmarried girl is altogether different,

* Many boys drop out of school before they are given male teachers; if they are to protect their male image of themselves, they cannot take the domination of females any longer. Similarly, the aggressive delinquency which gets boys into trouble is often no more than a desperate attempt to assert their maleness. Since the girls in school are often more mature socially and sexually, the boys find that they can clearly assert male superiority only in aggressive and competitive sports. Having learned this, they choose aggressive ways to prove themselves male when outside the school.

often cruelly so. No matter how gifted she may be in her work—or how brilliantly she has put her education to use—a young woman bears an odor of failure if she does not marry soon.

Indeed, the pressures upon the young girl to marry safely and quickly may seem inexorable just when she is trying to embark on her own path; and they are exerted in ways that are quite unfamiliar to boys. During his first years at college, for example, a boy is likely to undergo a “crisis of identity,” exposed as he is to conflicting new ideas and ways of acting and chances to experiment. As a junior or senior, however, he may start to find himself through serious academic work. A girl may undergo a parallel experience, only to discover that her new dedication to scholarship may rule her out of the marriage market. Fearing that her single-minded absorption will allow her chances to slip by, she stops herself dead in her tracks; or worse, she cannot make up her mind about what she wants, and she may suffer a college-girl “breakdown.”

Nor does this happen only in colleges. Many a girl emerges from high school with a vague feeling that she can, she should, make something of herself. But everyone around her insists that she will find fulfillment only through marriage—and her friends are getting married. So she buckles down to a brief course in beauty culture or secretarial work. Later, as the wife of a clerk or skilled worker, she is as restless and bewildered as the college girl who gave up an interest that was becoming “too absorbing” so that she could marry off into the suburbs. Neither girl can quite understand what has gone wrong—she is after all an undoubted success in the eyes of others.

WED TO CEREMONIAL FUTILITY

And what in fact *has* gone wrong? What happens when the young bride at last enters the home she has been taught to think of as her true domain? In truth, she may find that the much-touted labors and pleasures of the hearth are among the sad delusions of our times. For if it is hard for male youth nowadays to find meaningful work, as Paul Goodman has argued, the fate of the home-bound wife is surely harder.

Of course, modern labor-saving devices have abolished most of the backbreaking housework of the past—and good riddance; but at the same time they are doing away with the real satisfactions this work once yielded. Using her husband's money to buy machine-made clothes for her family involves no unique or essential labors of her own. Much the same can be said about cook-

ing with highly prepared ingredients. What remains, apart from child rearing, are the most stultifying mechanical tasks—dusting, making beds, washing, and picking up. And beyond these lie chiefly the petty refinements of "homemaking"—what Veblen described as the occupation of ceremonial futility.

The very people who sell women products to enhance the home are shrewdly aware of this futility. A close study by the sociologist Florence Kluckhohn has shown that advertising aimed at the housewife often describes the home as a kind of penal colony from which she should escape as quickly and for as long as possible. Typically, the ad for an automatic stove shows a woman putting on her hat, leaving, and coming back hours later to find the dinner all cooked. The advertiser, as Mrs. Kluckhohn points out, does not say *where* she has been; just to get away, he implies, is a blessing.

Since work around the house is now less than interesting, children are the natural target for the young wife's energies. Here at least she feels considerably more sophisticated than her mother. After all she has had extensive schooling, and has perhaps worked briefly at a demanding job, and motherhood has been depicted to her as another tremendous and enlarging experience—the climax, somehow, to what has gone before. Yet in fact the care of an infant forces her to give up most of her old interests, and unless she is fascinated by the minute developments of the baby, she will seldom find that any new and different enrichment has entered her life to replace them.

This impoverishment is particularly acute when she has her first child. Later on, the concerns of her older children may enliven her days while she cares for a newcomer. However, I believe the current trend toward larger middle-class families reflects not merely a greater prosperity but also the needs of the middle-class mother who finds existence empty without small children to care for. Reluctant to return to the outer world—or perhaps lacking confidence in her ability to do so—she must find something to occupy her which seems vital and demanding of her concentration.

But things change once her children are of school age—and even more so in their teens. They certainly need a mother, but they actually *need* far less of her than she may devote to them. Chauffeuring children around the suburbs, for example, takes time and requires someone who drives a car, but this person need not be a mother. The children themselves would prefer to be free of it and the tight scheduling it imposes. The same goes for arranging the children's social life, which again they would much prefer to do themselves.

Of course the professed concern of many mothers is to watch over their children's educational life, and help them with their psychological problems. But in these things too, the children would often rather be on their own, except for those occasional crises where the parents are needed for support. And sadly enough the modern mother is often in a poor position to give support when her child is doing badly in school or is not very popular and hence feels defeated. Having invested so much emotionally

The Mommie Gap

DESPITE our loathing of totalitarian governments, a woman in Russia leads a more constructive life than the average American. There are, for example, more women doctors than men in the Soviet Union, and the process of enabling women to become people would be greatly enhanced here if we adopted some variation of the Russian "Little Octoberist" system of nurseries for the under-school group, and schooling away from home in Pioneer Schools for those older. . . .

The "Mommie" fetish is so deeply bred into the American psyche that this might engender loud protests. I don't know why. The English send their little boys off to public schools such as Eton, Harrow, or Rugby at the tender age of eight and receive them back as trained young citizens. . . . Life in America is made up of a tissue of fictions that do not accord with reality, and the omnipresent "Mommie" is one of them which could very well be dispensed with.

—Alicia Patterson, Editor and Publisher of *Newsday*, in an address to the Radcliffe Alumnae Association, Cambridge, Massachusetts, October 18, 1961

in her child's achievement, her pride suffers at his failure and as likely as not she administers a bawling out when understanding and compassion are needed. Thus, she may fail as a mother because her inner needs make her work at it too hard. The children of women who are doing interesting work of their own during the day will often find more sensible and sympathetic mothers to help them with their studies and problems in the evening. On the other hand, the mother who urges her girl on toward intellectual achievement while staying at home herself poses a contradiction which probably is not lost on the girl.

Where motherhood does not bring satisfaction, the woman turns to her husband with the demand, spoken or unspoken, that he somehow make up to her for what she is missing in life. She waits for him to come home with word of the outer world and its happenings. At the same time, she may work hard at being a wife, trying to advance his career, plotting to get him ahead socially. But even if this sort of thing works, he may resent it—it will not be his success but hers.

Sometimes a wife will spend her husband's money heedlessly and egg him on to achieve higher earnings and status, thus blindly demanding things to make up for her empty feelings of failure as a woman. Other wives simply nag, or they repress their resentment altogether and accept the prospect of a stultifying life. The husband begins in turn to resent his nagging wife and even his family life; or he may resent her for her passive dreariness. In either case they both suffer, often without in the least knowing why. Living with such parents, a growing girl may well absorb, and keep for life, a distorted view of what a man is for, and how he can be used!

No doubt it will be argued that there is more to a modern woman's life than this—that labor-saving devices have so freed housewives from their chores that they can undertake useful and interesting activities of all sorts without actually taking jobs. Such claims seem questionable. Undeniably, a good many housewives do find time for activities outside the home, but all too often the activities themselves are really frivolous or make-work, and their experiences of them are futile and unrewarding. I refer not merely to gardening—which replaces the conspicuous embroidery of an earlier age—or to the ubiquitous bridge circle and country-club life. I also mean activities like the PTA, the League of Women Voters, and charity work which pass as “constructive” and “valuable.” Examined closely, these are often used to cover up a void of really

serious and interesting involvement. And according to a recent study, “Volunteer workers are increasingly being assigned to fund-raising or low-level routine, from which little achievement satisfaction is possible.”

In short, to quote Veblen again, “Woman is endowed with her share—which there is reason to believe is more than an even share—of the instinct of workmanship, to which futility of life or of expenditure is obnoxious.” And it is when this impulse is denied expression that she feels the sense of grievance which runs like a vivid current through the lives of so many women today.

COMPETITION IN BED

If the instincts for workmanship in modern women are widely frustrated, so are her sexual instincts. Of course sexual difficulties are neither a recent curse of the young, nor limited to girls. But the way we prepare our children for sexual life has burdened girls far more than boys.

In Latin countries, as in many other lands, girls are prepared from early childhood to accept a yielding and passive role, not only in sexual relations, but in the life of the family, where the man traditionally dominates. But the American girl is raised in contradiction. On the one hand, she is told that to be feminine means to be yielding and courted, and that she must respect this norm. She certainly cannot, for example, ask a boy she likes for a date, nor can she pay the expenses when she goes out with him (although she may sometimes “go dutch”). She may feel most reluctant simply to call up a boy to talk with him or to ask him to take a walk with her.

Yet at the same time she has been taught from childhood to think and act for herself where it counts most emotionally—she should strive for success, and compete equally with boys at school. What she has *not* been taught is that men and women are neither wholly equal, nor wholly opposite, but complementary. She has never been encouraged to quietly consider the ways she and the boys she knows are alike, in the talents and aspirations they could build up together and in the emotional needs they share; and the ways they are not, as in their sexual and maternal functions. As a result she does not know where and when to be “feminine” and where and when to be “equal.”

The adult world leads her to think that the “active woman” is necessarily an unfeminine and sexually inadequate woman—something which is patently untrue. Women who strive to “wear the

pants" do so for defensive and neurotic reasons, just as the very need to be dominant, whether in man or woman, is due to feelings of inferiority or to thwarted desires. But it is quite a different thing for a girl to do purposeful work, *not* because of some twisted drive, but because she wants to realize her own potentials. Unless we distinguish clearly between the two kinds of striving we stifle the healthy growth of girls by labeling them unfeminine.

At the same time, girls are led into an equally dangerous misunderstanding about the sexual act itself. While men and women need not be so different in their personal aspirations as our society now pretends, they *are* different in the way they experience sex. Here much confusion was created by the psychiatrist **Wilhelm Reich** and his rather too-facile following among the intelligentsia. For their effect has been to lead both partners to expect that they can and should have a parallel orgasmic experience. Too often, the parallel is mistakenly thought to mean a similar if not identical experience, and the desire for orgasm may lead to frustration in both man and woman.

This problem is very different in some societies where modern technology has not affected the lives of women and their expectations. It is still sufficient for a woman if her lover or husband enjoys sex with her. Since his enjoyment proves her a good woman, she too can enjoy herself; she does not worry whether she is frigid or torrid, and as likely as not she achieves total release. Her lover is not obliged by any conscious code to provide her with orgasm; he can enjoy himself, experience orgasm, and thus help her to feel fully satisfied herself.

In our own society, boys need as much as ever to have their virility attested by their sexual partners; and girls have a parallel need. But today the boy wants his girl to prove him a man by her so-called "orgastic experience," and the girl is even worse off. She not only has to prove him a man by making him experience orgasm; she must also prove her femininity in some way or else fear she is frigid.

She is now quite used to performing with males on equal grounds, but she has little sense of how to complement them. She cannot suddenly learn this in bed. Trying to make sure that the man has an orgastic experience, and also wondering if she can have one herself, she becomes so worried that she truly experiences little satisfaction, and ends up pretending. Sexual intercourse cannot often bear the burden of proving so many things in addition to being enjoy-

able. It becomes another competition between man and woman: who can make whom have an orgastic experience? And the lovers cannot even enjoy their mutual desire or the forgetting of self in the act.

With both sex and household work often less than satisfying, it is not surprising that so many modern marriages turn sour, and that the phenomenon of homosexuality looms as importantly as it does today.

Many young wives soon realize that their husbands are neither willing nor able to complement them in their motherly tasks in any satisfying way. Resentful in many cases of her husband's fuller life, a young wife nevertheless may try to force him to share motherhood with her; but he can seldom do this in present-day society without suffering emotional damage. And try as she will, she cannot find compensation in the marriage itself for her own thwarted aspirations.

The results are often men who want women, but don't know what to do with them when they get them; and women who get men, but who are disappointed in them and in themselves when they live together. Mutually disappointed, it is natural that each sex seek out its own company; for only then can they really be themselves on a truly equal basis, freed of anxiety, disappointment, or inferiority feeling. Who has not observed the tendency of the sexes to segregate themselves in certain married circles? However, when relations between the sexes are so plagued, then a kind of homosexuality may also become rampant. And indeed, psychiatrists have recently been noting an alarming rise in both female and male homosexuality.

However, if I can trust my experience, female homosexuality is not increasing so much as the number of women who are unwilling to pretend they enjoy having a role forced on them that frustrates their aspirations; and so they seek the company of a partner who can share them. Sometimes two such women find it convenient to live together, and slowly, as in a good marriage, the partners blend their lives.

In some cases—but much less often than is sometimes assumed—this leads to a desire for sexual relations. But unlike most male homosexuals, such women can often switch their affections to the other sex if they can find a male who really wants and needs to "look outward with them" (and I would add inward) in the same direction. (This, of course, does not hold true for a hard core of female homosexuals.)

The upbringing of most girls today also fosters something resembling female homosexuality.

The old intimacy between mothers and daughters who actually worked together for the survival of the family has now practically vanished. As we have seen, many women now feel compelled to prove themselves good mothers by making sure their daughters are "successes" in life, and so it is difficult for warm confidence to grow between them. Such a girl naturally longs for real affection, for closeness to another woman who will give her what she wanted from her mother, and never got. After knowing such a rewarding experience—which need not, and preferably should not, be of a gross sexual nature—some young women are enriched by it, and are more able to move on to a successful heterosexual relation.

MISS BUCK'S "SOLUTION"

At this point the prospects of the young female for a satisfying marriage may seem fairly hopeless. Whether marriage as we know it is obsolete, I do not know, but frankly I doubt it. Despite its shortcomings, it is still the best institution we have developed to combat loneliness and to provide a structure within which two adults can find intimate satisfaction and continue to grow.

But no institution can make for intimacy or anything else; it can at best provide a framework, and this framework itself cannot insure that youthful love will be transmuted into two fulfilled lives, as young people today so widely and so fruitlessly hope. To make marriage work today, our children must be prepared for it by a very different kind of upbringing than the one they are getting. They must expect far less of the institution itself and much more of themselves in the way of hard work to help each other live interesting and satisfying lives. They must not compulsively marry so early that they peg each other to permanent immaturity. And they must recognize that woman's place cannot be confined simply to the home.

Fortunately, there are more than a few mature marriages to be found, but in these the partners have come to see that the feelings of love—and the affection for idiosyncrasies of personality—which lie between them can count for very little by themselves in making their relations work. The crucial questions for a married couple concern the kinds of world in which they can actively interest themselves as men and women and as parents—and their connections to their work as well as to each other. If these connections act to bring the members of the family together, the marriage has a strong chance of survival.

But of course this is not easy. Often the husband's work may split him off from his wife instead of bringing them together. Not long ago a rather extreme form of this dilemma was presented in a novel called *Command the Morning* by Pearl Buck. She told of several wives of scientists working on the secret atomic project at Los Alamos during the war, tiresomely caught up in the usual, antiquated variety of American marriage. They could live a lonely life with secretive husbands, who could not share with them the excitement of their work. Or they could look for some secret excitement of their own in promiscuous adventure. Only the heroine, a female physicist, is shown to have a complete life, for she shares the creative suspense of the scientists. And as she and one of the scientists become involved in work together, they inevitably fall in love. Now Miss Buck is unable to conceive any outcome for this affair except a conventional home-bound marriage, or no marriage at all. It was apparently beyond her to imagine a marriage where both partners still love each other and remain part of the same working world. And so, of course, she has her female physicist reject her lover and the prospect of imprisonment in domesticity, because she can't give up her science.

Obviously I do not think these are the only choices to be made. But I have no doubt that Miss Buck speaks for a great many people who do think so. When such choices do arise, how do we advise young girls to deal with them?

Recently I discussed this problem with some psychoanalytic friends, many of them particularly concerned with the problem of women. The majority of the analysts still embraced a nineteenth-century solution to the problem similar to Miss Buck's. Woman belongs in the home and should be satisfied to live in a subordinate relation to her dominant husband. Her life can be made more bearable if she is helped to gain some meaning from her after-hours community activities, from aesthetic pursuits; and from her sexual life with her husband—or, if need be, from some extramarital sexual adventures.

Some analysts are more sensitive to the predicaments of their women patients. They advise a woman to seek meaningful work until the time she gets married or pregnant. Then, she should make an about-face in her way of life, if not also in her emotions. She should then accept the so-called womanly role, stay at home, and raise her children for a decade or longer, during the very years when she is in the prime of life. During this period she must be helped not to be too



frustrated a wife, or too inextricably involved in the lives of her children. Then, when the children are at last in grade or high school, she should make another about-face, recognize the limitations of the PTA life, and return to the more satisfying occupation she knew before.

The latter solution is actually the one that the vast majority of working mothers—voluntarily or involuntarily—have chosen to follow. But one result of this sudden switching back and forth in their commitments is that many women resentfully feel that they lived a meaningful life only before they got married—a feeling that can have disastrous effects on them, their marriages, and their children. Their solution, in short,

leaves the conflict between career and child care unexamined.

I am convinced that modern women will have to confront this conflict, and solve it. It might mean adopting the system found in some other societies where women work—*i.e.*, entrusting part of infant care to the older children, or sharing it with relatives. It might well mean more arrangements whereby young children are entrusted to the care of well-qualified professional people, at least for part of the time.

Some kind of change along such lines is badly needed, but it will not be an easy reform to make, given the resistance that may be expected. And in trying to bring it about, women unfortunately

will not be able to count on much support from the psychoanalysts. For, as we have seen, the pre-conceptions of psychoanalysts about the proper feminine role prevent them from really helping a girl successfully to grow up female—that is, to become female in her sexual relations and in child-rearing, and yet to develop as fully as a male does in all other respects.

This inability stems from the very nature of psychoanalysis as a method essentially concerned with exploring the recesses of the mind, with little regard for the shape of the society in which the mind must function. For the same reason, psychoanalysis has little to offer when it comes to reforming education; for education prepares the child to live in society and so must concern itself with what society ought to be. Psychoanalysis as such has very little to say about what society ought to be; its proper task is to help the individual solve some problem which prevents him from being what *he* wants to be.

This is why psychoanalysis is so often ineffective in helping a girl to find herself. It may help her greatly in dealing with problems of sexual repression, just as it may help a young student overcome his inability to study—these are problems of *personal* self-realization. But it cannot help her to decide what kind of woman she wants to be or what role she wants to play in the community, any more than it can help a student decide on a *course* of study toward a career. These are problems of *social* self-realization, and to deal with them as personal psychoanalytic problems may only serve to muddle and aggravate them.

CAN ADULTS GROW UP?

Clearly we cannot look to the psychoanalysts for leadership in opening up new social opportunities for women. But, paradoxically enough, hope for a more rational approach to the problems of women can be found in the discoveries of Freud himself.

Freud felt rather uneasy in discussing the psychology of women. Basically he remained caught up in his own nineteenth-century middle-class background, with his typical overesteem for his mother and his compensatory feeling that he should dominate his wife. He accepted this view as part of the "natural order of things," and, as we have seen, its shadow still hovers over today's psychoanalysts, and our society generally.

But it is worth noting that Freud himself, while always the courteous gentleman when with his wife, often turned for companionship to

intellectually active women who, according to his own view, had chosen the unfeminine role in life. He lived domestically as superior male, but in his work sought the company of women he treated as **equals**.

Freud thus stood at the threshold of a new era in the relations of man and woman, and was not able to cross it. But he did forge the tools that might now enable us to take the steps impossible for him. He was able to demonstrate that the repressive sex taboos of his time were in fact a counterpart of the Victorian overvaluation of the forbidden woman. And by showing us how to uncover these repressions, he opened a way for healthier and more satisfying sexual relations to develop in the years that followed.

Like most great reforms in man's thinking, this one grew from the most honest and most searching kind of examination of what people glibly profess, anxiously evade, and blindly do. We should by now be capable of extending a similar self-examination to the contradictions in our attitudes toward women.

If we do this, I suggest we shall find that although women have been accorded votes and education and jobs over the years, our view of them and their potentials is still far from psychologically mature. Indeed it is in many ways still biased in the unhappy limitations it imposes on the possibilities of women to make the most of their capacities. A rational and psychologically balanced view would appreciate and enjoy the ways that women are truly different from men, but it would recognize that in *most* respects they have far more in common with men than our society is now willing to grant.

Above all, such a reform in attitudes must take place among those who have anything whatever to do with bringing up the young. For until parents, teachers, and psychologists honestly perceive the prejudice in their assumptions about the proper role of growing girls, equal education of the sexes will continue to be a mockery, and we must expect the continuing disintegration of young marriages as emotional distance grows between immature couples. Only a thorough effort by their elders to grow up in their thinking will enable our boys to become adults so secure in their masculinity that they are afraid neither of fulfillment in women, nor of taking their male place in the home. And only such an effort will enable our girls to accept marriage and motherhood as an important part of their future, but a part that will not waste—in desperation, resignation, or boredom—the best of their lives and possibilities.

SPEAKING FOR THE WORKING-CLASS WIFE

PATRICIA CAYO SEXTON

Asking and getting too little of life, the woman who works in a factory moves in a narrow world. Patricia Sexton knows it well; this is where she grew up. She is now assistant professor of educational sociology at New York University and author of the book, "Education and Income."

There is both the unique and the typical in all of us. Take myself for example: To begin with, I am a college professor (not too old a one but already mildly absent-minded), a sociologist, and a woman: a mixture which is a statistical improbability in itself.

Moreover, I am an ex-schoolteacher, radio commentator, waitress, movie usher, barmaid, typist, switchboard operator, factory worker, full-time union steward (UAW), and a long list of other things I've never bothered or dared to list on job applications. Also, though I've never worked at it for pay, I must admit I'm a bit of a fanatic.

What is typical about me is that I am "working-class" through and through. And because I am in this sense a "type" I feel entitled to write impressionistically, though not sociologically, about the working-class woman.

My credentials are:

A mother who is now and has been for almost twenty years a sewer (mechanized seamstress, that is) in the Ford Highland Park plant, Detroit. She is now remarried to a handy man in the same department.

A father, deceased during the Great Depression, who was a welder and maintenance man in the same Ford plant, drawing his pay in Ford scrip some of the time. Before that, during his vigorous years, he was a poet, an embroiderer, and a professional boxer (K.O. Cayo: middle-weight and one-time title contender): a tough, taciturn, uneducated man but, also, a deeply learned and handsome one who bore the visible scars of the ring (a tin ear and a broken nose), plus the deeper scars of a rigorous French-Canadian-Duluth youth.

I was born and raised in a working-class family in working-class towns (Duluth and Detroit), and my sense of kinship with workers, however marginal my present status may be, is complete. I now see that my fanatic loyalty to workers is hooked up with family affection, but that doesn't change the feeling a bit. I am unalterably working-class: by inheritance, association, and personal preference. I'm not sure what accounts for the strength of this bond. Friends of mine, many of them in the academic world, have shed working-class ties the way reptiles shed last year's skin. The skin doesn't fit when you're on the way up and it's wiser to be rid of it if you want to move fast. I've tried, but I can't do it.

My forebears were Basques, a fiercely proud, egalitarian breed who by tradition oppose central authority and who were major supporters of the anti-Fascist resistance in Spain. A queer people these Basques, an ancient race preserved almost intact (having resisted Roman, Visigoth, and Frankish conquest) with a non-Aryan language resembling no other in the world.

My own tribe in this hemisphere were woodsmen and trappers in Gaspé, Quebec, a magnificently rugged spot regarded even by the Indians as the end of the world. Now, when I think of these odd people, way up there in the wilderness, I feel a strong pull of kinship. Perhaps this brings me closer to the working-class woman whom I brashly claim to typify.

Working-class women are, it appears to me, the most deprived large group in our society and the

most estranged from what is vital in the world. Because of this, the worker's wife is better off by far, in my view, when she gets out of the house and takes on a job and independence. Working is a way for her to break out, to live, to come into her own. Of course it's not an easy path; it means facing the usual female dilemma and the pull of dual roles, wife and worker. It means time-clock routines and a heavier load of responsibilities. But it's worth it. Jobs mean freedom, independence, excitement for women. More than that, jobs mean equality, or a route to it.

BREAKING OUT OF THE CAGE

True, the House is often a refuge for women. But escape from life leaves no life at all. Women comply—because husband, children, church, and state seem to expect it—but there is usually at least a wistful longing to break out and a well-founded suspicion that they are missing something important.

Working-class women are easily trapped; most lack the courage, the know-how to break through. They stay in their cages, quiet and desperate, working out unhappy compromises with their spouses, very often battling for position or giving in and taking a beating.

The brightest days of my mother's life were her first days of work—as a school janitress—during the Depression. The “glamour” wore bare but it still beat staying home. The job offered new hope, new routines, and a regular pay check. It was the beginning of a new life of labor, hard labor, but it offered her what it offers every worker—warm and varied associations with other workers, and the ironic sense that, despite low-man status, she was after all her own boss with her own source of income.

I am not using these pleasant thoughts simply to cover the shame, guilt, and anger I feel because my mother works at least twice as hard as I do. I know she is better off working, and she does too. The conditions of her labor—I do what I can about, which is not much. Mostly I feel inertly ashamed that our places are not reversed. Younger, with the energy and stamina for much harder labor, I nonetheless lead a life of relative leisure, free to do what I want, go where I choose, with enough salable skills to face unemployment without paralyzing fear, and with a present earning capacity of about twice my mother's . . . and a three-month scholar's holiday to boot.

My mother works a tight eight-hour day, with half-an-hour for lunch; the routine is so demanding that she has nothing left for herself. As

fatiguing as the job is (her index finger is swollen to more than twice its natural size from tugging on the “decking” and her eyes are similarly injured from staring eight hours a day at a moving needle) . . . yet she does all her own housework when she leaves the shop, including floor scrubbing, window washing, and other heavy duties.

She has always done all of her own housework, even when she had two kids plus a full-time job—and with shockingly little help from the two kids, I'm sorry to recall. Superwoman? Perhaps . . . but there are thousands like her—working-class women who carry back-breaking loads and who somehow call up the inner strength to move on without stumbling.

Nowadays she still rises at 4:30 A.M., returns home at 3:30, does her housework, eats, naps, reads the evening paper, takes in a little TV, if weather permits, a customary drive down the main street of town, and retires at ten o'clock. That's it and has been for almost twenty years. She gets two weeks' vacation but rarely goes anywhere. Still, life is better than before.

My mother's only point of contact with the outside world used to be through my father and yet she complained that he did not talk to her enough. Of course, he was a taciturn man, but few workers talk much to their wives. They have little to say about their jobs (the same routine), and little common meeting ground. Unlike most middle-class men, they have interests, tastes, experiences often very different from their wives'. So there is little rapport; the man would rather talk with his barroom buddies about baseball, leaving the stay-at-home wife starved for adult talk.

A job gives a woman something to talk about and someone to talk to; it makes it easier to stay alive and alert, to keep up with husband and children; it gives her organized purpose. More than this, it helps her face advancing years, when children scatter, life changes, and the nest egg somehow doesn't hatch.

Chances are fifty-fifty, in the words of a medical report, that the aged woman in the U. S. will end up “impoverished, in dismal, pathetic financial straits.” With a backlog of work and savings behind her, she is less likely to die on the poor farm. The nonworking widow is now the most desperate of all senior citizens; almost half get less than \$50 a month from Social Security. My mother, who will retire in a few years on Social Security, plus union pension, will get about \$200 a month. She also has some savings—not much, for she is a rash spender, but some. Though she

has no hobbies or special interests, and will find retirement difficult, it will be easier than for the pauperized widow.

Working-class women ask very little, and usually get it. Like others of her class, at least in past generations, my mother was conditioned by parental authority and religious training to self-denial, self-effacement, and sacrifice (O Lord, I am unworthy). It was always part of the unspoken scheme of things in our household that her loss would be our profit, and that she would sink so we could swim, but without any of the aura of martyrdom some women acquire.

It was the accepted thing, the salmon battling upstream, spawning, and perishing, a part of nature's design. So extreme is her abnegation that my mother can never accept a gift with genuine pleasure; the gift is returned to the store, to the giver, or left on the shelf unused. When she gave something to her children it was part of a guilt payment, guilt about poverty and unfilled obligations. Also of course it was the natural reflex of a charitable woman who had learned her place in the world and submitted to her fate without any spoken protests.

But it was not the guilt of the middle-class woman, fearful she is neglecting her children. The working-class woman spends too much time with her children, works too hard, and is too untouched by soothsaying psychologists to feel guilt of this kind. In my own house I was never left in the care of baby-sitters or left behind while my parents vacationed. But then my parents never traveled, never went anywhere. Neglect would have been too expensive a luxury.

"PLAY SOMETHING GAYER"

Like others of her background, my mother has never voluntarily joined any organized group, outside her union. Once a church member, she did not so much leave, as slide out from under; now she feels guilty but not especially repentant. She does not give or go to teas. She does not play games, in or out of doors, except an occasional hand of poker or pinochle. She actively dislikes sports, concerts, opera, ballet, theatre. (Classical music she often finds too sad: "Play something gayer.") She likes occasional films and is an astute critic, with an X-ray eye for detecting sham, pretense, phoniness, and stupidity. Living across from an Art Theatre now, she has even developed a taste for good foreign films; but she is still taken in now and then by extravaganzas of the De Mille kind.

She is skeptical and suspicious, yet the most

innocent of believers, childlike in fact, with a soft shell that has not protected her well from life's blows. Her only cushion against pain is the simple knowledge that, whatever happens, you must somehow make the best of things . . . and above all, you must never show that it hurts, ask for help, or burden others with your problems. The same kind of simple persistence in my own temperament, the quiet refusal to be pushed under and submerged got me out of the shop and into the university.

A pooh-pooh of most varieties of human activity, my mother has only one mild enthusiasm: She plays the horses. She's not a bug, but she knows the track and who's running and uses a book occasionally when she can't get to the track. The horses and the numbers are popular with workers. No one comes out ahead but it's a thrill and a wild chance to win big.

The drabness of real life seems to affect taste. If your life is exciting you are likely to decorate in stark Danish and wear simple unadorned black classics. But in my mother's house there is glitter—a dazzling wall clock that bongs every half-hour, an oversized, wood-inlaid painting of Chinese dancers (*à la Coney Island*), painted figurines of bongo players, and a giant Buddha perched atop the TV. In her clothes my mother prefers bright reds to black. She will choose the flashy fakes over subdued pearls, big beads over smaller ones, and three strands over one. Size, quantity, and glitter always count. Her car is an orange and white Mercury (now in its declining years), and her hair is of rather similar hues—it all seems somehow gayer that way.

My mother has never palled around with the girls or been any part of the coffee klatch circuit. In my youth the local bar was the substitute, still is. Only now the drinking rounds are slimmed down by pressures of work and age to Saturday night outings. Even this is falling off as TV takes over and fills up the living-room with the "company" that was once found only in bars. Working-class adults of my acquaintance were nearly all heavy and steady drinkers.

The bar is a social club for many workers. Unlike middle-class groups, workers rarely "entertain" at home, except for relatives now and then. At our house, we never had parties or planned gatherings; it would have been as unthinkable as joining a country club. Even now "entertaining" is an awkward job for me.

All planning was foreign to our life. How plan, when all future time, beginning the next moment, was so uncertain and on the whole more threatening than promising? Only those with

bright pasts and futures will take premature steps into the unknown. For the others, it is something you face when you get to it and not a moment before. Even now the long-range planning involved in academic life stretches my optimism; applying for a grant a year in advance seems the boldest venture into an unpredictable and often treacherous future.

The working-class woman is trained to accept what's given her without complaint. She has almost no sense of control over her own destiny or power over the course of events in the outer world. What she does usually reflects what others want her to do, for above all she aims to please, and besides she seldom knows what she wants for herself. She has been taught to follow, not to lead, to listen, not to talk, and she soon learns to accept herself as an inferior being, one who takes orders, whose opinion is worth little. She is almost strictly a non-complainer, except to her husband.

UPWARD BY DRIFTING

Because of the passivity and the directed routine of their lives, working-class women are not manipulative, nor are their husbands, generally. Manipulation requires some confidence in your ability to influence people and events, and a desire to get your way and impose your will on others.

Workers, especially women, do not have the gall or the know-how to play the angles, manipulate the other guy, and they are profoundly suspicious of those who do. When they "get on" in life they do it by outworking rather than outfoxing someone else. To the worker the devious, the shrewd, the cunning are foreign and therefore highly suspect qualities.

Similarly, the worker and his woman are often distrustful of the word-manipulating intellectual, regarding him as a show-off who prefers the pretentious when the simple will do, and who will manipulate and confuse you with his wordy barrage of double-talk. Nor will the worker take the intellectual's leap into the future—the unknown, the speculative, the general, the symbolic. Instead, he moves straight, one step at a time, with a simple gait, hugging the ground closely as he moves, guided by the practical and the immediate. The working man and his wife are simple, literal, often slow to move in any direction—out of step with the swift, shifting gait of the mercantile and intellectual worlds. Hence the frequent failure of the worker's son in school and in business.

I was not brought up to think that women belonged at home or that the best that could befall me would be to meet the man of my dreams, settle down, and reproduce. On the contrary, I was led to think that all this was for the birds. The lesson was often taught directly, but some of it I figured out for myself. So, instead of homemaking as a vocation, I have tried other things. What I am now, professionally, is much more the product of drift than direction. I've spent endless years in school (University of Chicago and Wayne State University) because other alternatives were either intolerable or impossible. For years now, the labor movement (UAW) has been a home and a way to go. But women have no place there, especially nonaggressive ones, so I have moved to the academy where women are only somewhat more welcome.

I am the only member of my close family who has been to college. My parents did not go beyond grade school and had no grander ambitions for their children (an older brother and myself). Such decisions were made by someone else—someone out there somewhere. Though my mother seemed proud of my school record, she was always after me to leave the homework and go out and play. It seemed a more natural thing for a kid to do than hanging around with books all the time. But I was already too serious and too intimidated by school to mind this advice. My mother never gave me any other and my father died too young to give me the paternal "This above all . . ." speech.

Instead, I was let grow wild, with no rules and no restraints—no curfew, regular hours, or home assignments. But I did get a lot of tender care and this, plus a heavy conscience (probably a Depression gift) were enough to keep me in

Unequal Rights

MATERNITY leave was approved almost unanimously by the committee which drafted the regulations. The only opposition came from women. Firm believers in equal rights, they contended that allowing maternity leave was discrimination in favor of women, which they believe is just as unpleasant as discrimination against women. A compromise was finally reached whereby no mention is made of sex in the maternity leave regulation.

—Report of a federal Civil Service order, Washington *Daily News*, about 1935

line. Delinquency came out early—at about thirteen—when I worked (extralegally) in drive-in restaurants, hung around dance halls, and got into minor scrapes, but the urge to cut loose never recurred. When the rebel in me finally found a cause, the antisocial in me was completely transformed.

My school days were not all golden. In my senior high-school year, I became deeply unsettled, by life and literature, and came to reject the whole scheme of things, including the silly data the school had poured into me and the monster they had tried to make me—competitive, aggressive, snobbish. My family was bewildered, as was everyone else including myself, but had no way of helping as my grades dropped from all A's to failures. I've never been the same since. Though I've developed a genuine passion for learning, it has been on my own terms, and what I have learned and done has been guided almost exclusively by my own stubborn will. Naturally enough, this caused serious problems for me in school from time to time. If assignments appealed to me, I did them—if they didn't, I didn't. I figured it was my money and my time so I could do what I pleased. Getting through a Ph.D. on these terms, of course, was not easy. Moreover, I never received a cent of tuition aid, being too proud, uninformed about how to do it, and uncertain about the future to apply for scholarships or even loans. The project was mine all the way; I do *not* recommend this attitude to others.

STUCK WITH IT

Where the pressures to finish college came from I don't know. There is always of course the lethal success virus, but beyond that I have had some sense of mission, an urge to rise with the working class rather than from it. The pull of conflicting values, my own and those I learned at school, complicated matters. Holding to your roots is not easy when you are being pushed in all directions for individual achievement. I have not wanted to be a deserter.

Part of my fumbling solution has been to shut off, almost willfully, most avenues of upward social movement for myself. I never seek favor with people of influence or authority; in fact I compulsively reject it when it's offered and avoid associations wherever possible. I am aghast at students who curry favor with teachers, employees who butter up bosses, name-droppers who seek out the status figures. In my odd rule book, few things are more despicable, even immoral.

The code has led me to challenge arbitrary authority wherever I find it, insult bosses (even when they don't exactly deserve it), and avoid people of influence. In all my years of school, I never once stopped to talk with a teacher after class except for necessary points of clarification. I suspect this attitude is wrong, but it's mine and I'm stuck with it.

My sense of mission has involved no less a job than that of raising workers to first-class status and creating a more just and dynamic society. I came to this as an adult (my parents were apolitical: "They're all a bunch of crooks," and my mother never voted until recently), and I have not swerved from the goal, unfashionable as it may be to admit it.

The instrument for creating a just society has for me been the labor movement, more specifically the UAW. I am profoundly loyal to this great union, yet my primary feeling is not for the union (I personally dislike all organization and hierarchy) but for the working class. I don't hesitate to criticize my union, though I know internal criticism often gets into the wrong hands, and I do not forgo speaking my mind on sensitive issues that might reflect on the union.

So long as my union serves the aspirations of the working class, I am with it. When it takes an eye from the target, when it does not move forcibly, when it is timid about forming new policy, I am among the first to complain.

But that's another story. If I seem to get myself, my family, the working class, and my union rather snarled up, it's because they are nearly inseparable in my own mind.

However, I no longer fit snugly in the working world and—at the same time—I am too critical of the moral aloofness of academia to feel wholly comfortable there. I would like to bring the two worlds together, for they need each other, but I don't know how to do it. In the meantime, walking in no man's land doesn't bother me much. Being human, I am riddled with fears, but I have never been afraid to walk alone. I walk down dark streets; I work alone, eat alone, go to theatres alone. I don't always prefer it that way but I've gotten used to it. My husband is a traveling man and there are no children, so I am often left to my own resources. Walking alone isn't exactly fun but it's better than being dragged along by others, and it does give you an exciting sense of being your own master.

Despite any contrary evidence I may have offered, I am an incurable optimist . . . about myself, my mother, the working class, and even mankind in general.

THE DECLINE AND



FALL OF FASHION

ANN ST. CODE

Telling American women what to wear is big business. It is run by experts in merchandising rather than style. So says the former editor of a leading fashion magazine who here uses a pen name.

Lean as a greyhound, hatted to kill, the lady editor lopes down several movie-miles of pink corridor and into a plush pink office, where she delivers herself of a memorandum:

"Think pink!"

The movie is "Funny Face," starring Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn and presenting, not for the first time, the popular myth of what a fashion magazine is like. The *Harper's Bazaar* editors, invited to a preview of this supposed representation of themselves, laugh aloud. Nothing about this scene in the movie is accurate. Fashion editors do not pluck ideas from the air. They get them from the Paris collections and the American market—and even from their own promotion departments.

The majority of the editors (when they do not, as at *Vogue* or *Mademoiselle*, work in a bull pen) are crowded into small offices that could use a coat of paint. Senior editors fare a little better: Diana Vreeland, *House & Garden*'s elegant Fashion Editor for a quarter-century, had a pleasant corner office with an inevitable (and, to her juniors, classically chic) bottle of mineral water on the desk (she moved to *Vogue* this year); Jessica Daves, the plump empress of *Vogue* who, even as Editor-in-Chief, retains the whiff of a Georgia accent, sits in rather Chippendale-ish splendor; Betsy Talbot Blackwell edits *Mademoiselle* from a chandeliered bower complete with an oddly disturbing collection of miniature shoes. But on the whole the surroundings are not smart.

There is also a pervading air of inefficiency that is actually typical of offices run by women, but, again, remote from Hollywood's idea of the scarily capable career woman. Telephones jangle unanswered and many of the youthful assistants cannot type, let alone spell. There is a disorder of clothes spilled on chairs, shoes crowding the papers on a desk, a hat stuck on a lampshade, which to the uninitiated might suggest that these were so many poor little rich girls trying to get along without a maid for the first time. Some, in fact, are exactly that. But they rarely last. Those who succeed in fashion editing today must work

hard and fast the course even when they are miserably paid. Above all, they must know exactly who's got the buck and how to get it.

The truth is that fashion magazines are fighting for their lives. Television, changing patterns in advertising, rising production costs, and (although nobody is sure exactly how this works) perhaps an altered attitude on the part of their readers, have combined to give them a terrific licking in the last six or seven years. Where money once flowed in, it must now be scrambled for, and there have been many casualties—in personnel and in the magazines themselves.

Mergers are a sign of the times: Three years ago, S. I. Newhouse, an aspiring newspaper tycoon of whom nobody in the fashion business had heard till then, bought the prestigious Condé Nast, publishers of *Vogue*, *Glamour*, *House and Garden*. A year later, Condé Nast bought Street and Smith, parents of *Mademoiselle*, *Charm*, and *Living for Young Homemakers*. *Charm* was promptly combined with and swallowed up by *Glamour*. (*Living* was later absorbed into *House and Garden*.) Yet even with its rivals thus partially devoured, Condé Nast has its troubles. *Vogue* dropped over two hundred advertising pages in 1961 and *Glamour*, too, is losing weight. Nor, since its price has risen to fifty cents, is its newsstand circulation showing the increase that *Charm*'s old readers should have given it. *Mademoiselle*, ahead in advertising, does not reflect in its newsstand sales the war-baby boom now entering its early twenties that ought, surely, to be ripe for the plucking. Small wonder, then, that Condé Nast stock, which pays no dividends, dropped back from a brief rise after the merger. As for Hearst's *Harper's Bazaar*, it presents an only apparently brighter picture: Now showing gains both in revenue and circulation, it had until this year fallen so badly that it had almost nowhere to go but up.

It was not always so. There was a time when the "Funny Face" picture of the lady editor might have been nearly true. This was the age when the elaborately constructed myth of the fashion magazines paid off—without effort and (though this word must always be used with caution in the business world) without compromise. It was also the age of editorial dictatorship, when women like Edna Woolman Chase and Carmel Snow ran their magazines without interference from the business department or recourse to reader surveys; when no stitch of clothing was shown in their pages of which they did not approve; when editorial color pages were allocated without regard for the advertiser's dollar and covers were chosen without consultation with the circulation department. They were the original hat-wearers—a symbol that is fading as fast as their type. These famous hats were symbols of authority (as their wearers always had something of the old-fashioned feminist about them), but they were also something more: a lady in their day *wore* a hat, and the better dressed she was, the better the hat. They had, as the members of their staffs had, a true mystique about clothes, which—in their private lives at least—meant French clothes, or else Mainbocher and one or two lesser lights like the English Molyneux.

Now such clothes are, admittedly, a minor art form; but they are a real one nevertheless, as anyone knows who has felt herself held within the magic architecture of a French suit. Lying about a room, such clothes seem to have a life of their own, and even to possess the power of imparting this life, with all its qualities of handwrought perfection, to the wearer. This is why it is never mere vanity that makes a woman obsessed with beautiful clothes. It is more usually vanity's rather touching opposite. (How many women on any best-dressed list are genuine beauties?) What these clothes have is the ability to hint at many possible lives—a form of escapism.

The oldest and best of the fashion magazines, *Vogue* and the *Bazaar*, always recognized this. In their heyday, they showed only expensive, custom-made clothes, ravishingly photographed on ravishing women, in a context of French drawing-rooms, Irish castles, New York town houses. In the context, too, of whatever was chic in the arts. The traditional alliance between the *couture* and the French artistic life, exemplified in Chanel's friendship with Cocteau, Balenciaga's with Bérard, may have had something to do with this. Surrealism was hardly out of the Parisian *ateliers* before it hit the fashion magazines; the Southern decadent school of American writing

may be said to have made its debut in their pages.

It was dream stuff but, given the realities of American economic life, it could not last. Other, more *terre-à-terre* magazines (*Mademoiselle*, *Charm*, *Glamour*) were born, mostly products of the Depression, all dedicated to showing what was actually for sale in everybody's department store rather than merely copyable by one's little seamstress. Working with big stores as their snooty older sisters had never done (but now do), they opened the gates of fashion to Everywoman. But their chief discovery was the rise of the young as an influence and a market. Not only are there millions of them, they represent a standardized, easily copied ideal that millions more not-so-young women long for. Magazines that announce themselves as "the college girl's bible," like the department stores with their "College Shops," are perfectly aware that many a middle-aged fish is caught in their nets.

All these women buy, not handmade French clothes, but the product of New York's garment district, known to the trade simply as "Seventh Avenue," and its *banlieus* in the Middle West and on the West Coast. To the magazines, these happy developments once meant money, or in the language of Madison Avenue—"revenue." Significantly, this word was never heard in fashion editorial offices ten years ago. Now fashion and beauty departments are "revenue areas," while features and fiction are not, with results that begin to show in increasingly hostile relations between editors in both camps. Nor is the dividing line any longer between editors and the advertising department. It is rather between editors who merely edit and those whose pages bring in revenue.

The question of revenue is less simple than it sounds. It is not just a matter of selling advertising space to a dress or cosmetics manufacturer. The latter can afford it, though he often prefers television, because the beauty business seems unable to lose money even in a depression. But the clothing manufacturer frequently finds today's page rates (\$5,000 to \$6,000 for a color page) too steep.

Hems of Yesteryear

I accumulate clothes. I never discard unless I've made a mistake. Any good dress can be worn forever, with lengthening and shortening.

—Eve Curie Labouisse, in an interview published in the *New York Times*, August 28, 1961

The clothing business is an oddly shaky one. Almost always individually owned, the firms live in a perpetual state of flux, hiring and firing one another's designers, never quite sure what next season will bring. By themselves, they could not possibly support four or five fashion magazines. Fortunately or unfortunately, they don't have to. Today's big money lies not so much in the clothes as in the fabrics they are made of, and even more particularly in the fibers that the fabrics are made of, especially the synthetics. It is du Pont and Chemstrand and Celanese that the space salesmen must woo and editors be knowledgeable about. Indeed the field has become so important that most fashion magazines now have a fabric editor. Even the so-called converters, who process the original goods, advertise: Klopman, "a man you can lean on," is one such.

Just why these firms find it worthwhile to spend thousands of dollars on full-page ads is a puzzle until one has grasped a basic American business tenet: that there is some kind of a worthwhile educative process involved in teaching the public to recognize brand names. In these advertisers' minds there lurks the picture, invented by themselves, of the housewife insisting that the garment she is about to buy be made, say, of Orlon Syelle. The fact that most women have never understood chemically made fabrics, don't terribly like them, and usually buy clothes for reasons quite unconnected with materials anyway seems never to have penetrated.

KABUKI AND ZINNIAS

But aside from the value of all forms of advertising, nothing is more important to fashion magazines than their relation to stores. This fact accounts for the increasingly large staffs of two departments almost unknown to the average reader—promotion and merchandising.

The job of merchandising is to see that once a dress has been chosen and photographed editorially, it will actually be on sale in the stores where the magazine says it will be. Any woman who has tried to shop from the pages of a magazine knows how faulty is the performance. As often as not, the store seems never to have heard of the dress, let alone be capable of producing it in the right size. There are a number of plaguing reasons for this: for instance, long after the dress has been dispatched, say, to the Caribbean, to be photographed on a \$100-a-day model, a manufacturer may decide not to cut it for his line. He does this for no more arcane reason than that he thinks it won't sell, an interesting

reflection on editorial judgment and influence. Similarly, a store may come to the same conclusion and not want to order the dress.

Promotions are designed to prevent such reversals. Their chief purpose is to make certain clothes desirable to stores and ultimately to their customers, by means of fantastic, and fantastically costly, devices. Store "kits," for instance, are prepared at the magazine's expense. These are tricky and often most imaginative suggestions for window displays, fashion shows, and ads. A quotable name is given the promotion which may be culturally topical like "Kabuki colors" or based on the title of a Hollywood extravaganza. Should an important store also want a real, live fashion editor to "commentate" its fashion show, it will probably get her.

Why do the magazines go to these lengths? First because the store will presumably blazon the promotion, and the magazine's name, in its local newspaper advertising. There may also be what are known as tie-ins—with air-line companies, automobile manufacturers, the tourist offices of foreign countries, and even, recently, a seed company that is in turn tied in with a fabric manufacturer ("Polynesian Zinnia"). These add financial sinew in the form of more ads, which usually also appear in the magazine itself.

The customer, to be sure, may still be unable to find the little dress she liked in a maze of confusingly named departments and uninterested salesgirls, and this in spite of the magazine's "store listings"—rosters of stores where clothes ought to be available, published with the descriptive captions or in separate columns among the ads. These store listings, ostensibly a service to the reader, are actually there to impress the advertisers, suggesting as they do a selling power that the magazine may or may not actually possess. How valuable the magazine "credits" are to the stores themselves is in some doubt. Certainly they are cavalier enough about making written commitments to stock the clothes. Queried about this odd reluctance, promotion people (whose salaries in part depend on the "store acceptance" myth) point to another factor of great crypto-importance. This is ACB lineage, a compilation (by the Advertising Checking Bureau) of the number of times a magazine's name has been mentioned (by stores, of course) in newspaper ads. Like the TV ratings, ACB exerts a tyrannical influence that is more baffling because it is even more removed from the primary purpose of the medium. Another such costly "service" is the Lloyd-Hall ratings. These simply add up the editorial contents of maga-

zines and group them, by an esoteric system, under various headings. The results are breathlessly studied by ad men and, alas, by editors too. Did we have that many fewer pages of "Beauty, Grooming" than the *Bazaar* did last month? Dear, oh dear!

Like promotion, like public relations, these services are propulsive forces in our business society that astonish less because they represent a better mousetrap than because they represent nothing at all. Clearly, they cater to the contemporary idea that there is profit and safety in mere statistics. On the same theory, magazines are now spending thousands of dollars on surveys to discover that their average reader is 24.3 years old and reacted with (1) much, (2) some, or (3) no interest to the photograph of a girl in a bikini. These surveys, nonsensical products of commercialized sociology, would not pass the most cursory scientific examination, and mean still less in that ephemeral world of imagination and civilized fun that fashion ought to be. Yet they are given an increasingly religious attention.

ELUSIVE "MERCH"

By now it should be all too obvious that there is something more to fashion magazines than the editors' decision that this is how a woman ought to look come spring. At least half the time the editors have decided nothing of the sort. They have succumbed to a series of advertising, promotional, and even managerial necessities. The first two boil down to an ugly little word: "must." A must is a garment (with appropriate fabric credit), a travel location, a car, even furniture and sterling silver—anything to which "editorial support" has been pledged.

Musts sometimes appear in official lists handed down from the advertising department; or they are merely indicated to editors who get the idea quickly enough. Their existence is one of those secrets that insiders always speculate about. Like those engaged in building a dangerous weapon, they cannot help wondering how it is that the public does not guess what is going on, especially when the clues are in plain sight. Readers not infrequently complain that they hate the clothes shown, but rarely ask the crucial question: Why is the coat that appears editorially on page 73 the same coat advertised on page 135?

Readers seem incurious. Yet, and this is a more depressing possibility, they may be less incurious than simply knowing—and knowing, uncaring. Enough inquiries confuse editorial with advertising pages to suggest that the reader-buyer may

not have noticed the difference. If such is the case, the whole question of editorial integrity is hardly worth arguing about. As in the payola and quiz-show scandals on TV, what seems shocking is less the scandals themselves than the public's assumption that nothing could be more natural. "We knew it all the time" is not the battle cry of the crusader for a just cause but the weary sigh of those whose brain-washing by the advertising ethic is nearly complete.

Inside the fashion magazines themselves, however, enough of the spirit of the past remains to be embarrassing. "Oh, come on, sweetie, you know it pays our salaries," is a familiar cajolery when a particularly shaming piece of "merch" (for merchandise) is under consideration. The tone is one of bitter amusement, but in fact the statement isn't strictly true. Though magazines would perish without advertising, there is mounting evidence that they can't live by it alone. It is also necessary to have readers, and it is the tightrope between that editors walk so uneasily.

Outsiders who ask awkward questions are sometimes told: "Given two equally attractive items, one from an advertiser and one not, naturally we support the one from the advertiser." It sounds reasonable enough. The only trouble is that such a situation seldom occurs. All too often the choice is between a shoddy, well-advertised piece of goods and a chic little item sold in a specialty shop that can't afford to advertise. To do the editors justice, they finagle endlessly to try to show the clothes they like. ("Could we kill so-and-so to make room for this?" "Well, we can't kill him, but if we reduce him to a quarter page and then do him again in December . . .") This kind of internal bargaining goes on all the time. They also exert great ingenuity in concealing the flaws in the merchandise they must use. The addition of the right hat, a scarf adroitly tied, and all the skill involved in photographing a model go into this. It is terribly hard work.

This situation has been a long time coming—ten years at least—and no one seems quite sure how it all happened. In the privacy of fashion-magazine offices one hears the wail: "If *The New Yorker* can do it, why can't we?" Stories are in constant circulation of how a *New Yorker* ad man can't make an interoffice phone call to an editor, of how the magazine rejects tasteless advertising, and sends shoppers to make sure a would-be buyer of space meets its standards. These eat at the vitals of editors who must spend their lives in the company of ad men, even accompanying them on trips to the Middle West and West Coast markets as evidence of editorial support.

A key factor in this mounting commercial pressure is the crippling cost of producing the fashion magazines—with their lavish color pages, fees for models, and elaborate art work. (*The New Yorker*, in contrast, confines the use of color to pages where advertisers pay the freight.) The gap between the cost of producing a single copy and the price charged subscribers or newsstand buyers constantly narrows, intensifying the drive for more advertising. It is possible to imagine a situation in which a magazine might price itself out of the market. With extravagant use of "bleed" color pages, etc., its production costs per copy multiplied by its millions of circulation would make it simply too expensive to produce without (a) raising its advertising rates to a prohibitive level or (b) doing the same to its newsstand price. Yet a magazine must have readers, even if only to acquire advertisers (who, of course, are given a minimum circulation guarantee and charged accordingly), and it must have advertisers if it is to make a profit.

Why is it now so difficult to get advertisers that they must be wooed like reluctant lovers?

There are a variety of possible answers. The most obvious is the fact that too many fashion magazines are doing essentially the same thing. Although they try to specialize, to define their readership, the effort is not really successful. Reader mail makes it plain that many women simply don't know one from another, and there is good reason to believe that quite as many college girls read *Vogue*, say, as *Mademoiselle*. Competition has also forced the magazines to invade each other's price ranges: so one may see a \$150 coat in *Glamour*, a \$10 dress in *Vogue*. Nor is there a substantial difference in the beauty products shown, and beauty advertising is a backbone of the business. Even the magazines alleged to be for young women will recommend make-ups so elaborate that only a middle-aged actress would bother with them. In the ferocity of competition, one wonders if the magazines have not cut each other's throats.

GODDESS ON A TRAMPOLINE

At the very least they have lost their authority. The trade no longer waits to hear what the vestals—Carmel Snow and Edna Chase—report from the temples of Paris fashion. The priestesses are dead, but even before this happened, their mystique was gone. The daily press, the big stores, the fabric houses have long been sending their own representatives to the semi-annual rites in Paris. Macy's buyer is every

bit as well informed as *Vogue's* Editor-in-Chief.

What, then, will make *Vogue* (or *Mademoiselle* or *Glamour*) special? Madison Avenue has provided the answer: If there is no reality, invent one. This is "the image." In fashion-magazine terms, it means a sort of composite of the young woman shown in its photographs and an altogether imaginary reader. It approximates the ancient ad: "She's lovely, she's engaged, she uses Pond's"—possibly the first recorded example of thinking "image-wise." Now there is, of course, nothing new about selling a phantasm to the public. The older fashion magazines thrived on it: Madam X's Irish castle and her delicious Aran Islands sweaters; the Honorable Mrs. Y's London flat furnished like a circus tent; the American heiress with her hand-hewn gold jewels.

These dreams were frankly unreal. The reader was deliberately not included. Today, she must be. Or so management and promotion, prodded by pseudo-sociology, think. Somehow, and in spite of all evidence to the contrary, she must be the young woman shown in the magazine's pages. Bouncing on a trampoline, skiing at Stowe, Twisting at the Palladium—all the things she is shown to be doing in the pages of the magazine, she must be supposed to be doing in reality. Unless the advertiser is convinced that this 24.3-year-old creature represents the magazine's audience, he won't buy space. Or so editors are told. Yet it is difficult to see why he cares who buys his product as long as someone does. And since few of his actual customers are any nearer the image than the real readers are . . . But the problem is clearly one for the advertising mind.

It is this mind that controls fashion magazines today. Faced with possible economic disaster that is at least partly self-induced, they have reacted like Hollywood. Their answer to the problems of the lost audience and outside competition has not been better material or a lowering of production costs but a magnification of what was wrong in the first place. Instead of hiring creative young editors and allowing them at least a gallop around the pasture, management has slowly tightened the noose. The dominant publishers—Hearst and Condé Nast, despite their addiction to modern socio-psychological surveys—are the most old-fashioned of magazine managements. Neither today would hire the equivalent of a young Carmel Snow (or a young Harold Ross!). They appear to place no blame for their troubles on commercialized and unimaginative editing, nor on *dummkopf* space salesmen who are still offering a page for a page. The trouble, say the managers, lies in what remains of quality: high-

brow fiction, a color page "wasted" on a modern painting, a "controversial" article that provoked ten readers to cancel their subscriptions. And finally, "unco-operative" editors.

These are gradually being weeded out, with results that are plain to see. A bright young thing with a genuine fashion sense may still get a job—but keep it only if she avoids filling her pages with stuff from non-advertisers, and does not argue with the ad men. She cannot turn a deaf ear to the crassest promotional suggestion, but must adapt and use her taste (if she still has any) to making it work. The result, not unnaturally, has been a change in her type. Once hired for taste alone (a requirement much tougher than is thought by those who think fashion no more than a kind of puerile snobbery), today's fashion editor is desirable because she "knows the foundation market" or is "promotion-minded." Even her language has changed. True, she still wears certain badges of identity: jang'ing bracelets and navel-length Chanel beads, the "little nothing" suit. But these are superficialities, and it is perhaps significant that she has chosen for herself the most elementary of all fashion images. It was Chanel's genius to invent democratic fashion—that faintly Lesbian style of the 'twenties that signaled the emancipation of women and, contrarily, their regimentation. The "little nothing," once a subtle work of art, turned out to be the easiest of all to reproduce in mass. Ironically, the "poor" look, which in the 'twenties was a rich woman's luxury, Marie Antoinette among the sheep, is today all too copyable—and copied.

LEMMINGS ABROAD

The result has been a conformity the grand old girls of fashion never dreamed of. Who, in their day, even tried to look like Carmel Snow, whose tiny figure, topped with an invariably delicious hat, suggested the bad fairy in the fable? She was inimitable, as Jessica Daves with her touch of Queen Mary-ish style, and Diana Vreeland with her rakish affectations are still. But these are figures of the past. The corridors now teem with fashion's young organization women, babbling of "yard goods" and "ready-to-wear" and the whole array of Seventh Avenue non-U-isms: aqua for aquamarine blue, patent for patent leather, clutch for a little bag.

Today only the *Vogue* staff, with their enlivening European connections, preserve some of the qualities that gave fashion its original impetus. Only *Vogue* retains any real traces of that authority that all the magazines love to talk about

but have in fact almost wholly lost. There is a venomous little saying along Seventh Avenue that "a magazine credit is as good as a mark-down" (*i.e.*, that when a magazine has publicized a dress, fewer women want to buy it). This may not be strictly true. But with whole departments needed to prod manufacturers and stores into accepting magazine ideas, something is wrong.

Whatever the individual differences, all the magazines ultimately face the same dilemma. Although the business boys have still to learn that by constant adulteration they are making what they have to sell progressively less valuable, advertisers in the end still want that mystic "authority" as much as readers do. And one wonders if today's editors could supply it even if they were given their freedom. Virtually untrained in real fashion, not only without that harrying perfectionism that characterized their predecessors but positively alienated from it by the nature of the materials they have to work with, they might not know where to turn. Moreover, they suffer from specialization. Unlike their perfectionist predecessors, again, they have little knowledge of the many things that compose fashion—the performing arts, society in the European sense. Only *Vogue* keeps up the tradition of hiring society girls these days, although the *Bazaar* once had its full quota. The friends of today's editors are apt to be in the business, and even editors who make the semi-annual trip to Paris seldom get away from the lemming-like gatherings of their own kind. Superficially cosmopolitan because of their many trips to photograph clothes against exotic backgrounds, they actually know little of the world. The stories of these trips are always the same: the recalcitrant weather, the tip to the right man to let you into the temple at dawn, the hiring of the donkey (or the camel or the water buffalo), the overweight on the plane. They travel as guilelessly as children, and are nearly as uninformed.

The myth has vanished. What remains is the magazine as catalogue, and something of value has been lost. For despite its foolishness, fashion is more than a thing women dote on. It has always been a tiny aspect of civilization. It cannot be by accident that there is no fashion in Communist societies. When an exquisitely chic Madame la Présidente goes to represent us abroad, it is a rare American who does not sigh with pride at the qualities in his world that have made her possible. These are the qualities fashion magazines ought to stand for. There must be a way of making a living out of them that does not, at the same time, kill them dead.

NOBODY HERE BUT US POMPADOURS

A Tale of Women, Politics, and the New Frontier

MARION K. SANDERS

Dear Inabelle:

Considering how much practice I have had taking care of Deserving Democrats in Brooklyn, I have certainly made a botch of your Problem here in Washington. Of course I did not expect them to save a vacancy on the Supreme Court for you. But I do not intend to settle for any nineteenth assistant Collector of the Port either.

I figured I would start by getting the local Organization Democratic Women to needle their leaders. Mae Opdyke who was in my class at New Utrecht High invited me to the Cherry Blossom Women's Democratic Club of which she is President. Her husband owns what is practically the Lord and Taylor's of D.C. and is a four or maybe even five-figure contributor to the Party.

Well, this club does not even have a clubhouse. They give fashion shows and lectures on the Psychodynamics of Reapportionment to make the Democratic Party socially acceptable in the suburbs where they all live. They do not mention Patronage—in fact I think they have not heard of it.

Mae gave me quite a fancy introduction. "This is Miss Tess Rovizzi," she said, "who has worked for years in the Inner Councils of the Democratic Party in New York State and is a Key Figure in Campaign Headquarters at all times. She will talk to us informally about the politics of the Empire State."

This made me a little nervous because, as you know, I do not bother much about what goes on north of the Bronx and they looked like the type who might have relatives in Scarsdale. However it turned out their idea of talking politics was to ask me for the latest word on the Rockefeller divorce. But they did not have any ideas at all for your career in Public Life, Inabelle.

Monday

Mae said that all she knows about Government Jobs is what she reads in a column by Jerry Kluttz in the *Washington Post*. He is the Leonard Lyons of Civil Service and gives hot tips about Personnel Ceilings and Supergrades, which are as hard to decode as the Racing Form for someone who has never placed a \$2 bet. Friday he said there was a RIF in Interior and I went over there to find out the score. It turns out a RIF is when there is a Reduction in Force. They fire a couple of hundred people just until there is another Budget but they are not looking for New Blood. Today Mr. Kluttz said the Bureau of Standards needs Top Level Personnel to programme computers and give arthritis to mice and they will not mind at all if the candidates are women. Even if you knew how to do this sort of work it does not sound like much of an opportunity for someone who is interested in politics. So I have decided, Inabelle, that you are not the Civil Service type.

This morning I went up to the House Office Building to see our Congressman, John Rooney. He is quite a Wheel down here as he is Chairman of a very Key Appropriations Subcommittee.

He was not in his office because he is busy getting ready for the budget hearing on the U. S. Information Agency, which is called the USIA. His secretary said I could stick around and she told me Mr. Rooney is the chief Watchdog of the Treasury in Congress because he will not let the USIA get away with a penny. Some people do not understand why Mr. Rooney spends so much time on this budget which is not as big as the price of one small rocket. But Congress is always very Economy-minded and they appreciate having something they can hack away at which is not a Spaceship in which everybody can see Colonel Glenn or a new pier in Brooklyn which

is good for business and creates employment.

After he gives the USIA people their budget, Mr. Rooney has to rush right off to Europe and the Far East to make sure they do not throw it away on some crazy Park Avenue idea. For instance, he found out they sent a completely classical pianist called Rudolf Serkin on a concert tour. Mr. Rooney is sure anybody named Rudolf would give foreigners a very peculiar idea of our Way of Life. Besides a real American like Ed Sullivan or Jack Paar can go to Moscow and Berlin without costing the Treasury a nickel. Mr. Rooney also sees to it that these characters in USIA do not waste their time horsing around with something they call Winning the Minds and Hearts of Men. He gives them plenty of sensible work getting ready for the budget hearings or testifying at them—which they do most of the time.

Mr. Rooney came in at about five o'clock and said he would see me for a couple of minutes. He was feeling very chipper because he has found out that there is a girl working in USIA in Cambodia who only had fourteen days of Accumulated Annual Leave last year but she got a seventeen-day vacation. He is sure Ed Murrow does not know about this Scandal and he is going to spring it on him tomorrow as the best way to protect the taxpayers is to catch an Officeholder in Wrongdoing especially if he does not know about it.

Mr. Rooney does not feel that he can do anything for you, Inabelle. He says this is the wrong end of Pennsylvania Avenue for giving out jobs. He asked me if I knew anyone in the White House and I told him I had a friend named Hal Dinsmore who was mixed up in our Mayoralty Campaign last year and is now a Special Assistant to the President. "That is someone the President doesn't know exactly what to do with but doesn't want to do without," Mr. Rooney said, "and please give him my regards when you see him."

As I was leaving the secretary asked me, "Why don't you phone your friend Dinsmore from here?" and she dialed the White House for me.

"I am Teresa Rovizzi from Brooklyn and I am not sure you will remember me, Mr. Dinsmore." I shot off very fast before he could hang up.

"Rovizzi—now I can't quite place the name," he answered in that upstage Ivy League voice which will never get him any votes.

The secretary nudged my elbow. "Tell him where you are," she whispered.

"I am calling from Congressman Rooney's office," I said, "and he sends you his regards."

"Why Tess this is *terrific*," he boomed right back as though he had been holding his breath waiting for this call. Afterward I found out that around the Office of the President everything except Barry Goldwater is "terrific." "Great" and "dandy" and "fine" are considered middle-aged, left-over Truman or New Deal words. Well we chitchatted away for a few minutes and he told me to come over to his office at two o'clock tomorrow and I hope he does not freeze up again when he finds out what I am here for.

This evening I am quite homesick for Brooklyn. I think this is because Washington is so full of Americans. Of course you would not expect to find Finns and Arabs crawling all over the Jefferson Memorial. But I thought I might bump into a Yugoslav or a Turk shopping around for Foreign Aid. So far, though, everyone I meet comes from Memphis or Tacoma or Kansas City or some place like that. I have not even found a good pizza joint yet.

So I went back to the bar in my hotel and ordered a Manhattan cocktail. I got into conversation with a big paisan in a ten-gallon hat. He said, "Howdy, pardner," to the bartender. Honest. His name is Clyde Sutton and he lives in Wyoming. He is here about some kind of government contract which he has to come to Washington for as there is not much doing around City Hall in his part of the country.

Tuesday

It was pretty exciting, Inabelle, to walk right into the White House even though a lot of G-men gave me the fisheye until I got to Hal's office. I guess Caroline was taking her nap as she was not around. I did see one girl who looked about the same age but I think she was Pamela Turnure or one of Pierre Salinger's assistants. I wish you would pass the word, Inabelle, that you do not have to have a college degree to apply for a White House secretarial job. They are looking more for the high-school drum-majorette type who can also water-ski and wear jodhpurs.

I did not waste any time gaping or gushing after I shook hands with Hal. It is better to level with a man when you are going to put the bite on him.

"This is not a social visit, Hal," I told him. "I am here because the Democratic Women of New York are not satisfied with the Recognition of Women by this Administration. Our state

leader—whatever he is this week—has not gotten to first base with the National Committee so we are taking matters in our own hands."

"I don't know what you mean—recognition of women," he said. "We not only recognize women. We adore them. We could not live without them. Why only last night?"

"Listen, Hal," I cut him off short. "That kind of talk may make a hit with Madame Hervé Alphand. But the women I am representing do not want their hands kissed. They want to Help Shape and Carry Out the Policies of the Kennedy Administration."

"You mean in the Cabinet?" he asked. "For instance, who?"

I have noticed that men always say "for instance, who?" to women when the only openings they have are for hod carrier or coach of a Little League.

"There are no Clare Boothe Luces in Brooklyn right now," I said. "And I understand the Cabinet is already filled up. I am talking about all these Deputies to Assistant Secretaries of Something. Why should they be just men?"

"I am afraid you have not really Examined All the Facts, Tess," he said. "Katie Louchheim is a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State."

"That is very lucky for the State Department," I came right back at him. "But I am sorry to say our ladies are not yet Distinguished Washington Hostesses who have practically run three Presidential Campaigns and write poetry besides."

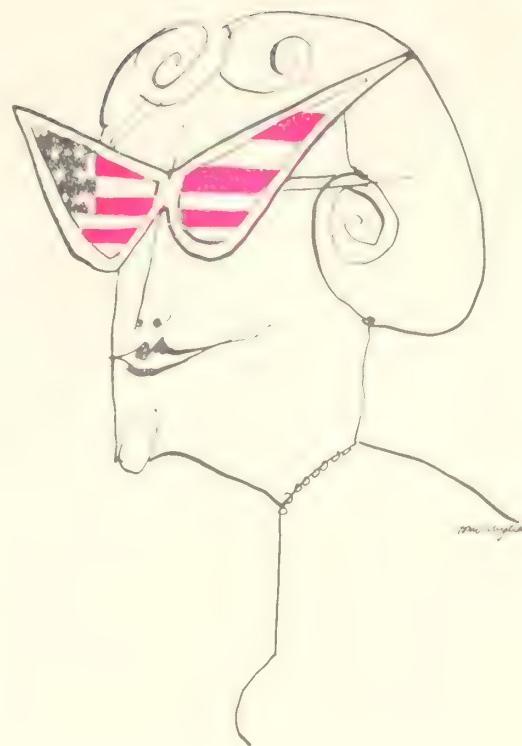
He still looked pretty smug. "I guess you have forgotten Dr. Janet Travell. Physician to the President. Now there's a real *first* for women."

"I do not happen to know any precinct workers who are also M.D.s. Dr. Travell may be very good for the President's back," I told him, "but her presence in the White House does not help the Morale of the Party Rank and File. They do not identify with her."

At last he gave me an opening. "Who would they identify with?"

"I can give you a name that will really sew up the Democratic Women of New York for this Administration." I took your picture out of my bag and put it on his desk. "And that is my good friend, Mrs. Inabelle Katz, a great Democrat who is All the Way with JFK, a member of the Bar, co-leader of her district for the last fourteen years, Delegate to every State Convention since 1953, and Chairman of the Cerebral Palsy Drive of Upper Greenpoint in 1960."

"This is beginning to look like a manageable problem," he said. I am certainly glad you had



Bachrach take that picture, Inabelle, it really rocked him. "We will start," he went on, "by assembling the data on the Utilization of Womanpower at the Decision-making Level. Then we will Extrapolate the Realistic Alternatives and make a Judgment."

You can see, Inabelle, why people are so thrilled about the new Intellectual Ferment in Washington. I had no idea just shopping for a political job could be so stimulating.

"We will set up an Ad Hoc Inabelle Katz Task Force," Hal said. "I will represent the White House. You, Tess, will co-ordinate the Research. And I will pull in one of Larry O'Brien's people as a consultant. There is a girl named Sis Hopper who is very seminal on problems like Inabelle's."

He phoned this Sis and made a date for us to have lunch. "By the way," he said, "how does John Rooney feel about the USIA budget? I am shepherding it through Committee this year."

I told him, "Mr. Rooney seems to feel great. I think he can hardly wait to get at it."

"Good," Hal answered. "Tell him the Administration is deeply grateful for his interest and understanding. And if you happen to be having a cup of coffee or a drink with him one of these days I would be glad to join you."

Wednesday

I have plowed through the *United States Government Organization Manual*, which is a book Hal gave me to start my research. Inabelle, it is

the most depressing thing I have read since *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The Kennedy Administration looks to me like the biggest stag party in the history of the U. S. Government. There are pages and pages of Secretaries and Under Secretaries with more Assistants and Deputies than you can count. But they are all men. You do not find a Frances Perkins or an Oveta Culp Hobby or an Anna Rosenberg in the bunch.

I was not feeling very good about your Problem when I met Sis Hopper for lunch and she did not cheer me up much.

"How old is your friend Inabelle?" she asked. Of course I did not tell her. But she could figure out that you do not raise three charming daughters and become a leading member of the Brooklyn Bar when you are sweet sixteen.

"This is going to be rough," Sis told me. "By the time a girl has produced a family and gotten to be something else too, she looks like Grandma Moses to this Administration. They do not want any bulging midriffs around here. It seems that they consider all women over thirty Lady Dinosaurs. This is probably because May Craig and Sarah McClendon give the President such a hard time at his press conferences. They also do not want people of any sex unless they have Special Skills."

I asked Sis what her Special Skill is. "It is called Legislative Liaison," she explained. "I keep the boys on the Hill happy. Or I cheer them up real fast when the White House says they gotta vote—just this once—for something like a loan to the UN that will not cause any celebrations in their home towns. Come to think of it—keeping the boys happy is about the best Career in Public Life for women right now. Maybe we can fix up a spot for Inabelle."

"Please," I said. "Even though she has a really outstanding Autumn Haze Emba Mink Coat, Inabelle is no Madame Pompadour. She is a respectable married woman."

"Oh everyone's married," Sis said. "The very best Liaisers are VIWs."

I don't know why everybody has this initial habit in Washington except maybe to confuse the Russians. A VIW is a Very Important Wife and they are considered a Vital Arm of Foreign and Domestic Policy. For instance the Indians will probably finish their Five Year Plan in four years now that Jackie has made such a hit with Nehru. We may have to send her to Buenos Aires next to help the Argentines get over their crush on Evita Perón.

The star VIWs for liaising with Congress are the Mint Julep Schmalz Squad. Most of them

are Democrats. However there is one Republican whiz. She is Mrs. John Sherman Cooper. Her husband is a Senator from Kentucky. They are often invited to the White House for meals in the upstairs dining-room where not even all members of the Kennedy family have been yet. Then the next day she will be giving a talk to the Republican Congressional Wives. This kind of a VIW is what causes Bipartisan Foreign Policy.

Ladybird Johnson is a real workhorse VIW. She is on a first-name basis with the whole Senate as well as Texas and does not stop smiling after fifteen ribbon cuttings in one day and three receptions including the DAR.

It is quite expensive to be a VIW. You must have at least fifteen pairs of white gloves of different lengths and always keep them on when your picture is taken for the papers, no matter what you happen to be doing. But otherwise all you have to do is be *yourself* in a way that people will notice. This is a very *informal* Administration. A VIW is supposed to do just what comes naturally. If she is Jackie she talks to the natives in Spanish or French. But Ethel made just as much of a hit in Tokyo by forgetting Japanese.

"I am afraid all this has nothing to do with Inabelle," I told Sis. "She cannot be a VIW because Mr. Katz would not think of moving out of Brooklyn, where he has a substantial dry-cleaning business that has been in his family for years, as well as a very congenial pinochle game. However, he is a man who enjoys going out for meals so he would not mind at all if Inabelle was in Washington every week, say from Monday to Wednesday."

"Nobody here is on that kind of a schedule," Sis said, "except Congressmen from New York."

"Inabelle has been thinking of running for Congress," I answered. "There is a nomination in a very Republican district that I think the boys would give her."

"How silly can you get?" Sis said. "Women do not run for seats in Congress. They inherit them. Or if they are nutty enough to run on their own they take out husband insurance. Since the Katzes are such a nice couple I do not think Inabelle should take the chance."

"For part-time work," she went on, "there is also the OH thing."

An OH is an Official Hostess for a bachelor or a widower. A famous OH was Dolly Gann, who was the sister of Vice President Charles Curtis. There do not seem to be many unattached men around in this Administration.

"There is really nothing left except the Nursing Mother Slots," Sis said.

These are the political jobs men are no good at or that Grover Cleveland gave to women so they have become a Sacred Tradition. For instance Mrs. Esther Peterson is Head of the Women's Bureau. Miss Frances Knight now decides who should not get passports instead of Mrs. Ruth Shipley. And Mrs. Elizabeth Smith took up signing dollar bills after Mrs. Ivy Baker Priest left with Eisenhower.

"The U. S. Treasury spot is open now that Lizzie Smith has gone back to California to beef up Pat Brown's campaign," Sis said.

"Inabelle has a lovely handwriting," I told her.

Well we chewed this one over and Sis explained that we could not get you past the Irish Mafia, which is a nickname for the patronage squad in the White House. There are so many people who want political jobs that naturally the boys say about each one: "Why do we need him?"

"If it is a Negro they know why," Sis said. "But who can prove there is such a thing as the women's vote? It is too bad that Inabelle does not have a law degree from Howard University."

This evening I read in the paper that Mrs. Smith's job will probably go to Mrs. Mildred Dawson. She is a Negro lady who is also a very good Democrat. You can see that this Administration is politically Sophisticated.

I tried to explain this to that fellow from Wyoming, Clyde Sutton. We had dinner together tonight, and I must say he is quite good company in a Gary Cooperish sort of way. He is all souped up because a Congressman who is a cousin of his mother gave him a big hello. Clyde is planning to throw a tremendous party for him. This is really a very old-fashioned idea; intimate gatherings with a guest from the White House are the style in lobbying now. I am rather sorry I told Clyde this. Now he is nagging me to invite the Dinsmores to his brawl. But I am sure they will not waste time bending an elbow with a little old corn-pone Congressman and a lot of Wyoming hillbillies.

Thursday

Things are beginning to look up, Inabelle, though I am certainly surprised at the way it has worked out.

Sis and I went to the Dinsmores' house in Georgetown for a Task Force meeting. Hal's wife Carol was in the living-room and had the hi-fi going with something very longhair, which I did not expect as she is an Elvis Presley fan.

"It is a Catalan folk song," she said. "We are

going to throw a Casals party tonight and I am doing my homework."

I guess I have not told you before, Inabelle, that the Administration gets a lot of mileage out of Culture. Most Congressmen do not have any relatives—and certainly no constituents—in Caracas or Brasilia. So naturally they would rather vote for appropriations for nice expensive Freeways back home than for an Alliance for Progress. The best way to soften them up is to let them shake hands with some real live foreigners. So when Casals is here, there are a lot of parties to which Congressmen and their wives are invited. Those who cannot come see a picture in the paper of the distinguished visitor posing on the White House steps with the President and Jackie, who are doing the Polar Bear Bit with no wraps on and snow falling. This is just one example of the Subtle Nuances of politics in Washington that I am learning so much about.

Sis had worked out an Agenda for our meeting which she gave us. Here is how it went:

INABELLE KATZ PROBLEM

<i>Alternative One:</i>	VIW
<i>Prerequisite:</i>	Husband and House in Georgetown.
<i>Obstacle:</i>	Mr. Katz will not leave Brooklyn.
<i>Alternative Two:</i>	OH
<i>Prerequisite:</i>	Wifeless D.C. Office-holder, needing Official Hostess.
<i>Obstacle:</i>	Low mortality rate of VIWs.
<i>Alternative Three:</i>	Elective Office, House or Senate.
<i>Prerequisite:</i>	Deceased husband, preferably late Senator or Congressman.
<i>Obstacle:</i>	Mr. Katz is very healthy and does not like politics.
<i>Alternative Four:</i>	Appointive post—Cabinet or Sub-Cabinet Level.
<i>Prerequisite:</i>	Must beat Mrs. Roosevelt in Gallup Poll.

"Inabelle is not ready for the First Lady of the World Sweepstakes yet," I said. "So I guess it is hopeless."

"We do not even know that word in this Administration," Hal said. "Let us have no Counsel of Despair in Georgetown this day. We will fall back on our previously prepared position which is the Study Commission approach."

"Inabelle is not the New Haven Railroad or the B-70 Bomber," I answered.

I must really learn not to be so fast with the snappy comeback because I was wrong this time. I think Hal has solved your Problem. It seems there is this Commission on the Status of Women which the President appointed just to make sure the Great National Resource of Womanpower is not wasted. He got the idea from the UN, which invented the custom of using Womanpower to study themselves. Mrs. Esther Peterson, the Head of the Women's Bureau is running this Commission and Hal will be glad to speak to her. Maybe she will make you Chairman of a Special Study Group on Unmarried Mothers which is a field I do not think is covered yet. You will be able to make speeches to Women's Clubs all over the country and I think there is a Per Diem though I have to check into this.

Of course it is not absolutely in the bag yet but I think I have it almost sewed up and you will never guess how.

When I got back to the hotel, Clyde was waiting for me. He seems to think I am his steady date though I suppose it is just one of those here today and gone tomorrow Washington things. He was all rarin' to go as they say in Wyoming. It seems he has been doing some Research himself. And it turns out this hambone cousin of his is on a House Military Affairs Committee that does not think the Navy needs a new Air-

plane Carrier—which, it just happens, is supposed to be built in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Well I cannot imagine anyone Congressman Rooney would rather have a few highballs with than this fellow Congressman who is not very enlightened about the Navy and the unemployment situation on the Brooklyn waterfront.

So I am going to ask Mr. Rooney to Clyde's party. I will tell this to the Dinsmores and of course they will come so Hal can have a friendly chat about the USIA budget. I will ask Hal to bring Ed Murrow along as it surely could not hurt for him to turn a little of that See It Now Charm on Mr. Rooney outside of the hearing-room. If Ed Murrow is coming I am sure I can get Katie Louchheim. She is in charge of Women's Affairs for the State Department and she is often stuck with some woman who is the Madame Pandit of Outer Mongolia who wants to be on the Voice of America. I am sure she would like to fix up a quiet deal with Mr. Murrow.

If I have Katie Louchheim, then I can certainly get Esther Peterson. She is always looking for a lady in a sari to explain to the Business and Professional Women that American women do not really need any more rights. And of course if Mrs. Peterson is there I can wrap up your new Position personally, Inabelle.

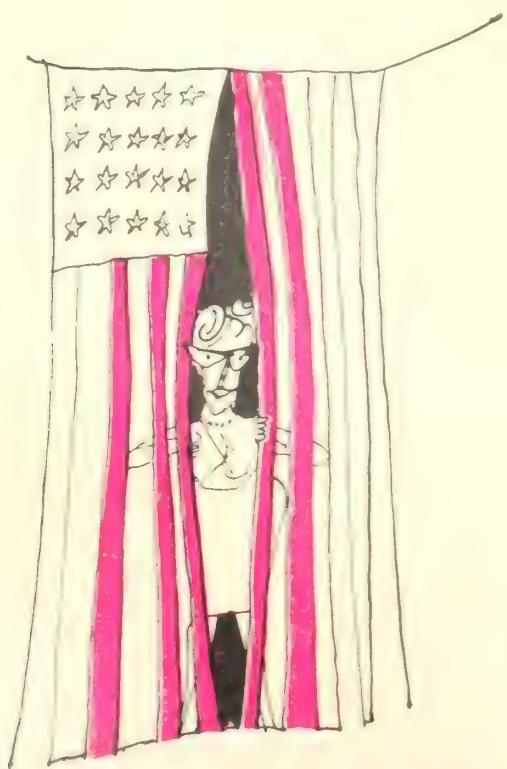
Clyde really did not expect me to pull off anything like this and he is getting quite nervous about the party. He is even worried that he will not make the grade Culturally with Carol Dinsmore. I have explained that she is not much of a VIW. She is more the Cornball Junior League. But he has read about VIWs who are Eminent Economists and Accomplished Painters and he is afraid they would not be interested in Black Angus steers, which is what he usually talks about.

So he insists that I must stay for the party and be his OH. I am certainly glad I went to Hunter and have kept up my membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.

I am going out now to buy some long white gloves and practice keeping them on while I drink a cocktail. I am beginning to think I may have a Political Future myself in this Administration. I guess the League of Women Voters would not agree with me but times have changed a lot since Susan B. Anthony was a girl. What you have to fight for these days is not more rights but the right man. Once you hook onto him there is no telling where you might go.

Loyally yours,
Tess

Harper's Magazine, October 1962



SECOND CHANCE: NEW EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

ESTHER RAUSHENBUSH

Why so many female brains go to waste and what is being done to salvage them. As a college dean and teacher, Mrs. Raushenbush has spent her whole professional life grappling with the problems discussed here. Currently she is directing a major new salvage operation—the Center for Continuing Education at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York.

If the girls who enter college remain there not four years, as we intend them to, but one or two or three. The drop-out rate varies widely from one college to another, but this is the national picture and has been for a long time. And women have seemed willing to leave their education unfinished.

But lately many of them, now the mothers of growing families, have been asking for a second chance at the education they left behind them and they are actively seeking ways to find it. Many are talented, and they have the kind of interest and energy for continuing their education they did not have at nineteen or twenty; but they are having a hard time. We have not yet acknowledged, in the colleges, that their needs are different from the needs of the nineteen-year-old undergraduate, and if we are to help them to the second chance we will have to break some of our old habits.

As it is, many of these applicants meet almost impassable roadblocks. Some of them are funny, some are sad. Some are created by a general unwillingness to bother, some by institutional pride, some by bureaucratic aversion to tangling with new complications by making exceptions to rules that work neatly.

One bright student I know left college after being on the Dean's List for three years. When she reapplied for admission ten years later she was told that her credits were "too old"; the A's of yesteryear, it seems, were no longer good enough, or perhaps a liberal education fades away.

Since leaving college this young wife and mother had been active in politics, read widely, lived in a sophisticated intellectual atmosphere—

but none of that counted in evaluating her as a suitable senior and B.A. candidate. She tried to register for that final year at another good college and was told that no degree could be given for less than two full years of residence—and besides, she hadn't met their freshman and sophomore requirements.

Another woman, now about forty and losing much of her eyesight, wants to teach blind children. She has spent several years learning Braille, but in order to teach, she needs a college degree. Years ago, she took the commercial course, not the college-preparatory course, in high school because she knew she would have to go to work instead of college. Today, a local college refuses to admit her to the liberal-arts division because she hasn't had a college-preparatory course. So she has entered the business school for which she is eligible. Its curriculum includes courses in marketing, office management, packaging, and distribution—all requiring her to use her failing sight, none relevant to her intellectual or professional needs, or her plans for the future.

In many institutions, middle-aged women run afoul of physical requirements set up for eighteen-year-olds. One of them told me ruefully that she had flunked physical education because of a time test in swimming. At forty, and not as slim as her fellow students, she couldn't swim as fast as they. She will have to try again. An eminent doctor's wife registering for a single university course was required to stand in a line of

newly entering students a block long, for examination by the college doctor.

Graduate and professional schools often have age limits they are reluctant to change, although the new applicants are likely to be very different in motivation, background, and expectation from women of their age fifteen or twenty years ago when the limits were set. Some professional schools are making exceptions or raising age limits or modifying programs, as they see the quality of the older applicants and consider them in relation to the profession's needs. But change is very slow.

The skepticism with which colleges respond to the effort of a woman to resume an interrupted education is part of our ambivalence about educating women. Doubts about the education of women exist right alongside of increasing interest in extending it. The doubts are expressed by psychoanalysts, by men who should be giving money to women's education but don't, by administrators, college professors, deans of graduate schools.

The psychoanalysts say the educated woman is a split personality—neither fulfilled nest-builder, which she should be, nor successful worker in the world, which she can't be. Fathers believe in college education for women, but their support goes to education for men. After all, Junior needs that Princeton degree to get ahead, but Sally will get a husband anyhow.

In contrast, educators take "going on to graduate school" as the criterion of success. They grieve when the alumnae study shows how much promising Ph.D. potential has taken the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire of marriage and a home. The professor doesn't find in the future of his women students a reflection of his own career which he wants to see repeated. And the graduate-school dean knows that when you do admit women to graduate study you can't trust them to go through with it, as a man probably would.

This academic climate was described to me by a woman who *does* have staying power and is now doing research at a great graduate school:

"All the men here are extremely cordial and helpful to me and the other mature women who are obviously in the game for keeps. But they are openly prejudiced against undertaking the education of women because women do not in fact make contributions worthy of the time invested in them."

Despite such misgivings we keep encouraging women to embark on higher education on the same terms as men do. The Harvard-Radcliffe

union is now complete and the undergraduate college at Yale, like its graduate schools, will become coeducational "to provide the same rigorous training for women that we provide for men."

The kind of education implied by this statement will surely encourage in women the very qualities that will prepare them to undertake advanced and professional training, and interest them in doing it. This rigorous discipline will make many women discontented if they find no suitable way of using their trained ability.

Such encouragement to high endeavor should be matched by efforts to make possible the accomplishments both the university and the students surely want. For a few girls the road will be clear—the most dedicated will drive ahead to a professional goal, and personal considerations will not stop them. But it is not only the single-minded among college-educated women whose talents should be used. Creative possibilities often reside in just those persons who are not quite single-minded.

Most girls will marry and will want to give their main attention to their families for a period of years even though they want a productive professional life. This dual task means they cannot work by the conventional, male time scale. If they want to enter the more specialized professions, most of them will not be able to work by the present rules of professional schools. In the present take-it-or-leave-it educational climate they are expendable, and will continue to be, unless law schools, schools of architecture, medical schools, and graduate schools find ways of designing study programs that fit the actual facts of these women's lives. Whatever else that means, it means that, for most women, full-time study will be interrupted by bearing and rearing children.

The kind of intellectual discipline the Yale faculty has in mind was designed to help young men become acquainted with the liberal arts, prepare for professions, go to work, and keep working. They can do all that and still marry wives and father children. When we encouraged women to go on beyond high school, it must have been obvious that advanced education would reveal talents, inspire interests, raise expectations that need fulfillment. Women have wants they would not have without education, but in effect, educators say, "We hope you will not waste the talents you have developed in college. However, if you want to be wives and mothers, and scholars or doctors or city planners, too, you'll have to manage as well as you can."

And in the early years of higher education

for women, the exceptional ones did, in fact, manage. Going to college then was often a revolt against the pressure of custom and family tradition, and it took especially high motivation to go at all. Once there, women followed the line laid down by men's colleges, postponed or gave up marriage, entered professional life. They were an exceptional minority.

Such women—probably as many as ever—still go to college. But we are educating, or partly educating, a great many others as well. Often they are talented, intelligent girls, with gifts they could use to their pleasure and profit, and ours. But most of them will not postpone marriage until they have established careers, or forgo marriage entirely. They will bear and bring up children, and have a life with their husbands. This is what most of us think should happen to women, even bright ones who could and should also become important in teaching, law, medicine, social work, science, politics, engineering, architecture, city planning, or clinical psychology. The twentieth century, unlike the nineteenth, has given approval to both home and career—incompatible as they are in our present educational system—and has left it to the young woman to cope.

SECOND CHANCE

To the twenty-year-old girl, finding a mate is often more appealing than the distant success of professional life. But suppose young women could count on a second chance for their intellectual life, later. This prospect would, I think, make girls take their college work more seriously. It might actually reduce drop-outs and it would lessen the guilt feelings of many bright young women who have "abandoned" their plans. In the process we would recover much talent that is now wasted.

This is true even though a life altogether encompassed by the family is right for many women. It is a good life and I am not anxious to disturb them even to meet the nation's need for "woman power"; if we use intelligently the woman power that wants to be used, we will be farther ahead by a good deal. For however cherished life in the family may be, it is not satisfying *enough* to many educated women, and the reliefs society has provided for their leisure are not satisfying either.

In the past few years some colleges have stopped reproaching women for infirmity of purpose, pitying them for abdicating the feminine role, trying to reconcile them to frustration when

Drop-Out Problem

THE freshman girl came in to the Dean of Women at the end of the second week of school and said she wanted to withdraw. The Dean asked her why. Well, she was just gonna go home.

"But you haven't been here long enough yet to know whether you're getting what you want out of school."

Yes she had, said the girl.

"What did you come here for?" the Dean asked.

"Well," said the girl, "I came here to be went with and I ain't been yet."

—Eunice Roberts, Dean of Faculties at Indiana University, CBS broadcast, April 30, 1959

they haven't abdicated it, or silently denying that the education of women poses any problem. Instead they have begun to design sensible programs for women at different stages of life and at different levels of ability.

The Radcliffe Institute for Individual Study is a small selective program for the highly qualified woman who can make an original contribution in science or humanistic scholarship or art. A generous yearly stipend pays for her household help so she can devote herself full-time to study and work. In the year and a half since it began, the Institute has furthered much valuable research.

An entirely different population is benefiting from an imaginative effort at the University of Minnesota. This experiment is both for women who have gone to college, and for others who have not; some who want A.B. or more advanced degrees, and others who want only special information, reading programs, or refresher courses. They may enroll either in the university's degree-granting colleges or in its extension division; they may take daytime, evening, or correspondence courses, or engage in independent study.

This program is important because expert counselors provide a plan of re-entry for each individual. Small children are cared for in a co-operative play school, while mothers attend class; and financial aid is available.

The University of Kansas City also tries to help women find their way back into some appropriate part of the university system. Brooklyn College's experimental Adult Degree Program was organized to encourage women to work for degrees through the regular college courses at a

pace compatible with the rest of their lives; and the college has recognized certain work experience in planning programs and giving credit for past achievement.

Another approach to the problem is the Center for Continuing Education now in its early stages at Sarah Lawrence. On our campus we are offering special opportunities to women who wish to resume work toward an A.B. or an M.A. in appropriate fields. For students who did not complete college we are offering some special Continuing Education courses, carrying regular undergraduate credit. A semester or a year in such a course gives us a chance to judge a student's capabilities. If her work is satisfactory and if she is accepted as a candidate for a degree, she will be admitted to regular undergraduate classes. An individual plan will be made for her in terms of her present purpose, rather than in terms of a conventional "major." And if she needs a special course not offered at Sarah Lawrence we will arrange for her to take it at one of the metropolitan universities.

We are also receiving inquiries from a considerable number of women whose needs cannot be met at Sarah Lawrence. We advise them about other institutions in this community, help them plan a course of study, and if possible help clear away some of the obstacles in their path, by providing a liaison with other schools.

A variety of programs is needed, and the style of each should suit the local situation. Large urban universities should cater to large numbers with diverse needs, as the Minnesota plan does. The highly specialized program of the Radcliffe Institute is peculiarly appropriate for an institution with Harvard's research facilities. The Sarah Lawrence program fits a college with long experience in individual educational planning for undergraduates and first-year graduate students.

Every announcement of a Continuing Education program brings a deluge of inquiries. Telephone calls and letters inundated Sarah Lawrence after our program was mentioned in the press. But, obviously, not all the people who inquired so eagerly could or should return to study. The success of such education depends on maintaining high standards, and some of them underestimate the work involved. A very large number, however, have good reasons for resuming study and bring evidence that they are able and realistic about their own talents. Many are uncertain about how to get started again, but very few have extravagant expectations about themselves.

Most of these women fall into two groups. One group — aie up of women in their

forties who have been chiefly occupied in bringing up their families and in doing their jobs as wives and mothers. Some have also been active in their communities, with the PTA, Cub Scouts, local planning boards, the town library, political parties. Some have done work of professional quality with organizations like the League of Women Voters. Now their children are in high school and college and they suddenly discover that their occupation's gone. They have felt useful, and now they don't. Life inside the family was full enough for a long time; now it is not.

At the same time, they may be finding their civic duties less interesting. Or, as disciplined and competent workers, they may have acquired a taste for really professional work, but they lack the necessary training; and a truncated college career often stands in the way of getting it. They feel lost, and at this stage of their lives if they have made no plans it is hard to help them find an educational design for a new occupation.

The second, younger group is the wave of the future, for if they are as numerous as I suspect, they may persuade the colleges that women's education needs to be designed differently from men's. They are between thirty and thirty-five years old; their attention is still on their children, but they are planning ahead.

THE EAGER THIRTIES

Most of them married during or soon after college. They cherish their homes and their young children. They are not ambitious for large careers, and are not competitive with their husbands. They have no feminist cause to fight. But they reveal those hidden energies William James reminds us we all have; we are only half-alive while they remain hidden. These women see things to be known and things to be done that their talents could help do. At eighteen, it may have been custom or parental pressure that sent them to college. At nineteen, it was a dean who urged them not to leave; at twenty-one, it was a professor who talked of getting an M.A. In those years other claims were very strong. Now they are turning to the classroom again—out of their own conviction.

Why do they want additional education? Quite a few want to teach—they are interested in everything from nursery school to college teaching. A few have lived abroad, are almost bilingual, and want to learn to teach a language. A mathematics major, who found mathematics exciting ten years ago and still does, wants to make use of her skill and her interest.

By and large these women today are more concerned with the humane aspects of things than they were at nineteen. They have, after all, had a dozen years of home, husband, and children. They are realistic about what they can do in the next few years. They do not want to turn their children over to housekeepers so they can spend all their time studying. But they have some time now, will have more later, and want to use it to prepare for the future.

When they come to us we find that, although they differ in educational background and in talents and interest, they are substantially alike in the pattern of their needs. They don't want to interrupt the economy of their households; they don't want to go to school at night when their husbands are home; they don't want intensive study programs that take them away from home many hours a day and many days a week. They want to do as much at one time as they can do well. But they are in no great hurry. By starting now, they will have a continuing intellectual experience over the years. And when the right time comes, they will have the training to do something interesting and valuable.

Much younger at thirty-five than their mothers were, these women will remain young longer, live longer. On the whole, they are an able group. Four out of twelve interviewed at Sarah Lawrence in a random week had been honor students. Others, greatly embarrassed to show us their transcripts, had mediocre grades during unmotivated years at college, but they have since demonstrated their ability in community activity, in work with their husbands, in jobs they held or invented, and in reading. It will be easy to continue their education, if the colleges are willing to make over some rules.

On the other hand, women in their later forties

pose a sizable problem. They are in more of a hurry than younger women. Those who have done little or no work outside their homes will find the shift most difficult.

Statistics give women in their forties another thirty years, on the average. That's a lot of leftover life to live. They did not have the foresight, ten years ago, to start planning for the freer years, and they need the best help they can get. The woman of thirty—indeed, the woman of twenty—can learn from their plight.

A COMMON MARKET

Meanwhile, intelligent women who need further education for knowledge they want to have and work they want to do should be encouraged. This calls for several changes. We need, in the first place, to consider whether every mature woman must meet all the academic requirements set up for younger students. Second, we must help women who are trying to re-enter college to plan wisely; they cannot do it alone.

Above all, we need flexibility in teaching and in college administration so that women who are still bringing up their children can study seriously, but a little at a time, toward a goal they will reach years later.

As a starting point, colleges should become less exclusive about their own degrees; there needs to be something of a common market to which qualified people may repair. Most women are not free to move—they must stay where their homes are, and colleges that now require students who have had three years of study with them to spend the final year physically present on the campus, should reconsider. Those colleges now refusing to give transfer students a degree for less than two full years in residence should consider

The Feminine Mystique

I THINK we've got to remember that what I think has been recently called "the feminine mystique"—this drive toward the kitchen and toward all of the things that a woman can absorb herself in if she only allows herself to get swamped by it—that the drive toward this has made women behave in outrageous ways. They've left their jobs, they've left their graduate schools, they've abandoned their fellowships, they go to work not on time because someone is waiting to meet them. There are all kinds of ways in which we have got to get across to young students that they must fulfill their responsibilities as people and also as women, because they will not only destroy their own lives but they will destroy the opportunity for those who are really fitted to take advantage of it and can go to the top.

—President Millicent C. McIntosh, to the Barnard College Trustees, May 23, 1962

making exceptions in special cases. The mixed blood of even a late transfer student may bring credit, not shame, to the institution.

Colleges ought also to encourage able and serious women to be part-time students—graduate or undergraduate—and not demand attendance on an all-or-nothing basis. I know a lively and intelligent woman with a degree from a good college who wants to do graduate work and be certified to teach. The only two suitable places in her vicinity require that she take full-time work, and that she attend classes all day three days a week in one case, and four in the other.

"Why should not a reasonably well-educated person take one course at a time," she writes, "work at that one seriously, and complete the study over a period of years? I know that when it comes to practice teaching I will need more consecutive time, but if I can begin study now, by the time I am ready for practice teaching I will be freer to give that amount of time."

In communities with enough older students, special classes—carrying full college credit and setting high standards—might be organized by a good college or university in convenient places and at sensible hours. Here imaginative planning could create some interesting new programs, since this group is likely to deal differently with the materials of history or psychology or political science than nineteen-year-olds. Education, even for ordinary undergraduates, could stand decentralizing. Although the presence of these older students is an asset to younger ones, for the newcomers there is no particular magic in the university campus, and traveling long distances for an hour of class should not be made a test of a woman's strength of purpose.

The rigid hour-of-class-for-an-hour-of-credit, now the rule in many places, is unnecessary. Class sessions should be longer than is usual in undergraduate courses, and less frequent. Mature women can study alone; they have often worked independently at volunteer jobs requiring self-discipline. We do a great deal of talking about independent study for undergraduates. Older students can certainly be expected to work independently.

Sometimes women in their middle years have a good deal of relevant experience to bring to their studies, and it might be educationally perfectly sound to credit some of the work they have done. A woman who for several years carried on complicated technical research which led to important legislation in her state accomplished more than most undergraduates do in law and government courses. Naturally such credit should be

limited, and apply to work that fits into a good educational plan for the student.

Graduate and professional schools need to consider whether promising people can be allowed to enroll without completely reorganizing their lives. Maybe even something as exacting as medical studies can be revised in the interests of such students. (Women can make fine doctors, but today their greatest contribution to medicine consists in putting their husbands through medical school.)

As in every other segment of American education, money problems crop up here. Solutions range all the way from providing baby-sitters while a mother attends class and goes to the library, to awarding fellowships that pay the equivalent of a year's salary while she completes an important piece of research. Sometimes a very small grant of money makes the difference between continuing education and dropping out. As colleges develop interesting and useful plans for women, financial support for them will have to be found.

These pages are no place for planning a curriculum; but perhaps colleges should assume that some undergraduates who leave the full-time program would continue if suitable part-time arrangements existed; others might stop and then resume study later; and some who graduated at twenty-one might eventually go on to graduate or professional schools. Would this sort of thinking stimulate changes in the way courses are taught, especially in the early college years? If we envisioned the education of a woman as a long process, involving her thought and time fully at some periods and partially at others, would we teach anthropology or the physical sciences or history or art differently? We might even inquire whether the volunteer and paid work some of these women have done—in housing, regional planning, public health, educational and political services, in the arts and intercultural affairs—might not give us some ideas for curriculum planning for the education of women. Women's colleges should take leadership in devising such creative experiments.

Women in all parts of the country are eager to resume serious study after an absence. If colleges accept the idea of education for women as a continuing, long-range enterprise, building the idea into their teaching and advising, and if they welcome returning, highly motivated women as serious students and design education that will realistically meet their needs, we may develop a population of educated and professional women unheard of in this country—or anywhere—before.

MOTHER AND JACK AND THE RAIN

Anne Sexton

I HAVE a room of my own.
Rain drops onto it. Rain drops down like worms
from the trees onto my frontal bone.
Haunted, always haunted by rain, the room affirms
the words that I will make alone.
I come like the blind feeling for shelves,
feeling for wood as hard as an apple,
fingering the pen lightly, my blade.
With this pen I take in hand my selves
and with these dead disciples I will grapple.
Though rain curses the window
let the poem be made.

Rain is a finger on my eyeball.
Rain drills in with its old unnecessary stories . . .
I went to bed like a horse to its stall.
On my damp summer bed I cradled my salty knees
and heard father kiss me through the wall
and heard mother's heart pump like the tides.
The fog horn flattened the sea into leather.
I made no voyages, I owned no passport.
I was the daughter. Whiskey fortified
my father in the next room. He outlasted the weather,
counted his booty and brought
his ship into port.

Rain, rain, at sixteen
where I lay all night with Jack beside the tiny lake
and did nothing at all, lay as straight as a bean.
We played bridge and beer games for their own sake,
filled up our lamp with kerosene,
brushed our teeth, made sandwiches and tea
and lay down on the cabin bed to sleep.
I lay, a blind lake, feigning sleep while Jack
pulled back the woolly covers to see
my body, that invisible body that girls keep.
All that sweet night we rode out
the storm back to back.

Now Jack says the Mass
and mother died using her own bones for crutches.
There is rain on the wood, rain on the glass
and I'm in a room of my own. I think too much.
Fish swim from the eyes of God. Let them pass.
Mother and Jack fill up heaven; they endorse
my womanhood. Near land my ship comes about.
I come to this land to ride my horse,
to try my own guitar, to copy out
their two separate names like sunflowers, to conjure
up my daily bread, to endure,
somehow to endure.

Mrs. Sexton's second book of poems is "All My Pretty Ones." Last year, she was one of the pioneer group of twenty-two women scholars at Radcliffe College's new Institute for Independent Study. (See page 149.)

REENA

A Story by Paule Marshall

Like most people with unpleasant childhoods, I am on constant guard against the past—the past being for me the people and places associated with the years I served out my girlhood in Brooklyn. The places no longer matter that much since most of them have vanished. The old grammar school, for instance, P.S. 35 ("Dirty 5's" we called it and with justification) has been replaced by a low, coldly functional arrangement of glass and Permastone which bears its name but has none of the feel of a school about it. The small, grudgingly lighted stores along Fulton Street, the soda parlor that was like a church with its stained-glass panels in the door and marble floor have given way to those impersonal emporiums, the supermarkets. Our house even, a brownstone relic whose halls smelled comfortingly of dust and lemon oil, the somnolent street upon which it stood, the tall muscular trees which shaded it were leveled years ago to make way for a city housing project—a stark, graceless warren for the poor. So that now whenever I revisit that old section of Brooklyn and see these new and ugly forms, I feel nothing. I might as well be in a strange city.

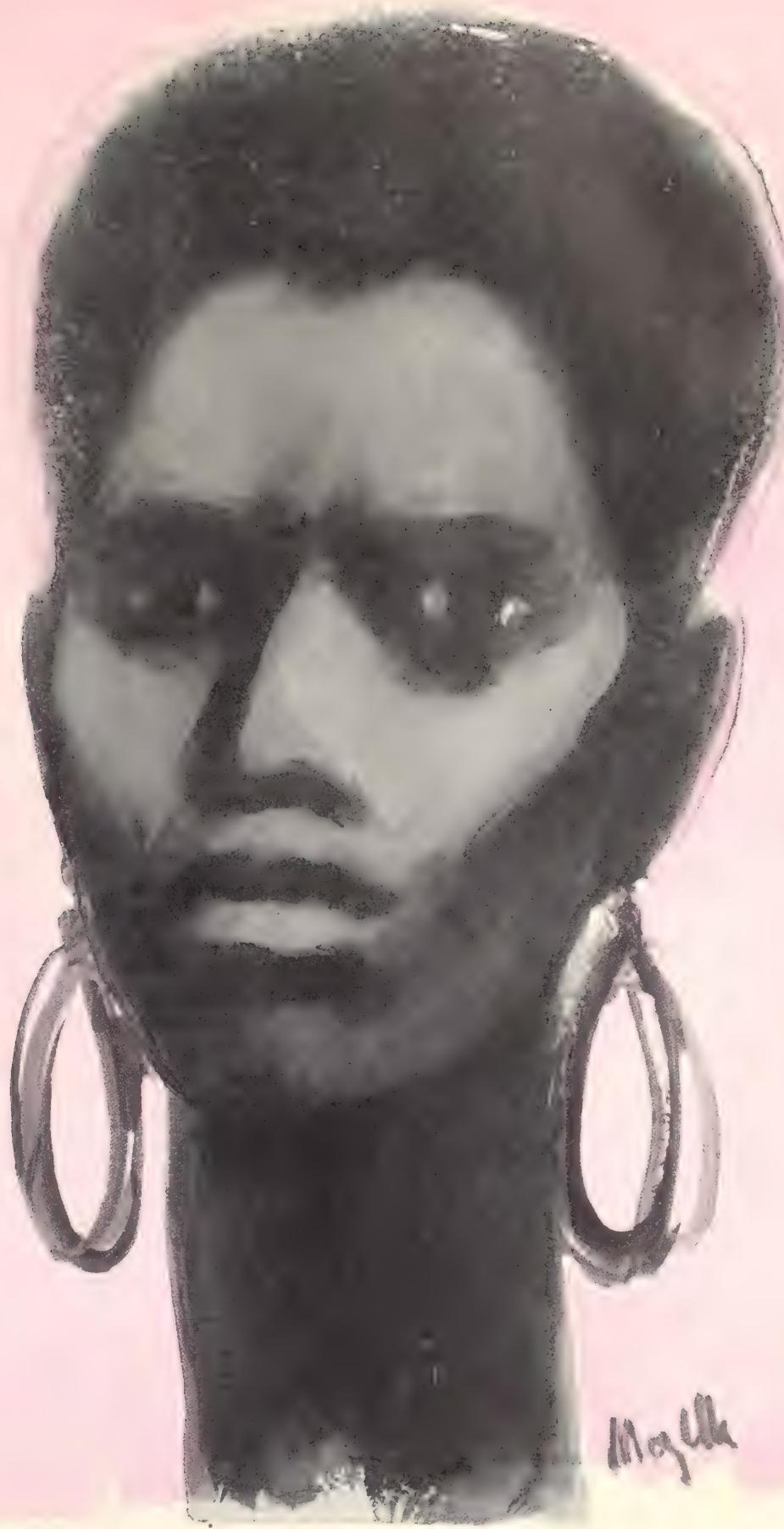
But it is another matter with the people of my past, the faces that in their darkness were myriad reflections of mine. Whenever I encounter them at the funeral or wake, the wedding or christening—those ceremonies by which the past reaffirms its hold—my guard drops and memories banished to the rear of the mind rush forward to rout the present. I almost become the child again—anxious and angry, disgracefully diffident.

Reena was one of the people from that time, and a main contributor to my sense of ineffectualness then. She had not done this deliberately. It was just that whenever she talked about herself (and this was not as often as most people) she seemed to be talking about me also. She ruthlessly analyzed herself, sparing herself nothing. Her honesty was so absolute it was a kind of cruelty.

She had not changed, I was to discover in meeting her again after a separation of twenty years. Nor had I really. For although the years had altered our positions (she was no longer the lord and I the lackey) and I could even afford to forgive her now, she still had the ability to disturb me profoundly by dredging to the surface those aspects of myself that I kept buried. This time, as I listened to her talk over the stretch of one long night, she made vivid without knowing it what is perhaps the most critical fact of my existence—that definition of me, of her and millions like us, formulated by others to serve out their fantasies, a definition we have to combat at an unconscionable cost to the self and even use, at times, in order to survive; the cause of so much shame and rage as well as, oddly enough, a source of pride: simply, what it has meant, what it means, to be a black woman in America.

We met—Reena and myself—at the funeral of her aunt who had been my godmother and whom I had also called aunt, Aunt Vi, and loved, for she and her house had been, respectively, a source of understanding and a place of calm for me as a child. Reena entered the church where the funeral service was being held as though she, not the minister, were coming to officiate, sat down among the immediate family up front and turned to inspect those behind her. I saw her face then.

It was a good copy of the original. The familiar mold was there, that is, and the configuration of bone beneath the skin was the same despite the slight fleshiness I had never seen there before; her features had even retained their distinctive touches: the positive set to her mouth, the assertive lift to her nose, the same insistent, unsettling eyes which when she was angry became as black as her skin—and this was total, unnerving and very beautiful. Yet something had happened to her face. It was different despite its sameness. Aging even while it remained enviably young. Time had sketched in, very lightly, the evidence of the twenty years.



Magda

As soon as the funeral service was over, I left, hurrying out of the church into the early November night. The wind, already at its winter strength, brought with it the smell of dead leaves and the image of Aunt Vi there in the church, as dead as the leaves—as well as the thought of Reena whom I would see later at the wake.

Her real name had been Doreen, a standard for girls among West Indians (her mother, like my parents, was from Barbados), but she had changed it to Reena on her twelfth birthday—"As a present to myself"—and had enforced the change on her family by refusing to answer to the old name. "Reena. With two e's!" she would say and imprint those e's on your mind with the indelible black of her eyes and a thin threatening finger that was like a quill.

She and I had not been friends through our own choice. Rather, our mothers, who had known each other since childhood, had forced the relationship. And from the beginning, I had been at a disadvantage. For Reena, as early as the age of twelve, had had a quality that was unique, superior, and therefore dangerous. She seemed defined, even then, all of a piece, the raw edges of her adolescence smoothed over; indeed, she seemed to have escaped adolescence altogether and made one dazzling leap from childhood into the very arena of adult life. At thirteen, for instance, she was reading Zola, Hauptmann, Steinbeck, while I was still in the thrall of the Little Minister and Lorna Doone. When I could only barely conceive of the world beyond Brooklyn, she was talking of the Civil War in Spain, lynchings in the South, Hitler in Poland—and talking with the outrage and passion of a revolutionary. I would try, I remember, to console myself with the thought that she was really an adult masquerading as a child, which meant that I could not possibly be her match.

For her part, Reena put up with me and was, by turns, patronizing and impatient. I merely served as the audience before whom she rehearsed her ideas and the yardstick by which she measured her worldliness and knowledge.

"Do you realize that this stupid country supplied Japan with the scrap iron to make the

weapons she's now using against it?" she had shouted at me once.

I had not known that.

Just as she overwhelmed me, she overwhelmed her family, with the result that despite a half-dozen brothers and sisters who consumed quantities of bread and jam whenever they visited us, she behaved like an only child and got away with it. Her father, a gentle man with skin the color of dried tobacco and with the nose Reena had inherited jutting out like a crag from his nondescript face, had come from Georgia and was always making jokes about having married a foreigner—Reena's mother being from the West Indies. When not joking, he seemed slightly bewildered by his large family and so in awe of Reena that he avoided her. Reena's mother, a small, dry, formidably black woman, was less a person to me than the abstract principle of force, power, energy. She was alternately strict and indulgent with Reena and, despite the inconsistency, surprisingly effective.

They lived when I knew them in a cold-water railroad flat above a kosher butcher on Belmont Avenue in Brownsville, some distance from us—and this in itself added to Reena's exotic quality. For it was a place where Sunday became Saturday with all the stores open and pushcarts piled with vegetables and yard goods lined up along the curb, a crowded place where people hawked and spat freely in the streaming gutters and the men looked as if they had just stepped from the pages of the Old Testament with their profuse beards and long, black, satin coats.

When Reena was fifteen her family moved to Jamaica in Queens and since, in those days, Jamaica was considered too far away for visiting, our families lost contact and I did not see Reena again until we were both in college and then only once and not to speak to . . .

I had walked some distance and by the time I got to the wake which was being held at Aunt Vi's house it was well under way. It was a good wake. Aunt Vi would have been pleased. There was plenty to drink, and more than enough to eat, including some Barbadian favorites: coconut bread, pone made with the cassava root, and the little crisp codfish cakes that are so hot with peppers they bring tears to the eyes as you bite into them.

I had missed the beginning when everyone had probably sat around talking about Aunt Vi and recalling the few events that had distinguished her otherwise undistinguished life. (Someone, I'm sure, had told of the time she had

Paule Marshall spent most of her childhood in Brooklyn, scene of her first novel, "Brown Girl, Brownstones," and of this story. She won the 1962 Richard and Hinda Rosenthal Foundation Award for her second book, "Soul Clap Hands and Sing."

missed the excursion boat to Atlantic City and had held her own private picnic—complete with pigeon peas and rice and fricassee chicken—on the pier at 42nd Street.) By the time I arrived, though, it would have been indiscreet to mention her name, for by then the wake had become—and this would also have pleased her—a celebration of life.

I had had two drinks, one right after the other, and was well into my third when Reena, who must have been upstairs, entered the basement kitchen where I was. She saw me before I had quite seen her and with a cry that alerted the entire room to her presence and charged the air with her special force, she rushed toward me.

"Hey, I'm the one who was supposed to be the writer, not you! Do you know, I still can't believe it," she said, stepping back, her blackness heightened by a white mocking smile. "I read both your books over and over again and I can't really believe it. My Little Paulie!"

I did not mind. For there was respect and even wonder behind the patronizing words and in her eyes. The old imbalance between us had ended and I was suddenly glad to see her.

I told her so and we both began talking at once, but Reena's voice overpowered mine, so that all I could do after a time was listen while she discussed my books, and dutifully answer her questions about my personal life.

"And what about you?" I said, almost brutally, at the first chance I got. "What've you been up to all this time?"

She got up abruptly. "Good Lord, in here's noisy as hell. Come on, let's go upstairs."

We got fresh drinks and went up to Aunt Vi's bedroom where, in the soft light from the lamps, the huge Victorian bed and the pink satin bedspread with roses of the same material strewn over its surface looked as if they had never been used. And, in a way, this was true. Aunt Vi had seldom slept in her bed or, for that matter, lived in her house, because in order to pay for it, she had had to work at a sleeping-in job which gave her only Thursdays and every other Sunday off.

Reena sat on the bed, crushing the roses and I sat on one of the numerous trunks which crowded the room. They contained every dress, coat, hat, and shoe that Aunt Vi had worn since coming to the United States. I again asked Reena what she had been doing over the years.

"Do you want a blow by blow account?" she said. But despite the flippancy, she was suddenly serious. And when she began it was clear that she had written out the narrative in her mind many times. The words came too easily; the events, the incidents had been ordered in

time—the meaning of her behavior and of the people with whom she had been involved had been painstakingly analyzed. She talked willingly, with desperation almost. And the words by themselves weren't enough. She used her hands to give them form and urgency. I became totally involved with her and all that she said. So much so that as the night wore on I was not certain at times whether it was she or I speaking.

From the time her family moved to Jamaica until she was nineteen or so, Reena's life sounded, from what she told me in the beginning, as ordinary as mine and most of the girls we knew. After high school she had gone on to one of the free city colleges where she had majored in journalism, worked part-time in the school library, and, surprisingly enough, joined a houseplan. (Even I hadn't gone that far.) It was an all Negro club since there was a tacit understanding that Negro and white girls did not join each other's houseplans. "Integration, Northern style," she said, shrugging.

It seems that Reena had had a purpose and a plan in joining the group. "I thought," she said with a wry smile, "I could get those girls up off their complacent rumps and out doing something about social issues. . . . I couldn't get them to budge. I remember after the war when a Negro ex-soldier had his eyes gouged out by a bus driver down South I tried getting them to demonstrate on campus. I talked until I was hoarse but to no avail. They were too busy planning the annual autumn frolic."

Her laugh was bitter but forgiving and it ended in a long reflective silence. After which she said quietly, "It wasn't that they didn't give a damn. It was just, I suppose, that like most people they didn't want to get involved to the extent that they might have to stand up and be counted, if it ever came to that. Then another thing. They thought they were safe, special. After all, they had grown up in the North, most of them, and so had escaped the Southern-style prejudice; their parents, like mine, were struggling to put them through college; they could look forward to being tidy little schoolteachers, social workers, and lab technicians. Oh, they were safe!" The sarcasm scored her voice and then abruptly gave way to pity. "Poor things, they weren't safe, you see, and would never be as long as millions like themselves in Harlem, on Chicago's South Side, down South, all over the place, were unsafe. I tried to tell them this—and they accused me of being oversensitive. They tried not to listen. But I would have held out

and, I'm sure, even brought some of them around eventually if this other business with a silly boy hadn't happened at the same time. . . ."

Reena told me then about her first, brief, and apparently innocent affair with a boy she had met at one of the houseplan parties. It had ended she said when the boys' parents had met her. "That was it," she said and the flat of her hand cut into the air. "He was forbidden to see me. The reason? He couldn't bring himself to tell me, but I knew. I was too black."

"Naturally, it wasn't the first time something like that had happened. In fact, you might say that was the theme of my childhood. Because I was dark I was always being plastered with Vaseline so I wouldn't look ashy. Whenever I had my picture taken they would pile a whitish powder on my face and make the lights so bright I always came out looking ghostly. My mother stopped speaking to any number of people because they said I would have been pretty if I hadn't been so dark. Like nearly every little black girl, I had my share of dreams of waking up to find myself with long blonde curls, blue eyes, and skin like milk. So I should have been prepared. Besides, that boy's parents were really rejecting themselves in rejecting me."

"Take us"—and her hands, opening in front of my face as she suddenly leaned forward, seemed to offer me the whole of black humanity. "We live surrounded by white images, and white in this world is synonymous with the good, light, beauty, success, so that, despite ourselves sometimes, we run after that whiteness and deny our darkness which has been made into the symbol of all that is evil and inferior. I wasn't a person to that boy's parents, but a symbol of the darkness they were in flight from, so that just as they—that boy, his parents, those silly girls in the houseplan—were running from me, I started running from them . . ."

It must have been shortly after this happened when I saw Reena at a debate which was being held at my college. She did not see me, since she was one of the speakers and I was merely part of her audience in the crowded auditorium. The topic had something to do with intellectual freedom in the colleges (McCarthyism was coming into vogue then) and aside from a Jewish boy from City College, Reena was the most effective—sharp, provocative, her position the most radical. The others on the panel seemed intimidated not only by the strength and cogency of her argument but by the sheer impact of her blackness in the crowd.

Her color might have been a weapon she used to dazzle and disarm her opponents. And she had highlighted it with the clothes she was wearing: a white dress patterned with large blocks of primary colors I remember (it looked Mexican) and a pair of intricately wrought silver earrings—long and with many little parts which clashed like muted cymbals over the microphone each time she moved her head. She wore her hair cropped short like a boy's and it was not straightened like mine and the other Negro girls' in the audience, but left in its coarse natural state: a small forest under which her face emerged in its intense and startling handsomeness. I remember she left the auditorium in triumph that day, surrounded by a noisy entourage from her college—all of them white.

"We were very serious," she said now, describing the left-wing group she had belonged to then—and there was a defensiveness in her voice which sought to protect them from all censure. "We believed—because we were young, I suppose, and had nothing as yet to risk—that we could do something about the injustices which everyone around us seemed to take for granted. So we picketed and demonstrated and bombarded Washington with our protests, only to have our names added to the Attorney General's list for all our trouble. We were always standing on street corners handing out leaflets or getting people to sign petitions. We always seemed to pick the coldest days to do that." Her smile held long after the words had died.

"I, we all, had such a sense of purpose then," she said softly, and a sadness lay aslant the smile now, darkening it. "We were forever holding meetings, having endless discussions, arguing, shouting, theorizing. And we had fun. Those parties! There was always somebody with a guitar. We were always singing. . . ." Suddenly, she began singing—and her voice was sure, militant, and faintly self-mocking,

"But the banks are made of marble
With a guard at every door
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the workers sweated for . . ."

When she spoke again the words were a sad coda to the song. "Well, as you probably know, things came to an ugly head with McCarthy reigning in Washington and I was one of the people temporarily suspended from school."

She broke off and we both waited, the ice in our glasses melted and the drinks gone flat.

"At first, I didn't mind," she said finally. "After all, we were right. The fact that they suspended us proved it. Besides, I was in the middle of an affair, a real one this time, and too busy with

that to care about anything else." She paused again, frowning.

"He was white," she said quickly and glanced at me as though to surprise either shock or disapproval in my face. "We were very involved. At one point—I think just after we had been suspended and he started working—we even thought of getting married. Living in New York, moving in the crowd we did, we might have been able to manage it. But I couldn't. There were too many complex things going on beneath the surface," she said, her voice strained by the hopelessness she must have felt then, her hands shaping it in the air between us. "Neither one of us could really escape what our color had come to mean in this country. Let me explain. Bob was always, for some odd reason, talking about how much the Negro suffered, and although I would agree with him I would also try to get across that, you know, like all people we also had fun once in a while, loved our children, liked making love—that we were human beings, for God's sake. But he only wanted to hear about the suffering. It was as if this comforted him and eased his own suffering—and he did suffer because of any number of things: his own uncertainty, for one, his difficulties with his family, for another . . .

"Once, I remember, when his father came into New York. Bob insisted that I meet him. I don't know why I agreed to go with him. . . ." She took a deep breath and raised her head very high. "I'll never forget or forgive the look on that old man's face when he opened his hotel-room door and saw me. The horror. I might have been the personification of every evil in the world. His inability to believe that it was his son standing there holding my hand. His shock. I'm sure he never fully recovered. I know I never did. Nor can I forget Bob's laugh in the elevator afterwards, the way he kept repeating: 'Did you see his face when he saw you? Did you . . . ?' He had used me, you see. I had been the means, the instrument of his revenge.

"And I wasn't any better. I used him. I took



every opportunity to treat him shabbily, trying, you see, through him, to get at that white world which had not only denied me, but had turned my own against me." Her eyes closed. "I went numb all over when I understood what we were doing to, and with, each other. I stayed numb for a long time."

As Reena described the events which followed—the break with Bob, her gradual withdrawal from the left-wing group ("I had had it with them too. I got tired of being 'their Negro,' their pet. Besides, they were just all talk, really. All theories and abstractions. I doubt that, with all their elaborate plans for the Negro and for the workers of the world, any of them had ever been near a factory or up to Harlem")—as she spoke about her reinstatement in school, her voice suggested the numbness she had felt then. It only stirred into life again when she talked of her graduation.

"You should have seen my parents. It was really their day. My mother was so proud she complained about everything: her seat, the heat,

the speaker; and my father just sat there long after everybody had left, too awed to move. God, it meant so much to them. It was as if I had made up for the generations his people had picked cotton in Georgia and my mother's family had cut cane in the West Indies. It frightened me."

I asked her after a long wait what she had done after graduating.

"How do you mean, what I did. Looked for a job. Tell me, have you ever looked for work in this man's city?"

"I know," I said, holding up my hand. "Don't tell me."

We both looked at my raised hand which sought to waive the discussion, then at each other and suddenly we laughed, a laugh so loud and violent with pain and outrage it brought tears.

"Girl," Reena said, the tears silver against her blackness. "You could put me blindfolded right now at the Times Building on 42nd Street and I would be able to find my way to every newspaper office in town. But tell me, how come white folks is so *hard*?"

"Just bo'n hard."

We were laughing again and this time I nearly slid off the trunk and Reena fell back among the satin roses.

"I didn't know there were so many ways of saying 'no' without ever once using the word," she said, the laughter lodged in her throat, but her eyes had gone hard. "Sometimes I'd find myself in the elevator, on my way out, and smiling all over myself because I thought I had gotten the job, before it would hit me that they had really said no, not yes. Some of those people in personnel had so perfected their smiles they looked almost genuine. The ones who used to get me, though, were those who tried to make the interview into an intimate chat between friends. They'd put you in a comfortable chair, offer you a cigarette, and order coffee. How I hated that coffee. They didn't know it—or maybe they did—but it was like offering me hemlock. . . .

"You think Christ had it tough?" Her laughter rushed against the air which resisted it. "I was crucified five days a week and half-day on Saturday. I became almost paranoid. I began to think there might be something other than color wrong with me which everybody but me could see, some rare disease that had turned me into a monster.

"My parents suffered. And that bothered me most, because I felt I had failed them. My father didn't say anything but I knew because he avoided me more than usual. He was ashamed, I think, that he hadn't been able, as a man and as my father, to prevent this. My mother—well, you know her. In one breath she would try

to comfort me by cursing them: 'But Gor blind them,'"—and Reena's voice captured her mother's aggressive accent—"if you had come looking for a job mopping down their floors they would o' hire you, the brutes. But mark my words, their time goin' come, 'cause God don't love ugly and he ain't stuck on pretty . . ." And in the next breath she would curse me, 'Journalism! Journalism! Whoever heard of colored people taking up journalism. You must feel you's white or something so. The people is right to chuck you out their office. . . .' Poor thing, to make up for saying all that she would wash my white gloves every night and cook cereal for me in the morning as if I were a little girl again. Once she went out and bought me a suit she couldn't afford from Lord and Taylor's. I looked like a Smith girl in blackface in it. . . . So guess where I ended up?"

"As a social investigator for the Welfare Department. Where else?"

We were helpless with laughter again.

"You too?"

"No," I said, "I taught, but that was just as bad."

"No," she said, sobering abruptly. "Nothing's as bad as working for Welfare. Do you know what they really mean by a social investigator. A spy. Someone whose dirty job it is to snoop into the corners of the lives of the poor and make their poverty more vivid by taking from them the last shred of privacy. 'Mrs. Jones, is that a new dress you're wearing?' 'Mrs. Brown, this kerosene heater is not listed in the household items. Did you get an authorization for it?' 'Mrs. Smith, is that a telephone I hear ringing under the sofa?' I was utterly demoralized within a month.

"And another thing. I thought I knew about poverty. I mean, I remember, as a child, having to eat soup made with those white beans the government used to give out free for days running, sometimes, because there was nothing else. I had lived in Brownsville, among all the poor Jews and Poles and Irish there. But what I saw in Harlem where I had my case load was different somehow. Perhaps because it seemed so final. There didn't seem to be any way to escape from those dark hallways and dingy furnished rooms . . . All that defeat." Closing her eyes, she finished the stale whiskey and soda in her glass.

"I remember a client of mine, a girl my age then, with three children already and no father for them and living in the expensive squalor of a rooming house. Her bewilderment. Her resignation. Her anger. She could have pulled herself out of the mess she was in? People say that, you know, including some Negroes. But

this girl didn't have a chance. She had been trapped from the day she was born in some small town down South.

"She became my reference," Reena added, opening her eyes, but they might have been closed still, for they were remote and unseeing. "From then on and even now, whenever I hear people and groups coming up with all kinds of solutions to the quote Negro problem, I ask one question. What are they really doing for that girl, to save her or to save the children? . . . The answer isn't very encouraging."

It was some time before she continued and then she told me that after Welfare she had gone to work for a private social-work agency, in their publicity department, and had started on her master's in journalism at Columbia. She also left home around this time.

"I had to. My mother started putting the pressure on me to get married. The hints, the remarks—and you know my mother was never the subtle type—her anxiety, which made me anxious about getting married after a while. Besides, it was time for me to be on my own."

In contrast to the unmistakably radical character of her late adolescence (her membership in the left-wing group, the affair with Bob, her suspension from college), Reena's life of this period sounded ordinary, standard—and she admitted it with a slightly self-deprecating, apologetic smile. It was similar to that of any number of unmarried professional Negro women in New York or Los Angeles or Washington: the job teaching or doing social work which brought in a fairly decent salary, the small apartment with kitchenette which they sometimes shared with a roommate; a car, some of them; membership in various political and social action organizations for the militant few like Reena; the vacations in Mexico, Europe, the West Indies, and now Africa; the occasional date. "The interesting men were invariably married," Reena said and then mentioned having had one affair during that time. She had found out he was married and had thought of her only as the perfect mistress. "The bastard," she said, but her smile forgave him.

"Women alone!" she cried, laughing sadly, and her raised opened arms, the empty glass she held in one hand made eloquent their loneliness. "Alone and lonely, and indulging themselves while they wait. The girls of the house-plan have reached their majority only to find that all those years they spent accumulating their degrees and finding the well-paying jobs in the hope that this would raise their stock

have, instead, put them at a disadvantage. For the few eligible men around—those who are their intellectual and professional peers, whom they can respect (and there are very few of them)—don't necessarily marry them, but younger women without the degrees and the fat jobs, who are no threat, or they don't marry at all because they are either queer or mother-ridden. Or they marry white women. Now, intellectually I accept this. In fact, some of my best friends are white women . . ." And again our laughter—that loud, searing burst which we used to cauterize our hurt mounted into the unaccepting silence of the room. "After all, our goal is a fully integrated society. And perhaps, as some people believe, the only solution to the race problem is miscegenation. Besides, a man should be able to marry whomever he wishes. Emotionally, though, I am less kind and understanding, and I resent like hell the reasons some black men give for rejecting us for them."

"We're too middle-class-oriented," I said. "Conservative."

"Right. Even though, thank God, that doesn't apply to me."

"Too threatening . . . castrating . . ."

"Too independent and impatient with them for not being more ambitious . . . contemptuous . . ."

"Sexually inhibited and unimaginative . . ."

"And the old myth of the excessive sexuality of the black woman goes out the window," Reena cried.

"Not supportive, unwilling to submerge our interests for theirs . . ."

"Lacking in the subtle art of getting and keeping a man . . ."

We had recited the accusations in the form and tone of a litany and in the silence which followed we shared a thin, hopeless smile.

"They condemn us," Reena said softly but with anger, "without taking history into account. We are still, most of us, the black woman who had to be almost frighteningly strong in order for us all to survive. For, after all, she was the one whom they left (and I don't hold this against them; I understand) with the children to raise, who had to *make* it somehow or the other. And we are still, so many of us, living that history.

"You would think that they would understand this, but few do. So it's up to us. We have got to understand them and save them for ourselves. How? By being, on one hand, persons in our own right and, on the other, fully the woman and the wife. . . . Christ, listen to who's talking! I had my chance. And I tried. Very hard. But it wasn't enough."

The festive sounds of the wake had died to a sober murmur beyond the bedroom. The crowd had gone, leaving only Reena and myself upstairs and the last of Aunt Vi's closest friends in the basement below. They were drinking coffee. I smelled it, felt its warmth and intimacy in the empty house, heard the distant tapping of the cups against the saucers and voices muted by grief. The wake had come full circle: they were again mourning Aunt Vi.

And Reena might have been mourning with them sitting there amid the satin roses, framed by the massive headboard. Her hands lay as if they had been broken in her lap. Her eyes were like those of someone blind or dead. I got up to go and get some coffee for her.

"You met my husband." She said quickly, stopping me.

"Have I?" I said, sitting down again.

"Yes, before we were married even. At an autograph party for you. He was free-lancing—he's a photographer—and one of the Negro magazines had sent him to cover the party."

As she went on to describe him I remembered him vaguely, not his face, but his rather large body stretching and bending with a dancer's fluidity and grace as he took the pictures. I had heard him talking to a group of people about some issue on race relations very much in the news then and had been struck by his vehemence. For the moment I had found this almost odd since he was so fair-skinned he could have passed for white.

They had met, Reena told me now, at a benefit show for a Harlem day nursery given by one of the progressive groups she belonged to, and had married a month afterwards. From all that she said they had had a full and exciting life for a long time. Her words were so vivid, that I could almost see them: she with her startling blackness and extraordinary force and he with his near-white skin and a militancy which matched hers; both of them moving among the disaffected in New York, their stand on political and social issues equally uncompromising, the line of their allegiance reaching directly to all those trapped in Harlem. And they had lived the meaning of this allegiance, so that even when they could have afforded a life among the black bourgeoisie of St. Albans or Teaneck, they had chosen to live if not in Harlem so close that there was no difference.

"I—we—were so happy I was frightened at times. Not that anything would change between us, but that someone or something in the world outside us would invade our private place and destroy us out of envy. Perhaps this is what did

happen. . . ." She shrugged and even tried to smile but she could not manage it. "Something slipped in while we weren't looking and began its deadly work.

"Maybe it started when Dave took a job with a Negro magazine. I'm not sure. Anyway, in no time, he hated it: the routine, unimaginative pictures he had to take and the magazine itself which dealt only in unrealities: the high-society world of the black bourgeoisie and the spectacular strides Negroes were making in all fields—you know the type. Yet Dave wouldn't leave. It wasn't the money, but a kind of safety which he had never experienced before which kept him there. He would talk about free-lancing again, about storming the gates of the white magazines downtown, of opening his own studio—but he never acted on any one of these things. You see, despite his talent—and he was very talented—he had a diffidence that was fatal.

"When I understood this I literally forced him to open the studio—and perhaps I should have been more subtle and indirect, but that's not my nature. Besides, I was frightened and desperate to help. Nothing happened for a time. Dave's work was too experimental to be commercial. Gradually, though, his photographs started appearing in the prestige camera magazines and money from various awards and exhibits and an occasional assignment started coming in.

"This wasn't enough somehow. Dave also wanted the big gaudy commercial success that would dazzle and confound that white world downtown and force it to *see* him. And yet, as I said before, he couldn't bring himself to try—and this contradiction began to get to him after awhile.

"It was then, I think, that I began to fail him. I didn't know how to help, you see. I had never felt so inadequate before. And this was very strange and disturbing for someone like me. I was being submerged in his problems—and I began fighting against this.

"I started working again (I had stopped after the second baby). And I was lucky because I got back my old job. And unlucky because Dave saw it as my way of pointing up his deficiencies. I couldn't convince him otherwise: that I had to do it for my own sanity. He would accuse me of wanting to see him fail, of trapping him in all kinds of responsibilities. . . . After a time we both got caught up in this thing, an ugliness came between us and I began to answer his anger with anger and to trade him insult for insult.

"Things fell apart very quickly after that. I couldn't bear the pain of living with him—the insults, our mutual despair, his mocking, the

...
rapid implementation of the school desegregation law.

"It's uncanny," she said and the laugh which accompanied the words was warm, soft with wonder at herself, girlish even and the air in the room which had refused her laughter before rushed to absorb this now. "Really uncanny. Here I am, practically middle-aged, with three children to raise by myself and with little or no money to do it and yet I feel, strangely enough, as though life is just beginning—that it's new and fresh with all kinds of possibilities. Maybe it's because I've been through my purgatory and I can't ever be overwhelmed again. I don't know. Anyway, you should see me on evenings after I put the children to bed. I sit alone in the living-room (I've repainted it and changed all the furniture since Dave's gone, so that it would at least look different)—I sit there making plans and all of them seem possible. The most important plan right now is Africa. I've already started saving the fare."

I asked her whether she was planning to live there permanently and she said simply, "I want to live and work there. For how long, for a lifetime, I can't say. All I know is that I have to. For myself and for my children. It is important that they see black people who have truly a place and history of their own and who are building for a new and, hopefully, more sensible world. And I must see it, get close to it because I can never lose the sense of being a displaced person here in America because of my color. Oh, I know I should remain and fight not only for integration (even though, frankly, I question whether I want to be integrated into America as it stands now with its complacency and materialism, its soullessness) but to help change the country into something better, sounder—if that is still possible. But I have to go to Africa. . . .

"Poor Aunt Vi," she said after a long silence and straightened one of the roses she had crushed. "She never really got to enjoy her bed of roses what with only Thursdays and every other Sunday off. All that hard work. All her life . . . Our lives have got to make more sense, if only for her."

We got up to leave shortly afterwards. Reena was staying on to attend the burial later in the morning, but I was taking the subway to Manhattan. We parted with the usual promise to get together and exchanged telephone numbers. And Reena did phone a week or so later. I don't remember what we talked about though.

Some months later I invited her to a party I was giving before leaving the country. But she did not come.

silence. I couldn't subject the children to it any longer. The divorce didn't take long. And thank God, because of the children, we are pleasant when we have to see each other. He's making out very well, I hear."

She said nothing more, but simply bowed her head as though waiting for me to pass judgment on her. I don't know how long we remained like this, but when Reena finally raised her head, the darkness at the window had vanished and dawn was a still gray smoke against the pane.

"Do you know," she said and her eyes were clear and a smile had won out over pain, "I enjoy being alone. I don't tell people this because they'll accuse me of either lying or deluding myself. But I do. Perhaps, as my mother tells me, it's only temporary. I don't think so, though. I feel I don't ever want to be involved again. It's not that I've lost interest in men. I go out occasionally, but it's never anything serious. You see, I have all that I want for now."

Her children first of all, she told me, and from her description they sounded intelligent and capable. She was a friend as well as a mother to them, it seemed. They were planning, the four of them, to spend the summer touring Canada. "I will feel that I have done well by them if I give them, if nothing more, a sense of themselves and their worth and importance as black people. Everything I do with them, for them, is to this end. I don't want them ever to be confused about this. They must have their identifications straight from the beginning. No white dolls for them!"

Then her job. She was working now as a researcher for a small progressive news magazine with the promise that once she completed her master's in journalism (she was working on the thesis now) she might get a chance to do some minor reporting. And like most people she hoped to write someday. "If I can ever stop talking away my substance," she said laughing.

And she was still active in any number of social action groups. In another week or so she would be heading a delegation of mothers down to City Hall "to give the Mayor a little hell about conditions in the schools in Harlem." She had started an organization that was carrying on an almost door-to-door campaign in her neighborhood to expose, as she put it, "the blood suckers: all those slum lords and storekeepers with their fixed scales, the finance companies that never tell you the real price of a thing, the petty salesmen that leech off the poor. . . ." In May she was taking her two older girls on a nationwide pilgrimage to Washington to urge for a more

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH WOMEN

DAVID YELLIN

An automated, fully programmed formula for romantic success. The author is a writer and a teacher of communications at Voorhees Technical Institute in New York. His last article in "Harper's" (July 1956) was called "I'm Married to a Working Wife." He still is.

Many women have confided to me that they are deeply disturbed about the present shortage of American manpower skilled at inducing women into friendship. They decry, for both personal and patriotic reasons, the resultant friendship gap. And, after discriminating but dispassionate study, I must reluctantly agree that the gentle pursuit of friendly relations with women is languishing among American men.

What makes this sad state of affairs sadder still is that it is unnecessary. For although some friendships between men and women are born, most are made. Yet, under the combined influence of movies, television, literature, and locker-room legends, far too many of us men are backward about seeking an amicable *rapprochement* with a lady. We still cling to the outdated conception that, to carry it off, we must have the swagger of an Errol Flynn or the swag of a Tommy Manville. But there's more to the production of friendliness than the swashbuckle and the money belt!

In its barest essentials, however, the process is a simple one. So simple, in fact, that I submit: Any man, if he will take the trouble to modernize his procedure, can successfully befriend a woman overnight. A matter which I shall discuss in due course.

But before I do, I would like to examine the prevailing methods of pursuit, and point out their structural weaknesses and technical anachronisms in today's increasingly competitive market. Unless a man avoids these pitfalls he may find his search for *la femme fatal* as well as fruitless. There are four schools of masculine friendliness to females: classical, romantic, modern, and abstract.

The classical or barter school began with the Phoenicians, the first tired businessmen, and has since been modified by Western civilization's tenets of fair trade. Classicism is an expression of what men think women want. In America this has taken such symbolic forms as the mink coat, the department store account, the matching French poodles, the weekend in Las Vegas. Or diamonds.

These expensive classical trappings should be eschewed even by those men who—aided by tax deductions and expense accounts—can afford them. Why? Because women too often remain unfriendly despite the enticements of worldly goods. Classical friendliness is an uncertain business at best.

The romantic or chivalrous approach originated during the Dark Ages in Europe, as a protest against the indulgences of the classicists. It was first transplanted to this country during the panic of 1907, and came into full flower with the Great Depression of the 1930s. Romanticism caters to what women tell men they want: the kissing of hands, the opening of doors, the climbing of balconies, the whispering of sweet nothings.

Such gallantries are basically un-American for two reasons: (1) They are more cold-blooded than red-blooded. (2) They take too long.

The modern or neo-Neanderthal school of friendliness is a purely American reaction to the excesses of the romanticists. Though divided into three camps—Early-Cagney Man, Spillane (or

Paperback) Man, and Late-Late-Show (or Java) Man all modernists aim to provide what men think women should get: the grapefruit in the kisser, the smack on the fanny, the snap of the jugular.

Such tactics are not recommended. They are primitive, and they are so physically demanding as to waste valuable masculine energy.

The abstract school, though clearly Greek (that is to say, Oedipal) in character, bears the imprint of its three founding fathers—Freud, Jung, and Adler (Alfred, not Polly). A recent influence in abstract circles is the Tennessee Williams—Actors Studio Syndrome (TWASS). In essence the abstractionist approach is a projection of what men think women subconsciously want men to have: the little-lost-boy sniffler, the crazy-mixed-up-kid whimper, the "she-doesn't-understand-me" blubber.

Be wary of the abstract concept. As a snare, it is a delusion. Its very name points up one of its failings, because friendly coexistence between man and woman is nothing if not specific. But more important, abstractionism is retrogressive, self-defeating, and can, often as not, turn out to be the most costly of all methods. For the real danger here is that the adherent, carried away by his own immature strategems, will project himself, not into milady's good graces, but onto the analyst's couch.

Besides these four major friendship-inducing techniques, there are several small splinter schools. These include the ephemeral "my-regiment-leaves-at-dawn" appeal, the presumptuous "your-mother-doesn't-have-to-know" riposte, as well as the unimaginative etchings come-uppance, the undiscriminating post-office-party gambol, and the unsportsmanlike four-martini ply.

All of these ought to be shunned, too. They are substandard, *sub rosa*, and altogether too dependent on romp and circumstance.

Clearly, if the American male is to regain his pre-eminence as a mass producer of female friendliness, he must enlist all his resources in a technological revolution.

But can he? Can he retool, relearn, revitalize? To all these legitimate queries I say yes.

It so happens that I have recently founded a wholly new school of friendly pursuit in which every man can achieve a cybernetic security. I have programmed a self-regulating, automatic-control system, complete with feedback, which frees the male user not only from human error, but also from mental labor and emotional depreciation. The female consultants to whom I have demonstrated my technique have, almost

without exception, been overtly enthusiastic. They have repeatedly urged me to begin training our nation's lagging males in its operation. They are convinced, as I am, that my *Automate®* (Patent Pending), is the technological answer to a friendly maiden's prayer. And, men, it is.

Automate® is devastating in its almost-stark simplicity. It is dedicated to man's friendliest proposition: Letting a woman talk. About herself.

But the secret of *Automate®* is that, uniquely, it enables the man to guide the direction and control the destiny of the lady's discourse. Mastery of this strong-but-silent technique requires no skill other than the ability to memorize twenty-five carefully programmed, easy-to-learn words, arranged in three scientifically tested remarks. Let me show you how it works.

The standards for selection of your friendly accessory are, of course, optional. But once your choice is made, your first words to her are: "*I've been watching you. Why so thoughtful?*" (A man who has been watching a girl is attractive, *ipso facto*, to that girl.)

She will now invariably explain to attractive you why she is so thoughtful. Let her talk without interruptions. To escape being sidetracked, however, don't listen. Merely gaze at her with interest. Think your own thoughts, the more trifling the better. Then, after a decent interval, when she pauses for breath—patience, man, patience—you say: "*Little girl, you have a problem.*" (Remember, *Automate®* has been scientifically programmed. Don't tamper with that diminutive; our tests show effectiveness is in inverse proportion to aptness. As for your recognizing that she has a "problem," this is the very stuff on which fond friendships are fomented: You understand her.)

She will now, involuntarily, tell attractive, understanding you what she wants you to think her problem is. Let her go on—and on. The unbroken sound of her own woes is arousing her cordial nature. But, since she is not, as yet, revealing anything you should or shouldn't know, you still don't listen. You gaze at her with mounting excitement. (It's permissible at this point to contemplate the pleasures of a firm friendship.)

When she's done with her lament, you are ready for the *Automate®* clincher. Attractive, understanding you becomes also irresistibly friendly you with: "*But you and I know, little girl, that's not your real problem.*"

You now have only to relax and enjoy it. Friendship is inevitable.

THE YOUNG DIVORCEE

MIDGE DECTER

What goes on beneath the surface of a marriage which appears "good" by all contemporary standards. The author is a young writer whose reviews and articles have appeared in "Commentary" and other magazines—and the mother of four children. She is not, however, to be taken for the heroine of this essay.

A woman whose marriage breaks up nowadays has to give an account of herself. For precisely to the extent that divorce has become an everyday occurrence in America, it is no longer to be easily understood. Divorces used to be very concrete affairs, for there was no mistaking the meaning of those situations in which a husband beat his wife, abandoned her, fell in love with another woman, or was impotent—or in which a wife stayed out all night, drank too much, refused her husband her favors, or was sterile. There was no mistaking them, and the law itself provided for them. But with one out of every four marriages in this country scheduled for the courts, it is no longer possible to think of divorce as a dramatic last recourse for people suffering in such situations. It cannot be that so many millions of marriages have been "bad" in the ways that law and tradition have always understood—or perhaps in any way at all.

How then does a divorcee—and let us say that she is in her late twenties, fairly well educated, of moderate to decent means, with a couple of small children, formerly married to a male counterpart of herself—explain what drove her and her husband to such a drastic step? She will clearly not claim to have been mistreated or neglected. Nor will she admit to any significantly bad behavior on her own part. Chances are she and her husband have been unfaithful to one another, but in a way that at the time did not seem relevant to their feelings for one another. She will not even say that she no longer cares about him.

A prominent New York lawyer once told me, "Once upon a time most of my divorce clients were sheepish middle-aged men who, against what they knew to be all reason, were leaving their devoted middle-aged wives and families for

the young girls they had fallen in love with. Now I see only young women who tell me, 'He is a nice boy and a good husband. I like him. We have had a nice time in bed, and we have rarely ever quarreled. *I want out, that's all.*'"

Having no further explanation than this, our divorcee will be felt by everyone around her to be selfish and irresponsible, at the least seriously neurotic. And during that first gorgeous burst of guilt, toward children, parents—of course husband—she is apt to feel so, too. The guilt will persist for a long time, if not forever—possibly it will send her to the office of a psychological counselor—but she will nevertheless maintain a dumb certainty that the reasons for her decision are right and real.

But what, if she cannot even speak of them, can these reasons be? The commonest twentieth-century answer for anything that renders people imprecise or inarticulate is, sex. Herbert Gold once wrote that divorce germinates in the first moment a person looks beyond his or her spouse with the eyes of sexual desire. Mr. Louis Nizer, a vastly experienced attorney, recently went further and asserted that he had never handled a divorce whose real cause, when dug deeply enough for, was not sexual incompatibility. Sex is the most obvious answer—indeed it begins to seem that there can be no public discussion of divorce if we have not the "courage" to get straight to the problem of the orgasm—but nevertheless an unreal one. In any case, our about-to-be-divorced woman would not honestly offer it; she might even suggest that in her collapsing marriage sex was the last, not the first, thing to go.

For her, as for Herbert Gold, divorce germinated in a particular moment, too, but in a different one. Her divorce began in that moment when she first conceived divorce to be a possibility for her. She can arrive at divorce because however shocking the figure one in four may be, it is a respectable one. Divorce is now openly offered as a solution to the malaise of life by her time and her culture.

NOTHING REALLY WRONG

The divorcee's experience in marriage will not have been much different from that of her friends who remain married. She had in fact a good marriage, by any reasonable, and by some fairly unreasonable, standards. She and her husband were a good wife and husband by altogether unreasonable ones. When she married she was very young and very high-minded and more than a little pretentious. Her pretensions, moreover—if one must have them—were of the best kind, having mostly to do with being superior to all sorts of pettiness. If after her divorce she was open to the charges of selfishness and irresponsibility, in the years before she would have found very little in this regard to reproach herself for. She and her husband had had a few ugly moments, over her first pregnancy, over a flirtation, over anxiety about money, but these are standard ugly moments and were recovered from quickly and high-mindedly.

The major principle governing their conduct toward one another—and there were many—was fairness. At the time of their wedding her husband had been a student, say, or a very junior member of his profession. She was pleased to work for a while to help support the family. And her vanity was tickled, though she was sometimes inclined to feel a little overtender toward herself, by the thought of all she was cheerfully doing without. Because she was working, then unaidedly taking care of her babies, her husband on his side became competent at several forms of housework, notably cooking and dishwashing. (Domestically competent husbands have become a kind of obscene joke in the literature of suburban life; but it was "not like that" with them. *They* were only two busy people sharing unpleasant duties. As a matter of fact, they firmly disapproved of suburban marriage.) They were good friends, committed to supporting one another's demands, committed to understanding one another's point of view.

They were often intense lovers. They had become lovers, in the usual way of these things,

a few months before marriage, and were somewhat anxiously, though on the whole fruitfully, concerned about the quality of their lovemaking. Their sex life was "important," they knew; and each of them took on the obligation to be ever more "satisfactory" to the other. If there was anything a little less than proper in their relation to life, it was a certain tendency they had to find their own relationship so deeply promising by comparison with other people's. (More than once they were known to be in a state of deep compassion for the difficulties of that wife or the other husband.)

And this is the marriage that broke down in its prime, after ten years: far from the adolescent's Hollywood dream of romance-ever-after, and farther even from the battle of neurotic projections and misplaced aggressions—to which social critics and mental healthers so confidently attribute broken marriages. Theirs was a relation rooted in the values of responsibility and maturity, acceptance and consideration. The divorcee, looking back, might find some of this description delusory; but if so, she also knows that her delusions felt real enough to her at the time.

In the weeks or months before the fatal series of "long talks" from which they both knew there was no returning, she may suddenly have found herself powerfully irritated by things in him she had never objected to before. But such irritation was a signal rather than a substance, and provided her with the feeling of disgruntlement necessary for getting through the act of separation.

What had really happened was something she herself could only describe allegorically. She had "looked into the mirror one morning" and for the first time feeling truly young—in the sense that she saw years and years of life stretching before her—asked herself in horror, "Is this *all* there is going to be *forever*?" Now, this question is nothing new; it is probably asked with the same horror at least once in every lifetime. In her case, however, it was inevitably to have dire consequences for her marriage. People like our young divorcee are taught to believe that marriage must be the means for fulfilling all their personal needs. It is as wives and husbands that they will be loved and lovable, admired and admirable, excited and exciting. And since marriage is that which stamps the quality of their being, rather than simply assuring the physical arrangements for it, any dissatisfaction with self goes right to the heart of married life.

Divorce for such people is not an act of immaturity; they ask nothing more from marriage

than they have been willing to put into it. They have been willing to put too much (but only as much, be it noted, as the wise counselors of stability have said was needed to water the gardens of the Good Life). They have to extricate themselves completely in order to effect any change at all.

So much did her divorce have to do with restlessness about herself, and so little with all those carefully nourished resentments against her husband, that he quickly seemed to fade from the proceedings.

Be that as it may, in the lawyer's office neither she nor her husband was important, but rather a whole host of things about the relations between a married couple that they had always kept carefully concealed. These are the things lawyers and courts deem important: money, for one; real property; legal obligation; the respective functions of male and female parents; ". . . in the event of death." She had gone to see a lawyer because to do so marked the seriousness of her intentions, and also because she knew, though she could not really imagine, that she would one day have to appear in court. But she could not have said why this should be so; she regarded divorce law as a fiction of the official imagination. She and her husband, of all people, needed no outsiders to effect some arrangement between them.

Her lawyer was patient with her. He had seen her kind before: it would be a matter of explaining that civilized and honorable as she felt, the possibility of unpleasant contingencies and demeaning impulses must be provided for; that his way of providing was best because it was impersonal. What would she do, for instance, if her husband took it into his head to be spiteful, or if she found herself unexpectedly greedy about money, or if—after all, there were cases known—they began to fight over the children? The lawyer entered into their discussions with the kind of relish that people reserve for deflating foolishness. In his system of instruction money came first because it was the hardest—money being such an obvious thing for people to pretend they care nothing about. The property was not enough to bother the law with—some furniture, books, records, a car. Naturally there would be no alimony; alimony is the blood-money that goes to women whose husbands are desperate to divorce them. But she was asked to consider how much money was needed to maintain the children each week. And slowly she began to reduce her life, past and future, into figures and claims and demands that could be put down on paper.

Whose life ought to be insured? How often would her husband see the children? How would they settle questions about religion, education? By the time they had arrived at such contingencies as her death, she had found her legs in the lawyer's world, where real and hard things might happen, even to her.

Finally she signed a document called a separation agreement. Only in deciding the terms of her divorce had she discovered what society means by marriage. At college she would not have taken a marriage course, nor would she have read marriage "manuals"; but even if she had, she would never have learned that getting married involves people in legal rights and obligations. The law, then, was not an arbitrary imposition on her private affairs. It was the last bastion wherein society holds out against the vagaries and self-deceptions of personal feeling. For her the discovery was enormous: not only because it forced her to talk about herself in a real way, but because it taught her for the first time that her womanly nastiness and her husband's manly nastiness were so clear to the world as to have been institutionally provided for. So, far from feeling cheapened by the law, she was exhilarated: life already had a new adventure in it.

They could not be divorced in the state where they lived because of the stringent grounds that state imposed. They found another state which offered her a not quite fraudulent residence, and in which the courts were not so precise. Several months after he had moved out of their house, she stood before a judge and testified under oath that her husband had abused her in several ugly but vaguely described ways.

HOT BATHS AND PEANUT BUTTER

Even for those most unhappy about it, divorce sets off a wholesale round of self-indulgence. A woman is apt to buy a new wardrobe, for instance, and a man a new car; or perhaps it will be the other way around. The main thing is, they must signalize—and primarily in things that involve the expenditure of money—their new condition of not being implicated in one another's needs. It may even be essential to spend more money than one can afford. Certainly two together can live more cheaply than two apart, even allowing for the fact that there are now double earnings (naturally, the divorcee has gone back to work). For divorce does away with dependent priorities. It no longer affects the woman's plans that the man needs a new suit; or his, that she is longing for a silver coffee pot.

Their needs and longings they have to themselves now.

Spending money is essential, but there are other indulgences as well. The divorcee finds that she likes to lie in the tub for hours every night without having to excuse herself; or to eat a peanut butter sandwich for dinner without having to explain herself; or to frown, sigh, giggle without having to tell her thoughts. She feels released as she has never felt in her life.

I make her sound too lighthearted, perhaps. Does she then pay *no* price at all for turning over what is after all still a sacred institution, for disrupting her family, for creating God knows what unhappiness for her children? The answer to this question cannot be a simple yes or no. If she is released, it is surely not from care. She has a lonely responsibility for her children six days a week; their problems and her involvement in them are now intensified a hundredfold by her sense of the children's deprivation. Very

likely she has embarked on the career she had once been so pointedly careless about. And through all this she has lost the support of that ready sympathy having a husband had always provided her. She worries a great deal, not only about her children, but about her health (so much depends on her!), her job, the state of her household, the condition of her soul.

Still, it is her worry, she is answerable to no adult. She is paying her way and making her way; her behavior brings its own consequences and she asks no one to share them with her. She has a great sense of accomplishment because she now knows what she can do, however inadequately, however self-pityingly, alone. This knowledge is important just because her marriage had been primarily the condition of being bound to, and bound up in, another personality. All of this is to say that she feels strong. And strength breeds its own gaiety.

Her family and friends tend to be wary of the



divorcee's insouciance, however grateful that she does not make a nuisance of herself. They could so much easier forgive her the trouble she is in if only she would appear more troubled by it—if only she would not so often parry their lugubrious expressions of sympathy with assurances that she is fine, thank you. But along with her new dresses she shamelessly persists in affording herself others of the world's goodies. She will not say her marriage was tragic, she will not say her divorce is tragic, she will not even say her children are tragic, she does not want forgiveness. She might even feel herself entitled to a bit of admiration.

If her high spirits continue, she finds that she is being treated less as a problem than as a threat. A threat to something as high-sounding as "the fabric of our society" or to something as simple and direct—if she cares to be explicit—as the marriages all around her. She can see in the eyes of even her closest female friend a momentary flicker of anxiety as she addresses herself to the friend's husband: not that she is fatally attractive, but after all, her moment of possibility can breed others just as others once bred hers. And smiling and managing, she makes the whole thing look too easy.

COUPLES' WORLD

But she does not want a husband—not yet—not even someone else's. She is against not only marriage but any form of entanglement. She wants, she says, to move into that new special underground of "toughness" and "truth" (for how let her pleasure in the lawyer's office slip away so quickly?).

And curious things have begun to happen to her social life. For one thing, despite their many protestations, most of the friends of her married life have disappeared from view. Some of them have chosen to see her husband, some probably to see neither. It is not so much a matter of their disapproving of her or taking sides against her—"civilized" divorces leave very little occasion for that—but of the great strain in maintaining social contact with two people who must be kept apart. There are certain dutiful invitations to a quiet dinner, and then silence. Anyway it is more natural and convenient for people to spend time with others in their own situation. Just as she was once pulled into the orbit of young families, she now finds herself easier with those who are footloose in some way.

She is dating again, like a young girl, and involved in a young girl's delicate problems—only

this time without the advantages of innocence. If her having been married now makes impossible a certain dreamy anticipation, by the same token it makes her much more sensitive to the real game of men and women. She can be coy if she needs to, but no longer without feeling foolish.

Men had begun to call her up almost as soon as her husband left the house. Again, not because she is fatally attractive but because she is available. Somewhere in the club of divorced men and no-longer-young bachelors there hangs a great bulletin board on which are posted the day's new crop of divorced or widowed women. Old acquaintances, sometimes strangers, call her up: will she have lunch, dinner, cocktails? These men are vast consumers of female companionship, being as they are inhabitants of a world that makes it somehow unpleasant for people to do such things as eat in restaurants, attend the theatre, or even arrive at parties, alone. And they seem to consume women—either by not being pleased with them or by marrying them—at a rate much faster than women of suitable age and circumstance can be produced.

She has, then, every opportunity to be consoled for her loss of a steady escort. Moreover, there is for her (as there is *not* for her would-be beaux, condemned by their singleness to be caught in the toils of female vanity and female sexual narcissism) the excitement of being sought, and of the curiosity it is now in her power to satisfy. She has no intention of being alone and virtuous—there is nothing left in her values to uphold such an intention. But with each invitation comes the question, What is this appointment for? Even though, or perhaps because, she knows the answer—that the matter is entirely up to her—the question makes her gauche. For can she be so indelicate as to indicate to a man who does not really interest her that no, she will not have cocktails with him because she does not want to go to bed with him? On the other hand, if she simply went to have cocktails, could she endure that moment when by word or deed her position was put to the question and she had to find a kind way of turning him down? The divorcee is a woman whose unanswerable question, "Why should you expect me to sleep with you?" can be met with the equally unanswerable one, "Why should you not?" Has she not learned from marriage above all that too much fuss is made over the sex thing? She has, but the lesson is one that goes both ways, and therefore nowhere. She can ask herself one night, What difference does it make; but then as easily ask the

following morning. Was it for this I gave up hearth and husband? Young girls don't have to be kind in refusal, indeed are expected not to be. But she, no virgin, no child, asking so hard for kindness herself, must find a graceful out, if it is an out she wants. Her problem is no less real for being utterly ridiculous.

It is no less real, either, for being so incongruous with the rest of her daily life. She is no scarlet woman, but a responsible mother of two children. Her days describe not a madcap round of high life and sexy adventure but a rather sobering routine of work, household management, and motherhood. She has a housekeeper looking after the children, to be sure, but the time she scrupulously, even compulsively, reserves for them is time filled with the notion that they come first. How her children are really responding to the divorce she does not know and probably will not know for years, if ever. Contrary to current theory, children do not act out their sufferings but reserve them carefully to some future retribution. They do let her know, however, that they will never again be able to regard the universe as quite a safe place. She prides herself on being truthful with them; and she will not assure them that it is a safe place. But she does fix little daily patterns, new family customs, for them. If she knows there is something forced and a little pitiful in their festive dinners together, their two-stories-and-song before bedtime, she still takes some comfort in "doing the right thing." All children today no less than hers are being brought up by a system of canned inspiration—and what other is better? She tells them the truth about their daddy, that he is a fine, wonderful daddy. She tells them the truth about themselves, that they do not understand now but one day will. She brings them, so far as is possible, into her outside life. They visit her office and meet the men with whom she goes to dinner.

Her children will not be actually responsible for the serious new love affair on which she embarks in a year or two, but they will be one of its contributing conditions. For children set her life onto what is, with or without a man, a settled domestic plateau, and to some extent define her aspirations for the future. Family life cannot be maintained beyond a certain limit of irregularity—at least not without a great deal of money it can't. Anyway, the divorcee has long since found that her restlessness was not a striving toward freedom but simply the will to change her life a little. Even so modest an ambition probably cannot be satisfied. And certainly it cannot long hold out against something so over-

riding as the way in which the entire adult world is set up for couples. Restaurants and theatres, we have said, drive men who have otherwise escaped them into the clutches of women. Many things more bring men and women, however reluctant, permanently together: from housing to hypocrisy, nearly everything involved in the delicate network of physical and social comforts. In the current discussion of society's powerlessness to prevent the dissolution of all those marriages, no one seems to mention society's fantastic efficiency in creating new ones. The demographers tell us that for every hundred men and women divorced by the age of thirty-nine, ninety-three of the former and eighty-five of the latter will remarry; such is the high rate of "belief" in marriage among the divorced—or, rather, the high rate of discovery that there is no viable alternative to it.

NEW PRINCIPLES TO KEEP HER WARM

The divorcee now thinks she sees very clearly what is wrong with marriage, truths always known and only lately forgotten: that it requires a certain sacrifice of the very things "modern" marriage pretends to supply; that it is not a higher sexual fulfillment but a sexual limitation; not an achievement but a hindrance to achievement; not a challenge but the refusal of challenge. What is more important, marriage *need not be* any of the things her contemporaries—particularly American ones—pretend. Its proper justification is the one that her own future marriage will have: namely, it is the most sensible economic and physical arrangement available for most people's lives. If marriage provides this much, it fills the purpose for which mankind intended it.

Hard-headed as our divorcee has become, nevertheless for a while she will deceive herself and her new lover about the nature of their affair. She will feel too keenly the costliness of permanent commitment to admit that she is leading him into marriage. They will have fun together, she will say, and be friends, and she will demand very little of him and allow very little to be demanded in return. Her lover will know enough not to believe her—for he, too, will have been married once—but he will feel that if in the end he must have a woman, hers are not such bad terms. Of course she will make inordinate demands on him, and he on her; and of course they will not be—never were—friends in the way she means. Soon the fun will go out of just being

together, and she will tend to get querulous about the need to be discreet. She will want to create some definition of his relations with her children. She will grow afraid of losing him. One day she will place the ultimatum before him, and he will capitulate. Still, her early deception will bespeak a sort of ideal vision of their future together: her very rhetoric will impose certain standards of behavior which, if he cannot hold her to them, will yet help to free them both a little from the necessity for being constantly adequate to one another.

And so, in two-and-a-half years from her appearance in court, the divorcee will stand again before a judge and make her solemn vows,

chastened, a little fearful, but with a whole new set of principles to keep her warm. Her new husband will try manfully, but not without complaint, to manage his sudden acquisition of an ongoing household with children. The children will set out on their lifelong game of familial musical chairs: to Daddy's on Sunday, while Step-daddy's little boy takes their place at home; marching along somehow in the parade of four parents, siblings, half-siblings, step-siblings, new cousins, new aunts and uncles, and a few extra grandparents.

One can hope that her new pretensions—to the marriage of limited expectations—will serve her better than the old ones.

WILLIAM DICKEY

Renting

IN this wrong house, the objects that I touch
Are another's: that woman in Minsk or in Bucharest,
With whom, on refined blue air-letters, I quarrel.

She is in Europe, but the ice-cubes claim
Still to be hers. I do not own my bed,
Nor anything but my bones and the angry hour.

I will use it for vengeance on her upholstered chairs,
Mock her house cruelly, cry out in a terrible voice . . .
Cry what? "Perhaps we are both in the wrong."

Now the ugly task, to lock up another's door,
Make the alien rooms feel complacent and secure
That will sue for damages if I neglect them,

Then I must write in a thin scream to Algiers,
Or wherever she sits, her ownership like knitting
In a brutal pile on her acquisitive lap.

If I owned my own house, I would be bright as fire
In every room, and stare out of every window,
My face as large as the window could safely frame.

My smell would inhabit the coats in the coat closets,
The stove would burn eagerly at my arrival,
The bed protect me like my armored shell,

And I would be right on every known occasion,
Intelligent to the point of inspiration,
I would blind the woodwork with my mastery.

But now I write: "*Chère madame*, it is a pity
We cannot agree, but your objects are against me.
I have been patronized by a table lamp

You will not stop owning, by sneering candlesticks
Made a fool of. A plot, a malignant persecution!"
But I write instead: "Perhaps we are both in the wrong."

HONEYCHILE AT THE BARRICADES

FLORENCE B. ROBIN

The Southern Lady has become quite a community operator. The author—a transplanted New Yorker now living in Atlanta—made this discovery while working as a volunteer in a movement which achieved peaceful school desegregation.

Prettier . . . more charming . . . more hospitable . . . more fun to court . . . less argumentative . . . not so well informed . . . don't wear as well. This is a composite picture of Southern women gleaned from a highly unscientific poll of men on the streets of Atlanta a few months ago. The stereotype of the Southern Belle—a social butterfly, beautiful, flighty, sheltered, and useless—survives not only in the South but in our wistful national daydreams.

Manners and custom nurture the myth below the Mason-Dixon Line, where chivalry decrees that even when a lady is not helpless she must be treated as though she were. Southern women on the whole have been in no great hurry to get off their magnolia-scented pedestals. For example, the South has far fewer women in the working force than the national average and far fewer in the professions. Southern women are excluded from jury duty in Mississippi and South Carolina and were excluded until very recently in Georgia and Alabama. Compared to the North, the South has a high proportion of colleges exclusively for women, but this does not bespeak a commitment to female erudition—the social far outranks the cerebral in their curriculums. To "protect the flower of Southern womanhood" is still a useful cliché of the Dixie politician, invoked with stirring effect to defend racial bigotry, oppose federal aid to education, or advocate an embargo on Egyptian cotton.

The mystique, of course, applies solely to upper-middle- and upper-class, native-born, white Southern "ladies." The opposite of the "lady" is white trash—typified in recent years by the screaming harpies who battled school integration in New Orleans and Little Rock. Between the two poles is a hybrid. She strolls the streets in toreador pants, appears at formal tea parties minus gloves, and plays canasta instead of bridge. Very likely she is a "come here"—perhaps the

wife of a migrant industrial executive or technician. Decades of residence will never transform her into a "be here"—a native-born Southerner.

As one of this nondescript breed living in Atlanta, I have worked for the past three years with a group of authentic Southern ladies in the Open Schools movement, which is known in Georgia as HOPE (Help Our Public Education). We are still, I must confess, very different animals. But at least I have penetrated the idiom. I now know, for instance, that "Y'all come and see us," means "Don't call me, I'll call you." And "There's a great deal of merit in what you say but . . ." could be translated roughly into New Yorkese as "Whaddya mean, ya outaya mind?"

I have learned too that the Southern lady is by no means the helpless, frivolous creature she is painted. Indeed it may well be that her aura of helplessness and frivolity is the major weapon in her arsenal. For there is no question that when roused she is—in her special way—a powerhouse.

Although the empty-headed charmer is in the main stream of Southern feminine tradition, there have in fact always been other currents. Southern history abounds in tales of aristocratic women who rolled up their sleeves and went to work—women like Jane Long who fought Indians from Natchez to Texas to help found a new state; plantation wives who rebuilt their homes stone by stone after the Civil War; civic agitators who formed a Sanitary Commission to rid Mobile of typhus and dysentery in the 1860s and campaigned for the hygienic regeneration of New Orleans in 1899; Martha Berry who started a school to educate illiterate mountain children at the turn of the century.

After World War I, small, dedicated, religiously motivated bands of women worked in a number of Southern communities for humane welfare laws, prison reform, an end to child labor, and equal justice in the courts. The dowager duchess of this early reform movement is Mrs. Dorothy Tilly of Atlanta—plantation-born, fragile-looking, addicted to roses on her hats. In her seventy-eight years, she has been a labor lobbyist, a crusader for social reform, child and rural welfare, and the only Southern woman on President Truman's Civil Rights Commission. Her sense of mission is equaled only by her sense of totally belonging as a Southerner. "I am a native Georgian," she says with simple majesty, in much the same accents as one might announce, "I am Catherine, Empress of all the Russias." One of Mrs. Tilly's most resourceful inventions twelve years ago was the Fellowship of the Concerned, a group of church women who faithfully attended court sessions all over Georgia where Negroes were defendants. The mere presence of a well-dressed observer in the courtroom was sometimes enough to insure fair play from a bigoted jury and an indifferent judge.

A backwoods politician might damn the Dorothy Tillys privately, but he took the cigar out of his mouth, his feet off the desk, and listened politely when they came to harangue him.

ZEALOTS IN FLOWERED HATS

Out of this tradition of genteel righteousness has come the leadership of the Open Schools movement within the South. It has been almost entirely a women's pressure group. For instance, the founder of the Women's Emergency Committee in Little Rock was Mrs. D. D. Terry, wife of a former Congressman and granddaughter of the first sheriff of her county after the Civil War. Her beautiful ante-bellum home is famous all over the state. Despite the prevailing hysteria about the school-integration issue, when Governor Faubus attacked her in a campaign speech in September 1959, protests filled the local editorial columns and air waves. "I was shocked by this attack," read one letter. Others wrote: "Is this the Southern chivalry I have always bragged about?" "Mrs. Terry is a perfect Southern lady," and "Arkansas will rise in indignation when the integrity of our women is slandered." The Governor beat a hasty retreat, yelling, "Misquote," all the way.

Led by women like Mrs. Terry, the Open Schools movement eventually grew into a tough

fighting force many thousands strong. Starting out in a country-club atmosphere, the Women's Emergency Committee of Little Rock described itself in these terms in one of its early press releases: "We are long-time residents of the South. Our incomes range from \$8,500 to well over \$15,000 a year. Our husbands are concentrated in businesses and the professions. Most of us have had a college education and some have more than four years of college."

Even before Little Rock, women like this had played a small but significant part in the struggle for better race relations. The United Church Women and the YWCA, for example, were the first to open their doors to interracial meetings in the South. From Memphis to Mobile, from Atlanta to Daytona Beach, a few genteel zealots in flowered hats and white gloves harassed local officials to provide equal justice for Negroes and paved, lighted streets near their homes.

"These ladies would come in here," an old-time Atlanta police sergeant told me, "and not let me get a word in edgewise. If a man had tried it I would have locked him up good and proper."

But, by and large, Southern ladies left controversial issues to others. In Georgia they were still apparently preoccupied with garden clubs, museum teas, and charity balls when the Governor and the legislature threatened to close the state's schools rather than bow to the Supreme Court's "tyranny." Nor can it be said that any widespread stirring of the feminine conscience took place. What happened was simply a sudden awakening to just what the threat would mean to them and to their own children.

Georgia's Open Schools movement—HOPE—was born in 1958 in that most feminine of suburban institutions, the school car pool. Two of its founders, Mrs. Muriel Lokey and Mrs. Maxine Friedman, had stopped to chat after their chauffeuring rounds. It seemed at that time quite likely that the public schools would be closed. And these two young mothers talked with feelings close to panic of the prospect of having a passel of children underfoot all day. Rather than submit tamely to domestic chaos they decided to try to fight back.

Hesitantly, they invited ten close friends and neighbors to a morning coffee (which in Atlanta means Coca-Cola) to talk about the school problem. They were amazed to find that all the others shared their intuitive premonition of domestic hell. Many more coffees followed and other mothers rallied to a battle cry based, at the outset, on unabashed self-interest.

"We're talking about having our children

home all day, every day," said the HOPE ladies. "No bridge, no shopping, no more freedom. That's what our politicians are going to do to us if we let them."

As the movement gained momentum, it acquired the kind of leadership essential for Southern Ladylike status. Its first chairman was Mrs. Frances Breeden, a Junior Leaguer who looks and is every inch the chic society matron. Led by un-self-consciously upper-class commanders, the feminine legions grew. For the next two and a half years, women volunteers manned the mimeograph machines, monitored the legislative galleries, circulated petitions, addressed tens of thousands of mail appeals. I was in charge of publicity. We proclaimed a long series of special occasions: Days of Decision (each day lasted about two weeks); Keep 'Em Open Tag Day (good for the life of the tag); Law and Order Weekend (originally Law and Order Sunday, but amended so the Jews wouldn't feel left out); Save Our Schools Week (good for a month); Operation Last Chance (generously devised by HOPE to give our legislature one final chance to change its mind). Finally, there was an all-purpose Year of Crisis which ran non-stop for two and a half years.

Our campaign was neither original nor spec-

tacular. But it had the singular effectiveness of a nagging woman. In the spring of 1960 the Georgia legislature, in the time-honored delaying tactic of legislatures everywhere, appointed a commission to "study" the school problem.

HOPE tackled the job of recruiting attractive, articulate witnesses to appear on the commission's televised hearings. Under the direction of Mrs. Frances Pauley, a benign, grandmotherly type with a corn-pone Southern accent, the political instincts of Machiavelli, and the organizing ability of Walter Reuther, a group of HOPE volunteers traveled up and down the state corraling witnesses. It wasn't easy. Ministers were afraid of their congregations, often with good reason. Businessmen worried about the reaction of their customers; teachers, of their school boards. But Fran Pauley, who knows everyone—she seems to be third cousin twice removed to every other person in the state—pleaded and caressed until she came up with a stellar cast of witnesses. The ministers were upright, the businessmen crisp, the Negroes dignified, the mothers pregnant, and their accompanying children well scrubbed. God, Mother, and Robert E. Lee were all enrolled for Open Schools.

By contrast, the segregationist witnesses floundered badly. Many were clearly "white trash,"



more accustomed to street-corner brawls than to walnut-paneled hearing rooms. Their uncouth speech, unkempt appearance, and show of passionate malice made television viewers all over the state uncomfortable. As the *Times* of Gainesville, Georgia, put it: "It's mind-changing time in Georgia." These hearings, and the commission's subsequent recommendations that the schools be kept open, were the first long stride toward eventual repeal of die-hard segregationist laws.

POLITICS BY FIRST-NAMING

Politics is peculiarly personal in the South, where the elected official is protected from the majority—sometimes by the county unit system which robs the urban dweller of his vote, or by the poll tax which robs the poor, or by the unequally administered literacy test which disenfranchises the Negro. That Northern invention, gerrymandering, attains new refinements in the South. The Southern politician seldom fears retribution by the frustrated voter. Thus, with nothing to lose, he can afford to be personally accessible to the public.

Besides, one of the basic rules of the Southern way of life is: the more people you can call by their first names, the friendlier you are, and the friendlier you are, the more Southern you are. The Southern first-naming habit includes public officials. Speaker Rayburn was "Mr. Sam" to all of Texas, and in Georgia the venerable Chairman of the State Board of Education, James Peters, is "Mr. Jim."

HOPE's tactics made the most of this personal atmosphere. Mass meetings, for instance, were frowned on. "That's better left to riffraff like the Klan," I was told. Similarly, a mass delegation would be received coldly by a public servant. But a personal visit to a government official is a lady's prerogative.

A memorable call of this kind was made in January 1961 when there were riots on the University of Georgia campus over the admission of two Negro students. The next evening Mrs. Beverly Downing, President of HOPE, and Mrs. Betty Vinson, President of the Georgia League of Women Voters, called unannounced on Governor Vandiver at his home. It was ten o'clock and the Governor was in his stocking feet. He received them courteously and listened politely as they began their admonitory lecture on doing his duty as "Conservator of the Peace of Georgia." As the exchange grew longer, however, his temper grew shorter. In high indignation,

the ladies cut their visit short. "Why that man actually raised his voice to me," Beverly Downing reported. "I was shocked."

Unlike the women of New Orleans who were menaced by mob violence and subjected to threats in person and by telephone, the Atlanta staff at HOPE headquarters operated in comparative safety. We were protected by a sympathetic mayor and a strong police chief. Though the rural press howled, Atlanta newspapers and one or two others cheered us on. Our biggest problem was to cut through the web of politely deceptive assurances which masked continuing stubborn opposition.

In HOPE's inner councils we spent long hours analyzing that nebulous sociological demon, the Power Structure. At endless meetings we tried to identify its key figures and devise ways of appealing to them to use their enormous influence in our behalf.

THE VEILED SUMMIT OF POWER

These discussions mystified me. Many of the participants who searched so earnestly for the magic means to mobilize the Power Structure were, in fact, married to it. Thanks to them, the richest man in Atlanta donated free office space to HOPE. The scion of Georgia's most influential family gave us office machines, stationery, and printing. We had a prominent Democrat as our fund-raising adviser and a well-known Republican leader as our legal adviser. It was gently explained to me that these people were "in," but not really, really in. Apparently, there was an inner core so powerful, so influential that on a signal from them, every rural unlettered segregationist legislator would do a 180-degree about-face. The ultimate identity of these omnipotents was never revealed. But as we approached ever closer to the mythical summit of the Power Structure, social protocol was gauged with micrometer-like precision. Each member of a delegation, each signer of a public statement, was carefully scrutinized for proper Southern family antecedents.

Needless to say, I kept out of such public activities, as did the other Northerners. For not only was I a "come here," but a "come here" from New York. There are degrees of being a Northerner, just as there are degrees in Dante's Hell. Coming from New York City is the nadir. For some subtle reason, being born in Milwaukee, or Chicago, or even Bangor, Maine, is less objectionable.

Early in 1961, Mrs. Mary Sand, chairman of

the Open Schools movement in New Orleans, paid us a visit. From her we learned with horror of a different kind of Power Structure—the naked power of an all too visible mob. Reports of the New Orleans riots had shocked the people of Atlanta deeply. And we, at HOPE, added to our message an urgent appeal to preserve law and order. In February 1961 the Georgia legislature repealed the segregationist laws which would have automatically closed any desegregated public school. And in September of that year the first Negro students were admitted to four Atlanta high schools.

Last January Atlanta's Woman of the Year Award for civic service was presented to Mrs. Frances Breeden, HOPE's first chairman, with appropriate Southern pomp and decorum. It was a well-earned accolade even though some of us concede privately that our stunning victory was only a skirmish in a battle that is still far from won.

HOPE deliberately avoided the moral issue of integration and concentrated on the more practical goals of "every child's right to a public-school education" and "preserving law and order." By this tactic, we won the support of the uncommitted center—Southerners who are certainly not integrationists, but not hard-core segregationists either.

Many Open Schools leaders are content for the moment with winning a long, hard fight, the congratulatory messages from the President and the Attorney General, the approval of civic leaders, the flattering attention from national newspapers and magazines. But there is a bitter aftertaste that comes from doubts and second thoughts.

We have kept the schools open by forcing token integration. Will we now allow the politicians to use token integration as a new weapon to defy the "deliberate speed" of the Supreme Court decision? Will we let the process of social change be stopped by a loophole?

Must the handful of Negro children now in formerly white schools continue in their terrible isolation—eating in lunchroom corners, sitting in back of the class, eternally running the gantlet of spitballs and jeers, perpetually in a fearful racial Coventry?

I do not expect the women of Atlanta to tackle these issues head on. But I doubt that HOPE's members will settle back comfortably into the domestic routine of precrisis days. As one woman put it at a recent coffee, "For two years I monitored our senate gallery, interviewed officials, and talked to reporters. Don't laugh, but I truly felt

FLORENCE TREFETHEN

Thread

BEGUILED man, why are your smiles so warm
 For ladies who tell out their hours with yarn?
 You murmur platitudes of busy hands,
 And women's work of gathering in the strands
 For fabrics that attest to patient grace.
 All those who braid, crochet, hook rugs, make
 lace,
 Embroider, knit, contrive with patchwork
 squares,
 Work grospoint backgrounds for the seats of
 chairs
 Thrive in the fortress of your benison.
 And so the ancient camouflage spins on;
 On from Penelope who played for time
 With weaving-raveling shuttle; and the twine
 Of Ariadne reeling in a king;
 Duchess Mathilda's needle buttressing
 William's excuse for seizing Saxon land
 (The words and swords are gone—her stitches
 stand;
 And work worked its result—she died a queen);
 Annette Defarge beside the guillotine
 Clicking her needles to the toll of heads;
 Priscilla blushing at her wheel and thread
 Yet ready to work mischief in the fold.
 The apron string and silver cord are old
 Metaphors. It's time that you grow wise;
 The distaff is a mace in soft disguise.
 Ignore the magic of the moving thread;
 Look for the plan implicit in the web.

I was making history. When I told my husband at the end of the day, 'So I said to the mayor,' it was a lot more exciting than 'so I told the butcher'"

Possibly the women who successfully fought the political war for open schools will now attack new targets—perhaps electoral reform, better mental-health facilities, or urban renewal. It is true, of course, that all these problems have racial overtones—but so did the school issue which HOPE dealt with so adroitly.

Having worked with her and watched her in action, I have learned this much: the Southern lady, armored in petal hat and string gloves, still wields an irresistible charm. When roused, she is a formidable adversary.

THE SWedes DO IT BETTER

RICHARD F. TOMASSON

When it comes to sex and marriage the "middle way," it seems, is pretty far out.

The author is an assistant professor of sociology at the University of Illinois.

Some rational answers to questions that trouble many American women today—and some illuminating guidelines for the future—can be found in the experience of Sweden. Our countries, to be sure, are different in many respects: Sweden is a small nation with a homogeneous population. But both nations are attached to a democratic political philosophy, and Sweden comes closer to matching our high standard of living than any other European country. While there are many resemblances between our two societies, the Swedes have long since resolved issues which are still being uneasily debated in the United States.

Why, for instance, is the familiar conflict between work and marriage virtually nonexistent in Sweden? One reason—though by no means the only one—is the fact that Swedish women devote less time and energy to child bearing.

Sweden has, in fact, one of the lowest birth rates in the world, fourteen per thousand population in 1960 compared with twenty-four per thousand in the United States. This is not due to any great difference in ability to control family size. A substantial majority of non-Catholic Americans and Swedes are effective contraceptors. Nor are economic factors the heart of the matter. In fact the relative cost of rearing a child is greater in America than in Sweden, where an expanding system of welfare legislation has provided increasing financial benefits to mothers and children. This aid began in the 1930s to spur the low birth rate which was below replacement level for several years.

All Swedish mothers, married or not, now receive a grant of \$54 when a child is born, as well as free delivery and confinement, grants for postnatal health care for mother and child, and an allowance of \$110 a year for each child up to the age of sixteen. (Unmarried mothers receive additional cash compensation in recognition of

their greater need.) Comprehensive national health insurance makes the child's medical bills negligible and complete dental care is available to all children in the schools. Nor need Swedish parents worry about paying for their children's education. Through the university level, tuition is virtually free and there are generous scholarship and loan programs to help meet students' living costs.

Employers are forbidden by law to discharge a woman employee who gets married or becomes pregnant. She is entitled to three months' maternity leave with pay, and her job must be held open for her for an additional three months. With all these inducements one would expect Swedish fertility to exceed ours.

There are, however, important differences in Swedish and American culture which explain the significant disparity in family size. (The Swedish population will probably increase by only 10 per cent between 1960 and 1975 while ours will take a 25 or 30 per cent leap.)

Of prime importance is the simple fact that Swedes marry about five years later than Americans—the median age for Swedish men in the 1950s was twenty-eight; for women, twenty-five. Americans, in fact, marry earlier than the people of any other industrialized nation. This is, of course, one reason for our population explosion. Very young couples have a longer period of fecundity, more energy to deal with the rigors of child-rearing, and a less realistic picture of the burdens of parenthood than those who marry later. It is also true that a girl who goes to marriage directly from her parents' home or the college dormitory adjusts more easily to the confining role of motherhood than one who has had

several years of bachelor freedom. And early marriage tends to narrow a woman's horizon to the traditional roles of wife and mother before competing interests have a chance to develop.

Most American wives have worked outside their homes before marriage, a majority do so again some time after marriage, but few—even among college graduates—can be said to have careers. In Sweden, on the other hand, a high proportion of middle-class wives have relatively uninterrupted working lives and there are far more women in the traditionally male occupations than in America.

In Swedish universities, for example, women are now a quarter of the students of medicine, dentistry, and the natural sciences, and 15 per cent of those in law school; a majority of the pharmacy students are women. In all these fields in the United States the proportion of women is small or negligible. Few Swedish wives give up careers when they marry; few American wives have careers to give up.

A SHACK IN THE COUNTRY

Family size and behavior are affected too by a difference in attitudes toward city living. Smaller quarters and the distractions and opportunities of the city discourage large families. In all industrial societies urban families have fewer children than those who live in the country. Statistically, Americans are as urbanized as the Swedes but—as William F. Whyte and Jane Jacobs have eloquently charged—we are essentially anti-city; if we can afford it we prefer to live in the suburbs despite the difficulties and deprivations that go with commuting.

The Swedes, on the other hand, do not share our feeling that we are not doing right by our children if we bring them up in the city. Families are generally content to live in apartments in Stockholm or Gothenburg, though many wish they were larger and easier to get. A vacation shack in the country satisfies their bucolic longings.

An even more striking difference is in the permissive single standard of sexual behavior which prevails in Sweden, particularly in the urban middle class. There are strong pressures against promiscuity, but on the whole unmarried young women have about the same latitude as young men. Thus there is little of the guilt and moral ambiguity about sex relations among the unmarried which act as such a powerful inducement to early marriage in the United States.

Interestingly, Sweden has a divorce rate lower

by a third than ours. Considering how far Sweden has moved along the road to full equality for women, it is perhaps paradoxical that the roles of husband and wife are more specifically defined than in the United States. This is, in fact, generally true of Europeans who feel that American husbands do much "woman's work." Swedish (or Dutch, French, or Austrian) fathers will seldom be found diapering, feeding, or bathing their children; nor are they dish driers, grocery shoppers, or baby-sitters. Only in America is it not surprising for a university professor to feel that he must be home by five o'clock in order to help his wife with the children. And it may be that the amiable co-operation of their husbands in some of the onerous duties of child care is an extra inducement to American mothers to have more babies.

More probably, however, the decision to have a third or fourth child results from the mother's feeling that she is on full-time duty at home anyhow and has no compelling outside involvements. It takes an exceptionally well organized woman with great vitality to flout convention and play the mother and career roles simultaneously against all the obstacles American middle-class culture puts in her way. Certainly the conventional wisdom makes it clear that home is the only place for the mother of small—and even not so small—children. Family, neighbors, and friends urge her to stay there as do such diverse instructors as Dr. Spock, Ann Landers, and Russell Kirk. Even the government conspires by allowing no tax exemption for the child-care expenses of working mothers.

Swedish women too are under some pressure to stay home with their babies, and most of them take more than just a few months out to have them. But a relatively high proportion of middle-class wives with small children work outside their homes. Facilities for the daytime care of small children are more readily available than in the United States and so are competent domestic helpers. But the crucial difference is the fact that it is not generally considered strange, antisocial, or immoral for the Swedish mother of young children to work outside her home.

Recent evidence accumulated in the United States suggests that we too may have reason to reverse our stand on these questions. For example, the sociological journal, *Marriage and Family Living*, devoted its November 1961 issue to the subject, "Women and Work." Three diverse studies that it reviewed (by Lee G. Burchinal and Jack E. Rossman, Evan T. Peterson, and Joseph B. Perry, Jr.) all came to the

conclusion that maternal employment *per se* does not have the adverse effects on children's lives attributed to it. One study which covered more than a thousand children in the public schools of Cedar Rapids, Iowa indicated that the academic performance and social adjustment of children—from nursery school through high school—had no perceptible connection with their mothers' employment. Similarly, a study of some six hundred Michigan high-school girls demonstrated that while an employed mother may be under increased physical strain, her dual role does not affect the mother-daughter relationship adversely. The same conclusions were corroborated by interviews conducted in Spokane with 104 nonemployed mothers, 104 who were employed, and 82 mother substitutes. Nothing was found to support the widely held hypothesis that the separation of children from their mothers "has 'bad' psychological, physical, and social effects on children. . . ."

AMERICA'S FERTILITY CHAMPS

Findings of this sort have not yet gained much currency. But as the facts become more widely known, they are bound to contribute to a more rational and less child-centered way of life for American women. There are indeed already signs that our birth rate is declining and that families will be smaller in the years ahead. I have asked hundreds of college students over the past couple of years how many children they wanted. As might be expected they overwhelmingly want two, three, or four. But the interesting

fact is that more want two than four. Compared to the 1940s and 1950s, this is a significant change.

It may well be, in fact, that American women born in the early 'thirties will turn out to be the fertility champions of the twentieth century. On the other hand, wives of the 1970s and 1980s may find themselves as free as Swedish women are today from the conflict between the traditional woman's role and the opportunities which an affluent industrial society provides.

The distance still to be bridged is epitomized in two sociological studies. Writing about "Student Culture at Vassar," John H. Bushnell observed in Nevitt Sanford's recent anthology, *The American College*:

"The Vassar student's future identity is largely encompassed by the projected role of wife-mother. . . . For these young women the 'togetherness' vogue is definitely an integral theme of future family life with any opportunities for independent action attaching to an Ivy League degree being willfully passed over in favor of the anticipated rewards of close-knit companionship within the home that-is-to-be."

In sharp contrast, Kaare Svalastoga, a Danish sociologist, in an article on "The Family in Scandinavia" notes:

"But even if she excels in all these respects [being a good housekeeper and hostess, a loving mother, and an attractive spouse], she will reap slight social esteem, because dominant middle-class opinion will insist on the superior value of choosing a career outside the home and of cultivating literary and artistic interests."



Milt Kahl

Harper's Magazine, October 1962



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NOVEMBER 1962

ARTICLES

- 33 A Catholic Looks at Protestantism, *Daniel Callahan*
40 The Mystique of British Clubs, *Anthony Sampson*
48 Why I Won't Be Governor of Connecticut, *Roger Eddy*
50 The Bored and the Violent, *Arthur Miller*
57 Memoirs of a Chorus-crasher, *Joseph Roddy*
61 For a Reactionary Experiment in Education,
Paul Goodman
73 The Breath of Life Machine, *C. Harcourt Kitchin*
79 Life at Its Best, *James A. Beard*

FICTION

- 93 The Hemingway Influence, *Anthony Ostroff*

VERSE

- 31 Statement of the Defendant, *Helmer O. Oleson*
68 They Tell Me, *Evgeny Evtushenko*
76 Fragments of Family Life, *Ellen Douglas*

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Letters
16 The Editor's Easy Chair—THE NO-WIN POLICY IN
THE KREMLIN, *John Fischer*
24 After Hours—THE CASE OF THE FRAUDULENT DUST JACKET,
Joachim Remak
98 The New Books, *Paul Pickrel*
112 A Dozen for Christmas, *Katherine Gauss Jackson*
114 Some Current Books on China, *Philip Alden Kuhn*
119 Music in the Round, *Discus*
124 Jazz Notes, *Eric Larrabee*

ARTISTS: Cover, Janet Halverson; 16, Edward Frascino;
24, N. M. Bodecker; 41, 47, Frederick E. Banbery;
57, 60, Oscar Berger; 93, Joan Berg



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Two of these paintings

"THE TWO PAINTINGS that are closest to one another as far as the artist's approach is concerned, the two that can be enjoyed on most nearly the same basis, are the two that seem most unlike to the layman. The very realistic *The Old Violin* (left) and the highly abstract *Musical Forms* (right) are first cousins."

This quotation is taken from one of the first portfolios in the METROPOLITAN SEMINARS IN ART—introducing the reader to the intellectual enjoyment of painting, "the point where the average person begins to protest his ignorance of what art is all about." By comparing a number of widely differing works, this portfolio not only explains the close kinship of the two paintings mentioned above (because of the likeness in composition), but it also demonstrates strikingly that there is much more to a work of art than appears at first glance.

In every painting there are clues—clues that reveal why the artist painted it the way he did and what effect he intended it to have upon the viewer. Being able to recognize these clues is what adds immeasurably to one's enjoyment of art. Yet it is surprising how many cultivated persons have themselves off from this rare form of pleasure. Visiting a museum, they see nothing beyond what the paintings are "about"—and frequently they are sure even of that.

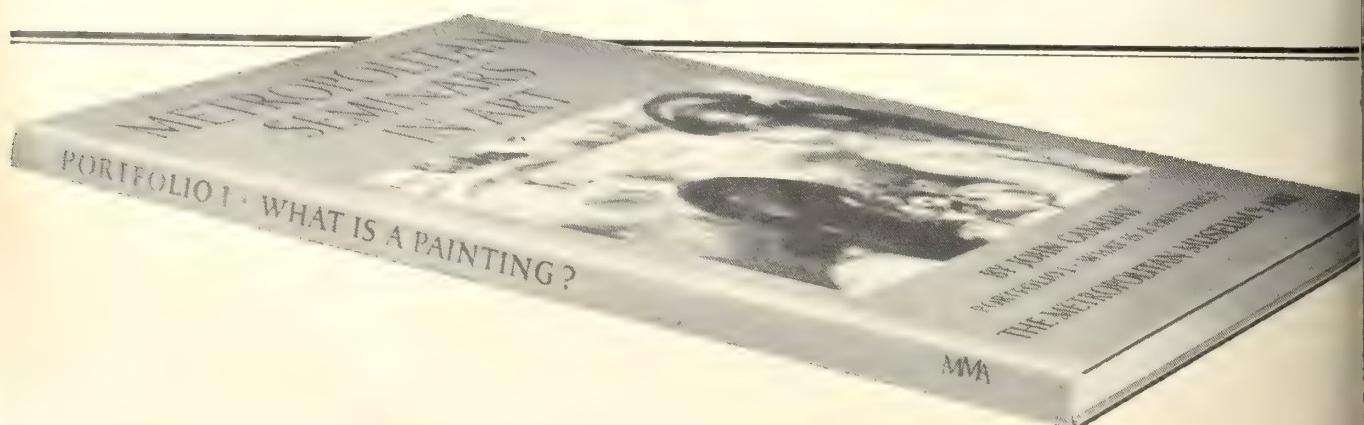
Anyone who suffers from this form of bafflement probably never has had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. To remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York developed the unusual program of *assisted self-education* in the appreciation of art outlined below.

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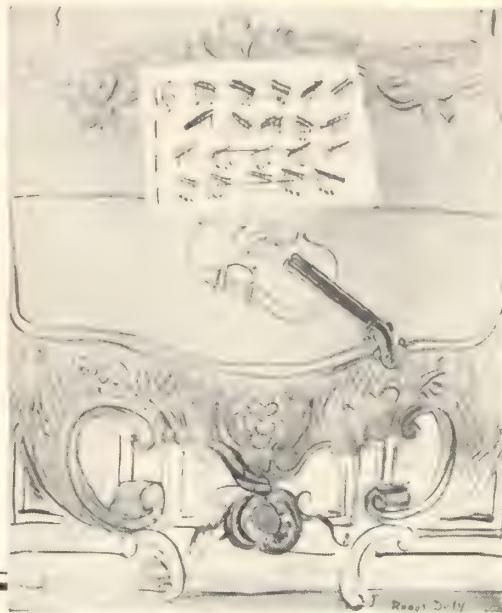
The Metropolitan Museum of Art invites you to accept—FOR TWO WEEKS' EXAMINATION—the first portfolio: *What Is a Painting?*



rst cousins"... CAN YOU PICK THEM OUT?



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by William Michael Harnett



THE YELLOW VIOLIN by Raoul Dufy



MUSICAL FORMS by Georges Braque

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points the lecture aims to illuminate. Thus they serve the same function as colored reproductions thrown upon a screen in a lecture hall. They have a great advantage, however: they can be studied for as long as one wants, and can be referred to again and again. Another great advantage is that members of a family can conveniently "take the course" either separately or simultaneously—husband and wife, parent and teenage child. Reading each portfolio aloud, and examining the reproductions together, is like visiting a museum, pointing out to one another something to be enjoyed.

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CONTENTS IN BRIEF OF THE 12 PORTFOLIOS

IS A PAINTING?
principles of art.
Tists choose to paint
do.

**M: THE PAINTER
THE WORLD AROUND**
visual, emotional, in-
elements.

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ER AND THE WORLD**
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ist movement. Why
painters departed
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WE NEVER SEE**

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Functions of composition:
decorative, structural.

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space in three-dimensional
relationships.

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PRESSION**

**WATER COLOR, PASTEL
AND PRINTS**

FRESCO • Murals of ancient
Rome and China; revival in
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ASPIRATIONS

LETTERS

John Maynard Keynes, the English economist, lived a rich, full life—but died wishing he had drunk more champagne.

Most of us miss *some* of the good things of life, of course. Sometimes we just can't help it. But sometimes we can. And when we can, shouldn't we do everything in our power to realize our fondest dreams?

Perhaps you've always wanted to own a Braque or a boat, support an orphan or a cause, see Angkor Wat or Zermatt, collect Sevres or Georgian silver. Or drink more champagne.

Even if your financial resources aren't equal to such enterprises now, perhaps they can be in the future. One way of giving yourself a chance of improving them is to take your surplus cash and put it to work in good common stocks. There's some risk, of course, and profits can't be guaranteed. But as the American economy expands, your resources may grow, too, and bring those dreams within reach.

Our Research Department will help you choose investments suited to your aims. Whenever you're ready, simply telephone or write—or come in to see us.

The Disease of "Make-work"

TO THE EDITORS:

I read with interest the article, "Dead Horse and the Featherbird: The Specter of Useless Work," by Paul Jacobs [September]. . . . The matter of the featherbird which has vexed this industry for so long is not unknown to me. The third pilot or "featherbird" on today's jets is probably the most glaring example of "make-work" that has come into being since the industrial revolution. This is so [because] . . . he contributes absolutely nothing to the safety or efficiency of the flight, yet his salary is in the upper 5 per cent of all wage earners in this country.

Regarding the CAB action relating to Flight Engineer requirements, it should be recalled that the Engineers were initially required on DC-6 airplanes because of the increased complexity of this aircraft over the DC-4. It had just suffered two tragic accidents—both caused by the *mechanical malfunctioning* of wholly new aircraft systems.

The Boeing engineer who stated that the safest airplane is one that can be operated by a single person should carry his reasoning even further. The safest airplane would be one that would not require *any* operating personnel. . . . However, this is impossible. While we become more automated and sophisticated in our aircraft designing, we breed complexity by the square and the need for a Flight Engineer rises commensurately. The statement that the Air Force decided to use only two men to fly its military version of the commercial jets is somewhat misleading—for all *transport* aircraft (including the "simple" jets) operated by the Military Air Transport Service carry a mechanical specialist Flight Engineer.

I wholeheartedly agree with Mr. Jacobs when he states that one of the causes (we believe the major cause) of the present crew complement dispute has been the failure of the CAB and FAA (who certificated the Flight Engineer) to properly delineate his duties and functions. There can be no doubt as to what the CAB felt was necessary because their initial proposal laid heavy accent on mechanical qualifications and background and gave no credence at all to pilot qualifications. Nonetheless, the CAB, caught up in a whirlwind of social and economic pressures, left to the dis-

cretion of the airlines the duties he would be assigned to Flight Engineers. This opened up a Pandora Box which had the effect of making the entire matter a subject of collective bargaining by the unions. . . .

R. A. BROWN,
Flight Engineer
International
Washington,

Lone

TO THE EDITORS:

Texas, Willie Morris—take ["Texas Politics in Turmoil," by V. Morris, September]. A common-approach to politics is being championed by a prominent El Paso schoolteacher, Mrs. Lydia Stark, Republican candidate for El Paso County school superintendent. If elected, she will abolish the post!

Here's why. On August 29, 1960, a law became effective in Texas, making it possible to abolish county school districts that have no common school districts, since the duties of the office are being performed by the independent districts. Since that law was passed, El Paso County—which has no common school districts—blissfully went on paying a county school superintendent \$21,850 yearly in salary and expenses, all for nothing. Mrs. Stark, knowing the peculiarities of Texas voters, is leaving nothing to chance. She's running her campaign just as if she had a political future and stake. A story like Mrs. Stark's should be told; it proves there's a silver lining out there somewhere.

(MRS.) BETTY WRITING
El Paso, Tex.

East Africa's Economy

TO THE EDITORS:

Six months with the trade unions in Tanganyika early this year sharpened my appreciation of Edward R. F. Shahan's analysis of "East Africa: The Big Pangs of Independence" [September]. He might have noted that our George Washington preceded Julius Nyerere in thinking that rival and separate political parties were not necessary in a new country. An important point to watch is whether the trade unions in East Africa will retain their identity and independence and not become facilities of the single government as some parts of West Africa. . . .

Tanganyika is a showcase for African

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HORIZON

A MAGAZINE WHOSE FIELD IS THE WHOLE OF CULTURE—PAST AND PRESENT



British Museum

"He fell in love with a dangerously unusual widow..."

... who became his unlawfully wedded wife. When the Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert set up house in Brighton, it was a bucolic retreat for jaded aristocracy. Today it's Britain's Miami, where Cockneys and teddy boys and the *nouveau riche* cavort to blaring bands and glaring neon. But the Prince left an enduring (and fantastic) monument: the Brighton Pavilion. Read about the playful Prince, his twice-discarded lady, and his exotic pleasure dome in the new November HORIZON.

An Oriental Palace for an English King, by J. H. Plumb, is just one of over 20 articles and pictorial features in the current HORIZON. Historian Hugh Trevor-Roper gives a provocative answer to *How Do Great Wars Begin?* Gilbert Highet traces the amazing survival of classical literature, and Joseph Wechsberg sings the praises of chamber music. There's *The Passion According to Rouault*, a color portfolio of never-before-reproduced paintings; and a visit to Alexander Calder, the mobile master. William K. Zinsser reports on *Sotheby's*, the great London auction house. . . . There's much more.

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LETTERS

in which we all have an interest because there, if anywhere, the peaceful transfer from colonialism can be made. While members of the Peace Corps and the distribution of surplus food in the frontier areas combined with some loans have evoked appreciation of the United States, much more technical and educational aid will be needed to attain industrialization. We shall do better to stress what the trade unions and cooperatives are doing in East Africa than to quote old official reports on Mau Mau.

MARK STARE
Long Island City, N. Y.

Rare Establishment

To the Editors:

Richard H. Rovere has effectively pointed up William F. Buckley, Jr.'s inconsistencies ["Shall We Let Buckley into the Establishment?" September]. But when he suggests that "before long there should be an honorary degree from Cornell" he makes a prediction not apt to be fulfilled. Reason: Unlike most universities, Cornell does not grant honorary degrees.

MRS. GENEVA S. BOOKER
Asst. Ed., *Cornell Alumni News*
Ithaca, N. Y.

Wrong Dictator

To the Editors:

It is with a tremendous amount of frustration and grief that I read Dr. Stanley Millet's article, "Terror in Vietnam: An American's Ordeal at the Hands of Our 'Friends'" [September]. It seems that whichever [U. S.] Administration is elected to office, it disregards the experiences of its predecessors. For years we supported Batista only to help overthrow him and inherit Castro; we supported Perón and Trujillo only to inherit instability and chaos. After all this we support another dictator, this time in Vietnam, just because he is "against communism." Will we ever learn? Congratulations to Dr. Millet for helping to bring these occurrences to light.

ALLEN LIGORNER
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Patients on Holiday

To the Editors:

In his article, "Schizophrenics in the Sun" [September], Robert Littell states that the "bold experiment" he describes "may well have turned a new page in the book of mental care." Actually a page was turned considerably earlier in the state of Maine, when, in 1905—upon the suggestion of my father, Judge Edward Everett Chase, a trustee of the

LETTERS

state's mental hospitals—a vacation resort for mental patients was established on Widow Island. . . . Here for three months every summer, patients enjoyed the salt air, fished, gardened, took daily sail on a big old schooner, the *General Knox*, and swam in the salt-water swimming pool. This resort (designated by the newspapers of the time as a "Sanitary Retreat") ran most successfully until World War I, when difficulties of transportation for patients and provisions made its continuance impractical.

VIRGINIA CHAS.
West Hartford, Conn.

For the Late-bloomer

To THE EDITORS:

I would like to question what seems to be a basic assumption of the editorial "The Stupidity Problem" [Easy Chair, John Fischer, September]—that the dullards and the gifted can be unerringly identified. . . . There are some 45 million youngsters enrolled in our elementary and high schools. Even with 99 per cent accuracy in our identification of the intellectual ability of individuals, there would be 450,000 erroneously classified. . . . A child with more intellectual ability than had been measured might be labeled as stupid and then shunted into, say, bellhop training. . . . By the time the misclassification became apparent, too much time would have been wasted for this child to be successfully retrieved. Such a child would be denied the opportunity to realize his potential and society would be denied his fullest contribution.

I seriously doubt that an accuracy rate of 99 per cent could be achieved. Late-bloomers come into their own at last, the culturally deprived overcome their backgrounds, the emotionally maladjusted are healed. Countless individual, human factors confound the best efforts of those who attempt to accurately measure innate intellectual capacity. . . .

I am involved with a program that seeks to give those whose ability is greater than we can measure an opportunity to move back into the educational mainstream. . . . I am extremely wary of any program that assumes we can classify children with complete accuracy. . . . A solution which meets the needs of society while it protects the individual is not, in my opinion, presently available.

ROBERT J. R. FOLLETT
Oak Park, Ill.

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Although I agree that all men are not created equal, I do not believe that a child's ambition should be discouraged by anyone. . . . Two of my friends and I were told in the pre-high-school level



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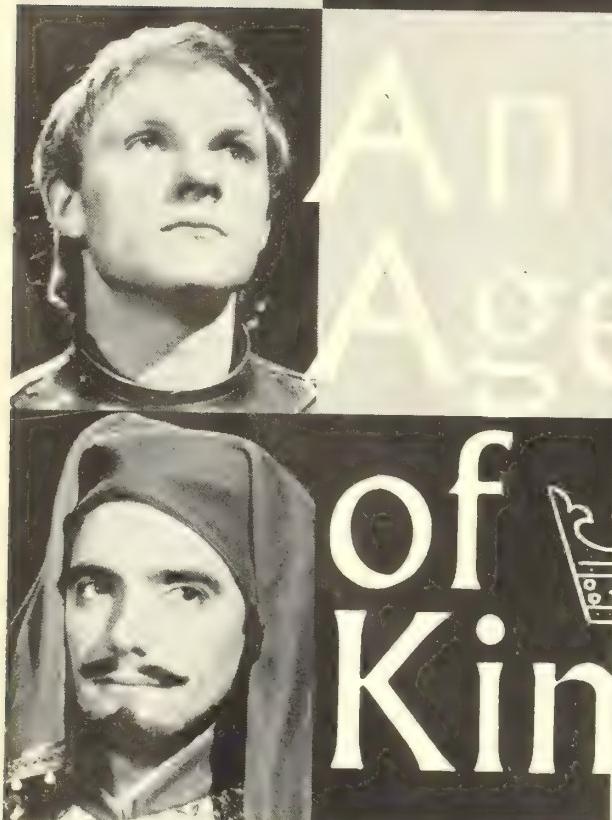
These are typical of the many procedures followed by the New York Stock Exchange in its continuing effort to maintain a fair and orderly market for investors.

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LETTERS

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that we were not college material. was further emphatically stated in school. However, we decided to try. fellow was a Dean's List student an a B.S. in electrical engineering from University of New Hampshire; I tained an M.S. in chemical engine from Iowa State University; the fellow is studying for his Ph.D. in ology at Pennsylvania State Unive Many people have done poorly in so but very well in industry. I don't lieve these examples are rare.

I understand that higher-educa selectivity is being done in Russia some European school systems. My friends and I would probably be ing up garbage now under this tem. . . .

JOSEPH LAR
St. Albans,

[In August] I selected the top twe five fifth-graders from six schools started teaching them [in Septemb This is the first such class in this al though many places have had spe classes for the gifted for years. . . is with great pride, joy, and almost visionay fervor that I started this cl This is in Shelby County, a separ school system of children living ins the county, but outside the borders Memphis. Memphis still has nothing an elementary level, though they offering special classes in high school.

Incidentally, the term "underachievers" applies to children with high I who do not do well in school. We working on this problem too. One reas for much of the underachievement the lock-step, be-a-little-tape-record-and-parrot-things-back-to-me type teaching in the ordinary classroom. T term is not applied to those of le mentality. We have had classes for t mentally retarded, under excelle supervision . . . in this county for fo years. They do not try to gloss over t lack of ability; they try to fit the child take care of himself in a society that st does need plumbers' helpers and go janitors.

Bravo for Mr. Fischer's article. couldn't resist, however, the temptation to let you know that we are doi something in the Shelby County scho system for children at both ends of t scale. . . .

HELEN N. HAI
Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. Fischer says that "cattle and horses [are] two of the stupidest creatures God ever made." . . . I have foun that generalizations about them are a likely to be fallacious, as are generalizations about ethnic groups of men.

The Lippizaner stallions of the Spaish School of Vienna who have mastered the ballet-like movements of *haut école*, the canny polo pony who know



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your painting come to life. The rich hues of oil blend and shade almost magically, taking on the color of sky, street and buildings. The nuances of color and form shimmer with the glow of the priceless original, almost as if Utrillo himself were guiding your hand.

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LETTERS

the game and is often an equal part of his rider, the liberty circus horse who perform intricate drills at a command . . . can hardly be called stupid. Police horses and hunters display a high degree of intelligence; the horse's mental ability probably is of the level of a dog's or a cat's, but the two animals have the stimulus of constant companionship with man. (Let us keep the horse in the parlor.) A twelve-year-old has taught her pony half-Arab to shake hands and to drink from a cup; he has taught himself to work light switches, door latches, gate fastenings.

Of course there are equine clevernesses. The distribution of horse intelligence most likely follows the usual shaped curve from dullard to normal bright. It is a pity that Mr. Fischer has his youth with the lower end of the scale.

PEGGY JETT PITTE
Peninsula

Some of my best friends are status seekers

They drive foreign cars.
Eat in fancy French restaurants.
Wear custom-made clothes.
Drink Lord Calvert.
They're status seekers, all right.
So am I, I guess.
I drink Lord Calvert too.
It's America's whiskey of distinction.
Something special for status seekers.



TO THE EDITORS:

Virginia Dare, born in Roanoke in 1587, would assuredly be surprised to learn that Peregrine White, born on the *Mayflower* in 1620, was the "first white American" [as J. A. Maxtone Graham states in "The American Transplanted," After Hours, Aug. 11]. And are you sure the Vikings who arrived in New England around 1000 had no progeny?

TOMMY CRUMPTON
BILL KELLY
Shaker Heights

THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

I am contrite about my mistake concerning Peregrine White. . . .

I have been going into the matter of these wretched Vikings; you can find a couple of pages on them in the *cyclopaedia Britannica* under "Vinland." This chap Leif Ericsson landed somewhere on the mainland in the year 1000, but it doesn't say if he took women with him, and one gathers that the native tribes were in no mood for casual dating.

However [as I reconstruct the event] a character called Thorfinn Karlsefni and his wife Gudrid (Leif's sister-in-law) did land later and stayed three years, and during that time a son Snorri was born. There occurred unpleasantness with the natives, and presumably a summer heat to which he was unaccustomed. It is probable that on his return to England he originated two famous phrases: that it wasn't the heat so much as the humidity; and that Vinland was only for a visit but he wouldn't want to live there.

J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM
Berkshire, England

New World Ballads



The No-Win Policy in the Kremlin *by John Fischer*

A THIRTY-FOUR page document, stamped "Top Secret" in red ink, has come to hand from a usually unreliable source. It purports to be a translation of the testimony of General Bari Birchovich Walkerski before the Committee on Un-Russian Activities of the Supreme Soviet. The opening passage reads as follows:

"Comrades, irregardless of personal career considerations, I feel it my duty to call your attention to a capitalist conspiracy which is chewing into the liver and lights of our beloved Soviet system. If it is not stopped—immediately and ruthlessly—it will inevitably destroy the Communist way of life. Already it may be too late. . . .

"I'm glad you asked that question, Comrade Suslov. My evidence is a pattern of events—a pattern of retreat and disaster which can be explained only by assuming that conscious, card-carrying agents of the West have infiltrated the main control posts of both The Party and the government.

"No, I am not accusing Comrade Nikita Sergeievich—in spite of the testimony of our Chinese colleagues that he has been consistently soft on capitalism. Probably he is merely an innocent dupe, or at worst a Capsymp. But somewhere close to him we will find the evil men who are sabotaging our program, undermining the moral fiber of our people and betraying the sacred doctrines of Marxism-Leninism. I leave it to you, comrades, to ferret out the guilty.

"How else can anybody explain the constant setbacks, the unending series of disappointments that we have suffered during the last decade? Let me remind you of only a few obvious examples.

"How did we lose the Congo? As is known, the setup there was ideal for us. The Belgian imperialists pulled out in a precipitate and disorderly rout. Chaos, which we have been so well

trained to exploit, was almost complete. Our boy Lumumba may not have been the brightest politician in the country, but he certainly was the most popular demagogue. Our embassy was packed with 'experts,' eager to guide him in establishing a People's Democracy. Our No. 2 native boy, Gizenga, already had founded a promising military base. The imperialist mining company in Katanga offered a perfect target for our propaganda, so that African public opinion—if you can call it that—was fast veering our way. Sekou Touré, Nkrumah, and most of the other neighboring messiahs were openly on our side. It looked like only a matter of weeks—days even—before we would be in full control.

"Then what happened? Before you could say long-live-the-masses, Lumumba was dead, Gizenga was in jail, our embassy people had been thrown out on their ear, and the Congo was in the hands of that most dangerous of all tools of American imperialism. I mean, of course, the United Nations. I tell you it was no accident, comrades. Disaster on this scale can only be the result of treachery in high places.

"AND look what has happened to us in Cuba. Everything, apparently, was going according to plan. Castro seemed at first to be the perfect agent. According to Standard Operating Procedures, he successfully concealed his Marxist affiliations until the revolution had triumphed. Not only the peasants and workers, but many of the bourgeois were completely deceived.

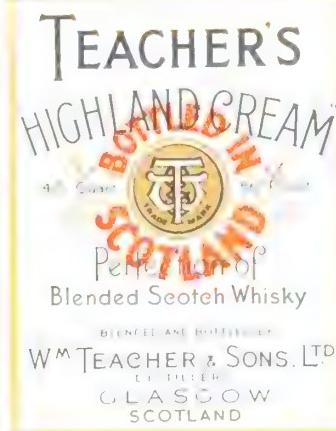
"Personally I always was a little suspicious of that beard. As all of you know, the mossy look hasn't been really chic in the best party circles since we liquidated Bakunin. But then Fidel was a provincial, who could hardly be expected to keep *au courant* with Moscow styles—and there is no denying that those whiskers helped make him the dreamboat of every Latin nationalist almost overnight. The women, in particular,

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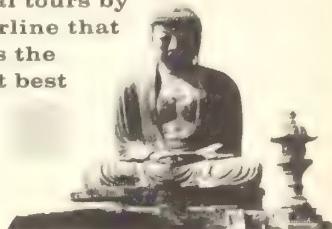
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The Death of Project Chariot

Harper's readers may be interested in the sequel to "The Disturbing Story of Project Chariot" by Paul Brooks and Joseph Foote, published last April. It questioned the wisdom of a government project to blast out a new harbor in northern Alaska with atomic bombs—on grounds that it would do nobody any good, and would do harm to nearby Eskimos, Alaskan wildlife, and American taxpayers. (A port at that site would be economically worthless, and the explosion would scatter radioactive fallout over a big part of the Arctic.)

Mr. Brooks has now learned from Washington that the project has been indefinitely postponed, and probably will be abandoned. The Eskimo villages which would have been endangered are being officially informed of their reprieve.

seem to like them hairy, though (you will pardon the expression) God knows why; we must always remember that in this part of the world we are dealing with primitives.

"Well, anyhow, there we had a splendid base for spreading the revolution through a continent that was more than ripe for infection. After the Yanquis' stupid blunder at the Bay of Pigs, it seemed clear that nothing could stop our advance. Venezuela first, next the Dominican Republic, then Bolivia, Brazil, Peru, and all the rest in order, just as we had planned. What stood in our way?

"Nothing, as it turned out, but that burr-head Castro. Did he make Cuba into a paradise of the liberated proletariat, an irresistible example of the glories of communism? No, he turned it into the worst mess we've had on our hands since the Hungarian revolution. The country is bankrupt, workers are rioting over food shortages, industry is close to collapse, and Fidel himself—in his increasingly rare moments of sobriety—admits to a complete breakdown of agricultural production. They have, for Marx's sake, even forgotten how to raise sugar.

"Worse yet, the political situation is getting out of hand. Our old reliable Party *apparatchiks* are being thrown out of the key jobs, and Castro has the gall to deport Commissar Escalante to Russia. Instead of tending to business, Brother Raul spends most of his time in Moscow whimpering for more foreign aid. Far from liberating the rest of Latin America, as he promised, Che Guevara hasn't even mopped up the guerrillas in his own Sierra Maestra.

"And worst of all, the place is turning into a goddam rathole. Already we have poured in \$400 million worth of aid, and it looks like we may have to scrape up another \$100 million be-

fore the winter is out just to keep the country from starving. The money, moreover, is the least of our worries. Why is it impossible to find a tractor mechanic in Kiev, or a decent plumber in Minsk? Because they are all in Havana, advising our little brown brothers. (Or so they say; I have reason to believe they spend most of their time on Veradero Beach, appraising the Bacardi industry with our little brown sisters.) Six thousand technicians we have sent them so far, and they still haven't learned how to grease a bus or tune a radar set.

"How long, I ask you, will the Russian people put up with these giveaway programs? What have we got to show for them, except a sheaf of fur-bearing seven-hour speeches?

"WE must now ask ourselves, comrades, a more chilling question: Is Castro an American agent?

"Reflect on the evidence. He has a long record of association with American newspaper correspondents—all of whom, as we know, are notorious henchmen of the CIA. On his famous visit to Harlem, Fidel was observed in the company of women who (as the MVD later discovered) were by no means ideologically sound. Even today he is known to dilute his rum with Coca-Cola. And what name—can you believe it, comrades?—does he give to this revolting imperialist concoction? *Cuba Libre!*

"The most damning testimony, however, is his own behavior. Could any genuine Communist louse up a revolution the way he has, out of simple incompetence? How could anyone, even a Cuban, manage to wreck his country so fast, unless he is deliberately operating under the instructions of the enemy?

"Here, I submit, may lie the true explanation of the Cuban invasion. At the time we all wondered why the Americans held back their Air Force, when they could have smashed Castro like a mosquito. Now it seems clear that their inexplicable behavior was part of a diabolic plot. They cold-bloodedly permitted the landing party to go to its destruction on the beaches because *they had conspired with Castro to help wreck his only organized native opposition.* The White House wanted to save him for its own cunning purposes: to embarrass world communism, to throw a scare into the other Latin countries, and to bleed the Russian economy white with Fidel's insatiable demands for more aid.

"What other possible explanation fits the known facts so well?

"A further question remains. Who, within our own ranks, picked Castro for the Cuban assignment in the first place? How far does the trail of treason lead?

"I NEED not remind you of our other failures and retreats—our expulsion from Iran, Greece, Malaya, and Guatemala, the defection of Yugo-



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Dear Paul Masson Chess Expert, Dept. H-3, Saratoga, California:

Here is my solution for Mr. Koltanowski. I shall be delighted to receive *his* and his booklet: "White to Open" even if I'm wrong. I'll be even more delighted if my answer is among the first correct 10 checked after Dec. 31, 1962, and I win either the Champagne Championship Cup or one of the nine championship chessboards with my name and victory suitably inscribed in silver.

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THE EASY CHAIR

slavia and Albania, the disloyalty of our Chinese allies, the costly rebellions in Hungary and East Germany, the steady shrinkage of the Communist parties in France and Italy, where they once seemed so close to victory. This shameful tally is too well known.

"What you may not realize, comrades, is how consistently we have been duped by the so-called revolutionists in the backward countries of Nasser, Kassim, Sekou Touré, Nehru, U Nu, Nkrumah—all of them come to us with their hands out, begging for help against the imperialist exploiters. So whatever they fancy, we give them, whether it makes any sense or not—snow plows for West Africa, a sports stadium for Indonesia, fighter planes for India, a dam for the Egyptian. They name it and the Kremlin hands it out, as if rubles grew on trees.

"And what happens? They spit in our faces. Nasser outlaws the Communist party. Kassim hangs our best Middle Eastern agitators. Sekou Touré hands our Ambassador his hat. The Burmese chase our guerrillas clear up the Salween river. Oh, they talk a good brand of revolution, all right, but how many of them have installed a sound Communist government? Not a single one!

"Isn't it time, comrades, for us to wake up to the fact that money won't buy friendship? It won't even buy a Levantine politician. The trouble with those crypto-capitalists is they won't stay bought.

"ALARMING as it is, this record of defeat abroad is overshadowed by what is happening within our own borders. Capitalist penetration everywhere—misleading our youth, corrupting our managers, poisoning the minds of our intellectuals, lulling our citizens into fatal complacency.

"It is easy to say that our security forces have the situation under control just because they have liquidated all known agents and wiped out the last remnants of open capitalist organization. But appearances are deceptive. Once forced underground, the running dogs of imperialism become all the more dangerous.

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

In every hand we see evidence of their clandestine activity. Mere wearing blue jeans and duck-tailcuts . . . Beatnik poets declaiming to crowds of thousands in public squares . . . innocent girls singing their sweet proletarian songs with coiffures known (I am as The Bardot and The Jackie, jazz mania is seeping even into cadres of The Young Communist League. After forty years of religious propaganda, our youth lenly begins humming 'When the Saints Come Marching In'! In good old days Comrade Stalin would never have permitted such orality.

Why does it happen now? Believe, obviously, our children have been demoralized by the confused intellectuals who infest our school system. No, Comrade Mikoyan, I did not accuse *all* intellectuals of being conscious tools of the capitalist conspiracy. I merely suggest that most of them are so fuzzy-minded that they fall easy prey to foreign ways of thinking. The safest plan would be to clear them out of the schools and substitute a thoroughgoing program of pro-Red indoctrination, conducted by retired militiamen of proven radicalism.

Even our industrial managers—trusted stewards of our Socialist economy—apparently are not immune to the insidious profit virus. In the last six months alone we have had to shoot 287 of them for speculation with state property. And this, dear, is only the tip of the iceberg. In Kharkov, for example, a veteran Party member is discovered running a lipstick factory in his basement. Near Leningrad four shoeplant foremen open their own store selling stolen boots and slippers; and they operate for months without a single customer tipping off the militia. Peddlers of West German fashions ply their nefarious traffic in the very shadow of the Kremlin. And for individual homes—the most sinister symptom of bourgeois instincts—has become so shameless that the Central Committee is forced to forbid the private ownership of fashions; except, of course, by members of the Central Committee.

"Ugly rumors are going around that some of our most promising young executives have organized a

Middle Management Fast Ruble Association—a front organization which meets secretly to practice double bookkeeping, study the life work of Billie Sol Estes, and read Adam Smith. The Old Adam, they call him. Alas, there still seems to be much truth in the old Ukrainian proverb: Scratch a Russian and you will find an operator.

"SUCH widespread corruption, comrades, could never be accomplished by foreign agents alone. They have been helped immeasurably—I might say, crucially—by the sick moral climate which pervades the Soviet Union. I refer to the spirit of defeatism, the willingness to temporize with evil, which emanates from the highest circles of our Party leadership.

"How else can you describe all this talk about peaceful coexistence? To me, it can mean only one thing: somebody at the very top has decided on a no-win policy. What other reason can there be for all these years of fruitless negotiation with the enemy? For the endless vacillation over Berlin? For the failure to press home our advantage in Laos and Vietnam? For the interminable bargaining at the United Nations—a process in which our inexperienced diplomats, naturally enough, almost always come out with the short end of the stick.

"And now we have the most demoralizing blunder of all: Our beloved Nikita is hinting that he may have to make a deal with the Common Market—the very fountainhead of resurgent capitalism. With such an example before them, how can we expect our youth to cling to the stern standards of old-fashioned Marxism-Leninism?

"The only hope, I submit, is for the Committee on Un-Russian Activities to conduct a swift and unflinching investigation of everybody who may be exerting a subversive influence in the councils of state. To begin with, I demand an inquiry into the following . . ."

The rest of the document consists of twenty-six pages listing people in the upper ranges of Soviet society, starting with Aleksei I. Adzhubei, Khrushchev's son-in-law and editor of *Izvestia*, and ending with Marshal Zhukov.

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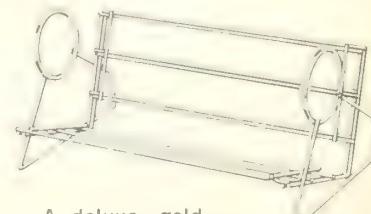
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by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

Old Fitzgerald
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Man in Simpson County claims he owns a 8-year-old mule that loves persimmons.

The mule wisely curbs his appetite until the first heavy frost. Then he backs up to a 'simmon tree, kicks it a few times, turns around and eats them off the ground.

Now it's good mule sense to bide your time until a 'simmon grows less puckery to the tongue. And it's also good sense to wait until Time and Nature gentles a whiskey to your taste.

At our Kentucky family distillery we go to considerable expense to ripen our bourbon to a peak of friendly mellowness.

We store our OLD FITZGERALD in sturdy casks of white mountain oak, charred inside just so. Each barrel costs us \$25, and after one use only, we sell it for a quarter.

We lay away these barrels in airy open ricks where Kentucky's winter frost and summer sunshine cause the whiskey to gently "breathe" inside the oak. Meanwhile storage costs mount up.

During this deep and placid sleep, through 6 long years and more, one gallon out of every four originally laid away vanishes into thin air, absorbed through the pores in the staves.

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A costly process? Yes! But after a taste of the three that's left, you wouldn't have us do it any other way.

Thus, it isn't hard to see, since as much as half your purchase cost is tax, why OLD FITZGERALD is never priced among the "cheapies" on the shelf.

We invite you to join an inner circle of business hosts who recognize that quality is worth its price, and find OLD FITZGERALD good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
Mellow 100 Proof

AFTER HOURS



THE CASE OF THE FRAUDULENT DUST JACKET by Joachim Remak

Joachim Remak, whose "Sarajevo" won the Hoover Library's Borden Award for 1960, teaches history at Lewis and Clark College in Oregon.

NOT long ago, Otto Eisen-schiml, author of some perceptive Civil War books himself, suggested that a Pure Food and Drug Act be passed for the deluge of Civil War books that has been loosed on us in this centennial lustrum. Publishers, he thought, should be required to label each book with an analysis of its contents. Thus, the book jackets on, say, *Lincoln's Bootblack* or *A Loudness at Antietam* might disclose the following information:

New material: None. New viewpoints: None. Author biased in favor of: (here the answer might be a bit less predictable) In print before: 100 per cent.

It is an interesting suggestion, but in the absence of a Readers' Lobby the chances of having it enacted into law seem small. Publishers of Civil War and other books are likely to go on being less outspoken about their products than the packers of green peas ("Size 2, net weight 1 lb., can size 303") are forced to be about theirs.

Considering the dissimilarity between the products, the difference in labeling may, of course, be entirely appropriate. But what is odd is that restraint and honest practice can be found so much more frequently on the labels for green peas—a food for all—than on the dust jackets for books—the luxury of the few even in our affluent age. Compare the *sotto voce* of:

Rogers Baby Green Sugar Peas
Fancy Small
From the Meadows of Eastern Oregon
Contains Approximately 2 Cups
Slightly Seasoned with Salt and Sugar

with the drum beat of:

Set against the exotic background of untamed Mexico, *The Sign of Taurus* is a rich, complex book—now sardonic, now sensual, now horrific, full of implicit meaning, brilliant physical detail, and vivid characters.

Or consider this baker's half-dozen excerpts from the book jackets of as many recent novels—worthy books, all of them, but none, to describe their limitations with charity, likely Pulitzer Prize winners: "a brilliant story," "a theme of universal significance, written with a rare artistry of style," "profound," "powerful yet restrained emotion," "an enthralling story, magnificently told," "en-

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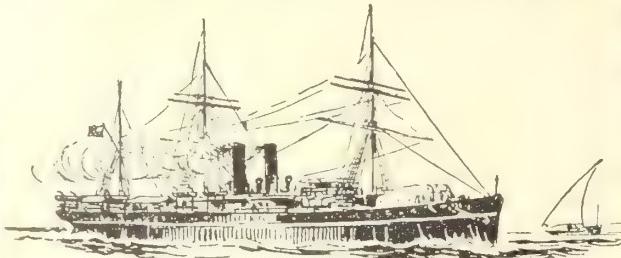
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AFTER HOURS

thralling and timely," "enthralling." Oh, the praise rolls in like thunder in this garden of clichés. The same adjectives are made to serve the good, the indifferent, the awful alike. *Dr. Zhivago* "truly great" and "superbly effective" as *Mrs. Boopie Goes to College*. Where the blurb writer is dean, everyone graduates *sum cum laude*.

It may not matter. We are spoiled. Overexposure to all sorts of advertising has accustomed us to the thought that in the world in which we live, things seldom are what they are said to be. The average consumer, past the age of seven or eight, has learned that size means regular, and regular means small. Nor are food packages guileless after all, federal or no. "Fresh corn, vacuum packed," properly translated means corn that is not fresh but canned. What is fair for one ought to be fair for all. "In spirit, this magnificent novel of American life is majestic; in substance, historical; in scale, heroic." We are unlikely to report the publisher's name to Better Business Bureau if the author fails to follow through on that promise. How could he? Books are hard to sell, so why not hard?

What we might reasonably demand, however, is something less extreme than the absence of meaningless praise or the objective labeling proposed by Mr. Eisenschim and that is the absence of outright falsehood in a book's description on its dust jacket. Laudatory adjectives can be discounted; misstatements of fact cannot, at least not as easily. Four recent cases show that, at the moment, many otherwise reputable publishers do not always see the need for the most modest of common denominators between the advertising copy for a book on its jacket and the book itself. They shall serve as illustrations only; they by no means exhaust the practices about to be discussed.

The first case in point is that of Ludwig Reiners' *Frederick the Great*, published by Putnam's, and provided with a book jacket which opens with this intriguing sentence: "Of all the mysteries surrounding Frederick the Great, Prussia's re-

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*VERY PERSONAL

AFTER HOURS

markable 18th-century king, one of the most amazing is that no biography of him has been available in English." In truth, the mystery is how a publishing house as reputable as Putnam's can make itself responsible for such a statement. Available full-length biographies of Frederick in English (not counting monographs on the Youth of Frederick, Frederick as a General, etc., etc.) number about a dozen and a half, including the not entirely unknown ten-volume *History of Frederick II of Prussia* by Thomas Carlyle, and the more recent, and very distinguished, biography by G. P. Gooch.

The reviews of the book in both *Harper's* and *Saturday Review* drew attention to the absurdity of the claim, but the concept "first" apparently casts a lasting spell over blurb writers, and let the liars be damned. Consider the case of the *Dictionary of American Slang*, a solid and useful book compiled and edited by Harold Wentworth and Stuart Berg Flexner (Crowell). A "pioneering dictionary," Crowell's copy writers call it on the inside cover, to go on to say in a Publisher's Note in the book itself (a sort of inside jacket or publisher's waist-coat) that the compilers have included, "for the first time in any dictionary, those derogatory and taboo words which play such an important part in American slang." The result, in case you missed the first "pioneering" at the beginning of the blurb, is "absolutely unique in the history of American publishing."

Commenting on all this lyric praise, Edmund Wilson, who reviewed the dictionary in *The New Yorker* of February 18, 1961, wrote: "The publishers . . . are in error.

The truth is that an impressive amount of work has already been done in this field and that the 'taboo words' have been included in the dictionaries of Eric Partridge and in *The American Thesaurus of Slang* by Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van den Bark. The statement above seems particularly strange in view of the fact that this latter book . . . the most nearly complete compilation of the kind that exists is also published by Crowell."

One saving grace may be that in both the Frederick biography and

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AFTER HOURS

Dictionary of American Slang, dubious claims of the dust jacket readily apparent to the informed reader. In other instances, however, I suspect these may be even more numerous—they are not. Let me cite my own case to illustrate what I mean.

When I received the advance copy of a book of mine, *Sarajevo Criterion*, I was, to put it kindly, riled to learn from the jacket copy that I had been "awarded a Guggenheim fellowship," and to read a statement purported to have come from嘴唇 that, to put it mildly again, had not made in that form. Not at all have not often thought that should have a Guggenheim, but the administrators of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation have not, so far, felt the same way about the matter. On the other hand, since the statement attributed to me cited a "principle [sic] reason" for writing the book, perhaps a Guggenheim award can now be made for a worthy purpose of sending me back to school for a while.

The jacket of the British edition *Sarajevo* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson) my request deprived me of the Guggenheim, and corrected some of the other errors as well. But in their place, my very generous London publishers made me a "Professor of Modern History at Stanford University in America"—a rank one higher than the one I hold (I am afraid these things do matter in academe), and at an institution some seven hundred miles south from the one where I in truth teach. The country, however, is correct.

I have no wish to exaggerate the consequences. At times, the results can be funny rather than grave. One distinguished scholar, for example, who reviewed *Sarajevo* for a learned journal, thought that he had "never seen a statement more revealing" than my supposed "principle" words. More often, however, harm will come to publisher and author, and particularly to the author. One suspects that it was embarrassing to Mr. Ventworth and Mr. Flexner to have false claims made (and exposed!) here so many good and valid ones might have been advanced. Or there the case of Hans Koningsberger's recent novel *A Walk With Love and Death* (Simon & Schuster) which may



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AFTER HOURS

serve as the final illustration of how the blurb writer's sins can be visited upon an author.

The *Saturday Review's* critic, in the February 25, 1961, issue, thought that too many anachronistic attitudes intruded upon the novel's medieval setting. "Claudia," he wrote, "is somewhere referred to as the narrator's 'ideal girl,' a description of her that suggests employment in copywriting or public relations." To which Mr. Koningsberger, in justified anger, replied two weeks later: "Now the one such reference, possibly creating this atrocious connotation, is not in the novel but in the jacket copy. I realize that critics at times read this more earnestly than the book itself but it is written by the advertising department of the publishing house, not by the author."

WHAT is the answer? Or must one simply hold still for this sort of thing? Several answers suggest themselves, although just how effective they would be is another matter. One is to bring in that old friend of Senator Claghorn's, an Aroused Public. Readers should care! After all, it is not 35-cent pocket books they are being made to buy under false pretenses, but first editions which sell for a good many dollars. (Another illustration of the Hegelian concept that quantity changes, or *should* change, quality?) But unfortunately, one wonders about the extent to which readers, either individually or in the aggregate, will force publishers to mend their ways. Somehow, it is hard to visualize the angry masses marching on the Madison Avenue offices of Putnam's with chants of "The Advertising Copy on Frederick the Great Must Go!"

Perhaps publishers could be made to care even without such protest actions, but it is a slender hope. Consider only one piece of evidence in this connection. In the January 19, 1961, issue of *The Reporter*, Francis Steegmuller wrote an admirable article on some of the more questionable practices followed in "adapting" foreign books—the sort of highhanded excisions and changes that often result in what he called a "wretched mangling" of the original text. Of the three publishers whose books he cited as illustrations, only one re-

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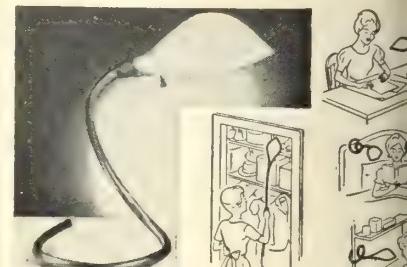
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AFTER HOURS

to say (on February 2) that these practices did not meet "the lucid minimum requirements of honorable publishing" and that they'd not happen again under his int.

The solitary voice was that of Mr. Ed Knopf, in whose case no ad-
ditional proof was needed in any-
thing to show that he is a scholar
and gentleman. The other two ap-
parently continue to hold different
views of what constitutes the mini-
mum requirements of honorable
publishing.

A more practical answer therefore
would be to advise the author to in-
clude in his contract that all jacket
copy be seen and approved by him
in advance of publication. After all,
the author who will be blamed
for the follies of the jacket copy by
the majority of readers, and as the
Wingsberger example shows, per-
haps even by some reviewers. Let the
author make it his business to see
that his publisher's blurb is in har-
mony with the facts.

Finally, it might be hoped that
critics will continue to expose
this sort of foolishness when it
occurs, as *The New Yorker* did in
the case of Wentworth and Flexner,
Harper's and *Saturday Review* did
in that of Reiners, as *The Reporter*
in that of "adaptations" being
read under false colors. Surely,
there must be enough talent in ad-
vising departments to provide
what will help to sell a book
without showing a decent regard for the
truth at the same time.

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I didn't want to do it.
They all do it, Mister!
I was framed.
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My parents were responsible.
I was born in the slums.
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It's the other guy.
I'm here.
Because he said I said
he said I said it.
I didn't do it!

—Helmer O. Oleson



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Harper's MAGAZINE

A CATHOLIC LOOKS AT PROTESTANTISM

A young Catholic intellectual charges that Protestant critics of Catholicism must first face their own considerable defects if mutual understanding is ever to come about. This article is the first of a series. Next month, Harvey Cox of Andover-Newton Theological Seminary will present a Protestant's view of modern Catholicism.

DANIEL CALLAHAN

SOME morning, perhaps when the Reformation has come full circle, a Catholic will nail to the door of a Protestant church ninety-five theses. Unlike Martin Luther's theses, however, they may not be debated. More likely, they will be hastily removed—either by the policeman on the beat, the rector of the church, or by embarrassed Catholics. As for Luther's imitator, he will be denounced by his fellow Catholics for crassness and, no doubt, be invited into the Protestant rectory for coffee. By the end of the day he will be a thoroughly confused man: he will have heard Catholics expressing sympathy for Protestantism and the Protestant rector quoting Pope John XXIII to him. To punish his temerity, he will be put on the invitation lists of countless interfaith dinners and be assigned to an interminable Protestant-Catholic study group.

Yet, however unfashionable, it would be perfectly possible for a Catholic to draw up ninety-five theses against contemporary Protestantism.

Some, following the traditional mode, would be theological; others, more modern in cast, would be cultural and sociological. But which church door ought to get the theses? Ought it to be the nearest Episcopalian church? But that would hardly do: too many Episcopalians consider themselves Catholics. Then perhaps a Unitarian church? That would be worse—Baptists, Lutherans, and Congregationalists might object that Unitarians were only in the loosest sense Protestants. As a last resort, one might turn to the office door of the National Council of Churches. That could be a mistake also—for the Fundamentalist churches would no doubt inform one that NCC was selling Christianity out to liberalism, socialism, and communism, and was neither Protestant nor Christian.

My point here, of course, is obvious. What, finally, does it mean to be a Protestant? Which, if any, Protestant church can claim to be genuinely Protestant? In these questions the Catholic would find the basis of his theological theses against Protestantism. For the Catholic, the most obvious fact about Protestantism is its variety and multiplicity, its internal wars and contradictions. Protestantism from the time of the Ref-

ormation to our own day has, though often unwillingly, introduced into Christianity discord and disunity. Among themselves, Protestants appear to agree on very little—except, for the most part, that Rome ought to be resisted and rejected. Disagreement and theological disputes are not, of course, necessarily unhealthy. But fundamental differences over the very nature of the Church, the meaning of Christ, and the nature of man can only be a source of scandal to the unbeliever and antagonism among believers. It is easy enough for Protestant churches to set themselves against Catholicism; but for the Catholic, it is far more revealing when Protestant churches set themselves against each other.

For the Catholic this can only mean that at the heart of Protestantism there lies a fundamental error. If Protestantism does not provide a means of answering the most basic questions about Christianity, then it becomes indeed difficult to know what Protestantism can claim. One could naturally object that, for the Protestant, the Bible provides the kind of direction and insight which a vital Christianity requires. Here again one meets the same difficulty: Protestants are notoriously disputatious about the meaning of passages in the Bible. More than that, many Protestant theologians have rivaled the agnostics in questioning the very inspiration and significance of the Bible. Not surprisingly, Protestant Biblical scholars have swung widely from portraying Jesus as the Word made flesh to portraying Him as an existentialist philosopher obscured by his myth-making followers.

To say this is, confessedly, to exaggerate. Try as he might, however, it is difficult for the Catholic not to see the wildly swinging pendulum of Protestant theology as a symptom of considerable confusion. Equally incomprehensible to the Catholic is the ability of Protestants to live with this confusion; to make, it sometimes seems, a very virtue of it. Indeed, Protestants often argue that disunity and contradiction are the happy price of freedom—a price well worth paying to avoid the snare of ecclesiastical tyranny and soul-binding dogmas. There may be something persuasive about this argument; freedom always entails risk. Yet such a position seems, in the end, to put the Christian message itself up for grabs—as if the Christian's only obligation were to himself.

Even here, there is a peculiar kind of irony. In their quest for freedom many Protestants seem inevitably to fall into the very trap they most seek to avoid. If, as Paul Tillich has written, "*The Protestant principle . . . is the prophetic judgment against religious pride, ecclesiastical arrogance, and secular self-sufficiency*," where, precisely, is one to find evidence that such a principle has been decisive in Protestantism?

Surely—if one has to use these words—Calvin was as "arrogant" and unbending in his theology as the most hidebound pre-Reformation Catholic, Luther as full of "religious pride" as any medieval Pope, the early American Protestant communities as full of secular "self-sufficiency" as twentieth-century Spanish Catholicism. And what is the Protestant to say of the inquisition John F. Kennedy underwent at the Houston ministers' meeting during his campaign? It was judgment but hardly of the "prophetic" sort.

"*The Protestant principle*," Dr. Tillich has also said, "*is the judge of every religious and cultural reality, including the religion and culture which calls itself 'Protestant.'*" On the contrary, it appears that Protestantism has been as much the victim of these realities as their judge. When Christianity came under sharp attack in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, from the historians, the philosophers, and the political theorists, it was Protestantism which first seemed to lose its nerve. In the aftermath of Kant, Protestants all too quickly denied the power of reason to know of the existence of God; in the face of historical critiques of Biblical history, they were all too ready to distinguish sharply the "Christ of faith" from the "Christ of history"; in the face of Marx, they were all too prone to turn Christ into a great social reformer. Before the onslaught of Darwinism, materialism, and scientific method, Protestant thinkers often fled in great rout: either to a rigid Biblical literalism, on the conservative side, or to hasty swallowing whole of the attacks, on the liberal side.

In our own day, far from raising a prophetic voice against the ugly and soporific obsessions of contemporary culture, many Protestant congregations have blessed them and supplied preachers to sing their praises. If we are looking for "peace of mind," Dr. Norman Vincent Peale is ready to show us the way. If we are worried about internal subversion, the Reverend Billy Hargis will tell us about the Red hordes in our midst. If we want to keep the Negroes in their place, there are many

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Southern ministers who will supply us with some helpful Bible passages. It is all too possible to find in American Protestantism not the universality of Christianity but the ravages of time, place, and class. If anyone doubts this, let him take a Southern Baptist friend to a Philadelphia Main Line Episcopal church; or his Lutheran friend to a Jehovah's Witness rally; or a Harvard Divinity School student to a Billy Graham rally; or a Boston Brahmin Unitarian to a Southern Illinois Reformed Church. In all cases, the discomfort will be acute. The class differences which mark off one Protestant group from another are a painful reminder of the power of social pride in American communities—not to say snobbery.

On the basis of these general criticisms a Catholic could, conceivably, draw up ninety-five theses. To the Catholic, Protestantism presents an array of contrarities: where it does not come close to sundering God and man, it sometimes seems to identify God with man; where it does not ignore the discoveries of science, psychology, and history, it often seems to let these discoveries smother it; where it does not ignore the mores of popular culture, it seems to abet and reinforce them.

THE CATHOLIC BECOMES "UPPITY"

HERE the Catholic must stop abruptly. Unless he is smug—and that, unhappily, is a real possibility—sudden doubts are likely to assail him. Nailed to the door of one Protestant church, his theses may seem perfectly in order; nailed to the door of another, they will be patently unfair and inappropriate. Worse still, on close inspection his generalities will show flaws.

Does he accuse Protestantism of an insensitivity to destructive diversity and disunity? Then what is he to do with the fact of the World Council of Churches, so passionately concerned to bring about Protestant and Christian unity? Does he accuse Protestantism of saving faith at the expense of reason? What is he to do about those Protestant theologians—Rudolf Bultmann, Paul Tillich, Emil Brunner—who have spent their lives trying to find an adequate philosophical basis for Christianity? Does he accuse Protestantism of slavish conformity to cultural fashion? What is he to say about men such as John C. Bennett or Martin Marty who week in and week out attack the foibles and follies of our plastic age? Does he accuse Protestantism of sentimentality? How is he to account for Reinhold Niebuhr who has painfully recalled us all to recognize the limits of human power and wisdom, the painful

fact of human finiteness, and the horrible complexity of the moral and political order?

In the end, the theses would have to be scrapped. Whatever point the leveling of blanket charges may have had in the age of the Reformation and Counter Reformation, it has long been lost. With, naturally, some important exceptions, many of the charges that the Catholic could level at the Protestant could with equal justice be leveled at him as well. Catholics and Protestants have alike been guilty of traducing Christianity for the fads of the moment; of abetting the destructiveness of nationalism, racism, and colonialism; of placing institutional self-interest before the common good of all men. The non-Christian has little trouble indicting both Catholics and Protestants indiscriminately; and there is much point to his criticism.

Yet if we have passed that stage in history where the hurling of accusations has any relevance, we have by no means resolved our differences. Catholics and Protestants are as much the victims of the past as its heirs. We feel not only the effects of earlier theological disputes but also see vividly the indirect consequences of these disputes in our social and political life. Instead of fighting over the meaning of justification by faith or the doctrine of transubstantiation, we are now prone to wrestle with one another over the meaning of "obscenity," federal aid to parochial schools, Bingo, and Sunday blue laws. Instead of the bloody post-Reformation wars, we now contend at the polls and in the courts. We argue not about what St. Paul meant by grace but about what Thomas Jefferson meant by a "wall of separation" between Church and State; not about Calvin's Geneva but about Catholic power in Boston and Baptist power in Houston.

This shift from the theological into the political, however, reflects as much the different histories the Reformation imposed upon Catholics and Protestants as it does the undercurrents of old theological disputes. It is very tempting to see an argument, say, over contraceptive laws as a stark encounter of Protestant and Catholic private morality. But it is much more plausible to recognize that it reflects as well a tension between different political groupings and different conceptions of the role a minority's moral values should play in the determination of the laws which bind all. Indeed, specifically theological differences count for comparatively little in some of the most violent Catholic-Protestant clashes. What can be seen more often is the clash of Catholicism as a rising minority with Protestantism as an entrenched majority. Catholics—many

Protestants can't seem to forget—came to America for the most part as poor, unlettered, and alien immigrants. Not only was their social class against them, they came from cultures—particularly the Irish and the Italians—which almost instinctively rubbed Anglo-Saxon Protestants the wrong way. They were Popish, poor, and, worse still, pressing their way up the social ladder. They were a religious, a cultural, and an economic threat.

For some time now, as the nation's largest minority, Catholics have had forced upon them the common role of any rising American minority: the role of challenging the assumption that America is, by Constitutional if not divine right, a Protestant nation. The Catholic cannot help feeling at times that he is resented solely because he has refused to stay in the place the Protestant majority has tacitly assigned him. Like the Southern Negro, the American Catholic has become "uppity" and no longer doffs his cap to his cultural masters. The Protestant, not surprisingly, has behaved like a man threatened. Whether this sense of threat has taken the form of discrimination against cheap Irish labor in the nineteenth century or the more urbane form of a Paul Blanshard's almost yearly book full of ominous warnings about "Catholic power," the theme has been a constant one in America.

At least it was a constant one until the election of John F. Kennedy to the Presidency. His unsuccessful predecessor, Al Smith, could testify to that. But even in Mr. Kennedy's case, about all that can be proved is that there were enough other things in his favor to counterbalance the bigotry which led many to vote against him solely because of his religion. One of these favorable things, sadly, was that many Catholics voted for him precisely because he was a Catholic. On the whole, however, the 1960 Presidential campaign marked, on at least one level, the coming of age of the Catholic minority in America—a coming of age which would not have been possible had not Protestants themselves taken a new look at their own place in American society.

Nonetheless, for the Catholic who is grappling with myriad local and national problems involving a balance of power between Catholics and Protestants, the residue of an earlier Protestant American ethic is still a very real thing. Much of the opposition to federal aid for parochial schools, for example, appears to a great many Catholics to be little more than a concerted effort to ignore and thwart legitimate demands for a fair share of any tax money meant to improve American education. There can be no doubt that

there is a knotty Constitutional problem posed in providing aid to parochial schools, even when such aid would not be spent directly on the teaching of religion. At the same time, many Catholics feel that a rigid reading of the First Amendment on the separation of Church and State reflects as much a fear of parochial schools and Catholic power as a plausible interpretation of the Constitution. Where the Catholic sees a question of justice, the Protestant seems to see only ambitious sectarian pressure.

Ironically, Protestants appear to have considerable difficulty recognizing their own uses of pressure: whether to block gambling legislation, ban Bingo, press for regulation of liquor advertising, or reject the appointment of an envoy to the Vatican. What is often most curious about these Protestant forays into the political arena is that they reflect more the spirit of an older, more rural generation of Protestants. Even the liberal Protestant weekly, the *Christian Century*, can become almost as exercised about the evils of alcohol as the most Fundamentalist periodical. But are these attitudes any longer appropriate in our urban age? It is certainly legitimate and valuable to call attention to the dangers of gambling and liquor, but it seems useless and harmful to attempt to legislate them out of existence. Not only the Catholic but, for that matter, many Protestants and non-Christians find these pressures objectionable.

Along with the belligerent opposition to specifically Catholic desires, these pressures appear to reflect a certain undoubted, if unspoken, assumption that America is a Protestant nation; that Protestantism provides the cultural and ethical values at the base of our public philosophy. This bias appears most prominently in the frequent assertion that Catholic claims, mores, and behavior introduce "divisiveness" into the community. The Catholic who wants to see his values count is treated as an intruder who must be handled with dispatch.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS?

DESPITE the fact that many Catholic-Protestant conflicts in America do stem from historical and cultural rather than theological differences, their often remote religious sources should not be minimized. Nor, in our day, ought we to be misled into thinking that we need only a political modus vivendi between Catholics and Protestants. Neither politics nor life is that simple. Political harmony without some measure of theological understanding be-

tween Catholics and Protestants seems, to me at least, impossible. And is this all that Catholics and Protestants, as fellow Christians, ought to desire? On the contrary, we ought to want a good deal more; we ought to want not merely a sterile coexistence but, even more, a thrust toward healing the wounds left by the Reformation.

What ought to matter for the Catholic and Protestant of the twentieth century is that where they should be examining their own conscience, they are looking for that familiar mote in the eye of the other. To be sure, differences exist. Truth counts, beliefs count, traditions count, dogmas count; they count, finally, more than unity. Nevertheless, as Pope John XXIII has said: "We do not intend to conduct a trial of the past; we do not want to prove who was right or who was wrong. The blame is on both sides. All we want is to say: 'Let us come together. Let us make an end of our divisions.'"

But is it possible for Catholics and Protestants to "make an end of our divisions" in America? If we can resolve some of the innumerable political stresses and strains, is it conceivable that we can make some progress toward resolving our religious differences? The answer to these questions is, first, that if we look closely enough, we can already see signs of progress. At the same time, secondly, it would be illusory to think that Catholics and Protestants can, or ought to, wipe away their cultural and theological histories.

The signs of progress, both theological and political, are many. For one thing, the attitude of Catholic theologians toward Protestant thought has changed sharply in the past few years. The invitation of Protestant observers to the Second Vatican Council bespeaks a startling change in atmosphere; so too does the acceptance of the invitation. Part of this change is traceable to the initiative of Popes Pius XII and John XXIII, part to the work of Catholic theologians like Fathers Gustave Weigel, George Tavard, H. Jedin, and Hans Kung, who have set out to re-examine the Reformation and contemporary Protestant theology; part to the sociological fact that Catholics and Protestants since the second world war have been thrown together more.

For the Catholic who still believes that Luther's revolt against Catholicism turned on his desire to marry a nun, or that the sole explanation of the Anglican Church lies in Henry VIII's divorce, or that Protestants want only to subordinate the Word of God to their own personal tastes, there is the work of Catholic scholars to convince them otherwise. If he is curious about Karl Barth or Rudolf Bultmann, he will be surprised to learn

that, by Protestant acclaim, some of the most penetrating and sympathetic studies of these men have been done by Catholic scholars. If he lives in Boston, he will find that Richard Cardinal Cushing has worked closely with a group of Protestant leaders at Packard Manse in nearby Stoneham to bring priests and ministers together for theological discussion. Again, if he reads the most recent Catholic Scriptural studies, he will find them liberally footnoted with references to Protestant works. He may also discover, to his sharp surprise, that both Catholic and Protestant scholars are contributing to a new translation of the Bible under the general editorship of Professors David Noel Friedman and William Foxwell Albright, scheduled for publication beginning in the fall of 1963.

Nor can the Catholic help noting that Protestantism has, in the past generation, produced innumerable scholars and theologians with a new openness to Catholicism. The names of George Lindbeck of Yale, Robert McAfee Brown of Union Theological Seminary, and Krister Stendahl of Harvard come immediately to mind. No longer do Protestants scorn the liturgy, no longer do all Protestants attempt to set Scripture over against tradition, no longer do Protestants see Catholicism only as a religious tyranny sustained by superstition and political power. Basic differences remain, but a new tone and a new attitude toward Catholicism are discernible in the present movement of Protestant theology. As Douglas Horton, former Dean of the Harvard Divinity School, has noted, the United Church of Christ approaches Catholics, "not as old enemies but as brethren with whom Christ can make all things new." For Catholics, this new spirit can only be a source of satisfaction; not because Protestants are likely to convert to Catholicism, but because it suggests that after four hundred years Protestants have ceased to act as if Catholics were their enemies instead of their brothers. Catholics have hardly done any better until recently.

If we can see progress among theologians, can we also see progress in resolving our political differences? Here again, I believe, we can. If the Catholic protests that Protestants have attempted to make America in their own image, it is a protest which such outstanding Protestants as William Lee Miller at Yale, Kenneth Underwood at Wesleyan, and John C. Bennett at Union are quick to second. Protestants, not Catholics, were the first to talk of a "post-Protestant" America. Again, if the Catholic protests on the matter of federal aid to parochial schools, he can now count on a growing number of Protestants sym-

pathetic to his anxieties and claims. *The Christian Century* and the *Christian Herald* still have shivers when they confront Catholic demands. But the magazine *Christianity and Crisis*, by contrast, has shown itself sympathetic and concerned—it has also brought the charge of being “soft on Catholicism” down on its head.

Finally, if the Catholic is determined that religious values not be pushed aside in our public life, he finds the Protestant a willing helper and ally. The outcry by both Catholics and Protestants at the recent Supreme Court decision in the New York prayer case—despite the absurdity of much of the protest—was a striking instance of a growing Catholic-Protestant concern on the place of religion in America.

Yet one could easily exaggerate the scope of these isolated examples. On the whole, the number of Protestants sensitive to contemporary developments in Catholicism remains small; the number sensitive to Catholic worries, problems, and commitments is even smaller. Yet, significantly, their number grows.

A CATHOLIC MONOLITH?

OBVIOUSLY, differences remain. History is more easily ameliorated than vanquished. Unhappily, Catholics have not always been as sensitive to the rights of others as they would have others be to theirs. The scattered instances of local Catholic opposition to bond issues and higher taxes for public schools; cases of economic boycotts of movie houses for showing “indecent” films; campaigns in Connecticut and Massachusetts to keep (Protestant-initiated) birth-control laws on the books; efforts to make newsdealers and booksellers conform to Catholic standards of literary morality—all such pressures are bound to offend many Protestants and non-Christians.

And such pressures often offend many Catholics as well—those who see that the leap from abstract morality to public legislation is sometimes a long and dubious one. Unfortunately, many Catholics, like their non-Catholic neighbors, see the Church as a monolith. The Protestant can hardly be blamed if he does not see what many Catholics can’t seem to accept: that, on almost all issues of public policy, there are innumerable alternatives open to the Catholic; that, in the end, there is no such thing as *the* Catholic position on the majority of public issues which divide Catholics and Protestants. This is as true of birth-control legislation, for instance, as it is of most other things.

The unfortunate thing about so many political clashes between Catholics and Protestants is that closer personal contact between Catholic and Protestant leaders could avert many of them. Here, a history of antagonism and separation tells very heavily. It is a comparatively rare American community in which Catholic priests and lay leaders work out their differences with Protestant ministers and laymen quietly and discreetly. Instead, the struggles are carried on by means of impersonal statements issued to the press and massive public campaigns to rally team support. Yet if, say, it were common practice for Catholics and Protestants to meet privately before engaging in any public dispute, the results could be very different.

Surely the federal aid-to-education dispute could be lessened if some of the American cardinals and bishops would take the initiative in arranging a series of conferences with Protestant leaders; and if they won’t act in this direction, then I would hope Protestants will. Would it not also be possible for groups of Connecticut priests and ministers to meet on the question of planned parenthood clinics? Or priests, ministers, and laymen to talk with one another about purportedly obscene books and movies? It is scandalous and unnecessary that Catholics and Protestants confront each other only in newsprint and not in person. Where they have met—in Boston and in Pittsburgh, for example—the results have invariably been profitable for both.

In the long run, however, Catholics and Protestants at all levels must begin talking with one another. Neither bishops, theologians, priests, nor ministers alone can bring about understanding. Only the ordinary Catholic and Protestant confronting and coming to know each other can properly break down old barriers and remove the newer sources of irritation. From the Catholic who looks only for submission from his Protestant neighbor, the more abject the better, and the Protestant who looks only for Rome to give up its extravagant pretensions, little can be expected. But from the Catholic and Protestant who are willing to meet each other as human beings, joined by one Lord, much can be hoped.

Of necessity, meeting is only possible if both are willing to leave the sheltering walls of their ghettos. To meet is to risk: to risk the painful shattering of illusions, the confrontation of muddy and harsh issues, the loss of the false sense of security that isolation and mixing with one’s own kind breeds. This will not be easy, as anyone who has experienced the frosty mutual suspicion of Protestants and Catholics in many

communities will know. But there is no real alternative, and Christians, certainly, ought to be willing to risk much.

But when Catholics and Protestants do stand before one another, what would the Catholic ask of the Protestant? For my part at least, I would not ask that Protestants cease criticizing Catholics. I would only ask that Protestants be as quick to look candidly at themselves; to observe their own uses of political power, their own failures to raise a prophetic voice in society. It is Protestantism which, after all, has held that the Church must forever be open to radical judgment upon itself, that the Church is *semper reformanda*—"always to be reformed." Does not that also mean that Protestants have the obligation to judge constantly their own attitudes toward Catholicism; to raise again the question whether the traditional critiques of Catholicism are still relevant in our day? Is it not true that some of the great movements in contemporary Protestantism—the liturgical movement, the quest for Christian renewal and unity, the drive for social justice—have sprung from Protestant self-criticism? Cannot the Protestant be as unsparing with himself in responding to Catholicism?

No less urgently, I would hope for an unceasing effort on the part of Protestants to penetrate more deeply into the nature of their own religious convictions. Cannot the Protestant take ever more to heart the words of a Swiss Protestant theologian, Hermann Küller: "Have you nothing better to do than protest against the Catholic Church, and make idols of the words we used, as old tools and weapons are enshrined in museums? They are good for looking at, but not for use; it is new ones that are needed." Contemporary Protestantism, that is, must seek anew its specific genius, its specific place in the Christian world. That it is making such an attempt is apparent. In the World Council of Churches Protestantism has expressed a fundamental belief that the Church must renew itself and seek unity, that the bases of Christian belief must be explored afresh, and that each Protestant Church should examine again its doctrinal and traditional loyalties. In America, the recent proposal for discussion between the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches and the United Church of Christ, made by Bishop James A. Pike and Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, show the strength of the ecumenical movement. The Catholic can, in part, encourage these developments. They hold out some promise of a more articulate, reflective Protestantism, sensitive to the disunity of Catholics and Protestants.

In recent years a number of important books have specifically addressed themselves to Protestant-Catholic relations. Among the more significant:

An American Dialogue. By Robert McAfee Brown and Gustave Weigel, S.J., 1959 (Doubleday, \$2.95).

Facing Protestant-Roman Catholic Tensions. Edited by Wayne H. Cowan, 1960 (Association Press, 50 cents).

The Catholic Approach to Protestantism. By George Tavard, 1955 (Harper, \$3.95).

The Papal Council and the Gospel. Edited by Kristen E. Skydsgaard, 1961 (Augsburg, \$3.95).

The Riddle of Roman Catholicism. By Jaroslav Pelikan, 1959 (Abingdon Press, \$4).

Christianity Divided: Protestant and Roman Catholic Theological Issues. Edited by Daniel Callahan, Heiko A. Oberman and Daniel J. O'Hanlon, S.J., 1961 (Sheed and Ward, \$6).

The Catholic challenge is no less real than the Protestant. Catholics too have much confessing to do; our own house is hardly in perfect order. We have sometimes erected barriers where none need exist. We have been rigid and unbending when flexibility and love were needed. Catholics have been and still are guilty in many places of racial and religious discrimination, protective nationalism, and the piling up of unneeded wealth. And Catholics have been, as often enough charged, cold and aloof toward Protestants. Yet already the Protestant surge toward Christian unity and Church renewal has done much to stir Catholics. Already the increasing desire of Protestants to discuss, as friends, their differences with Catholics has prodded Catholics to take a new look at themselves. Already, in countless private meetings and public symposiums, Catholics and Protestants are beginning to talk with each other.

So far this development is still comparatively limited in its scope. The great mass of Catholics and Protestants do not know of these encounters nor have they been stirred by their implications. What comes next will depend upon the ability of Catholics and Protestants to rise above their old selves—not in the sense of compromising their convictions, but in facing together their common task in the world. As citizens, Catholics and Protestants have a joint obligation to American society; as Christians they have a duty to serve the same God. The political and the theological, finally, go hand in hand. To seek unity in the one should be a seeking of unity in the other.

ANTHONY SAMPSON

THE MYSTIQUE OF BRITISH CLUBS

*Still pillars of the English Way of Life, they are
being nibbled by two sets of termites—women and businessmen.*

I'm not going to pay good money to join a club that lets in people like me.—*Ironcho Marx*

That the Athenaeum should be at its full strength of about 1,700 must augur well for Britain's future.

—*The Tatler*, 1961

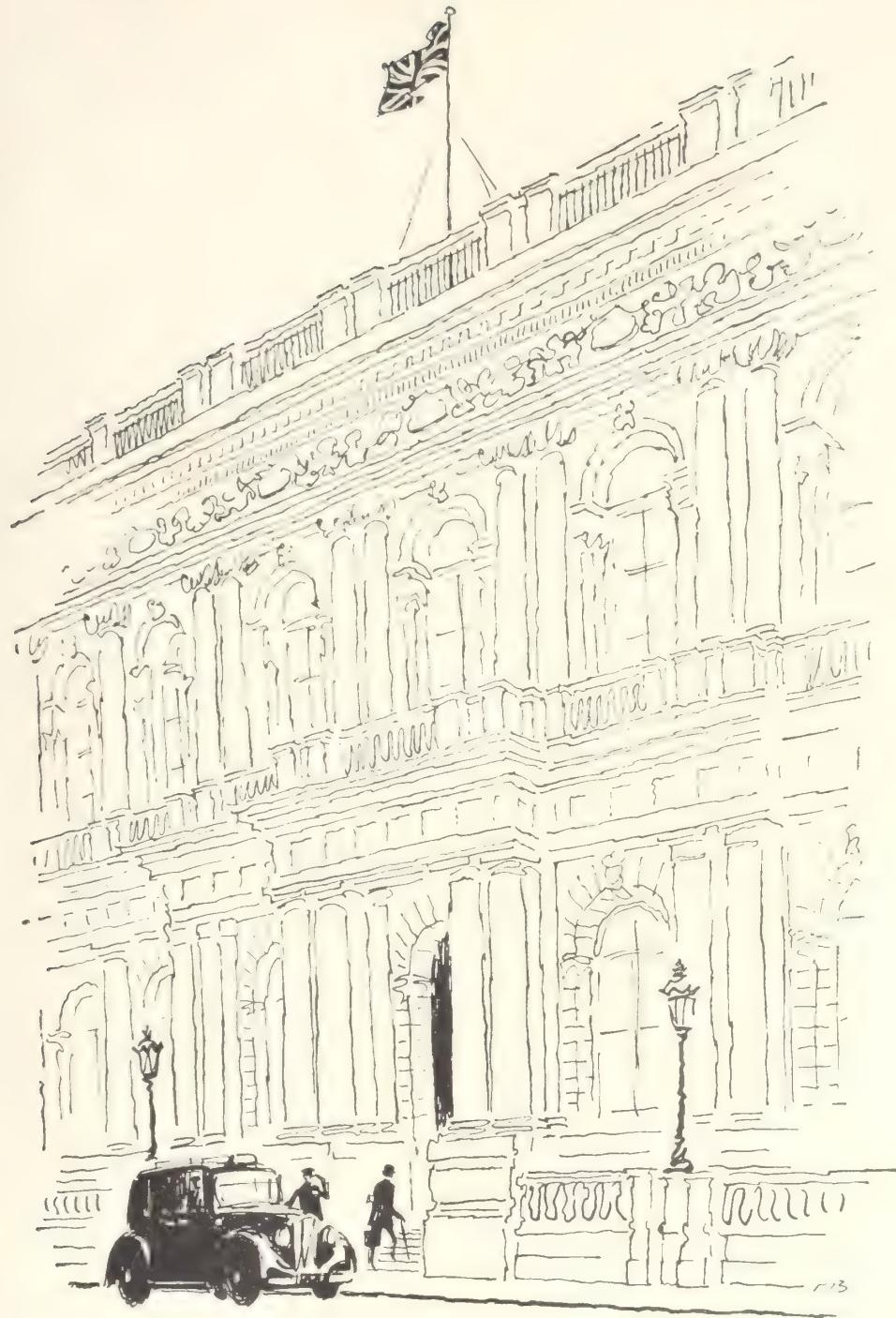
THE club is a pervading image among British institutions. Parliament is a club, and when they discuss the Commonwealth or the Common Market, members always like to talk in terms of clubs. The Conservative party has always been bound up with a small group of clubs. The Whitehall bureaucracies all have clublike ideas of corporate solidarity, and the London clubs are themselves an intrinsic part of the life of Whitehall. "No formal arrangements of committees or staffs," wrote Professor Samuel Beer of Harvard, discussing the Treasury, "could quite free the British government of its dependence upon the common rooms and lunch tables of the clubs of Pall Mall."

Viewed from the outside, the clubs have an air of infinite mystery. Every lunchtime, the taxis and government Humbers draw up outside the palazzi of Pall Mall, and bowlers and umbrellas disappear through the great stone doorways, acknowledged by reverent porters. Through the big windows you see men reading the *Times*, hailing each other, exchanging surreptitious conversation with special clubman's gestures—the pat on the shoulder, the grip on the forearm, the steering from the back. When an hour-and-a-half later they all emerge again, they have the look of having changed the world. To Americans,

used to snatching a sandwich at their desks, the London clubs seem to suggest a special alchemy.

Clubs are an unchallenged English invention:—the Empire was built round clubs, and they remain one of our most successful exports. The authentic gloom of Pall Mall is almost outdone by the morbid staircase of the Rand Club in Johannesburg, the dim anterooms of the Century Club in New York, or even the Hunting Club in Rome. In Karachi, Delhi, Durban, or tropical Africa, the grim exclusiveness of the English club successfully defies the gaiety of local life, and it has even penetrated to Scotland. The point of a club is not who it lets in, but who it keeps out. The club is based on two ancient British ideas—the segregation of classes, and the segregation of sexes; and they remain insistent on keeping people out, long after they have stopped wanting to come in. At their best, clubs are still havens of disinterested friendliness where professions mingle. At their worst, they are havens of humbug.

After the war the London clubs, like so many institutions, seemed on the verge of collapse; the tables were half-empty, the entrance fees were high, it was hard to find staffs to maintain the palazzi. Some clubs, like the Marlborough, sold up their sites and shared the (large) profits among members; others amalgamated—like the Bath and the Conservative clubs, now vulgarly known as the Lava-Tory. But as prosperity returned and expense accounts mounted, so clubland came back into its own; businessmen, solicitors, advertising men, salesmen, all found clubs an ideal field for operation, and the build-



ings, rich with associations of Regency gamblers and Victorian giants, were an invaluable status symbol. And the clubs, like successful flirts, have maintained an aura of exclusiveness while welcoming almost any new member. Very few clubs, in fact, have a waiting list and only a few have blackballs; but all of them convey an atmosphere full of the dread of rejection.

The mystique of clubs has been encouraged by

Harold Macmillan, who belongs to five clubs (the Carlton, Turf, Pratt's, the Beefsteak, and Buck's) and frequents all of them. (This is far from the record: Lord Mountbatten belongs to sixteen.) Eden and Churchill are not clubmen—though Churchill did found his own. Attlee in the war used to dine night after night at the Oxford and Cambridge (an extraordinary portrait of him, sitting at one end of a big desk,

hangs in the dining-room), but he was not a gregarious clubman. Macmillan is thoroughly clubbable, with the right voice, the right walk, the right job; and as he disappears into the Beef-steak or Pratt's or Buck's it is hard to believe that something isn't going to happen there.

And the clubs have kept their buildings; they occupy some of the finest architecture in the most coveted sites in London, including some of the last surviving town houses, and it is hard to believe that people entering such splendid places are not equally splendid. The Naval and Military—the "In-and-Out"—occupies Lord Palmerston's old house in Piccadilly. The Turf Club, down the road in Piccadilly—a half-empty club, containing dukes, seascapes, and racing results—has a site said to be worth a quarter of a million; members, having calculated that their share would come to £600, are reluctant to elect more members. A few clubs have been knocked down—the Royal Thames Yacht Club in Knightsbridge sold its old building, in return for two floors of a new one; but Pall Mall and St. James Street, the heart of clubland, remain solid with club buildings. And one or two shrewd old clubs, like Brooks's, have been given large compensation for not being knocked down.

What does the influence of clubs amount to? Like most things in Britain, they are not what they seem. In the first place, many of them are very unsociable. Clubs can be firmly divided into those where you are expected to talk to your neighbor and those where you are not. The big anonymous clubs favored by the civil service—the Oxford and Cambridge, United University, or the Union—are places to get away from people, not to meet them. They are deliberate extensions of Oxbridge: the United University Club, for instance, refuses to admit members from London University (*United against Universities* might be a more appropriate name). They have huge libraries with deep and solitary armchairs; and they have book rests on the lunch tables where under-secretaries can devour cold pie and the *Times* undisturbed. When Sir

Norman Brook goes into the bar of the Oxford and Cambridge, there is no hush of recognition or surge of lobbying; no one even seems to recognize him. The most hotel-like club is the Royal Automobile, founded by hearty motoring men in 1897, which had three dining-rooms, twelve thousand members, and a swimming pool once much frequented by Bernard Shaw. No one at the RAC appears to know anyone else, except in a small and boisterous bar upstairs, full of seasoned drinkers.

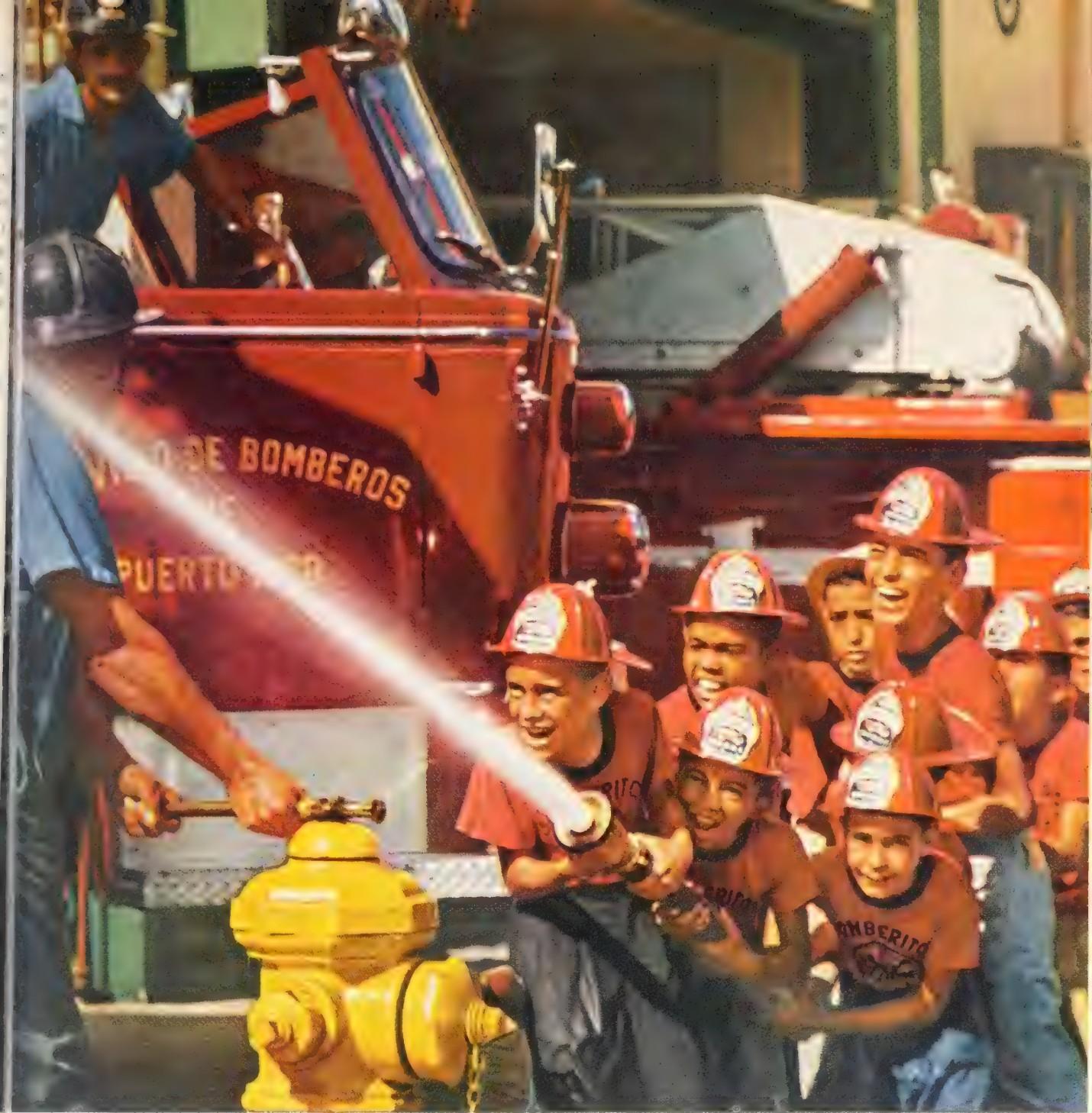
VENUE FOR INTRIGUE

BUT other big clubs, while leaving scope for solitude, provide a useful venue for intrigue. Two of the most active are the Reform and the Travelers, next to each other in Pall Mall—the haunt of the Treasury and the Foreign Office respectively. Membership qualifications for both are equally stringent—for the Reform you must subscribe to the Reform Bill of 1832; for the Travelers you must have traveled at least *five hundred* miles from London (though the entry marked "travel" in the candidates book offers scope for showing-off).

The Travelers was founded in 1819 with the support of the Duke of Wellington, whose portraits clutter the walls. It is very conscious of its dignity; it has a special handrail on the staircase, put up to help Talleyrand up the stairs. It has tall West Indian waiters and menus with a silhouette of Ulysses, though the actual food is not exciting. Diplomats, with their careful arrogance, set the tone. Usually the Foreign Office is well represented on the club committee, so misbehavior in the club is a double disaster. A few friendly men are crammed into an underground bar, but the chandeliered dining-room and coffee-room are full of supercilious second secretaries. The contrast in clubs becomes apparent in the summer holidays, when they share each other's premises. The Garrick, where members are expected to speak to each other, shares with the Travelers, where conversation with someone you don't know is virtually forbidden. "I always know when the Garrick's shut," said one veteran traveler; "you hear laughter in the bar of the Travelers."

The Reform next door (from which Phileas Fogg went Around the World in Eighty Days) is architecturally flabbergasting. It has a huge indoor courtyard with orange pillars and economists standing ominously drinking sherry—as if waiting for the news of a crash—while others look down from tables on the balcony. The Re-

Anthony Sampson is a staff writer for "The Observer" of London, former editor of "Drum," and author of three books on Africa. In his new book, "Anatomy of Britain," to be published soon by Harper & Row, he offers himself "as an informal guide to a living museum"—one exhibit of which is the English club. The son of a research scientist, Mr. Sampson went to Oxford and served three years in the Royal Navy.



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form was built by Barry, in the Italian style, with a kitchen the size of a ballroom—where the famous chef Soyer, author of a standard work on "Gastronomic Regeneration," presided over a steam-operated kitchen. Gastronomic reform is still a feature of the club, but other radical instincts have deserted it. The Reform is the temple of *laissez faire*; it is here that Treasury men agree about the difficulties of change, and where the Economists' Tuesday Club rejects thoughts of planning. It was in a private room at the Reform, too, that a group of shrewd lobbyists—Norman Collins, Robert Renwick, Lord Bessborough—successfully plotted commercial television.

But the most august of the big clubs, of course, is the Athenaeum, with its big stucco building, behind the gold goddess Athene, facing the United Service Club (the Senior) in Waterloo Place.

It is, in many respects, the most unsociable and uncomfortable of all, "where all the arts and sciences are understood," said G. W. E. Russell in 1906, "except gastronomy," and of its cavernous dining-room the same could still be said. Even outside the Silence Room, which is the real heart of the club, a sense of solitude prevails. Old men wander alone up and down the broad staircase (they always walk up the right-hand staircase, one scientific member pointed out; they have to change the carpets round from time to time to wear both down equally).

The Athenaeum retains an atmosphere of bleak and uncompromising wisdom. A bust of Charles Darwin broods over the hall, and the Greek letters Alpha Theta Eta evoke intimidating memories. Moreover there is always a cluster of bishops, and the club is never without episcopal activity on a Trollopean scale (Trollope himself used to write his novels in the long drawing-room, before breakfast, and it was there that he was persuaded to kill off Mrs. Proudie).

But the Athenaeum, for all its dignity, is not above intrigue; members have complained that they could hardly hear themselves talk above the noise of lobbying—particularly for university grants; the Athenaeum is the favorite meeting place for vice-chancellors. It is also a center for a very unclubbable breed—the scientists (the Royal Society Dining Club assembles there) who use it as a base for maneuver and fund-raising. "The last war was run by the Athenaeum on one side, with the scientists and civil servants, and the Senior on the other, with the admirals and generals," one scientist explained: "since they

all talked very loudly, it wasn't difficult to discover what was going on."

A more sociable and arrogant group are the eighteenth-century clubs, with their elegant façades down St. James's Street. The most sedate is Boodle's, with its big bow window, from which one eighteenth-century duke used to enjoy watching "the damn'd people get wet." Boodle's was originally known as the "Savoir Vivre," famous for orgiastic feasts, but it is now very demure, with a hard core of old country members who can be seen snoozing in the window. Brooks's on the other side of the street, founded in 1764, and frequented by Charles James Fox, was the scene of reckless gambling by the Whig aristocrats in Regency times. George Drummond, of Drummond's bank, only gambled once: he lost £20,000 to Beau Brummel and had to resign from the bank. It is now mainly Conservative and much less reckless; but it keeps a certain style, and boasts the best hall-porter in London. Bored-looking men stand in front of a blazing fire. The most arrogant club, of course, is White's, the traditional haunt of idle Tories.

CULTURE IS HEAVIEST

IN A special class are the cultural clubs, all somewhat confused between a Victorian past and a commercial present. The most ponderous is the Garrick, founded in 1831 in memory of the actor, with a gaudy array of Zoffany portraits up the staircase. Their early members included Trollope, Lord John Russell, Gilbert and Sullivan, Dickens and Thackeray—who quarreled there, later to be reconciled on the staircase of the Athenaeum. Thackeray adored "the little G" and called it "the dearest place in the world"; but nowadays the Garrick, though it still has actors, is full of lawyers, editors, and businessmen.

Less pompous is the Savile, which tries to steer a middle course between gravity and bohemianism. "There are other places," says the history of the Savile (with a dig at the Savage with which it resents confusion), "where the self-conscious eccentrics and aggressively bohemian types can circulate and deviate with more approval." The Savile is unpretentious and not rich. "Oh yes, the Savile Club," said Oscar Wilde, "a real republic of letters, not a shabby one among em." Their motto is *sodality*, but occasionally the *littera* comes in the way of the *sodality*—as when a few years ago one member fired up a former lover (and dumped him on the mantelpiece).

The hard core of the Savile are publishers, authors, actors, and broadcasters: Ralph Richardson, Compton Mackenzie, and Professor Jimmy Edwards are among its more obvious inmates, and C. P. Snow—an inveterate clubman—an archetypal member. Around the bar there is booksy chat and the atmosphere of a literary salon—of reputations being made and broken, of "What do you think of G's new thing?"

The Arts Club in Dover Street has had a sadder transformation. It was founded in 1863, for Art, Literature, and Science; it has a pleasant new building, with flock wallpaper, portraits of artists and a few men with beards; but it is now also concerned with the art of advertising and the science of public relations, and from the bar can be heard the braying sound of admen on the move.

The least reticent of the artistic clubs is the Savage, which occupies a faded Regency house in Carlton House Terrace. It is an extrovert place, full of cartoons of famous men with big heads, and jungle fantasies about "Brother Savages" wearing straw skirts and shaking spears. There are no bowlers and few umbrellas: instead, lots of friendly comedian artists and actors, dumping large cases in the hall and striding into a small, overcrowded drinking den. The club is noisy with theatrical patter—"Yes, he's a sweetie—and quite a good actor too." The Savage is aggressively sociable—not to be seen talking to someone provokes comment. Its most surprising Brother Savage is the stern octogenarian former Lord Chief Justice, Lord Goddard.

WHERE THE PM GOES

AMORE likely setting for secret influence might seem to be the smaller clubs, of the kind frequented by the Prime Minister. The most exotic is Pratt's, in two basement rooms in St. James's; it began its existence in 1841 as the kitchen of the Duke of Beaufort's steward, called Pratt, which became the Duke's dive. It still has a large kitchen dresser, and its small rooms are full of stuffed fishes, birds, bric-a-brac, and members of the government. Another unexpected place is Buck's in a plain Georgian house in Mayfair, founded just after the first world war as a reunion club by Captain Buckmaster, who still owns it. It serves a champagne cocktail called "Buck's Fizz," oysters and mutton chops, and retains a faint air of rakishness.

Or there is the Beefsteak, at the top of a dingy staircase off Leicester Square, opposite a strip-tease joint. The Beefsteak is very sociable, and

generates remarkable dialogues. Members have to sit wherever the waiters (all called Charles) put them on the single long table, and they like to tell the story how before the war the police, seeing old men emerging happily every evening, assumed it was a brothel and began watching the club. One night they raided it, and found four men sitting round the long table. The conversation went something like this:

"And who might you be?" asked a policeman of one old gentleman.

"I am the Lord Chancellor."

"Ah! And you, sir?"

"The Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Oh yes! And the next?"

"I am the Governor of the Bank of England."

"And I suppose," said the policeman to the fourth, "that you're the Prime Minister."

"As a matter of fact I am," said Arthur Balfour.

Now only the Prime Minister and the Governor are members, together with the Home Secretary, three dukes, Osbert Lancaster, Sir Malcolm Sargent, and three hundred others; but many of the junior members like me are too frightened to actually go there.

The most select clubs of all have no premises at all. The most famous is "The Club," the traditional top people's dining-club, which included such men as Balfour, John Buchan, and Geoffrey Dawson, and now includes the Prime Minister, T. S. Eliot, and J. C. Masterman; and "The Other Club," which was founded by F. E. Smith and Winston Churchill in 1911, as a rival body of political bounders. Smith himself wrote the constitution, which states that "the names of the executive committee shall be wrapped in impenetrable mystery." Since then the outsiders have become the insiders, and The Other Club is now the more active. It still meets every other Thursday during the parliamentary session, at a private room in the Savoy, and its members include Lord Boothby, Lord Shawcross and—once again—the Prime Minister. Originally there were an equal number of Liberal and Conservative members, who could be paired in Parliament; but the rise of socialism has unbalanced it, and there are hardly any Labor members.

But clubland altogether is unrepresentative; a few names recur again and again, while the huge area of Socialists, managers, scientists, and technologists hardly appear at all. The Labor party has always been pubbable rather than clubbable; there is no left-wing equivalent to the Carlton or White's; and even a Liberal club like Brooks's has ended up largely Conservative.

"Clubland is as Conservative as the sea is salt," wrote G. W. F. Russell in 1906, and the ineluctable conservatism—both social and political—continues. English clubs progress in the opposite direction to African night clubs; they begin by being disreputable, full of wild actors and poets drinking into the night, and end up with cautious lawyers toying with cold beef and *rosé*, reminiscing about the wild old days.

Is the future still being settled among port and cigars in club chairs? Can membership confer a sliver of power? Perhaps there are still a few moments of intrigue when clubs are important. But while the reminiscences ramble on in Pall Mall, the future is being decided in the Cabinet Office canteen, in the directors' dining-room in Imperial Chemical Industries, or between the TV tycoons at large lunches at the Savoy.

Two major invasions have troubled clubland since the war. The first has been business, which is anathema to the amateur spirit of clubs; many clubs actually forbid members to produce business documents. But while clubs admitted more and more businessmen, the appearance of amateurism has become hard to keep up; and even in White's—traditionally the enemy of trade—the *Financial Times* and Sir Miles Thomas can be seen.

HOW TO MANAGE THE LADIES

BUT a more serious revolution has been the intrusion of women. The most formidable weapon of women has been to found their own clubs—the Ladies' Alpine Club, the Women's Press Club, or the Sesame Club, for women explorers and pioneers. One by one the men's clubs have given way, either by inaugurating a ladies' night, or a ladies' annex (often a converted billiards room)—but never by introducing lady members. Women are kept carefully segregated. At the Reform, "LADIES may be entertained for DINNER on FRIDAYS and for LUNCH and DINNER on SATURDAY in the East End of the Coffee Room." At the Senior, the Admirals objected fiercely for years before the billiards room was finally converted for ladies in 1921. At the Savile, women are admitted once a year. The arrangement of Ladies' annexes arouses fundamental controversy, for it raises the problem of the club's *image*, and all clubs are very image-conscious. Should clubs try to adapt their style to welcome women, or should they remain defiantly masculine?

In all clubs, perhaps, there is an element of



imposture. Everyone, as he ushers his guest through those mahogany doors, becomes a slightly less real person, talks a bit louder, shakes hands a bit more heartily. The Arts Club has admen pretending to be artists. The Garrick has lawyers pretending to be actors, or vice versa. White's has ordinary men pretending to be eccentric. The Travelers is a Foreign Office canteen pretending to be an amateurs' drawing-room. Only the Athenaeum is completely *sui generis*—there the bishops are being bishops, the professors are professors, the eccentrics are eccentric, and the dull, distinguished men sit in their deep leather chairs in the silence room, where no one can disturb them. And they hold to themselves the secret of setting themselves, ostentatiously, at ease, and leaving their interlocutors puzzled, embarrassed, gratified, but obscurely discomfited.

Can clubs withstand the pressures of democracy and women? At lunchtime they seem confident enough; but it is in the evenings, when the wife and family beckon, that the loyalty of clubmen is tested; and it is then that the crumbling of clubs is revealed. A few fiercely masculine clubs, like White's, succeed in drinking and gambling till late into the night. But in most clubs, only a handful of bachelors, grass widowers, or visitors inhabit the cavernous rooms. No doubt clubs will survive a long time, with their myths, their sites, and the convenience; but the old misogynist zeal, which built the Empire and kept wives in their place—that has gone.

ROGER EDDY

Why I Won't Be Governor of Connecticut

An embarrassingly candid report on a political campaign that got off on the wrong foot (or feet), and how it tripped.

FIRST, let it be said that I started my quest for the Governorship of Connecticut with a serious handicap. The office was not seeking me. I was seeking the office. I very much wanted that mansion, and that chauffeur-driven limousine. Also I had long been intrigued by the power that goes with the Governor's office.

Therefore, the customary press release that, "After much urging by friends I have thrown my hat into the ring," was not suitable in my case, since there had never been a time since I first entered politics when my hat was out of the ring. Nor could I announce that, "After many hours of soul-searching, and consultation with my family, I have decided that it is my duty to accept the great challenge offered me by the people of our state," because it was I who had been challenging the people! *Other words, in my case, humility was out.*

Therefore, I chose the next most popular method of announcing a candidacy. *I denied it.*

My first official denial appeared in Connecticut newspapers about a year ago. At that time there were at least twenty other candidates issuing denials, but in general the impression seemed to be that my denials were the most statesmanlike and that of all the candidates issuing denials I had the best chance of going on to get the nomina-

tion. A member of my staff had made an exhaustive study of political denials, going all the way back to the press conference that Caesar held on the day he crossed the Rubicon. Reporters from Rome asked Caesar if "crossing the Rubicon means that you are now a candidate for Emperor?"

"Gentlemen," Caesar answered, reading from a prepared statement, "I am not a candidate for Emperor now, nor is it my intention to become a candidate in the future. The rumors that I am not happy in Gaul are totally false. I find my work there both interesting and rewarding. No, Gentlemen, while our incumbent Emperor is obviously not a big enough man for the job, and while he has surrounded himself with men who are interested only in feathering their own political nests, and while it is obvious that unless someone returns sound fiscal policies to our government, our Empire is doomed—it is not up to me to say that I am the man needed to save Rome. It is up to the people. Therefore, let's set the record straight once and for all. I am crossing the Rubicon for just one reason—to get to the other side."

Caesar then departed from his written text, and said, "The rest is off the record, boys. *The die is cast.*"

However—to return to my own campaign—my first step was to hire a professional manager.

I was severely criticized by some members of my own party for hiring a Democrat. I did this for two reasons. First, party labels mean nothing to me, particularly when I am a member of a minority party. And, secondly, Republicans these days seem to be amateurs. Now professional politicians do not manage a candidate for nothing. My own manager, for instance—an "old pro" who had been mixed up in the political wars for many years—only agreed to manage me after obtaining my promise that, if elected, I would create an entirely new department in our state government, and make him the head of it. I might have gotten other men to manage me for less. But in politics, as in any other business, it's essential to obtain the best talent available, and then to pay the price.

Naturally I utilized a great deal of television time in my campaign. If a candidate does not "project" on television, he might just as well go back to making money. Before my first appearance I engaged a firm of political consultants to "evaluate" me. In other words, I wanted to know where I was weak, and where I was strong. Here were a few of my strong points, as far as television was concerned.

In "Humility Rating" I ranked near the top. I was above average in "Sincerity Projection." In "Ability to Mouth Platitudes" I was fair. I was also fair when it came to "Saying Nothing With Conviction." However, the part of my evaluation report which really shook me and my staff, almost destroying our will to fight, was the final sentence:

"Your nose is too big."

It was the considered judgment of these political consultants that my nose was too large for me to be elected Governor of Connecticut, or in fact Governor of any state. Before the advent of television a candidate with a nose like mine might have made it. After television—no. Obviously, something had to be done about my nose.

I had it removed. The nose I now have is not my own. It belonged to a member of my staff. We also fixed my eyes. My eyes had been a cold, watery gray. Thanks to contact lenses, they are now large, brown, and soulful. These, and other changes I had made in my appearance, when seen on a television screen, all add up to the word, "Leadership."

It is generally conceded that I now have the finest political face ever to be televised.

In all, I appeared a total of thirty times on television, each time giving the same speech. After each appearance my staff circulated a questionnaire designed to gauge my impact on women. Every word I said, every gesture I made, had been pretested to appeal to women. The questionnaire was distributed wherever women congregate, in supermarkets, beauty parlors, discount houses, and men's bars. It was brief, and to the point.

"Judging from the grasp he has of the issues, his intelligence, his qualities of leadership, and his sincerity, and now that you have seen him on television, and knowing your great interest in your state and your nation—would you like him as your lover?"

LIKE every American politician I came face to face with the problem of minority groups. Unfortunately, before I was able to deny it, the word was circulated that I was of Anglo-Saxon ancestry, and even worse, a Protestant. After a stormy, all-night meeting with my advisers, during which seventy-eight of them resigned, I decided to meet this issue head on.

I called a press conference. In a prepared statement I said: "While I am aware that those of Anglo-Saxon ancestry are no longer needed in politics, except at fund-raising time, and while I am aware that I am a member of a *bad* minor-

ity group, rather than a *good* minority group, it is my hope that the time will come again when a Yankee can aspire to high political office, even in Connecticut."

Most of the comments in the press were favorable, one editor even pronouncing, "He must be commended for not trying to weasel out of it."

It is painful to walk the political streets these days and hear the refrain, "Sorry, our ticket is already balanced." Did they balance the ticket when they drafted us into the Army? And when they were choosing candidates for the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier? Yet it's reported that an office in Hartford has a sign which says: "No Anglo-Saxons need apply. We already have one as Comptroller."

I had to face still another problem in my quest for the Governorship. People wanted to know what I was. Was I a Liberal, a Conservative, or a Middle-of-the-Roader?

Politicians have trouble answering this question because they usually don't know what they are. It was my policy to employ a variety of answers, depending on whom I was talking to. For instance, when I spoke before the radicals on the Yale faculty, I admitted to them that I had espoused some conservative legislation, but insisted that I had done it in a radical way. When I spoke to some of the right-wing students, I told them that while I might *act* like a Liberal, in my heart I was a Conservative.

The real answer may lie in the clothing a politician wears. I wore only forward-looking suits, cut conservatively, but with liberal styling. My neckties were Liberal-Conservative, or Conservative-Liberal. My shoes were always strictly Middle-of-the-Road.

My campaign is now at the end. I have traveled over eight hundred thousand miles, without once leaving the state of Connecticut. I have shaken two and one half million human hands. I have spoken to fifteen hundred women's clubs, two thousand labor unions, three thousand PTAs, and four thousand service organizations. I am close to the people. I know what they are thinking. I know what they want, and I know who they want to lead them. Therefore, I am now going to make an announcement that few candidates have ever dared make.

I'm beaten, and I'm withdrawing from the race.

Roger Eddy, now a member of the Connecticut General Assembly, is running for the State Senate. He is the author of three novels, and he manufactures the Audubon Bird Call.

ARTHUR MILLER

THE BORED AND THE VIOLENT

The brutal adolescent gangs that prowl the streets of New York, Leningrad, and Tokyo—and the sedate suburbs—are symptoms of a worldwide crisis of the spirit.

IF MY own small experience is any guide, the main difficulty in approaching the problem of juvenile delinquency is that there is very little evidence about it and very many opinions as to how to deal with it. By evidence I do not mean the news stories telling of gang fights and teenage murders—there are plenty of those. But it is unknown, for instance, what the actual effects are on the delinquent of prison sentences, psychotherapy, slum-clearance projects, settlement-house programs, tougher or more lenient police attitudes, the general employment situation, and so on. Statistics are few and not generally reliable. The narcotics problem alone is an almost closed mystery.

Not that statistical information in itself can solve anything, but it might at least outline the extent of the disease. I have it, for instance, from an old and deservedly respected official—it is his opinion anyway—that there is really no great increase in delinquent acts but a very great increase in our awareness of them. He feels we are more nervous now about infractions of the social mores than our ancestors, and he likes to point out that Shakespeare, Boccaccio, and other writers never brought on stage a man of wealth or station without his bravos, who were simply his private police force, necessary to him when he ventured out of his house, especially at night. He would have us read *Great Expectations*, *Oliver Twist*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and other classics, not in a romantic mood but in the way we read about our own abandoned kids and their depredations. The difference lies mainly

in the way we look at the same behavior.

The experts have only a little more to go on than we have. Like the surgeon whose hands are bloody a good part of the day, the social worker is likely to come to accept the permanent existence of the delinquency disease without the shock of the amateur who first encounters it.

A new book on the subject, *All the Way Down*,* reports the experience of a social worker—or sorts—who never got used to the experience, and does not accept its inevitability. It is an easy book to attack on superficial grounds because it has no evident sociological method, it rambles and jumps and shouts and curses. But it has a virtue, a very great and rare one, I think, in that it does convey the endless, leaden, mind-destroying boredom of the delinquent life. Its sex is without romance or sexuality, its violence is without release or gratification—exactly like the streets—movies and plays about delinquency notwithstanding.

Unlike most problems which sociology takes up, delinquency seems to be immune to the usual sociological analyses or cures. For instance, it appears in all technological societies, whether Latin or Anglo-Saxon or Russian or Japanese. It has a very slippery correlation with unemployment and the presence or absence of housing projects. It exists among the rich in Westchester and the poor in Brooklyn and Chicago. It has spread quickly into the rural areas and the small towns. Now, according to Harrison Salisbury, it is the big problem in the Soviet Union. So that any single key to its causation is nowhere visible. If one wants to believe it to be essentially a symptom of unequal opportunity—and certainly this factor operates—one must wonder about the Russian problem, for the Soviet youngster can, in fact, go right up through the whole school

* By Vincent Riccio and Bill Slocum. Simon and Schuster, \$3.75.

system on his ability alone, as many of ours cannot. Yet the gangs are roaming the Russian streets, just as they do in our relatively permissive society.

So no one knows what "causes" delinquency. Having spent some months in the streets with boys of an American gang, I came away with certain impressions, all of which stemmed from a single, overwhelming conviction—that the problem underneath is boredom. And it is not strange, after all, that this should be so. It is the theme of so many of our novels, our plays, and especially our movies in the past twenty years, and is the hallmark of society as a whole. The outcry of Britain's so-called Angry Young Men was against precisely this seemingly universal sense of life's pointlessness, the absence of any apparent aim to it all. So many American books and articles attest to the same awareness here. The stereotype of the man coming home from work and staring dumbly at a television set is an expression of it, and the "New Wave" of movies in France and Italy propound the same fundamental theme. People no longer seem to know why they are alive; existence is simply a string of near-experiences marked off by periods of stupefying spiritual and psychological stasis, and the good life is basically an amused one.

Among the delinquents the same kind of mindlessness prevails, but without the style—or stylishness—which art in our time has attempted to give it. The boredom of the delinquent is remarkable mainly because it is so little compensated for, as it may be among the middle classes and the rich who can fly down to the Caribbean or to Europe, or refurbish the house, or have an affair, or at least go shopping.¹ The delinquent is stuck with his boredom, stuck inside it, stuck to it, until for two or three minutes he "lives"; he goes on a raid around the corner and feels the thrill of risking his skin or his life as he smashes a bottle filled with gasoline on some other kid's head. In a sense, it is his trip to Miami. It makes his day. It is his shopping tour. It gives him something to talk about for a week. It is *life*. Standing around with nothing coming up is as close to dying as you can get. Unless one

grasps the power of boredom, the threat of it to one's existence, it is impossible to "place" the delinquent as a member of the human race.

With boredom in the forefront, one may find some perspective in the mélange of views which are repeated endlessly about the delinquent. He is a rebel without a cause, or a victim of poverty, or a victim of undue privilege, or an unloved child, or an overloved child, or a child looking for a father, or a child trying to avenge himself on an uncaring society, or whatnot. But face to face with one of them, one finds these criteria useless, if only because no two delinquents are any more alike than other people are. They do share one mood, however. They are drowning in boredom. School bores them, preaching bores them, even television bores them. The word rebel is inexact for them because it must inevitably imply a purpose, an end.

Other people, of course, have known boredom. To get out of it, they go to the movies, or to a bar, or read a book, or go to sleep, or turn on TV or a girl, or make a resolution, or quit a job. Younger persons who are not delinquents may go to their room and weep, or write a poem, or call up a friend until they get tired talking. But note that each of these escapes can only work if the victim is sure somewhere in his mind, or reasonably hopeful, that by so doing he will overthrow his boredom and with luck may come out on the other side where something hopeful or interesting waits. But the delinquent has no such sense of an imminent improvement. Most of the kids in the Riccio and Slocum book have never known a single good day. How can they be expected to project one and restrain themselves in order to experience such joy once more?

The word rebel is wrong, too, in that it implies some sort of social criticism in the delinquent. But that would confuse him with the bourgeois Beatnik. The delinquent has only respect, even reverence, for certain allegedly bourgeois values. He implicitly believes that there are good girls and bad girls, for instance. Sex and marriage are two entirely separate things. He is, in my experience anyway, deeply patriotic. Which is simply to say that he respects those values he never experienced, like money and good girls and the Army and Navy. What he has experienced has left him with absolute contempt, or more accurately, an active indifference. Once he does experience decency—as he does sometimes in a wife—he reacts decently to it. For to this date the only known cure for delinquency is marriage.

The delinquent, far from being the rebel, is

Arthur Miller knew the life of the city boy by growing up and attending public schools in New York and Brooklyn. At the University of Michigan during the Depression, he won the Avery Hopwood and other awards. His plays include some of the most controversial and most admired in the American theatre—from "Death of a Salesman" (Pulitzer Prize, 1949) to "A View from the Bridge."

THE BORED AND THE VIOLENT

the conformist par excellence. He is actually incapable of doing anything alone, and a story may indicate how incapable he is. I went along with Riccio and the gang in his book to a YMCA camp outside New York City for an overnight outing. In the afternoon we started a baseball game, and everything proceeded normally until somebody hit a ball to the outfield. I turned to watch the play and saw ten or twelve kids running for the catch. It turned out that not one of them was willing to play the outfield by himself, insisting that the entire group hang around out there together. The reason was that a boy alone might drop a catch and would not be able to bear the humiliation. So they ran around out there in a drove all afternoon, creating a stampede every time a ball was hit.

They are frightened kids, and that is why they are so dangerous. But again, it will not do to say—it is simply not true—that they are therefore unrelated to the rest of the population's frame of mind. Like most of us, the delinquent is simply doing as he was taught. This is often said but rarely understood. Only recently a boy was about to be executed for murder in New York State. Only after he had been in jail for more than a year after sentencing did a campaign develop to persuade the Governor to commute his sentence to life imprisonment, for only then was it discovered that he had been deserted by his father in Puerto Rico, left behind when his mother went to New York, wandered about homeless throughout his childhood, and so on. The sentencing judge only learned his background a week or two before he was to be officially murdered. And then what shock, what pity! I have to ask why the simple facts of his deprivation were not brought out in court, if not before. I am afraid I know the answer. Like most people, it was probably beyond the judge's imagination that small children sometimes can be treated much worse than kittens or puppies in our cities.

GANGS IN SUBURBIA

IT IS only in theory that the solution seems purely physical—better housing, enlightened institutions for deserted kids, psychotherapy, and the rest. The visible surfaces of the problem are easy to survey—although we have hardly begun even to do that.

More difficult is the subterranean moral question which every kind of delinquency poses. Not long ago a gang was arrested in a middle-class section of Brooklyn, whose tack was to rob homes

and sell the stuff to professional fences. Many of these boys were top students, and all of them were from good, middle-class backgrounds. Their parents were floored by the news of their secret depredations, and their common cry was that they had always given their sons plenty of money, that the boys were secure at home, that there was no conceivable reason for this kind of aberration. The boys were remorseful and evidently as bewildered as their parents.

Greenwich, Connecticut, is said to be the wealthiest community in the United States. A friend of mine who lives there let his sons throw a party for their friends. In the middle of the festivities a gang of boys arrived—their own acquaintances who attend the same high school. They tore the house apart, destroyed the furniture, pulled parts off the automobile and left them on the lawn, and split the skulls of two of the guests with beer cans.

Now if it is true that the slum delinquent does as he is taught, it must be true that the Greenwich delinquent does the same. But obviously the lines of force from example to imitation are subtler and less easily traced here. It is doubtful that the parents of this marauding gang rip up the furniture in the homes to which they have been invited. So that once again it is necessary to withhold one's cherished theories. Rich delinquency is delinquency but it is not the same as slum delinquency. But there is one clear common denominator, I think. They do not know how to live when alone. Most boys in Greenwich do not roam in gangs but a significant fraction in both places find that counterfeit sense of existence which the gang life provides.

Again, I think it necessary to raise and reject the idea of rebellion, if one means by that word a thrust of any sort. For perspective's sake it may be wise to remember another kind of youthful reaction to a failed society in a different era. In the 'thirties, for instance, we were also contemptuous of the given order. We had been brought up to believe that if you worked hard, saved your money, studied, kept your nose clean, you would end up made. We found ourselves in the Depression, when you could not get a job, when all the studying you might do would get you a chance, at best, to sell ties in Macy's. Our delinquency consisted in joining demonstrations of the unemployed, pouring onto campuses to scream against some injustice by college administrations, and adopting to one degree or another a Socialist ideology. This, in fact, was a more dangerous kind of delinquency than the gangs imply, for it was directed against the social struc-



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ture of capitalism itself. But, curiously, it was at the same time immeasurably more constructive, for the radical youth of the 'thirties, contemptuous as he was of the social values he had rejected, was still bent upon instituting human values in their place. He was therefore a conservator, he believed in *some* society.

Gide wrote a story about a man who wanted to get on a train and shoot a passenger. Any train, any passenger. It would be a totally gratuitous act, an act devoid of any purpose whatever, an act of "freedom" from purpose. To kill an unknown man without even anger, without unrequited love, without love at all, with nothing in his heart but the sheerly physical contemplation of the gun barrel and the target. In doing this one would partake of Death's irreproachable identity and commit an act in revolt against meaning itself, just as Death is, in the last analysis, beyond analysis.

To think of contemporary delinquency in the vein of the 'thirties, as a rebellion toward something, is to add a value to it which it does not have. To give it even the dignity of cynicism run rampant is also overelaborate. For the essence is not the individual at all; it is the gang, the herd, and we should be able to understand its attractions ourselves. It is not the thrust toward individual expression but a flight from self in any defined form. Therefore, to see it simply as a protest against conformism is to stand it on its head; it is profoundly conformist but without the mottoes, the entablature of recognizable, "safe" conformism and its liturgy of religious, patriotic, socially conservative creeds.

The Greenwich gang, therefore, is also doing as it was taught, just as the slum gang does, but more subtly. The Greenwich gang is conforming to the hidden inhumanity of conformism, to the herd quality in conformism; it is acting out the terror-fury that lies hidden under father's acceptable conformism. It is simply conformity sincere, conformity revealing its true content, which is hatred of others, a stunted wish for omnipotence, and the conformist's secret belief that nothing outside his skin is real or true. For which reason he must redouble his obeisance to institutions lest, if the act of obeisance be withheld, the whole external world will vanish, leaving him alone. And to be left alone when you do not sense any existence in yourself is the ultimate terror. But this loneliness is not the poet's, not the thinker's, not the loneliness that is filled with incommunicable feeling, insufficiently formed thought. It is nonexistence and must not be romanticized as it has been in movies and some

of the wishful Beat literature. It is a withdrawal not from the world but from oneself. It is boredom, the subsidence of inner impulse, and it threatens true death unless it is overthrown.

All of which is said in order to indicate that delinquency is not the kind of "social problem" it is generally thought to be. That is, it transcends even as it includes the need for better housing, medical care, and the rest. It is our most notable and violent manifestation of social nihilism. In saying this, however, it is necessary to short-circuit any notion that it is an attempt by the youth to live "sincerely." The air of "sincerity" which so many writers have given the delinquent is not to be mistaken as his "purpose." This is romanticism and solves nothing except to sentimentalize brutality. The gang kid can be sincere; he can extend himself for a buddy and risk himself for others; but he is just as liable, if not more so than others, to desert his buddies in need and to treat his friends disloyally. Gang boys rarely go to visit a buddy in jail excepting in the movies. They forget about him. The cult of sincerity, of true human relations uncontaminated by money and the social rat race, is not the hallmark of the gang. The only moment of truth comes when the war starts. Then the brave show themselves, but few of these boys know how to fight alone, and hardly any without a knife or a gun. They are not to be equated with matadors or boxers or Hemingway heroes. They are dangerous pack hounds who will not even expose themselves singly in the outfield.

FLIGHT FROM NOTHINGNESS

IF, THEN, one begins to put together all the elements, this "social problem" takes on not merely its superficial welfare aspects but its philosophical depths, which I think are the controlling ones. It is not a problem of big cities alone but of rural areas too; not of capitalism alone but of socialism as well; not restricted to the physically deprived but shared by the affluent; not a racial problem alone or a problem of recent immigrants, or a purely American problem. I believe it is in its present form the product of technology destroying the very concept of man as a value in himself.

I hesitate to say what I think the cure might be, if only because I cannot prove it. But I have heard most of the solutions men have offered, and they are spiritless, they do not assume that the wrong is deep and terrible and general among us all. There is, in a word, a spirit gone. Perhaps two world wars, brutality immeasurable,

have blown it off the earth; perhaps the very processes of technology have sucked it out of man's soul; but it is gone. Many men rarely relate to one another excepting as customer to seller, worker to boss, the affluent to the deprived and vice versa—in short, as factors to be somehow manipulated and not as intrinsically valuable persons.

Power was always in the world, to be sure, and its evils, but with us now it is strangely, surrealistically masked and distorted. Time was, for example, when the wealthy and the politically powerful flaunted themselves, used power openly as power, and were often cruel. But this openness had the advantage for man of clarity; it created a certain reality in the world, an environment that was defined, with hard but touchable barriers. Today power would have us believe—everywhere—that it is purely beneficent. The bank is not a place which makes more money with your deposits than it returns to you in the form of interest; it is not a sheer economic necessity, it is not a business at all. It is "Your Friendly Bank," a kind of welfare institution whose one prayer, day and night, is to serve your whims or needs. A school is no longer a place of mental discipline but a kind of day-care center, a social gathering where you go through a ritual of games and entertainments which insinuate knowledge and the crafts of the outside world. Business is not the practice of buying low and selling high, it is a species of public service. The good life itself is not the life of struggle for meaning, not the quest for union with the past, with God, with man that it traditionally was. The good life is the life of ceaseless entertainment, effortless joys, the air-conditioned, dust-free languor beyond the Mussulman's most supine dream. Freedom is, after all, comfort; sexuality is a photograph. The enemy of it all is the real. The enemy is conflict. The enemy, in a word, is life.

My own view is that delinquency is related to this dreamworld from two opposing sides. There are the deprived who cannot take part in the dream; poverty bars them. There are the oversated who are caught in its indefiniteness, its unreality, its boring hum, and strike for the real now and then. They rob, they hurt, they kill. In flight from the nothingness of this comfort they have inherited, they butt against its rubber walls in order to feel a real pain, a genuine consequence. For the world in which comfort rules is a delusion, whether one is within it or deprived of it.

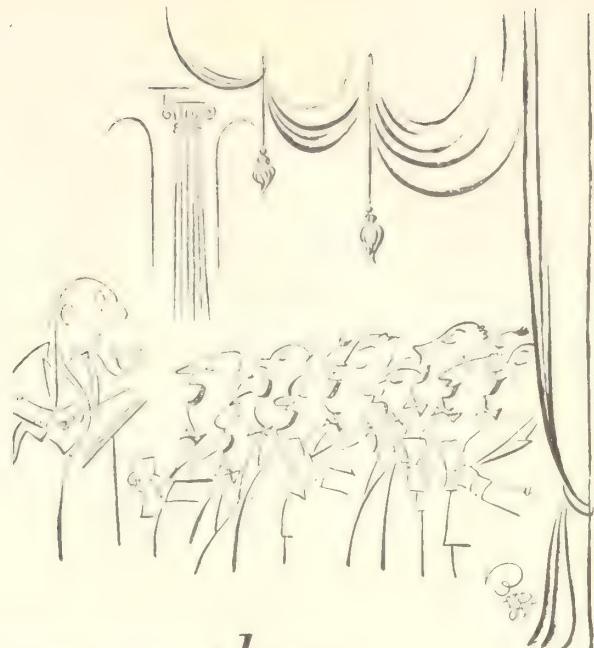
There are a few social theorists who look be-

yond poverty and wealth, beyond the time when men will orient themselves to the world as bread-winners, as accruees of money-power. They look to the triumph of technology, when at least in some countries the physical struggle to survive will no longer be the spine of existence. Then, they say, men will define themselves through varying "styles of life." With struggles solved, nature tamed and abundant, all that will be left to do will be the adornment of existence, a novel-shaped swimming pool, I take it, or an outburst of artistic work.

It is not impossible, I suppose. Certainly a lot of people are already living that way—when they are not at their psychiatrists'. But there is still a distance to go before life's style matters very much to most of humanity in comparison to next month's rent. I do not know how we ought to reach for the spirit again but it seems to me we must flounder without it. It is the spirit which does not accept injustice complacently and yet does not betray the poor with sentimentality. It is the spirit which seeks not to flee the tragedy which life must always be, but seeks to enter into it, thereby to be strengthened by the fullest awareness of its pain, its ultimate non sequitur. It is the spirit which does not mask but unmasks the true function of a thing, be it business, unionism, architecture, or love.

Riccio's and Slocum's book, with all its ugliness, its crudeness, its lack of polish and design, is good because it delivers up the real. It is only as hopeless as the situation is. Its implied solutions are good ones: reform of idiotic narcotics laws, a real attempt to put trained people at the service of bewildered, desperate families, job-training programs, medical care, reading clinics—all of it is necessary and none of it would so much as strain this economy. But none of it will matter, none of it will reach further than the spirit in which it is done. Not the spirit of fear with which so many face delinquency, nor the spirit of sentimentality which sees in it some virtue of rebellion against a false and lying society. The spirit has to be that of those people who know that delinquents are a living expression of our universal ignorance of what life ought to be, even of what it is, and of what it truly means to live. Bad pupils they surely are. But who from his own life, from his personal thought has come up with the good teaching, the way of life that is joy? This book shows how difficult it is to reach these boys; what the country has to decide is what it is going to say if these kids should decide to listen.

JOSEPH RODDY



Memoirs of a Chorus-crasher

*If that earnest chorister, nth from the left,
on opening night at Philharmonic Hall,
looked familiar, maybe you have seen him before.*

I KNEW I did not have a voice worth listening to when I took up singing. It is not that I sang off-pitch or out of tempo. Years of piano lessons and some ear-training as a child left me close to incapable of such lapses. In my case the difficulty was my voice. It has no force, no specific timbre or tonal character, and is, therefore, exceptionally uninteresting.

I have always wished this were not so, for the ability to command attention from the operatic stage strikes me as all I might need to be satisfied. Even now, still hoping that a miracle might be thrust into my throat, I will occasionally sing a few bars within the hearing of close friends. But they seem not to hear me at all, or else to assume that I am singing to myself, which is certainly not what I am doing.

In about that way I began singing in college. Shortly after I joined the choral club, I came to suspect that my regular attendance at rehearsals, or even my rare absences, went unnoticed. Yet, I'd decided that, for me, listening to music is an ungratifying substitute for performing it—or about as partial satisfaction as reading about food instead of eating it. I continued singing the campus staples—Sir Arthur Sullivan and

Jerome Kern and *The Ballad For Americans*. But on my own time I covertly studied scores and recordings of sturdier choral music—particularly the sixteenth-century liturgical works of Palestrina, Lassus, and Vittoria—in hopes that the choral club might try out a few of the pieces I admired so much.

Then one day I learned that the choir director of a nearby seminary was planning a concert of liturgical music, with voices chosen from the best local choirs. Naturally, I could not expect to qualify. But a few days later when I discovered that my favorite sixteenth-century motet, Vittoria's *O Magnum Mysterium*, was to be on the program, I felt for the first time that the ordinariness of my voice entitled me to regard myself as no less handicapped than the congenitally lame.

I doubt that I had hoped for more than a preview hearing of my motet two months later when I dropped in on the dress rehearsal for the big concert. There, spread out across stage, were the selectees—a mismatched assortment of tow-heads, fat men, spinsters, and devout-looking young girls bearing no resemblance whatever to my choral club members, all look-alike collegians. I noticed that, after long hours of rehearsing together, the singers still looked like strangers to one another. As I sat alone in the back of the auditorium hearing my song, the conviction gradually came over me that I could not let the next night's performance go by without taking

part in it. Afterwards I met two tenors, both fellow choristers of mine at college, and took them to a bar where I asked them about the risks I would be taking if on the night of the concert I decided to increase the baritone section from seventy-one to seventy-two. "Nobody will even notice you are there," one of them assured me.

He was almost right. Dressed in a tuxedo as prescribed, I arrived a half-hour before the concert. I lined up with the baritones and was handed a folder of music when it was time to go on stage. In my motet, and the six or seven other pieces, I gave a note-perfect performance which nobody around me seemed to notice.

In the dressing-room afterwards, a baritone with whom I shared a coat hanger asked me whether any members of our group were singing the Beethoven *Ninth Symphony* with Dimitri Mitropoulos the following Friday night. In putting this question to me he somehow implied that the choir for that event was an extraordinarily large one assembled from even more quarters than the group disbanding about him. It was that revelation and the heady feeling I still had from the feat just accomplished that lured me on. Without much pause to plot my moves, I told him that I, as a matter of fact, was singing the *Ninth* with Mitropoulos, but I did not know of any others who were. I went on then about how lucky I felt to encounter him because I was uncertain about the time of the rehearsal with the orchestra. He cleared up that for me, and the next day I borrowed the vocal score of the *Ninth* from the public library and the old Felix Weingartner-Vienna Philharmonic recording from a friend and familiarized myself with the baritone part of the finale. My one rehearsal later in the week went well, and after the performance Mitropoulos, the orchestra, and about 350 singers shared an ovation with me. I am sure that it was after that easy success that I decided to do a lot more choral work.

Though I have since infiltrated choral groups at both Tanglewood in Lenox, Massachusetts, and at the National Music Camp in Interlochen, Michigan, and once helped out a *Christmas Oratorio* in Chicago, most of my biggest concerts have been in the New York area. But not all of my appearances there have involved fraudulent

entry. About fifteen years ago a suspicion of mine that I was driven to illicit singing by about the same kind of motivations that drive a kleptomaniac to thievery led me to think that as an habitual chorus-crasher I could best begin to kick the habit by trying to join a chorus. In search of that self-help, I answered a call for more baritones put out by one of New York's busiest amateur choral groups and was invited to an audition. I arrived for it armed with the conviction that I would be rejected in merciful haste. But that is not what happened. After a long, whispered deliberation by the examiners, I was accepted as a member, principally, I was told, because my voice was harmless and the chorus needed good readers such as I was, to post near a few of the men with good voices who read slowly or uncertainly.

My first concert with the group was a performance of Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms* with Leonard Bernstein directing the New York City Symphony and a chorus at the City Center. On stage I found myself flanked by singers I was almost positive I had never seen at rehearsals. The performance seemed like a good one to me (Stravinsky was in the audience I remember) and when we were filing off stage I asked the baritone beside me if he were a newcomer to the group. He told me he was not a member at all, but a conservatory student who wanted to get a close look at Bernstein working. Until then I had felt that I was perhaps the single living practitioner of the crime of chorus-crashing.

A few weeks later I stayed away from my weekly rehearsal to crash a performance of the Brahms *Requiem* in Brooklyn, and that was only the first of a number of such thrusts. During the two years I sang legally (the Beethoven *Ninth* and Verdi *Requiem* with Toscanini were two of my bona-fide concerts) I found myself making about as many forays as ever into other choruses that had not enlisted my help. I did not rejoin my chorus the third year, but I did slip back in once for a performance of a big choral work by Paul Hindemith.

What I was getting from all this crashing around, I told myself at the time, was the experience of performing all the major works in the choral repertoire. But under the faintest scrutiny now, that does not hold up as an explanation of my behavior. By the start of my second year of bona-fide baritoning I had already sung all the big pieces—including Bach's *B Minor Mass*, *Passions*, and *Magnificat*, Handel's *Messiah*, Haydn's *Creation*, Beethoven's *Ninth* and *Missa Solemnis*, the Mozart, Verdi, and Brahms *Re-*

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quiems, Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms*, and a few others. By the end of my second legal season, when I had sung almost all of the pieces twice and the *Magnificat* four times, I think that my motives must have shifted and that I became addicted to comparing performances of the same works under different conductors. Of course that may be what I was really after from the start, for over the years of my career I have sung the *Ninth*, for example, with Toscanini, Koussevitsky, Monteux, Mitropoulos, and Bernstein. This makes me an habitual petty criminal perhaps, but also the repository for a fund of interpretive experience which one of the violinists in the New York Philharmonic thinks very few professional musicians in town can match.

Though it is an impressive record, it could have been improved. I would like to have sung the *Ninth* with the late Sir Thomas Beecham and have done whatever was possible to dispel any unpleasant recollections he might have held of the very first performance I did with him. It was a broadcast of a section of Handel's *Messiah* from a New York radio studio. The Columbia Broadcasting System had arranged to have the performance fit into its program schedule and had timed the *Messiah* segment to end precisely one half-hour after it began. Because Sir Thomas' tempos may have lagged a little at the start, the clock-watchers in the control booth were signaling him to speed up as he launched into the final "Halleluia Chorus." Sir Thomas was being as accommodating as possible as he neared the end and had me emitting halleluias as fast as my tongue could form them. Perhaps the most exciting silence in all music is the two-beat rest preceding the majestically lengthened-out "Halleluia" Handel ended the piece with. While the singers and I were racing to get there to catch our breaths, a CBS announcer waited to ambush us when we did. If the arresting effect achieved that night had been planned, the script would have read:

Chorus: Forever, And Ever, Forever, And Ever.
Halleluia, Halleluia, Halleluia,

Halleluia—
(the big silence)

Announcer: *This is the Columbia Broadcasting System!*

Chorus: HAL—LE—LU—IA!

Since then I have crashed no *Messiahs*. It is a lovely work, but flawed for me.

Singing at least three or four big concerts each season was a sizable job to keep up in my spare time. For example, I made it a rule to attend at least one of the rehearsals of all the performances

I crashed, and avoiding discovery required me to attend the final rehearsal by taking a seat out front in the darkened auditorium while the conductor put the singers through their paces on the stage. (By not sitting in with the performers I avoided the risk of being either detected as an intruder or found inaudible beforehand; but by being there, though mute, I acquired a working familiarity with any interpretive twists the conductor put on the piece.)

Before their performances most singers go through a series of vocalizing exercises to get into good voice, a ritualistic matter fraught with anxieties. I was spared this, of course, because without any preparation whatever and at any hour of day or night, I was in as good voice as I could ever get. My chief worry before a performance was getting myself properly dressed for it. I failed to join in one of Serge Koussevitsky's last appearances with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall because I arrived backstage in a tweed suit which I fully expected to cover with a choir robe and found that all the men were turned out in white tie and tails that night. When I turned up once in white tie and tails for a concert with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy I was wrong in the other direction, for the decree had gone out—but missed me—that choir robes would be worn instead. I put on the robe over the dress suit because it was to be my première with the Philadelphia and I considered the occasion too important to miss.

THE CRITIC RAVED

BETWEEN crashes, my employment as a journalist has kept me scraping around the edges of the music business, and it was in this line of duty that I was invited by the RCA-Victor company to look in on an unusual recording session about three years ago. Charles Munch was to lead the Boston Symphony Orchestra, four brass bands, and a near-battalion of choristers from the New England Conservatory of Music in Berlioz' massive *Requiem* while RCA got it all down in stereophonic sound. The dozen or more invited members of the press making the trip to Boston with me in a private railroad car our host engaged were going there to hear the work being recorded. I attributed a deeper level of cordiality to the invitation.

I had given my first performance of the *Requiem* some nine years before at a Midwestern music festival when I happened to be visiting nearby, and that might have satisfied me, had it

not been for the additional allurements offered in Boston. I had, for example, never sung with Munch before, and the opportunity to give my first performance with him and at the same time to make my debut as a recording artist in so noble a work was too much to resist. The trip there was altogether pleasant and when the recording session resumed after a break for lunch I drifted over to the edge of the baritones to do the "Lacrymosa," the "Sanctus," and the "Agnus Dei" sections of the mass. To get a chance to hear the playbacks after the recording session, I stood over Munch while he smiled approvingly at just about everything I and the rest of the performers had done for him. By staying to admire my work in this way, I missed my private car back to New York. *Ars longa, vita brevis.*

Riding back without me, the editor of one of the music publications I have at times written for learned of my performance back in Boston and decided that an antic test of my objectivity might be made by assigning me to review the *Requiem* recording when it was released some months later. I undertook this job in the spirit it was offered, and pointed out in my notice that this was some of the loveliest choral singing ever recorded, a claim I would have made even if there were no honor in it for me.

Listening to the Berlioz so pleased me that I thought for a while I might soon find myself going through the choral repertoire again—this time to slip in on recordings. I can report quite confidently that the threat has passed, for I have lost some of my nerve. About six years ago I missed a chance to sing in Mahler's *Resurrection Symphony*. It was a piece I had never done, and when another performance of it was listed during the Mahler centennial in 1960, I decided to come out of retirement for a last fling. Rutgers University was supplying the vocal forces, and for a foolish moment I thought I might pass myself off as a student there. A week before the performance, in a burst of cowardice and good sense, I wrote to the director of the Rutgers chorus and to Leonard Bernstein, the conductor of the performance in Carnegie Hall, and asked if I might join in the singing. A ready assent came from both parties. On stage I was never more aware of being utterly unheard. What disappointed me more was that in crashing with consent, the thrill was gone. Now that it's all over, I con-

sider it an inglorious end to my singing career.

I would surely feel worse about this if I considered *all* my days as a crasher closed. I do not think they are. Although I did not fully realize it at the time of the Mahler, I was then already in the formative stages of the far more elaborate compulsion now fully upon me. It is my violoncello.

About three years ago I presented myself to my son's cello teacher and explained to him that I would like to take the same course of instruction. I practice at least an hour a day now on an instrument of no pretensions whatever—about a fair match for my voice—and if I were eight years old, instead of forty, I would be considered promising. One year ago on the way home from a performance of Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* with the high-school orchestra, it occurred to me that the cello accompaniment to the Beethoven *Violin Concerto*—which Isaac Stern was playing over my car radio—might also be within my limits. I borrowed the cello part, and I have time now for very little else but playing along with the record I own of Stern's performance. While both the Mozart and the Beethoven pieces are a bit austere, I can conceive of them making up the first half of a program if the music played after the intermission were something raucous for chorus and orchestra. Karl Orff's *Carmina Burana*, say, would balance it nicely.

So that is my program. What I need still is a place to play it. I have one good prospect. String players in orchestras pair off to share music stands, and when there are an uneven number of players in any section, the last man plays alone. Fortunately, that odd disposition of manpower prevails in the Boston's cello section. Therefore, when the Boston next plays the *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* and the Beethoven *Violin Concerto* as the first half of a New York concert, I have only to call backstage before the performance and ask that another chair be put in place at the last stand in the cellos. This is such

a reasonable-sounding request that I anticipate no trouble. If the mercenary sharing the stand with me asks me what I am doing there, I will tell him lies, I suppose. After playing my pieces I will get off stage quickly to avoid questions or possibly the police. If a chorus would be involved in the next work on the program, I think the baritone section would be a good place for me to hide.



For a Reactionary Experiment in Education

Why our colleges are crippled; and how they might be revived

PAUL GOODMAN

AS MILLIONS of young people attend American colleges, or struggle to get into them, it is becoming almost commonplace to hear that something is terribly wrong with our college system, and that little is being done about it.

In *The Atlantic* last May, Professor Oscar Handlin of Harvard asked, "Are the Colleges Killing Education?" and he found that indeed they were: "*Many of our most sensitive youngsters simply throw up their hands. They turn their backs on the whole process . . . increasingly, the able students are among those who leave before graduation.*" In *Harper's* Special Supplement on the colleges last year, the sociologist Nathan Glazer charged that "*we are not doing much to make college education more than a huge boondoggle—which is what most of it is today.*" And in the same supplement Christopher Jencks concluded from his survey of the colleges with David Riesman that, "*if the function of a college is to help its pupils formulate the problems they face . . . then most American undergraduates are, at most, half-educated.*"

We shall hear many more statements like these in the coming years. They are not made carelessly, and in fact there is fairly wide agreement among many of the critics as to what has gone wrong. They complain that the expanding colleges are becoming, as Handlin put it, "more formal, more bureaucratic, more rigidly organized." Competing in a maze of examinations, credits, and course requirements, the students find themselves in "the stifling atmosphere of the race for position, which the college itself generates by anachronistic grading methods."

And as Jencks and Glazer pointed out, it is no secret that teachers in American colleges are

seldom encouraged to take teaching seriously. Climbing the ladders of their narrowly specialized departments, they have been made to understand that, to succeed, they must above all impress the senior scholars of their discipline with their research, their scholarly publications. Many of the students find in turn that much of what they are taught is irrelevant to their need and desire to know what the world is about, and what they might make of themselves in it.

What is especially sad is that the critics have been able to do so little to improve the colleges. "The most damning single fact about higher education today," as Christopher Jencks wrote in *Harper's*, "is that there seem to be fewer than half-a-dozen radical experiments dedicated to testing what college life, and hence adult life, are capable of becoming."

This is no exaggeration, as any persistent traveler to the campuses will find. In the past couple of years I have visited nearly forty colleges, from big universities to small Ivy League schools, and with few exceptions they were in a state of paralyzing tension which made any basic changes in teaching quite impossible.

In a moderately big university, for example, one could expect to find a situation something like the following: A small band of young instructors and assistant professors are intent on revising the curriculum, the teaching methods, the whole set-up of the college. Still fired by the adventure of teaching, trying desperately to make their life-work worthwhile, they are sickened by the mechanical system of lecture courses, departments, and examinations. But they are a minority; most of their young colleagues are so busy working up the academic research that will make or break their careers, that they have no time either for the students or the college.

The senior professors, meanwhile, are separated from the younger faculty by the chasm of tenure—their jobs are assured them until they

retire—and simply by their different style of life. These older men may well feel lingering guilt about their neglect of the undergraduates, but to enter into close contact with students would be awkward, time-consuming, and upsetting to them and the system in which they have found so secure a place. Time is normally granted," writes Christian Bay of the Stanford Research Institute, "only when the instructor is too old to take a renewed interest in his students."

Except for some of the graduates, the college students mix very little with the young instructors, who are often recently married and caught up in the young-married social life; and they are isolated from the middle-aged faculty by mutual embarrassment. As one student remarked, he has to invent a "personal problem" if he wants an admired teacher to pay attention to him.

Last but not least, there is a small army of administrators who do not teach, and with whom students and faculty communicate on a formal and rarely pleasant basis. It is here that we must look most carefully if we are to understand why the growing complaints against the colleges have made so little dent. The more one examines the colleges—from the president himself down through the deans and admissions officers—the clearer it must become that modern administration is the peculiar college disease; and it is spreading.

HOW THE MACHINE OPERATES

THese words may seem harsh. Let me cite some examples to show what I mean:

1. Not long ago I was asked to lunch with six senior professors, including the chairmen of departments, at a big Western university. The subject of grading came up and all were unanimous in the opinion that grading is injurious to both teaching and learning. At the very first lecture ~~the students will ask, 'Are we responsible for that on the final examination?'~~ and the teacher's heart sinks. Grading, they agreed, destroys the ~~use of tests, which is a good enough way of marking if one corrects the test but does not grade it.~~ When tested, but not graded, students are eager to learn the right answers, and they ask how to solve the problem. But if graded they become puffed-up, or crestfallen, while the subject itself sours. They agreed that the teacher should use tests essentially to find out what he is failing to get across.

At this point I intervened and said: "Here you are, six members of the faculty. This university is theoretically selective now, and with

of you has a vote in its faculty council. Why is there still grading?"

I was then treated to a puzzling display of administrative mentality and evasion. The grading, they explained, was needed to determine progress, scholarships, admissions to graduate school, advice to employers, etc. The administration of the school, it was clear, demanded a standardized scale of marking. Now all of these men know that some colleges (like Sarah Lawrence) do not grade, and they manage well enough by means of recommendations. But this would mean that the faculty would have to know the students personally, discuss them, even argue about them—and this was beyond them. Some of the professors were uncomfortable but they weren't going to risk attempting a change in the status quo, even while agreeing it was clearly wrong.

Unfortunately, it is quite safe to predict that much the same conversation could have been held at most colleges in the country today.

2. At a small state school noted for its high academic quality and close student-faculty relations, I was told that the new president had decided that "society's changing needs" required changing the character of the school toward engineering. His first step was to dissolve the sensible division of the college into three large Faculties—Humanities, Social Sciences, and Natural Sciences—and establish instead twenty-two discrete departments. He could then proceed to hire and fire more freely—and he did.

3. At a large university, the students elected a liberal government that embarrassed the administration by criticism of campus life and by political activities that might offend the alumni and potential donors. The administration handled this by separating the graduate students from the student association, to make sure that

Paul Goodman's new book, "*The Community of Scholars*," to be published later this month by Random House, explores in depth the ideas set forth in this article. Mr. Goodman, who received his Ph.D. in the Humanities from the University of Chicago, has had a remarkably active career. He has taught at N.Y.U. and Chicago, as well as at Sarah Lawrence and Black Mountain. He is the co-author of standard texts on city planning and Gestalt therapy and has written some dozen books, including novels, poetry, and a study of modern youth entitled "*Growing Up Absurd*," which attracted wide attention when published in 1950. This article was drawn from his forthcoming book, with the collaboration of R. B. Silvers of "Harper's."

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the less intellectual and more pliable younger students—especially those organized in fraternities—could recapture their traditional leadership. (This is a brutal example of keeping the young from growing up by isolating them from older models they can admire and imitate.)

Such examples—I could add many dozens more—can serve to illustrate roughly the ways in which modern “co-ordinative management” has taken over the colleges. Between the college and the outer society, facing in both directions, stand the chief administrator, the president, and his staff. Society is represented by the parents, the alumni, the trustees, or the legislature. So long as the college gives no offense and is ostensibly successful and prestigious, the president is granted remarkable freedom to determine policy, whether educational, architectural, or financial. He is probably more independent than many high corporation executives. Vis-à-vis the college, however, his position is more difficult, because the college is traditionally a self-governing community of scholars. It is evident that his administration will be strong when it can quietly attach itself to the senior faculty and the official student government, seeing to it that neither the teachers nor students disturb his public relations with the legislature or the donors.

Thus the effect of strong administration is to weaken the college by keeping the students out of contact with the teachers; the teachers out of contact with each other (see examples 1 and 2 above); and both away from troublesome or embarrassing controversy with the world (example 3). Whereas good teaching depends on close personal relations between scholars and students, modern administration isolates the individuals and groups on the campus one from the other; but, by using “scientific administration” to co-ordinate them, it reconstructs the campus as a social machine. The ancient and often fruitful trouble spots of the college community—the inevitable result of vigorous personal expression and inquiry—tend to vanish under a smoothly managed consensus. In his recent study called *Governance in Colleges and Universities*, John Corson sums up one of the results neatly:

“Decisions relative to student admissions, discipline, recreation, and government—fields traditionally subject to faculty control—have been turned over to administrative supervision. Deans of students and their staff, armed with an increasingly extensive knowledge of psychological tests, have taken over the direction of student affairs.”

If the college machinery is run shrewdly and

aggressively, it may produce bales of diplomas and scholarly publications, as well as bigger buildings, endowments, grants, subsidized research, athletic events, and classes of well-employed alumni.* (The average college president, as Corson estimates, spends less than one-fifth of his time on educational matters.) But the personal relations of the colleges have less and less to do with teaching and learning, and more and more with every kind of communication, policing, grading, regulation, and motivation that is relevant to successful administration.

THE IDEAL UNIVERSITY?

WHAT can be done in this situation? Something, surely. Despite the sad fragmentation I have been describing, it speaks well for the vitality of the colleges that they continue nevertheless to produce critics who propose fairly radical reforms and sometimes even try them out.

However, before discussing these proposals specifically—and going on to suggest a more drastic experiment of my own—it is crucial to understand that, however “radical” they may seem, they are, for the most part, conservative in the best and deepest sense: Whether the reformers consciously intend it or not, they usually draw on the fundamental principles that characterized the first universities that rose in the West and have inspired good universities ever since. Indeed, it would be useful for college critics to examine their proposals in the long perspective of university history (something they seldom do). For, as the historian Hastings Rashdall once wrote: “*The universities of all countries and all ages are in reality adaptations under various conditions of one and the same institution.*”

By this famous sentence Rashdall meant that a tiny number of medieval guilds of students and teachers—the spontaneous product of that instinct of association which swept over the towns of Europe in the course of the eleventh and twelfth centuries—conceived a form of community which has, despite many vicissitudes, survived as a model over one thousand years. Nor was this accidental. I think it can be shown that this medieval community form has persisted so remarkably because it is the natural organ for the education of youth. From the beginning it

* The fate of the less shrewd and aggressive may be gathered from the fact that eighteen institutions (one per cent) receive nearly 45 per cent of the total endowment funds in the country, \$314 millions in 1954; while 805 institutions had no endowment at all, although they enrolled one-quarter of the students.

perfected the only two possible types of good schooling:

—Either a youth says: "Show me how," and finds a teacher who will show him, as did the aspiring lawyers, for example, at the University of Bologna.

—Or a thinker professes a truth he knows and a fascinated youth latches onto him, and asks: "What are you saying and why?" as did the students of men like Abelard at the school of liberal arts in Paris.

Ever since these twelfth-century beginnings, thousands of universities and colleges have attempted to combine both principles in their professional schools and liberal-arts faculties. And running like an irrepressible current through their efforts have been the traditional ideals and conditions of the first universities. It is worth examining what these were, for nothing could be more relevant to the problem of the colleges today.

1. *The university was a small, face-to-face community of scholars—in effect a tiny city, invisibly walled away from the larger city of, say, Padua or Prague. With few exceptions it hovered in size between five hundred and a thousand, and there were celebrated universities that numbered no more than a hundred people. Such communities required no more than a handful of administrators—rectors and chancellors often elevated unwillingly from the faculty, and a few functionaries.*

Why the invisible wall between this community of scholars and the outer world? First, because it was a completely international community whose scholars often came from all over Europe; they shared not simply a common Latin, but a common concern for truth and common standards of evidence and discourse which could not be disregarded merely because of expediency. They did not easily abide the local and national prejudices.

Secondly, because it was a self-governing community where the masters alone decided who was fit to teach and graduate. (The universities have never ceased to regard themselves as such.) In differing degrees, the student guilds were also self-governing, taking responsibility for their social and physical behavior.

2. *In this community of scholars, teaching and learning could only be a personal relation. The student worked with and often lived close by his masters. It was his principal master himself—not a chancellor or dean—who gave the student the kiss or handshake which signified the act of Commencement: the recognition by his chosen*

adults that he had become their peer and could proceed on his own initiative in the adult world. This culmination came only after years of assessment, and a convincing demonstration by the student to his masters that he could do an adult job of work. (Compare this with our June ritual as it survives today.)

3. *Teaching and learning was a personal relation necessary for both the teacher and the student.* No matter how betrayed over a thousand years, this principle cannot be buried. Then as now, the student on leaving his family desperately needed older adults to whom he could transfer his affection—men whom he could identify with and imitate; who could show him ways to order his confusion by principled thought, and help him prepare for a meaningful career in the adult world. This is what teachers did. It cannot be done if they are cut off from students.

And the good scholar—then as now—must feel the impulse to teach, even if he does not exercise it: in part because of the *noblesse oblige* of the strong and competent man who cannot idly see others fumble in ignorance; in part because, if one believes in one's art or science, just as one received it, one has to pass it on, if possible improved. Indeed, it could be argued that teaching is an indispensable spur for scholars and many scientists (if probably less so for artists). But it is especially the members of the professions who have to teach.

4. *Finally, and crucially, in the traditional community of scholars, the college teacher was a veteran.* By this I mean that he had demonstrated his way of learning in the outer world, and he taught his subject not as an isolated exercise, but as something which had authority and relevance outside the walled city of scholars. "For centuries," the Columbia historian Richard Hofstader tells us, the *faculties* of the great universities "were consulted again and again on vital questions of doctrine and law, and were expected to state their findings and intervene in ecclesiastical and social affairs."

This is in melancholy contrast to our colleges today. In America, individual professors are free to speak out in public, and they often hire their services to government and private business. But departments and colleges never commit themselves as *scholarly communities*, asserting their own principles to the outer world. No wonder that their authority is frequently blurred and unreal to their students.

In the traditional community of scholars, moreover, the teachers were veterans because

they were, in fact, among the important professionals and writers of their day who *returned* to the university to teach. They had, for example, a mastery of politics and church affairs that came from actual practice; but in the university they led their students to consider the ideals toward which their own and future generations might aspire.

Today veterans are still to be found in the professional schools—the archetype is the physician. The public respectfully calls him doctor; but if he is a great doctor we expect that he will teach at a medical school. Imagine him at a hospital with his students; while treating an individual patient, he demonstrates a universal pathology and the scientific method. The students know that their teacher is involving them in something real, something they must commit themselves to learn well, because it will affect other lives as well as their own. This kind of learning is for keeps.

But there are vast areas of college teaching where no veterans at all are to be found, and where learning has become a dreary and unreal game. This and the fear of personal relations are the most refractory problems; nor are they unrelated.

MAKING TEACHING PERSONAL

HOVERING behind most of the proposals for college reform today we can find, however dimly, the traditional ideals of teaching and learning I have been sketching out. But how adequate are the proposals, and how hopeful?

The most obvious proposal has been to limit the colleges to a useful size. Since so many people are lost in the sheer mass of our swollen universities, reformers want to bring them back to the original face-to-face community. To do this they propose setting up smaller "colleges," relatively self-contained and self-administering, within the larger administration. As we have seen, the medieval universities often contained about 500 people. Christopher Jencks and David Riesman at Harvard would like to see self-governing "houses," within the university, of 450 students plus 50 teachers, which would control their own administrations. Theodore Newcomb of Michigan estimates that 300 to 400 is the proper size, and he suggests a common coffee bar for faculty and students.

But for all the talk about carving smaller colleges out of the universities, it has scarcely been tried. (Monteith College at Wayne State

in Detroit is one of the few recent attempts.) The concern about size is actively expressed chiefly in holding actions by the small colleges against the pressures to grow bigger. The modern experimental colleges like Sarah Lawrence and St. John's have tended to be larger by a few hundred than Riesman's model because, not being attached to a university, they cannot draw on university professors to fill out their programs; but they remain workable. The older liberal-arts colleges like Amherst and Swarthmore have grown considerably larger, but they too have set a limit—1,200 seems to be a sticking point, and one very hard for these prestigious seminaries to maintain in the face of so many applicants. It will be a badge of honor if they stay fairly small.

It is also to the credit of some independent colleges that they have tried to balance their smallness with the principle of confederation—for example, the regional conference organized by Mount Holyoke, Amherst, Massachusetts, and Smith to use common expensive services, scientific equipment, have equally matched games, and even exchange teachers and students. Needless to say, this excellent Jeffersonian idea of federated local autonomy could be profitably applied elsewhere in our society than in the schools.

Another attempt to escape the impersonal mass has been the creation of Honors Programs in which a small group of teachers and students dispense with credits and grading, meet fairly informally, and sometimes manage to cut through departmental barriers. But aside from the fact that such reforms are not a major tendency, I am not convinced that merely administrative arrangements, like Small Colleges or Honors, can profoundly change the spirit of the community of scholars. In a big state university I have seen the Honors students form a pathetic and tiny college of incestuous intellectuals in a busy crowd of engineers, aggies, and practical nurses. The real crux of the problem is the overcontrolling of the students and the lack of teachers who are veterans of an art, profession, or science and who can show the students that intellectual principles have real consequences in the outer world, and so are worth taking seriously.

TIMID AND UNWORLDLY

IN DEALING with this problem, American college teaching suffers from an historical flaw. Our first poorly paid college instructors of the early eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were usually marking time until they could be-

EVGENY EVTUSHENKO

THEY TELL ME

"You're a courageous man,"
 They tell me.
 It's not true at all . . .
 Courage is courage still.
 I merely felt it unbecoming
 to stoop
 to the ~~ambition~~ of my fellows.
 Nor have I ever attempted
 to jolt the world out of orbit.
 I just write.
 And what of it?
 I have never played informer . . .
 I have laughed at pomposity,
 ridiculed falsehood,
 and
 tried to speak out bold enough.
 Finished
 with lies and crooked ways,
 one day
 posterity will burn with shame,
 remembering
 those ~~principles~~ times
 when
 honesty was labeled "courage."

1961. Translated by George Reisch

Like "Babi Yar"—Evtushenko's controversial poem attacking anti-Semitism—"They Tell Me" has the probing honesty which has made this young poet Russia's most daring spokesman for his generation.

in their profession—the former ministry, for example. Their senior teacher was generally a mature veteran of some profession—a parson, most probably. But he was not a free master who attracted students to his side. He was instead a ~~president~~ ~~dean~~ ~~professor~~ ~~of the university~~ ~~or board of~~ trustee as a reliable administrator, and responsible to them. And historically it has worked out that he has abandoned the role of a professional who returned to the university to teach, and has become instead an ~~administrator~~ ~~professor~~ administrator whose main work is not teaching at all.

As time passed, American colleges began to have strong and numerous faculties of older men

But they were not only subservient to a president who transmitted outside commands; they were usually no more than the former tutors grown older. They were in short professional teachers who had never known any other competence or sphere of life. Such a combination of circumstances has been disastrous. It has led to teaching which is timid, unworldly, lacking in a sense of community, and reluctant to confront outer society with authority. In a word, our teachers have become academic.

It is true that the academics have since developed a kind of practice—their research. In the natural sciences, research projects are useful when they are a real dialogue with nature—the professor using his students as junior partners on projects of his own spirit. (They are useless for teaching and learning when subsidized by defense agencies and corporate organizations which dictate the purposes and demand "results.") But in the social sciences and the humanities, the relation of the mountains of research to urgent social problems and to the living culture of the outer world has for the most part been pallid and timorous.

And in their timid and ambiguous way, the colleges acknowledge this. As if inspired by some faint memory of the old traditions of veterans, they constantly invite outside experts, professionals, journalists, and authors to lecture, "sit in" on classes and seminars, and attend conferences. At dozens of colleges we find poets, writers, and artists "in residence" for a term. One current emphasis of college reform is simply to increase the numbers of such people. The purpose is to stir up the students, to confront them with the author of a famous book, to bring a little of the world of practice into the academy.

But the essential purpose of learning from veterans is seldom realized by these invitations, for the veteran is not—and will not be allowed to be—a full-fledged scholar. Rather, the effect of inviting the outsider is often to make the academic seem more academic. And the visiting politician or journalist frequently confirms the academy in its academicism by his hard practicality and the narrowness of his unscholarly intellect. (In the professional schools, whether of medicine, architecture, or business, veteran practitioners do exist more officially on the faculty. But by and large these part-timers regard themselves as outsiders performing a service to their profession, rather than as members of the community of scholars; and naturally they bring back less than ideal standards to the students.)

How ponderously we defeat our purposes! We

start with the fact that there are professions and tasks in the world that require learning. We make an abstraction from the performance of these men—those who can meet the standards will be licensed. Then we transcribe the license requirements into the curricula and the departments of the schools, and we man the departments with academic teachers. Naturally, the students find it hard to take the subjects for real at so many removes. So the college reformers suggest importing veterans from the outside to pep things up! Would it not be more plausible simply to ask the real professionals to do the teaching? But ~~it ought to~~ ~~be done~~ they are so often narrow practitioners. Of course they are—they are not members of the community of scholars and have not been asked to join.

For the sake of both the university and the professions, therefore, the professionals must return and assume responsibility for the history and humanity of their arts. Only real practice is believable and authoritative to students. And only when the practitioners meet head-on the far-reaching and embarrassing questions of students, and the traditional learning of the academics, will they be compelled to formulate the responsible social philosophies that are now so lacking in engineering, politics, journalism, and the business community—with disastrous social consequences. (In my opinion it is importantly because they are not responsible members of the faculty—but at best quarantined visitors—that the writers and artists are so often negative and porcupinish.)

Conceive of a faculty with a permanent staff of full-time tenured teachers—people who have a special calling for teaching and veterans who have retired to it. To these we should add many practicing veterans teaching temporarily or part-time—but with the authority of professors. And through these, the faculties can extend out among the artists and professionals of the region. I have little doubt that many of our best writers, politicians, diplomats, journalists, engineers, bankers, business people, editors, etc., would be glad to join the scholarly guild if they were given some freedom and some power. (But now they cannot join—they have no Ph.D.s.)

If the faculties were composed in this way, they could not be so easily controlled by the administration. There would be too many distinguished independents; their combined voice would be too authoritative. More important, this voice could become a force to be reckoned with, exercising the ancient function of the universities as the loyal opposition and watchdog

of society. The physics department could notify the government when unnecessary official ~~secret~~ ~~is~~ hindering research. The school of architecture could speak up about public housing and the absence of decent social planning in the civil engineering in cities like New York. The departments of English and journalism could co-operate in criticizing the disgraceful inadequacy of our weekly book reviewing, or the ~~press issues~~ ~~issues~~, or the tone of advertising. (Isn't it odd that the Federal Communications Commissioner can call TV a wasteland but the Harvard English Department, speaking as a department, can't?)

My point is not that the faculties should take day-to-day political positions. That would be too transient. But they must affirm intransigently their disinterested ideals and principles to the outer world when they are relevant. If they could do this, young people would be proud of their elders and their school. The embarrassed distance between teachers and students would lessen. And I think that teaching and learning would be more for keeps.

THE GREAT TEXTBOOK

AT PRESENT, however, we hear very little about bringing veterans onto the faculties. Instead the professors issue their temporary invitations to outsiders, guard the entrance to the guild, and talk of college reform in terms of proposals to revise the curriculum and teaching methods. Seeing that the chopped-up courses and narrow departmentalization cause confusion to the undergraduates, and create unnecessary pressures on them, they propose Integration: *i.e.*, broader and more general courses in the Humanities, the Social Sciences, the Natural Sciences, Western History, etc., arranged in various proportions and sequences. Such plans are legion among academics and have long been among the most popular kinds of proposals for reform.

But such proposals seem to me to miss the point. The great question is not what subjects "ought" to be taught, but whether the teaching and learning of them make any difference to the students. There is an implicit assumption in such proposals that there exists one Great Textbook and that every "educated citizen" should be exposed to a "general education" from it before he leaves college. This is reminiscent of the notions of Hutchins at Chicago and Erskine and Van Doren at Columbia and others in their wake, that all students should read the Great Books, or be familiar with certain Great Ideas.

But this is mistaken. No Master Textbook can exist or be taught. Suppose two teachers present entirely differing interpretations of Aristotle or the French Revolution to a student who has no interest in making his own; he will have learned nothing. But the original idea of the community of scholars was not that the student should study everything instead of "specializing"—as the Great Books and broad General Education advocates seem to think. It was rather that *specialization would occur in a community of general studies, a little city where people could talk to one another.* It is certainly good in principle for a man really to *know* literature, history, sociology, a natural science, and mathematics. But I am less and less convinced that prescribing these studies to undergraduates has any relation whatever to their mature use or knowledge of them. With adolescents a Great Books or wide General Education program often results in merely verbal wisdom and a superior kind of withdrawal from the world.

Amidst such proposals, the fundamental principle of teaching and learning is obscured: If a teacher wants to teach something, he must think it worthwhile; and students want either to know something in particular, or to find out *what* they should learn. The present confusion of the curriculum and the foolish pressures on students can be reduced simply by dropping the whole rigmarole of compulsory attendance and credits and having the student elect his subjects freely with the advice of teachers who actually know him. What is most important, as John Dewey suggested, is that the students learn something in a way that will lead them to want to learn more. In a small community of scholars, with constant exchange among the members, a common humanism would be bound to emerge among students who were learning in this way.

The crucial standard, then, is not what ought to be taught but whether teaching and learning *make any difference.* Are they committed or academic? By this standard, the situation in the humanities is dismaying. A visitor to the colleges will find again and again a double standard of academic truth and real truth. Milton or Camus are read intensively in class with one aesthetic perception, while the dormitory, the daily paper, and the evening movie are taken in by quite another. What is worse, no one seems to care that academic reading is unrelated to the world outside in any practical way.

There have, indeed, been some bold if scattered attempts to reform the academicism of the social sciences by teaching pragmatically—by in-

sisting (as did Professor Sol Tax at the University of Chicago and William Biddle at Earlham) that the social sciences become *true* only as they work toward solving actual problems. To cite a good example, at the University of Pennsylvania, Karl Linn and his students of landscape architecture are carrying out a lovely project of improving tax-delinquent properties in a slum area with the help and improvisation of neighborhood kids.

Finally, one of the more perceptive proposals for college reform would help make the *others* more meaningful. Instead of throwing the new student hard up against a variety of choices and courses, it is proposed to make at least the freshman year an exploration—to help the young discover who they are and find ways to realize themselves. For example, at Harvard—largely, I think, through the efforts of Professor Riesman—freshmen can register in a seminar during their first year. This is a year-long bull-session, frequently provoked by visitors from the outside, which hopefully leads to concentration on fields of interest and specific reading and reports. Instead of the standard freshman "orientation" to the college world, it stimulates the students to question the college's purposes, strengths, and weaknesses as well as his own.

THE CASE FOR SECESSION

ARE the hopeful reforms I have been outlining really possible within the present framework of the colleges and universities? They are in principle, but I suspect they will require more revolutionary courage than most of the collegiate critics now seem to exude. For the near future, at least, the prospect of large-scale reform in the great majority of schools—and especially in the big ones—is dim. The changes that are most needed are the very ones that the college administration will resist, for they undermine the administration's excuses for existence and provoke the controversy it abhors.

In fairness, the constantly reiterated defense of the administrators should be mentioned. Their factorylike and businesslike ways are said to be inevitable under modern conditions. Harold Taylor, the former President of Sarah Lawrence, explains, "The most important reason [for the lack of educational responsibility] is the drastic increase in the number of students and the consequent growth of mass-educational needs . . . to be met in a hurry. The major forces are all in the direction of submerging the individual teacher in a mass of rules, formulae, administrative authority . . ."

Maybe. The fact remains that the administrators of the various schools engage in tooth-and-nail competition to aggrandize their institutions, and *they* are among the major forces. They hardly ever co-operate to effect a judicious sharing of resources among them, or to diversify the colleges, or to experiment. And furthermore, the number of administrators is growing. With all our centralization and "efficiency," my judgment is that the ratio of students to teachers may fall, but the ratio of administrators to population will rise far more than proportionately. In the New York State school system there are already more administrators than in all of Western Europe. And this does not count the auxiliary armies of College Board and scholarship testers. There is, in short, no sign that the grip of the administrators will relax.

So let us propose to go outside the present collegiate framework. The simplest remedy is the historical one—for bands of students and teachers to secede and set up small shops where they can teach and learn under their own simple conditions. Such a movement would be difficult but not impractical. If it could succeed in a dozen cases, I think the entire system might experience a profound and salutary shock.

Secession is inevitably occurring in any case, but it is occurring in the wrong way. As Handlin notes, many dissatisfied young people—some of our most sensitive and intelligent among them—will not or cannot conform, and they leave the schools. Some form into little groups to find a culture or create it out of nothing—the vicissitudes of the Beat youngsters are by now familiar. What is wrong is that they have cut themselves off from both the senior scholars who know something, and the veterans who can teach them professions. They can hardly believe now that professional work might ever be possible for them. In a tiny community of scholars they might find both the cultural traditions and the veterans who could help them operate confidently in society, whether they succeed or fail.

There are strong precedents for secession as the remedy of disaffected communities of scholars, starting with the great revolts in the medieval universities against Church control. The most effective secession was, of course, that of the Protestant rectors and vicars who refused in the seventeenth century to sign the Anglican articles of Faith, left Oxford and Cambridge, and set up their own dissenting academies. In our own century, the founding of the New School for Social Research in 1919 in New York was in effect a secession of teachers, since its leading

spirits—e.g., Charles A. Beard and Thorstein Veblen—could not conform to the Stanfords and Columbias of their day, and they were joined by scholars who were restive at such places.

The most recent and suggestive secession was the founding of Black Mountain College in North Carolina during the 'thirties by teachers fired from Rollins College in Florida when they protested the denial of "academic freedom" to John Rice. Significantly, Rice espoused no particular heresy—it was his general nonconformity and nuisance value that was condemned. He and his friends formed, really, the first Beat School—and its graduates have been leaders in this kind of art and culture. The teachers often went unpaid, but they continued because the school was theirs; it had no trustees and no administration. When I taught at Black Mountain, I found it very feeble in traditional culture, but nobody hindered me from teaching more scholastically. It was a justified boast that students who dropped out of the Ivy League could still get some kind of education at Black Mountain College. The school lasted nearly twenty-five years and then, like a little magazine, folded. But its spirit survives.

A SIMPLE PROPOSAL

A SMALL secession from a dozen colleges and universities would now be immensely profitable for American education.

I propose that a core faculty of about five professors secede from a school, taking some of their students with them; that they attach themselves to an equal number of like-minded professionals in the region; collect a few more students; and set up a small unchartered university that would be nothing but an association. Ten teachers would constitute a sufficient faculty for such a community of scholars. (Jefferson's University of Virginia had eight teachers.) With individual classes of about fifteen, there would be 150 students. (I choose this class-size simply from my own experience. When the number falls to seven or eight, I begin to feel I am conducting group therapy; when it rises to twenty I begin to feel I am lecturing too formally. But the right number depends on the subject and the style of the teacher.)

A strong group of professionals would be particularly important in a small school composed entirely of teachers in close relation, with no administrative rules; without them it could become too clubby, like some excellent progressive schools or like Black Mountain. It is evident, I

hope, that I am not thinking here of any particular educational experiment like Antioch, Goddard, or Sarah Lawrence, aiming at communal living, community service, individual creativity, and so on. These are fine things; but I am proposing simply that the students and teachers create a small university where they can associate in the traditional way, *but entirely dispensing with the external control, administration, bureaucratic machinery and other excrescences that have swamped our communities of scholars.*

Three immediate problems arise—financing, equipment, accreditation.

(1) This is not a social experiment, but an attempt to prepare working professionals, taking society as it is. Even though the teachers and professionals would no doubt be willing to work at a sacrifice, an attempt should be made to pitch the prices to the current inflated national standard of living. If we adopt the national median salary of \$10,000 for a full professor, the expenses for the school are:

Salaries	\$100,000
Rent for ten classrooms in an urban middle-class district	4,000
Total	\$104,000

Dividing the cost among 150 students, we arrive at a tuition of \$693. This is nearly \$500 less than a good liberal-arts college and less than half of the Ivy League. It includes no extras, no medical service, and of course no endowed library, laboratories, or athletic facilities. But these are "extras" at universities as well.

(2) With regard to equipment, this scholarly community would have immediately available to it some 10,000 to 20,000 carefully selected books and apparatus. It is simplest to think of it located in a large city with a municipal library, YMCA, and many available part-time professionals.

But another possibility for providing books and plant would be for the small university to be a kind of unofficial adjunct of a great university which extends its friendly services because it is a worthwhile experiment and a source of good graduate students. The secession of a small faculty from a large administration need not mean a rupture of friendly relations.

(3) Finally, a major difficulty of any unchartered *ad hoc* association of scholars is that it cannot grant degrees leading to licenses. It is not expected, and is not desirable, that young

people spend their years and money in study that does not lead to careers in society.

One obvious solution would be a European plan—the graduates would matriculate for a period at an accredited school having a system of broad comprehensive examinations for the A.B. degree. (The University of Chicago used to accept candidates for its comprehensive after three months of residence.) The drawbacks here are obvious—examinations following a prescribed curriculum would contradict the idea of a community of scholars where teaching and learning are freed from imposed standards. I believe—perhaps I am sanguine—that after several years of good schooling, a graduate could make up the usual college requirements with a semester's cramming. But a far more attractive solution would be a friendly arrangement whereby graduate and professional schools, competing for good students, would accept these students on their merits as set forth in the recommendations of their teachers. Then their first accredited degree would be a master's or a doctor's.

HOW complicated this simple proposal may seem! We must get together 150 persons, subject the young to considerable expense, anticipate problems irrelevant to learning. And yet I have no doubt that many such faculties—both dissatisfied academics and professionals who would like to teach—are already in potential existence, willing to risk privileges and tenure if a good and willing group could be formed. Certainly there would be no dearth of students, although such academic and professional faculties would choose the students very strictly, probably too strictly.

There is no doubt at all about the authenticity of such a plan. In medieval Paris, Rashdall tells us, "*the intellectual ferment was most vigorous, the teaching most brilliant . . . almost before a university existed at all.*"

This spontaneous quest by the anarchic early community of scholars to understand their culture and take responsibility for changing it should be ours as well. Our children not only grow up in a civilization immeasurably more confused and various than any before, but they are now prevented from undertaking the quest itself by foolish rules, meaningless tasks, and an absence of responsible veterans to guide them. We must restore to them the chance to discover their culture and make it their own. And if we cannot do this within the universities, it would be good for the universities themselves if we tried to do it from without.

The Breath of Life Machine

A simple but ingenious electronic device—invented by two young Englishmen in their spare time—has brought hope and a measure of independence to victims of paralysis.

IN JUNE 1960, there arrived at Stoke Mandeville Hospital in Buckinghamshire, England, a patient with a broken neck, paralyzed from head to foot. Ian Pritchard was home from Kenya and the Mau Mau. He had been the first white man to dress in Mau Mau clothes and get right in amongst them. He took part in their shocking rituals and heard them administer their obscene oaths.

He came out with a George Medal for bravery and enough stories to fill several books. He was all set to write them—but first a short vacation, and water skiing. That was how he broke his neck and finished up at the National Spine Injuries Center, Stoke Mandeville, with the prospect of moving neither head nor limb for the rest of his life.

Like many other patients who are almost completely paralyzed, he still had muscular control of one small part of all his body—his mouth. He could talk. And he could just blow the whistle the hospital kept suspended above his mouth. It was a constant temptation to blow that whistle and have the company of a nurse, if only for a minute or two at a time. But Pritchard was only one of many helpless patients demanding the attentions of a hard-pressed nursing staff. One nurse, however, not only was touched by his loneliness but also realized that it did him good to talk. And she was enthralled by the flashes of adventure he conveyed in the moments she could spare to be with him. In her off-duty hours she passed on some of Ian Pritchard's tales to a friend, Reginald G. Maling.

"Ian's crying need is to get his stories down on paper," she said, "but there's nothing I can do to help him."

"Couldn't he use a tape recorder?" Maling asked.

"Who's to work it for him? Nobody has the time."

At the nurse's suggestion, Maling went to the hospital to meet Pritchard, to give him the company he needed, and to listen. Like the nurse, Maling was fascinated and troubled by the man's courage, his cheerfulness, the complete absence of self-pity—and that store of compressed experience, like gas in a cylinder, bursting to come out. And it ought to be told. But how?

Maling's own professional specialty was electro-forming, a process which insures the accuracy of long-playing phonograph records. In the course of his work, he was used to improvising, to adapting electronic appliances to special needs. He talked the problem over with a friend, Derryck C. Clarkson, an electronic engineer. They agreed that since Ian Pritchard's only power of movement was in his mouth, that was clearly where they would have to start. If he could blow a whistle he must have some capacity to exert pressure and suction, however weakly. Somehow that capacity would have to be used to operate an electric switch.

A light breeze on a big sail would drive a boat through water. Couldn't the same principle be applied? Pritchard could exert only feeble air pressure, so it would have to be trapped and husbanded. The obvious way was through a tube in his mouth. If that tube led to a hollow cone, and across the wider end of the cone was set a light diaphragm, the air pressure should move the diaphragm slightly backwards and forwards. If the little rod of a micro-switch were attached to the center of the diaphragm, it should operate the switch.

They tried. And it worked. In fact, they had gone a step farther than they thought. The suction needed to work the switch was less than half a cubic centimeter, which anybody could exert with the mouth alone, without bringing the lungs into play. So it could be controlled even by those who had to depend upon mechanical

respirators for their breathing. When the suction was stopped the micro-switch returned to its "off" position.

But more was needed. The recorder had to be started, stopped, re-wound, and set to record or to play-back, and that one switch would have to control all these operations. This was done by introducing a rotary switch similar to the turret-tuner used for changing the channel of a TV receiver. When the micro-switch was "on," the arm of the rotary switch would rotate over a series of different contact points, each completing the circuit for a different operation. All the patient would have to do would be to stop the suction when it had arrived at the contact he wanted. But he would need some visible indication of when to stop.

So they made an indicator panel with a frosted glass front divided into sections marked *Start*, *Stop*, *Dictate*, *Re-wind*, and *Play-back*. A colored light in each circuit glowed behind the appropriate section when the rotary switch had arrived at the contact for that operation.

Ian Pritchard sucked gently at the tube. On came the main light in the panel, and then the colored lights in rotation. When the light showed *Start*, he stopped sucking and the tape began to move. He sucked again until the light showed *Dictate* and the machine was ready to record through a delicate little microphone attached to the tube.

He was quick to learn. All the help he needed was somebody to change the tape, and that was necessary only when he had dictated for as long as was good for him in one session. Life began again for him.

OFFICIALDOM UNBENDS

MALING and Clarkson were almost as elated as he, for they had begun to envisage further possibilities. If a tape recorder could be worked like this, so could any other appliance driven by electricity. What did patients most need?

In the hospital Maling and Clarkson were mere visitors, with enthusiasm but without authority. The nurse suggested that they enlist the interest of the Medical Director, Dr. Ludwig Guttmann. Let him see Pritchard operating his recorder. He would soon spot the potentialities.

Dr. Guttmann at first was mildly interested. But his enthusiasm rose when he saw Pritchard at work. The doctor tried to work the recorder himself, and was distressingly unsuccessful. But that it could be done there was no denying.

What else could be operated by the same means? Could patients who might otherwise be hospitalized for years become independent enough to live more happily at home? Dr. Guttmann encouraged the two young men and gave them the run of the hospital. For the moment this was all that Maling and Clarkson asked. They chatted with the patients, assessed the greatest needs, and made their first list.

Such direct operations as ringing a bell, or switching on and off a bedside light, a heater, an electric blanket, a radio or television were simple enough. Beds that could be tilted by motor or electrical page-turners for books could be similarly controlled.

But many patients expressed a great desire to use the telephone, and this needed thought. Loud-speaking telephones could already be supplied. The microphone used for the recorder could be connected to the telephone circuit instead of the hand set. But what about the dialing?

They went off to talk to officials of the Post Office, which runs the British telephone system. Officialdom unbent and was ready to co-operate. Connection to the hospital switchboard needed only relays to duplicate the switching involved in lifting the normal receiver from its rest. But if the patient were at home, with no switchboard, he would want to call Central, which the active caller would do by dialing 0 or 100. They evolved an automatic dialer capable of doing this for him. When the light on the panel showed "telephone," a dialing tone could be heard in the loud-speaker. Automatically the dialer came into operation and a ringing tone could be heard, followed by the voice of the central operator asking what number was required.

As they worked on these ideas Maling continued to ponder Pritchard's special needs. True, he could go on recording his stories, but eventually somebody would have to transfer the spoken word to paper. To that extent he was still dependent on others. Why shouldn't he use a typewriter himself?

This proved a rigorous problem. Finally it was solved by means of a solenoid box containing coils similar to those used to ring a bell.

C. Harcourt Kitchin is chairman and partner in a public relations firm in London, and Deputy Mayor of Finchley. He was a regular officer in the Marines in the first world war and Deputy Inspector-General of Civil Defense of Great Britain in the second.

Much like a bell clapper, each typewriter key was related to one solenoid coil. The typewriter was operated by means of various combinations of puffs and sucks rather like the Morse code. The code was drawn up on a squared chart marked vertically in puffs, one to eight, and horizontally in sucks, one to six. When the right combination of puffs and sucks was used, the code on the squared chart selected the solenoid for the appropriate typewriter key.

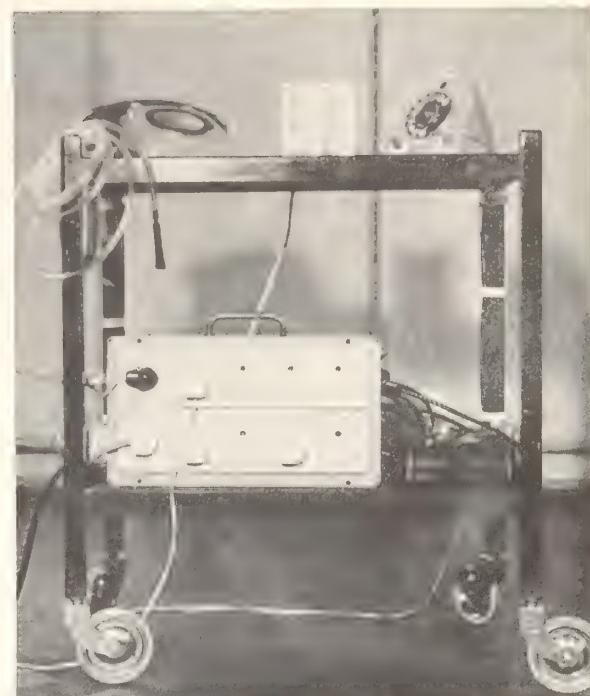
When air pressure or suction was sustained, a series of little clicks could be heard. To operate the key *B*, for instance, the typist sucked lightly until he had heard three clicks, then gently puffed until he had heard four more clicks. The typewriter obediently wrote *B*. Suction for two clicks and blowing for seven clicks wrote the letter *Q*. In forty-eight coded operations he could cover the whole keyboard.

This was quite simple for Pritchard to learn, but rather slow. So Maling and Clarkson worked out other codes for speeding up as he grew more proficient. (Maling, relying upon the established fact that the mouth is capable of giving ten pressure-suction cycles a second, believes that—after perhaps a year's practice—it should be possible for a good pneumatic typist to work up to a hundred words a minute. But a person who tries puffing awkwardly at a tube for the first time, amazed that it works at all, may be forgiven for finding this almost incredible.)

The device Pritchard used is called the General Purpose Control, Mark I. Through it he could control a bell, a light, heat, radio, television, telephone, bed-tilt, page-turner, and typewriter. All were operated by a single tube held in his mouth and selected from one indicator panel.

Maling and Clarkson accomplished this whole feat in their spare time and at their own expense. In some twenty months, they had effected a miracle offering new life, new hope, new satisfaction in learning new skills to people almost wholly disabled. At last, in May of this year, came official recognition. The Polio Research Fund—a privately supported foundation—made a grant, and Dr. Guttmann provided them with accommodation in the Research Department at Stoke Mandeville Hospital. So the new Electro-Mechanical Laboratory was set up, and Maling and Clarkson were engaged to continue their research and development on a full-time basis.

Here they are working now on a comprehensive control to make a patient all but independent in his own home. Added to the operations on the General Purpose Panel are a buzzer (keeping the bell for more urgent calls); three



The General Purpose Control, Mark I. (Copyright by the Polio Research Fund at Stoke Mandeville Hospital, England; photo, John Jackson.)

independent lights; six heat controls; radio in three wave bands and five volume settings; TV in four channels with five settings each for volume, contrast, and brightness; tape recorder (five operations); electric blanket (five settings); respirator change; and a house intercom to three other rooms. And all these will be worked by a formerly helpless man, through one little tube in his mouth.

The General Purpose Control, Mark I, not including the typewriter and its solenoid box, costs about \$400 to build—the cost of keeping a patient in the hospital for a few weeks. Four Mark I sets are now in existence and production of twenty-four is projected in a research program sponsored by the Polio Research Fund in co-operation with the Ministry of Health.

In addition to Pritchard, one of the chief beneficiaries so far has been Paul Bates, a well-built, hearty, athletic man who was stricken with poliomyelitis in the prime of life and completely paralyzed except for his mouth. He was a stock-broker before he became helpless. He is a stock-broker again now, carrying on his business from his bed.

For thousands like Bates and Pritchard a door back to life is opening—a door unlocked by a sensitive, warm-hearted nurse and by two dedicated persevering young men who coaxed from a tiny diaphragm a whole world of hope.

ELLEN DOUGLAS

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY LIFE

Mothers and Children

I

*I woke sobbing from this dream:
It was noon of an August day, humming with gnats.
Catch me, Mama!
His round belly bulged over his trunks and his legs
were still bowed like a baby's.
Treading water, I held out my arms.
But into our quiet pool, a thousand miles from the
sea, a wave came and swept him away. Roaring, grinding the
timbers of broken houses and the bodies of dead cattle, it
seized him and he drowned.*

*Then: He's not dead, I said. There he is, asleep;
the sheet's twisted and pulled out at the foot, and the
creases in his neck are dirty.*

*In the morning the wind blew and drove wet leaves
against my window, and, looking out at the rain, I wept
again at the dreams that rise from my soul's innocent night,
that sleep lightly behind my tenderest kisses.*

II

*Some nights I wake up and the fixed stars are
shifting. I feel my soul dissolve and crystallize again,
a stranger. All those I've done violence to, to whom I've
said, Together we can construct a universe, are rushing away
in the darkness like fragments of an exploded galaxy; van-
ishing, imagined constellations.*

*In the next room a child cries out in his sleep.
Monsters! Wolves in the bureau drawers!
I'm here, I say. There's nothing to be afraid of.*

*You, Dread Mover of my stars; Leave me a little
while this fixed faith.*

III

*When I get up, having lain a long time dry-eyed
in the dark, whispering to some faceless monster of the
night, How can I? I drink my coffee.*

*The morning paper comes. Smoke hangs in the sunny
kitchen window. Children gather their books, full of queer
grown-up notions, and set bravely out.*

*At the door, dragging his foot, the baby turns back;
he hasn't learned to tie his shoe laces.*

*My stomach aches, he says, meaning, Let me stay
one day more with you.*

*It'll be all right, I say, jerking the laces tight.
Hurry, now, or you'll be late.*

*Was it nothing but foolishness? For so it seems
after toast and coffee, with the marketing list to be made.*

*Oh, do not deny that God speaks in the night, in
pain, in the fears of children; and then, tomorrow, accept
his sunlit morning.*

IV

*In clean Sunday pants, legs stuck straight out,
too short to bend at the chair's edge, you sat and looked
at her.*

*The tent over her bed, except for its transparent
window, was like a sheet tent where you might hide in the
rainy winter dusk, hearing in the hall an Indian whisper,
Death to the white man! and then, Ah-iiiiii!*

Did you think she was playing Indian?

*Or did you see the tall metal cylinder hissing as
it measured out one day's breath more, and take it for a
rocket?*

*Strange toys for a sick, silent lady in a high white
bed, but you asked no questions.*

*We were quiet too. She would see you, as she had
asked, whispering while we bent to hear her, and then we
would take you home.*

How could you have known she was dying?

*And yet. . . . And yet, you sat and smiled and
searched for words to entertain her, as if she were honor
guest and you the host at a banquet.*

*Why did the chicken cross the ocean, Gran? Do you
know?*

She shook her head.

Because he wanted to go to England!

She smiled.

I lifted you down and you stood by the bed, timidly dimly aware in the silent, hissing room of sorrows and good-byes. You bent and kissed her hand where it lay, still as sleep on the white sheet.

I'll be back, you said. I know lots more riddles to ask you.

No gift you'll ever find for your beloved, no jeweled bird in a cage of golden wire, will shine so brightly as that day's gift of love.

Gardens in Dry Weather

Who tends the summer gardens along the back roads of the county?

Zinnias, bronze and lavender and dusty gold; red princess feathers, hollyhocks, and deadly snow-on-the-mountain; under a quilt of dust laid down by tractors that grind the dry turn-row.

Where are the joyful women who crowd their small yards with flowers and water them from the cisterns?

Do they, too, lie awake in the still night among so many sleeping? Do they say, I am alone, and with dumb voices, eyes wide in the darkness, Jesus, Jesus, where has my love gone?

Do they say, In the morning I'll pack and catch the bus; I'll go to Hernando and visit my sister. She can help me. I know she can help me.

And then, after breakfast, when the sun is high and hot, do they look out and see dust devils whirling in the dry fields and say, But who would water the flowers, if I were gone?

Dead Lovers

Long dead, he bounds across my sleep, lively as a child.

Twenty years—child-bearing, quarreling, loving, burying the dead—are burnt up, blown away, as if I shed a whole life.

Dreams of dead lovers do not die, but lie waiting, holding their stored sweetness in the mind's dark comb; lie waiting for sleep to release them.

Sometimes, later, when I wake up, I weep and bite the pillow as if I had just learned he was dead.

JAMES A. BEARD

LIFE AT ITS BEST

summer eating on the Oregon coast

*The way of life at the turn of the century
may be gone forever, but a famous
gourmet recalls some of its charming aspects
and gives recipes and advice on how
to re-create the eating that went with it.*

WHEN I was a boy in Oregon, life was organized around the seasons. Next to the mammoth winter preparations, I suppose our greatest activity was organizing for summer at the beach. Since we spent three to four months there each year, including visits in spring and winter, Mother had to be certain that things were in order for every possible emergency. My father, who didn't enjoy life at the beach, could be expected to join us only for an occasional weekend.

A huge trunk journeyed back and forth from Portland to the beach, along with an enormous packing case of general supplies, for Mother felt there was nothing in the stores near our destination but inferior merchandise. Thus, she would make a special visit to the paper company for the sole purpose of buying a summer's supply of waxed paper, wrapping paper, and toilet tissue. Then she would commence to select food to be packed and shipped—such staples as dried beans and rice, spices and seasonings, and a few jars of vegetables and jams. She hated the musty smell which linens took on when stored at the beach, so there were fresh linens to be sent, too, and new dishes.

Two or three days before we left, the household was in a tumult. A ham was being cooked, a batch of bread was baking, and miscellaneous tidbits were being prepared to see us through the first two or three meals. All of this was stored in a large willow picnic hamper. Then our clothes

were packed, the bags were closed, and the express man came to collect everything and check it through to Gearhart. I have gone to Europe for a year's stay with less packing and far less strain.

Finally the day arrived. In the early morning Mother fixed a luncheon to take along, although the train left at 8:30 and we arrived at the beach shortly after noon. You never knew who might be on the train, and a few sandwiches and cookies would be just the thing. Usually this meant thin slices of bread with marmalade, sliced egg and cold chicken sandwiches, and perhaps a tidy pound cake. Mr. McKiernan arrived to drive us to the old Spokane, Portland, and Seattle station.

This railroad had a branch line on which the train tore down along the bank of the Columbia River to Astoria at the astonishing rate of twenty miles an hour or better. We rode in the same venerable parlor cars year after year, and the porters were like members of the family. We had to arrive at the station early or I made a frightful scene, for it was absolutely vital that I have a certain chair on the observation platform. Oh, what train travel lost when the observation platform went out! I have never enjoyed trains as much as I did then, sitting in the open air getting covered with coal dust and clinkers. I had a feeling of personal contact with the world passing by—as if I were touring the countryside on my back porch.

The first stop of any importance was Rainier on the river. Mother had friends in Rainier who were advised as to the exact time of our arrival, and they always came down to the station to pass a few minutes of pleasantries. Then we set off again, and before long we were unpacking the sandwiches, especially if friends of mine were aboard. Children and mothers alike shared our picnic, the porters brought us ginger ale, and

there was a festive air about the entire trip.

Beyond Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia River, where sometimes more friends were on hand to greet us, we went over an endless trestle spanning Young's Bay. This thrilled me beyond words, for it was just like going to sea.

Gearhart was on the coast about eighteen miles below the mouth of the Columbia River. It was a heavenly spot with lush timber; beautiful meadows; a wide white beach delightful for walking, driving, or riding; and a tossing, roaring surf perfect for bathing. It was, and still is, a unique little community, for its commercial life has been kept at a minimum, and there are no amusements other than a golf course. Today it continues to have a sort of isolated charm that attracts the same type of people who lived there when I was a child, and many of the houses are occupied by the families who built them, soon after the turn of the century. Our first year there was 1908, and in 1910 we built a small house in what was then considered a rather remote part of the meadow. It is still not too built up. No place I have ever been gives me quite as much pleasure. I adore the ocean, the sand, the solitude.

Mother would have written asking the Tybergs or William Badger to have the house opened and to meet us and pick up the trunks and assorted packages. It was like the arrival of a celebrated prima donna.

As soon as we reached the house there was the fuss of getting unpacked, getting a fire going, getting a bit of lunch ready—invariably, it seems to me, cold ham and pickles, bread and butter, and cheese and tea. Then we set to work on the house, and by evening it was so well organized we might never have been away at all. We would have a long walk on the beach to see if its familiar contours had been altered. Most likely there would be a dinner invitation for us, and people we knew began to drop by. Among them were sure to be the Hamblet family.

The Hamblets were close friends of my mother's and so interlaced with our gastronomic life that I must pause to introduce them here. Harry Hamblet was a New Englander, a man of medium height and comfortable proportions and the most thoroughly generous and outgoing man

Born in the Northwest, James A. Beard began his culinary education in his mother's kitchen; she was a well-known hotel operator and famous cook. He has traveled widely, become an authority on food and drink, and written more than ten books on the subject. He runs a cooking school from his own kitchen in New York.

I think I ever knew. His wife, who became known to my generation of Portlanders as "Grammie," was one of my mother's intimate friends over a period of more than fifty years. And the last Hamblet—Mary—is still one of my best friends—another friendship of over fifty years.

INTO THE SKILLET—AND OUT

TO SAY that the Beards and Hamblets ate hundreds of meals together is an understatement. And what a treasure house of good food this part of the world was for us! The sandy soil was perfection for vegetables and small fruits; the evening dew and the temperate climate were good for growing and ripening. The nearby waters provided an inexhaustible supply of fish.

The Columbia River abounded with salmon, sturgeon, and halibut; and the ocean with the small turbot, grunions, and a tremendous variety of small fish. The Pacific's greatest blessing, though, was the Dungeness crab, to my mind unequaled by anything in the shellfish world. (I will match a good Dungeness against the best lobster in America and against the best *langouste* in Europe.) In addition to the crab, there were the superb razor clams, which flourished in the days of our beaching and continue in small supply nowadays—definitely a sportsman's catch. They have a rich flavor, somewhat akin to scallops, and a delicacy of texture that is different from any other clam I know. And they are larger than most clams, with a tender digger and a somewhat less tender body. So distinctive are they, that one should have them cooked as simply as possible in order to savor their natural goodness.

We also had mussels by the ton, but there is something in the water or the life cycle of this mollusk which makes them inedible in the West for a long season of the year. This greatly upset Mother, who had a passion for mussels and who looked longingly whenever we saw them clinging to the rocks. In the rivers and streams around us there were also thousands of small crawfish, trout, pogies (not to be confused with the Eastern porgies), tom cod, catfish of a type, and other delights.

It's no wonder we existed almost entirely on the riches of the rivers and the sea. Harry Hamblet was interested in the first oyster beds to transplant Eastern oysters to the Pacific Coast. As a result, bags of oysters arrived each week from not too distant Shoalwater Bay, and these added to our bounty.

One of my memories is of my mother and Harry



*Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include Drambuie*

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**BETTER BECAUSE IT'S GAS
BEST BECAUSE IT'S CALORIC**



Hamblet, in early morning, cooking dozens of freshly opened oysters in butter by the pound. There were two big iron skillets going. The oysters were floured, dipped in egg and cracker crumbs, and cooked quickly in deep butter till golden on both sides. The butter was not hot enough to black them, and the oysters were not deep fried but merely sautéed just fast enough to heat them through. A squeeze of lemon and some freshly ground pepper was all they needed, together with a garnish of bacon and crisp buttered toast. On such occasions I'm certain that more than a dozen oysters were consumed by each person. Anyone who says you should never cook an oyster has never tasted these after a long walk along the beach in the sea air. They were ambrosial, and this isn't just nostalgia, for I tried them again lately to see!

Sometimes after an early morning session of clamming we had a breakfast of fried clams, fresh from the sands. The razor clam spits through the sand and leaves an indentation known as a clam hole. As soon as one of us spotted this marker, he took a shovelful of sand, then fell to his knees and searched the sand until he struck the clamshell. Sometimes it was a struggle to bring a clam to the surface, so strong was its digging power. A take of five to six dozen in a morning was not unusual.

Mother thought clamming a great sport and would arise at five in the morning when there was a good low tide, don her best alpaca bathing suit, and be off to the beach equipped with shovel and basket. She would meet a number of friends there, mostly men, for few women would bother to go clamming. I often went with her in later years, but my special joy at first was crabbing. The Dungeness used to hide in deep pools accessible at low tide, and if you wandered through with a rake you could trap a fair quantity. You had to be alert, though, and early—for everyone else wanted them too.

Clam Fritters

Beat 2 egg yolks till light and lemon-colored and add to them 1 cup minced clams which have been drained. Blend with 1 cup toasted bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, dash tabasco. Add enough clam juice or milk to make a heavy batter, and lastly fold in the egg whites, stiffly beaten. Drop by spoonfuls into a well-buttered heavy skillet and bake till nicely browned on both sides. Serve with butter or with a tartar sauce.

Thus, we often went home with five dozen clams and six or eight crabs. If she was in the mood Mother would clean a dozen or so clams and remove the diggers, which she brushed with flour and sautéed quickly in butter until heated through and not particularly golden. Most people cooked the whole clam. Mother was independent enough to think that only the diggers were fit to eat in this manner; the rest of the clam could be used for other dishes. Nowadays, alas, you are lucky if you can get the clams to sauté in their entirety. I am certain that if the razor clam existed in France, the recipes for them would be classic. As it is, such people as Helen Evans Brown, Catharine Laughton, and I go on singing their praises.

CLAMS AND CRABS

MOTHER took a dim view of the average clam chowder, as did the Hamblets. The one we all loved was magnificently creamy and filled with the smokiness of bacon and the piquancy of thyme. The clams and their juice were added at the moment of serving, and this timing, together with the seasoning, made it, we thought, better than any other chowder on the beach.

Clam broth we had by the quart. The portion of the clams she didn't use for sautéing were tossed into a large pot together with their shells, onions, celery, carrots, parsley, and water to cover. She allowed this to steep for an hour or so till the concentrated flavor of the clams had permeated the broth. This was strained and served hot in small cups or chilled with a tiny bit of salted whipped cream on it. And it was also used as a base for soups and sauces, bestowing a flavor that was wonderfully delicate.

The same, less choice portions of the clam were sometimes minced. This was made into the lightest of fritters, served with a genuine tartar sauce—not a concoction with some dill pickle and garlic added.

Our scalloped clams, another delight, were made with cracker crumbs (not cracker meal, but rather coarse crumbs of good unsalted soda crackers), clams, butter, milk, cream, egg, chopped parsley, and that was all. Sometimes Mother would use much the same base and add beaten egg whites to make a form of soufflé I have never had anywhere else. It was puffy, subtly flavored with clam, and as airy a dish as ever existed. And this was baked in the oven of a wood stove, which was like a pet to my mother; she could almost tell it what to do.

Escalloped Clams

Combine 3 tablespoons grated onion, 2 cups minced drained clams, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, and a dash of tabasco.

Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread crumbs and 1 cup coarsely crushed cracker crumbs with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter. Blend well. Reserve $\frac{1}{3}$ of the mixture. Combine the rest with the clam mixture and spoon into a buttered baking dish or casserole. Top with remaining buttered crumbs, dot with butter, and pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream over all. Bake for about 25 minutes in a 375° oven till top is nicely browned and crisp.

The trouble with American gastronomy is that the tradition of regional eating has been ruined during this century. Everyone thinks he must have Maine lobster in Oregon and California asparagus in New York, and so it goes. What a job it is to find a restaurant—and they are rare—where the pleasures of regional food are still respected.

Dungeness crab is now sent across the country, but to eat it freshly cooked and to eat it after refrigeration are two different experiences. And to eat it frozen after it has traveled the breadth of the country can only be a disappointing experience. There is a restaurant in San Francisco—Big Ben, to be exact—where the crab is cooked and never refrigerated, merely cooled, and the flavor speaks for itself.

One can also get crab fresh from the boilers along Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco and in shops in Oregon. If you allow these to cool and eat them with a rich homemade mayonnaise, good bread and butter, and beer or a very light white wine, you will have a meal that the gods intended only for the pure in palate.

And to have Grammie Hamblet's deviled crab! I have maintained all my life that this is the best cooked crab I have ever known. It is made with finely chopped, crisp vegetables, cracker crumbs and butter, and it is seasoned well and cooked just long enough to heat the crabmeat without turning it mushy. Served with a very brisk wine—a Muscadet or a Chablis—it is indescribably good, for there is the luscious flavor of the crabmeat in a crisp cadre. Grammie Hamblet deserved a seat in the gastronomic heaven for having thought that one up!

A SEASON OF SALMON

WE HAD salmon during the entire season. Harry Hamblet and the Peter Grants saw to that. The Grants were in the cannery business and commuted all summer between the plant in Astoria and Gearhart.

Grammie Hamblet's Deviled Crab

Chop enough celery to make 1 cup. It must be cut finer than fine. Add 1 good-sized green pepper cut exceedingly fine. 1 cup finely sliced green onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped parsley. 2 pounds crabmeat, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups coarsely crushed cracker crumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons dry mustard, a healthy dash tabasco, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream, and 1 cup melted butter. Toss lightly and spoon into a buttered baking dish. Top with additional crushed cracker crumbs and brush with melted butter. Bake at 350° for 25-30 minutes or until delicately browned. Serve at once.

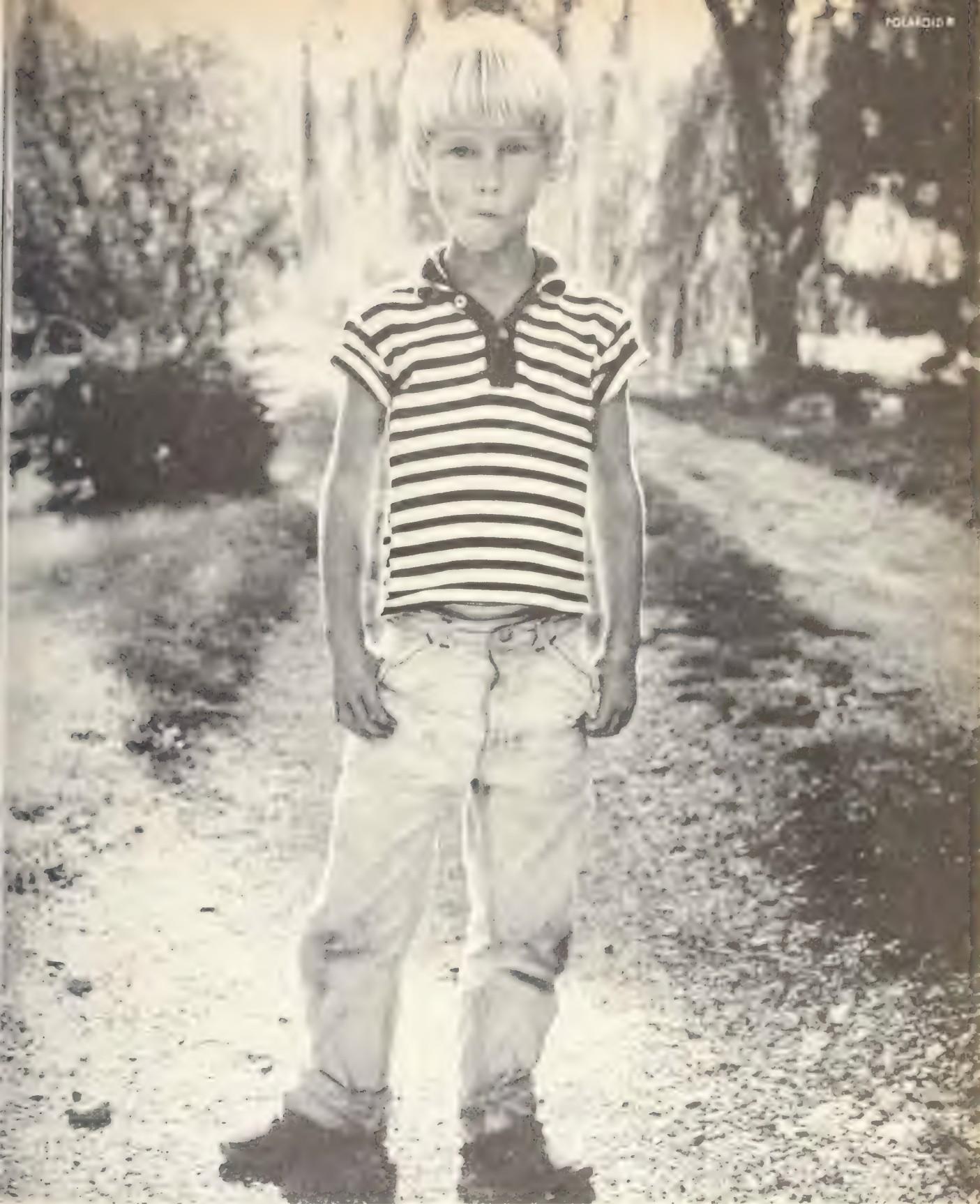
About once a week they would ask if we wanted a fish, and that night a salmon would arrive, caught the same morning, sometimes sent along with a package of salmon cheeks, which the Hamblets and Beards preferred to almost anything else in the fish world. The cheeks were easy to get in those days, for no one thought of cutting them out when the heads were removed. Nowadays they are as scarce as white caviar and nearly as expensive, if you can get them. We feasted on them sautéed in butter or occasionally grilled over the fire.

The rest of the salmon we poached, baked, or cut into steaks to grill. The poached was usually accompanied by an egg sauce or a parsley sauce; the baked was done with onions, tomatoes in season, peppers, and a few rashers of bacon, all of which were served up with the fish. This year in Oregon, I had an extremely tasty baked salmon stuffed with vegetables, covered with layers of cucumber, and topped with a little garlic, dill, and some bacon.

Poached Salmon With Egg and Parsley Sauce

Choose a 4 to 5 pound piece of salmon from the center of the fish. Wrap it in cheese cloth with ends of the material extending on either side of the fish for some distance so that you can raise it and lower it into the kettle. Prepare a court bouillon in a large kettle which will accommodate the fish. You will need 3 quarts water, 1 cup white wine, a dash of vinegar, an onion stuck with 2 cloves, a carrot, a sprig of parsley, 2 tablespoons salt, a bay leaf, and 2 or 3 slices of lemon. Bring to a boil and boil for 10 minutes. Reduce the heat and lower the salmon into the liquid. Poach at a feeble ebullition for about 6 minutes per pound or until the fish flakes easily when tested with a toothpick or fork. Remove the fish to a hot platter.

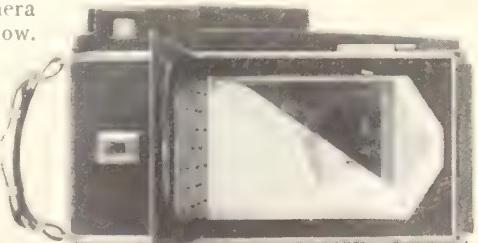
While the fish is cooking, melt 3 tablespoons butter in a skillet and blend with 4 tablespoons flour and cook for two or three minutes. Add 1 cup of the fish liquid and stir until thickened. Season to taste with



CTURE came out of a Polaroid Land in ten seconds. It shows you the picture you get when a child knows it in just ten seconds. He enjoys

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salt and freshly ground black pepper. Stir in 1 cup heavy cream mixed with two egg yolks and stir until it thickens slightly—do not let it boil! Fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced hard-boiled eggs and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley. Correct the seasoning and serve with the fish, boiled potatoes, and a cucumber salad.

Drink a brisk white wine—a Chablis or a Muscadet.

Rhoda's Baked Salmon

Split a 4-5 pound piece of salmon and stuff with thinly sliced onion, tomato, pepper, and a few sprigs of parsley. Salt and pepper lightly and add a touch of tarragon. Place 1 large or 2 small cucumbers sliced in medium slices atop the salmon skin. Add a little chopped garlic and fresh dill. Lay bacon strips across the top and bake in a 350° oven for about 55 minutes or until the salmon flakes easily when tested with a fork.

Serve with tiny new potatoes and tiny French peas.

Almost any way you treat a fresh Columbia salmon, it is good, but it must not be overcooked. It should be moist, tender, and just cooked through. Since my Gearhart days I have eaten a variety of salmon and learned a number of ways to prepare it. It is a fish with great distinction, and I feel it has never had the acclaim in this country it deserves. Too many people think of it as something that comes from a can or is sold smoked.

How delicious it was when I had it as the Indians used to do it, barbecued or smoked over an open fire, attached to a forked spirea branch which won't burn, or spitted and roasted over charcoal or wood coals. Or how good it was prepared with a soufflé mixture, which was poached and served with a mousseline sauce; or when poached and served cold with a sauce verte or a simple tarragon mayonnaise.

Smoked salmon varies in quality a good deal, and the Scots and the Swedes have done the best with the smoking process, to my mind, with the Irish a runner-up. The salmon of these people is firm and pungent. Most of the Nova Scotia is too soft, and the West Coast variety is too salt, too pulpy or too hot-smoked, so that it resembles a kippered rather than a smoked fish. There should be a standard set up for judging smoked fish so that one needn't shop around for a reliable piece.

Ironically, good grades are even hard to track down in New York, where probably more smoked salmon is eaten than in any other city in the world.

Kippered salmon, which is smoke-cooked, can be as great a delicacy as the smoked salmon if properly done. There, I think, the Northwest kipper people come through with the best product, providing they do not stoop to the horror of artificial smoke. It is a delectable bit when cut thin and served with a mustard mayonnaise or a dill sauce and eaten with rye bread and beer. It is also good heated in foil and served with butter and boiled potatoes for breakfast or lunch.

SPECIALS FOR COMPANY

THE trout deserves the praise it gets. In Switzerland and the Alpine section of France, live trout are tossed into an acidulous court bouillon to make a dish as delicate and as great as any piscatorial delight—*Truite au Bleu*. This is usually offered with melted butter or a hollandaise. We seldom had trout this classic way in Gearhart, because they were generally brought to us by fishing friends who came down late in the morning from their jaunts. Thus, we would have a simple, impromptu lunch, the trout being served *meunière* or cooked in a coating of corn-meal with bacon. I have been severely chastized by a gourmet-according-to-the-books for even mentioning the idea of bacon and trout together. But is it any more improbable to add the flavor of bacon than to add lemon or vinegar, as in *Truite au Bleu*? I hope someday to have the chance to offer this critic a perfectly sautéed mountain trout with bacon. I'm certain he will eat it with gusto, protesting the while that it shouldn't be.

We had much company at the beach. Good friends of Mother's would come to stay for a week or two, and there would be talk fests, visits,

Truite au Bleu

The secret of a good blue trout is a live trout. It must be gutted and tossed into the sharp bouillon of vinegar and water, with salt and peppercorns, while it is still jumping. The proportions for the trout are about 1 part vinegar to 3 parts water, and salt and peppercorns are all you need—although you might toss in a small onion and a sprig of parsley without being called a non-classic cook. Cover the trout and cook for 4-5 minutes or until the fish is just cooked through. It will have developed a delightful bluish tinge when cooked. Serve this delicacy with melted butter and lemon juice and plain boiled potatoes. Drink a light white wine—perhaps a Swiss one.



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walks, and picnics. We lived informally, and there was little punctuality about mealtimes unless guests had been invited in advance, or something very special, such as a poached salmon, was on the menu. Then, God help you if you were late.

Breakfast, Mother and I usually had together. We were both early risers. If we had already been clamming, crabbing, or swimming, by seven o'clock or seven-thirty we were ravenously hungry. We might have sautéed clams for ourselves or clam fritters, sour milk griddle cakes with bacon, or scrambled eggs with bacon. If Mother were in the mood, she might make popovers, which she did with a flair, and these would be eaten with fresh jam and probably a boiled egg. I could easily manage three of the light puffs and was then quite happy to set out for an adventure at the beach or in the woods.

Luncheon, if we were home and not picnicking in the woods, might be just cracked crab with Mother's fine mayonnaise, or a crab salad with finely shredded young cabbage, a tiny bit of celery, a touch of onion, and plenty of good crabmeat—two parts crab to one of vegetables, tossed with a judicious amount of mayonnaise. This was fantastically good eating and was often served as a company lunch, along with legs of crab as a garnish and thinly sliced hard-boiled eggs. We had big peach-blossom Chinese bowls for salads, and the dish looked extremely handsome as it was brought to table. With this lunch went thin homemade bread and butter, or hot rolls or muffins, and fresh fruit, a tart, or one of Mother's quick coffee cakes.

Another favorite lunch for guests was a huge piece of cold salmon which had been pickled with vinegar, oil, bay leaves, peppercorns, lots of sliced onion, and a little garlic, as well as some of the broth in which the fish was cooked. This was drained and arranged on a platter with chopped parsley and chives, thinly sliced cucumber and tomato, if in season. A mayonnaise was served with this, and it was accompanied by homemade bread and sometimes a vegetable salad, in addition to the cucumber. If good fruit was available, there would be a fruit tart for dessert, or there might be a soufflé.

One year our rich next-door neighbors, who always maintained a staff of five or six at the beach, and who frequently invited us to lunch, arrived with a fine French cook. Julie took a great fancy to Mother and gave her tips on shopping and on managing with a beach kitchen. And when she made soufflés she would often make two and have one rushed next door to our

table. She made a pineapple soufflé such as I have never eaten since, and on one rare occasion we had picked enough wild strawberries for a soufflé. This turned out to be a heavenly, once in a lifetime treat. It was Julie who, in collaboration with Mother, first produced the highly successful clam soufflé.

Julie's Soufflé Mixture

Blend 3 tablespoons flour with 3 tablespoons melted butter, and stir well and cook for 3-4 minutes over medium heat. Stir in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk or other liquid and stir till thickened.

Cool slightly, add 4 egg yolks, and return to heat for two or three minutes, stirring well. Add flavorings and cool slightly. Finally add 5 or 6 egg whites beaten stiff but not dry. Fold with a spatula, with the hands, or in the electric beater if you have one with a whisk attachment. If you fold by hand or spatula fold in $\frac{1}{3}$ of the whites very thoroughly. Then add the other $\frac{2}{3}$ more lightly but do not leave great chunks of white in the batter. Pour into a $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 quart container—it does not need to be the official soufflé form—and bake at 400° for 25-30 minutes, depending upon the firmness you desire in a soufflé.

The most important thing is not to have any fear of a soufflé. It is a simple process, and if you learn once to be casual about it there can never be a failure. Folding is important, and once you get the feel of a soufflé into your fingers by folding by hand, you will know the quality of batter that makes a good soufflé. Test the soufflé in the oven by gently pressing with your hand to determine the firmness inside. Some people like a firm soufflé, and others prefer one which is firm on the outside and quite runny inside.

Some soufflés will vary in the number of egg whites and egg yolks for one reason or another. This is precisely the way the originator wanted the soufflé, and it has proved itself over a period of years and should remain that way.

Julie's Pineapple Soufflé

Prepare the basic soufflé mixture above but add 6 egg yolks and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and cook over medium heat till well blended and thick. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed drained pineapple, 1 teaspoon vanilla, and a pinch of salt. Beat 8 egg whites and fold them in according to directions given above.

Butter a 2 quart soufflé dish and sugar it well. Pour the mixture in the mold and bake at 400° for 35 minutes or until the soufflé is firm enough for your taste. Serve with a sauce of melted vanilla ice cream—an easy and perfectly delicious sauce for soufflés.

If we had a meat dish, which was not too often, it might be a meat pie with kidney and vegetables or a really good *pot au feu* with all the seasonal vegetables in the broth and plenty of marrow bones. Potatoes in their jackets were the proper accompaniment, and the extra beef was pressed and made into cold cuts used in a salad. Occasionally a piece of corned beef from Portland provided a pleasant change of fare. It was ideal for picnic sandwiches or as a snack for supper.

And sometimes Mother would come by a fine fowl, procured from the people who sold eggs, and this would make a rich fricassee, or it was used for Mother's special smothered chicken—a type of *daube*—in which the chicken was browned and put to simmer with vegetables, seasonings and liquid, to which cream and thickening was added. The vegetables were removed and served separately, along with boiled potatoes in jackets, or rice. This dish could last for a couple of days if the weather was right, for refrigeration at the beach was somewhat primitive.

Our Beach Fricassee of Chicken

Cut a large fowl into serving pieces. Make separate pieces of the thigh and the leg, cut the breast into three sections, probably, and have the wings separate. The back and the ribs make three pieces, too.

You should have an extra package of backs, necks, and gizzards to make a rich broth. Two pounds of necks and 2 of gizzards with 2 quarts of water, an onion stuck with cloves and salt, should make a good rich chickeny broth which has so many uses. We always seemed to have a great jar of it in the ice box or cooler.

Make a bed of greens cut into matchlike sticks on the bottom of the kettle in which you are to cook the chicken. Three leeks, 2 carrots, 1 large onion, 2 stalks celery, several sprigs of parsley, and a teaspoon of thyme should be in the mixture. Arrange chicken pieces on this and add ¼ cup oil, ¼ cup white wine, and enough broth to cover the vegetables and touch the chicken pieces. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salt and a little freshly ground black pepper. Cover tightly and simmer at 300° in the oven or atop the stove at medium heat until the chicken is just tender—close to 2 hours.

About 20 minutes before the chicken has finished cooking, cook 2 cups of rice in 4½ cups chicken broth. Bring the broth to a boil, add the rice, and bring to a boil again. Salt to taste, cover and put on very low heat for 13 minutes. Test for doneness and check whether the rice has absorbed the broth.

Brown 2 tablespoons flour in 3 tablespoons butter, gradually stir in 2 cups rich chicken broth from the pan in which the chicken cooked, and continue stirring till the mixture is blended and thick. Cook for 2 minutes, add 1 cup cream mixed with 3 egg yolks and stir until thickened, but do not let boil. Taste for seasoning. Add some chopped parsley and serve with the chicken and rice. Sometimes we added tiny green olives to the sauce.

Supper was an uncertain affair. We might have a simple meal of eggs and cheese or a cold snack of some sort, together with tea and a sweet or toast and marmalade. If we went picnicking at the beach, it was a brisk but heavy meal. Often we'd sup with the Hamblets or the Marias family, who were numerous and who would have a crowd of guests besides for an evening of food, music, and conversation.

So went our pattern of beach living.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S DISH

MOTHER was critical of the way most people lived at the beach, looked down her nose at the food served in other houses, and, except for meals with the Hamblet family, she usually refused invitations to eat out. "No use giving up the pleasures of eating just because you're on vacation," she would say. "Who wants to eat a lot of horrible stuff out of jars and cans and that ghastly baker's bread which tastes like cotton batting? To hell with it. I'd rather have a cup of tea and some of my own bread and cracked crab than eat all that stuff that's bound to give me indigestion!"

The Hamblets, the Beards, and two or three good friends who would share our house for a fortnight or so seemed to have noses for wild berries. Mother and Grammie Hamblet, especially. They could almost scent it in the air when the wild strawberries were just right, and off they'd go with the rest of us in tow, all laden with buckets. Five- and three-pound lard pails made superb berry containers in those days.

The wild strawberries at Gearhart and up the beach took hours to gather, but they were so good that no one seemed to mind. They grew on long stems, similar to the European *fraises des bois*, and had a sugary, wild flavor that has lingered on my palate all these years. Occasionally in Spain or in the remote parts of France, where the *fraises des bois* are not cultivated to tasteless pulp, one finds the same flavor, and in the countryside and mountains of the Northwest and sometimes in New England one discovers them in small quantities. No one has experienced the real flavor of strawberries until he has had a plate of these or tasted a good preserve made with them. Fortnum and Mason have done a superb job of bottling little scarlet berries in preserve, and I urge you to send for some or buy some the next time you are in London. Incidentally, only strawberries of the wild variety grew in England until the sixteenth century, and it was an Englishman, Cardinal Wolsey, who started the fad of eating

strawberries with cream. Mother was deeply indebted to him; she loved to skim heavy cream from a pan of milk onto a plate of berries.

During our berry jaunts, we would also find yellowish-pink salmon berries. These were good enough to eat from the vine, my mother pronounced, but not good enough to carry home—too gross in flavor. The same thing went for the thimble berry, a variety of wild raspberry. Blue huckleberries were the most elusive of the wild berries. They usually grew in places difficult to reach, in the midst of a mountain wilderness. But once you found a patch you were in luck. No matter how they were prepared—in a deep dish pie, which we had often; or in a strange English version of the *clafoutis*, with a batter poured over the berries and baked; or in little dumplings which were dropped into cooked huckleberries—they were fantastically good. No cultivated blueberries ever tasted as good. I think it was the slow maturing and the fact that they grew in deep forests which made the wild variety so exceptional. Once years after my beach days when I was working with a restaurant, I opened a great container of frozen berries from Canada, and even through the freeze, the wonderful scent of wild huckleberries reached me. How I longed for a berry patch then.

Another berry much prized by us were mountain blackberries, which have now been distributed through the country by a firm—in its infancy when I was young—called Dickinson's. These wild brambles flourish in logged-over land and trailed through all sorts of terrain. Since there was a good deal of logged-out land near us, it was simple to find them. One could get rather torn and scratched gathering these tiny blackberries, but they were well worth the trouble. They were too tart to eat in any quantity from the vine, but in jam and jelly and tarts and pies they were exceedingly delicious.

We usually had the blackberries baked with a top crust only, or we would go to the Hamblets for a two-crust pie, which Grammie Hamblet made with great flair. Or we would feast on sour-milk pancakes for breakfast generously covered with freshly made blackberry jam. Sometimes the pancakes would be made large, buttered, spread with jam, and rolled, then brushed with more butter, sprinkled with sugar, and put into the oven for a few minutes.

Mary Hamblet practically lived on her horse—her sister and brother spent as much time on theirs—and the trio would come prancing down to our house to announce the discovery of a new patch of berries or the fact that there had been

a good catch of crab, and how many could we use, or how many oysters? Such gastronomic courier systems are rare these days.

BIGGEST FIVE CENTS

THREE miles from Gearhart was a bustling resort, Seaside, quite the opposite of our reserved community. There were shops, amusements, dance halls, restaurants, and hundreds of tourists. People there lived in cottages built close to one another and without the splendid isolation that Gearhart provided. At any rate, we had many friends there and often spent the day, visiting, seeing a movie, then taking the late train back, or walking the three miles at night with a spirit of adventure.

One place in Seaside fascinated all of us children, and drew us back each time we were in town. This was West's Dairy, where they made a five-cent milk shake, which resembled the *granitas* of Italy and offered twenty-eight different flavors. We always resolved to sample each of the flavors before the season was over. I doubt that we ever made it, although we'd invade West's five at a time, order five flavors, and try each other's flavor. And what flavors—claret! wild blackberry! tutti-frutti! grenadine! blue huckleberry! cherry! pistachio! I can see the soda jerks now scraping ice from a tremendous block, putting it in a mixing glass, adding the flavor and then whole milk. It was probably the biggest five cents worth of anything I ever had, and it was good. Needless to say, that was the only time I drank milk.

These days on the Oregon shore were among the most memorable in my life. I can remember several occasions when an equinoctial storm came up suddenly, catching us still on the beach. I reveled in being out in the driving rain and high winds and in watching the surf go wild. It was equally exciting to scurry home, draw the shutters and sup on good food while listening to the wind and beating rain. When the storm had passed, it left a calm of indescribable beauty. I would rush out to the beach to see if any damage had been done to the other houses or to the bulkheads and to see what new treasures had been washed ashore.

Then for complete peace there was nothing like the week between Christmas and New Year's when we stayed at the beach. Few houses would be open, and the sense of removal from the rest of the world was even stronger. Mother kept certain items stored in the house for this off-season visit, but as always, we went to the sea for our food, and it sustained us perfectly.

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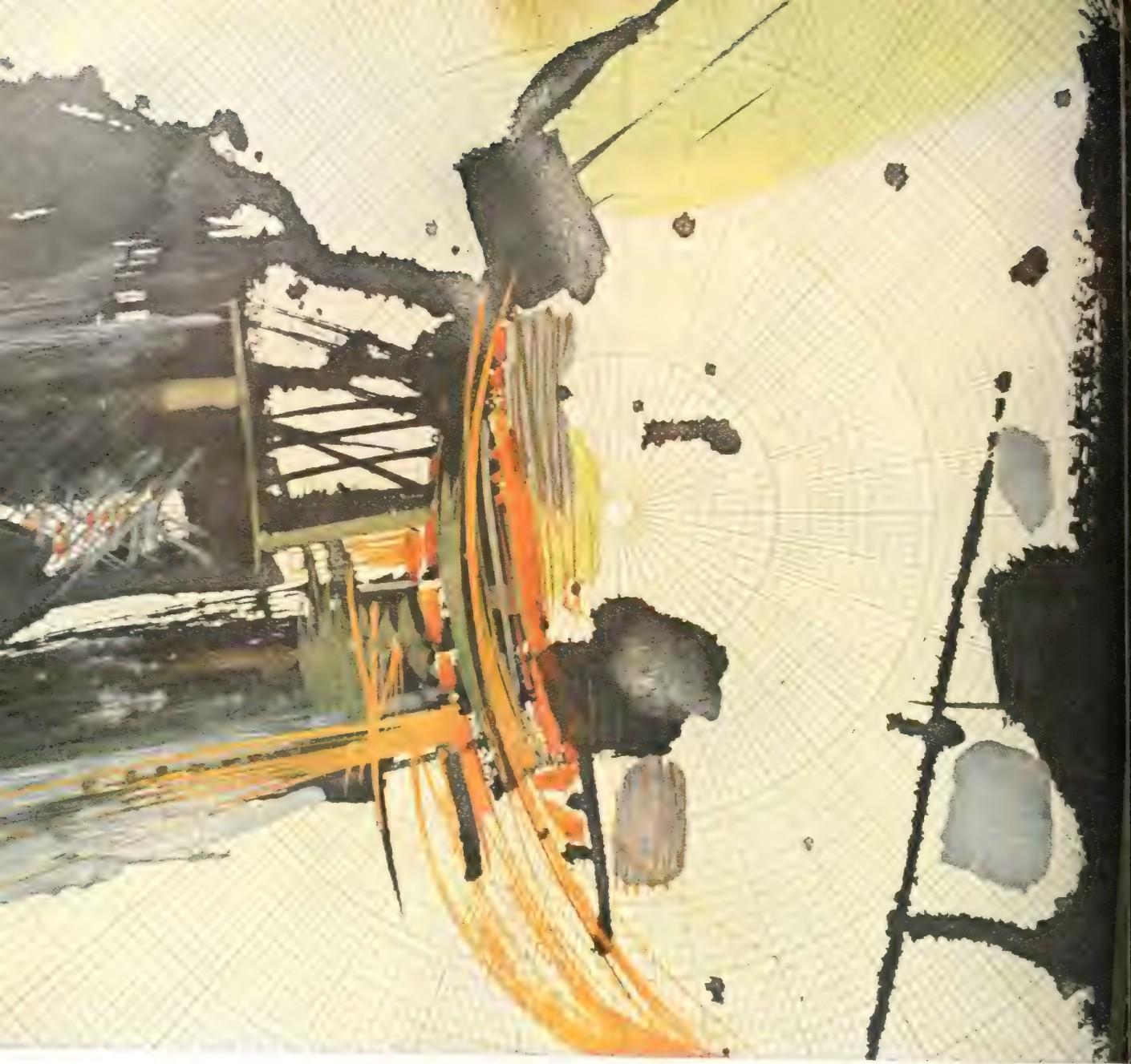
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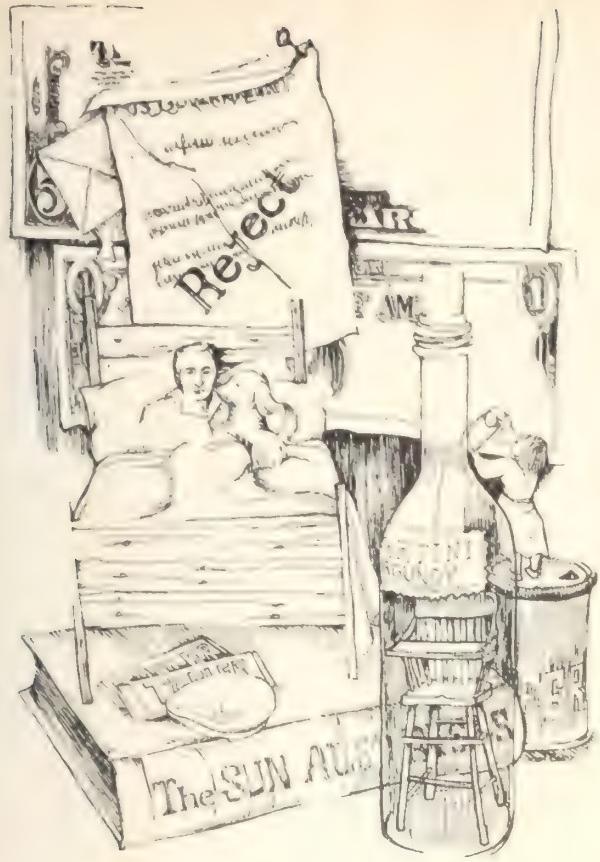
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The Hemingway Influence

A Story by ANTHONY OSTROFF

I WAS sick in bed the day the letter came. It was quite a blow. I had applied for a job in South America with the government, and after I had applied and we were interviewed and the panel had told us we would be very good, and that after the security check, which was only a matter of form, we'd hear from them, we got very excited about the prospect and began counting on it. "Servants!" I would say, joyfully forgetting about democracy. "We can have servants. A nurse. Or a governess." And we would plan how we could go out to the bars and cafés and even off on weekends together.

The letter was a form letter saying I didn't get the job. I showed it to June.

"Well," she said, "it was your medical record."

There was no doubt of that. I got out of the Army with about 170 per cent disability, except, as the VA wrote me, they could only pay me for 100 per cent. Later it went down to 10 per cent for a heart murmur. Nothing anymore for the jungle rot or the broken bones or the malaria—which seemed fair enough: I was recovered. But it was some record, and there was no doubt the Civil Service men had checked it. The panel had been inquisitive enough about my health.

"Now we know, anyway," I said.

"Dan, do you feel awful?"

"I dunno," I said. "I guess they have to be careful about health in the lower echelons of the government."

"Don't feel too bad about it," she said.

"I don't feel bad about it," I said. "Give me a little time. I'll feel terrible about it in about an hour."

I don't know why we talked like that. It wasn't our usual style. Maybe it was because I was rereading *The Sun Also Rises* that day. I might have got some of Hemingway's rhythms mixed up with my own. In a way it was odd that I should have been rereading that book just then—it certainly wasn't a good time for it. I had been in bed two days with bronchitis, and that morning I had wandered into Charlie's room, which was my study before he was born, and after a little disconsolation over the shelves, that was the book I decided to reappropriate. I had read a couple of chapters before the mail came.

"Well," June sighed.

We put the letter away, and the remains of the morning began drifting by. June went back to her chores, and I went back to the bedroom and sat. Then Charlie got fed. Then we had lunch. Then I decided what the hell, and got dressed and went down to school to see if I had any mail there. Maybe something, I thought. An inheritance. I still had a reasonably distinguished fever, but I couldn't go back to bed with all those surprises waiting for me in my mailbox down at the high school.

Even though it was Saturday when no one should have been there. Borden Edwards was in the department office. He was typing exams for his Senior English course. "Hi, Dan," he said when I came in. "Christ, you look terrible." I told him I felt terrible, but I didn't tell him about the letter.

We talked awhile, and he took pity on me for being unshaven and having bronchitis, and gave me a package of Delicados, which he surreptitiously imports from Mexico since he can't stand American tobacco. The whole package was a

gift, he said. I lit one of the cigarettes, which tasted very much like Gauloises Bleus and reminded me suddenly of the year June and I were in France and I smoked nothing but Gauloises Bleus, at first because I couldn't afford better, but then because I had got to like them very much. Borden went back to his typing, which he said he had to finish by three o'clock when he was picking up his wife at the Co-op, where she worked. I puffed on my Gauloise-Bleu-Delicado and thought about our year in France and how it seemed we'd never have a year like that again, and wondered how in hell Borden had happened to get hooked on Delicados.

No more mail.

On my way home I stopped at the grocery store to buy some Kleenex, and there I saw some Tobler chocolate bars. In all the years I had gone into the store they had never had them before, and I asked the woman who runs the store about it and she said they had just got them a week ago. There were four or five different kinds. I remembered how in France we were always surprised at how many kinds of chocolate there were, and how we kept eating various species of Tobler bars. Remembering, it seemed we had eaten nothing but Tobler chocolate and the good bread and cheese and wine. So I bought a bar of the chocolate and took it home with me.

When I got home there was a bottle of Louis Martini burgundy sitting on the living-room table. "Where did this come from?" I asked.

"Margaret Jones brought it. She just left a few minutes ago," June said. She was sitting on the floor trying to fix Charlie's stroller, which kept coming apart.

"Well, it's nice to have a rich friend," I said.

June smiled at me bravely. I went over to look at exactly what she was trying to do. After a minute I bent down and took the stroller away from her and snapped the loose, wire foot-platform into place. "Okay," I said. "Now I'm feeling lousy. You tell Margaret about it?"

June nodded.

"Might as well tell them all," I said. "I wish we could call a meeting and tell them all at

Anthony Ostroff's first volume of poems, "Imperatives," has just been published by Harcourt, Brace & World, and his stories have appeared in "The Paris Review," "Best American Short Stories," and elsewhere. He is associate professor of English at the University of California, Berkeley.

once. Then we wouldn't have to go over it twice."

"I know," June said.

I saw she was getting ready to cry as she got up and started off toward the kitchen. By way of apology I asked if we should open the wine.

"No," she said, "let's save it for dinner."

I WAS beginning to feel a little shaky, and my chest was aching, so I went upstairs and got into my pajamas and crawled into bed again. I read another two chapters of Hemingway's book, and then ate some of the Tobler bar. I tried to remember how many kinds of Tobler bars there had been. It was nine years since my GI Bill had run out and we had had to come back from France.

The more I thought about being turned down, the worse everything seemed. It had been in the back of my mind that the Army record might undo me, but I'd dismissed it. The investigation was for security purposes, and I had thought they might not care about my little pension, even in spite of the questions they had asked me about it. Evidently I'd been wrong. The sad thing about it was that there was nothing else to try. We were stuck with my teaching job.

"It wouldn't matter so much if you didn't mind your job here," June said when she came in and sat on the edge of the bed and we began talking about it all again. "It's a nice place to live. It's as nice as anyplace."

"Sure," I said. "Sure."

She knew what I meant. We were broke. Just perpetually broke. The salary wasn't enough to live on, and the job had turned into a grinding humiliation.

"I don't know," she said. "The trouble is, we want too much. We've got to learn to enjoy what we have."

"That's the trick, all right," I said.

"Where did you get this?" she asked me. She had picked up the candy bar. I told her about it, and we began talking about France, and about how we could work things so we could make out and I could maybe even have some time to work at something better, and how finally there was no way and we were just poor, poor, poor.

At last June couldn't stand it and she began crying a little. "All my life," she said, "it's always been the same problem. Just never having enough money."

"Well, you have that fine chestnut hair," I said, trying to cheer her up, "and you've got Charlie and me."

"Oh, darling," she said, bursting into the real

thing. "I know. But it's so awful. I get so damned mad at the world!"

So there we were. We got cheered up a little, after while, and then had supper and some of the wine, but my bronchitis seemed worse and I wasn't up to killing the bottle. After supper Charlie fussed, then June got him to sleep and came in to talk some more, and we got terribly depressed again. Charlie, maybe—maybe Charlie would grow up and make out better, we said.

Finally I relented and got June calmed down and to bed. She slept in the living-room so she wouldn't catch my cold and give it to Charlie.

After she was in bed I read more of the book, and it was everything we were missing—the being places you loved and seeing things and talking to people. I told myself it was a hell of a romance and nobody ever talked like that or stayed drunk that much of the time, but all the while I knew things could be somewhat like that because we had had our year in France and bicycled through the Alps and Provence, and at last gone down to Nîmes and Arles for the bull-fights, and all in all it had been a pretty good Hemingwayish year. The trouble was, it had faded pretty much. I couldn't remember all the details anymore.

By the time I quit reading and was ready to fall asleep, I decided June was right. You had to do with what you had. And actually we had a lot, living in Berkeley, California. Right in front of us were the bay and San Francisco, and there were the hills around, and beautiful country, and even if we were broke we ought to be able to do something worth doing in such a place. I couldn't see why I couldn't drive down to the harbor and talk to people there, or just look at the docks and get something out of that. "In fact," I said to myself, remembering Hemingway, "you can try it tomorrow, so go to sleep, and damn your bronchitis."

I tried not to think about the fact that June would have to stay home and take care of Charlie, or it would have to be the other way around and in any case we couldn't bum around together anymore.

TH E next morning my fever was gone, and though I felt weak and thought I'd be smart to stay in bed, I got up and dressed.

"Where do you think you're going?" June asked when she saw me.

"Out," I said. "As soon as I've had breakfast."

"But that's silly. You have to go to work Monday. You ought to stay in bed today, or at least stay in the house."

"No," I said, "I'm going out. See what I can do with what we've got."

"Oh, Dan. Don't be silly."

"Don't mess with it," I warned, sitting down to eat.

After we had finished breakfast I went out, leaving June with the dishes and Charlie's laundry to do, and Charlie bawling for attention from his playpen.

It was a nice day. It had rained for a week, but finally it had cleared. The wind was wet, so you felt the white clouds blowing up from the ocean were really loaded with water, but the sun was bright. From the road where the car was parked I could see part of the bay. It still had that cold, shredded-lead look of winter, but at least the air was clear. I decided to drive down to the waterfront.

I had the San Francisco waterfront in mind, but by the time I got to the Bay Shore highway I was already feeling San Francisco was too far to go and I shouldn't spend the money on gas and bridge tolls, so I crossed over to the Berkeley yacht harbor.

There is a long causeway going out from the shore to the boat basin. It is made of mud and cinders. I parked the car on the cinders alongside the narrow road and got out. The wind was cold and blowing hard. I looked down the embankment below the car. The water was muddy, blowing up against the rocks with little cold-looking splashes. There was a Negro family down among the rocks, fishing. Two old men and an old woman and a fat, middle-aged woman and three or four little kids. I watched them for a few minutes, wondering what sort of fish they could catch there. Two of the kids were standing on a big rock, disconsolately tossing stones into the water. The two old men and the women huddled in their dark clothes, patiently blinking at their lines. None of them even looked at me.

I turned and crossed the road and walked out on the pier that makes the south side of the harbor. There were various sounds in the wind—the creaking and yawning of hawsers, and boats groaning against their bumpers, and the cries of the gulls. I walked out to the end of the pier, looking at the boats as I went. They were all shapes and sizes. Even the old gray crab-boats seemed clean in the lineup, floating between their moorings. But there was no sign of life until I saw a man and a woman sitting in the bridge cabin of a large cabin cruiser. The man was wearing a black turtleneck and a captain's cap, and he seemed to be talking to the woman,

who looked bored, about a map he was holding. Beyond them was the latticework of piers and other boats, and then the cold bay. One of the ventilators on deck was going around.

At the main cross pier, an old Coast Guard cutter was tied. There was a For Sale sign on the ramp going down to her side. "\$7,500," it said. The boat looked pretty much wrecked. The gray paint was scaling off the superstructure and there were rust stains from all the fittings. The hull was wood. I wondered why no one bought it. It seemed big enough to go anywhere, or to live on comfortably. You couldn't buy a house as big for twice the price. But then I thought of how much work it would probably take to fix the boat up. Living on it was a nice idea in the abstract, but very desolate in reality. I noticed there were broken rat guards on the mooring lines.

The cold wind had got to me, and I decided to go. As I approached the main pier a small brown dog came trotting out to meet me. I smiled at him and called and he frisked to me. I bent down and ruffed his neck and patted him, but when I stood up and continued on my way the dog, after an uncertain look at me, went off in his own direction.

By the time I reached the car I felt frozen. The sky had become gray and overcast over San Francisco and the bay, though it was still clear over the Berkeley and Oakland hills behind me.

A SHORT distance across the Bay Shore highway, just beyond the S.P. tracks, is Spenger's Restaurant. It began as a store and tiny sea-food place, run by the Spengers and stocked with the fish they caught. Now it is large and the best sea-food restaurant in the area, though prices are still reasonable and nothing has become too fancy. I went there for lunch.

It was early for Sunday lunch, and the place was not yet crowded. I sat in a corner of the lowest-ceilinged room and ordered a bowl of chowder and a beer. I had just enough to pay for it and leave a barely passable tip. The chowder was very hot and very good. I finished it before the beer, and then sat smoking a cigarette and thinking.

I sat and thought about how I should be thinking about what if a beautiful woman came in and knew me and sat down at my table, or what if one of our painter friends from back East came in, or Halliday or one of our friends from Europe, and sat down with me and we could drink and talk all afternoon and then go off to catch a train someplace or round up some

people for a party. Then I thought how I wished June were there and we could get a little drunk maybe and maybe have dinner and then go off someplace and make love. I was having my fine, stylized time, all right.

The waiters at Spengers wear gray jackets and black pants and black neckties. They seem to be mostly Italian. My waiter had black hair and dark eyes and wore steel-rimmed glasses. He looked tired and full of pep all at once. He came over and wanted to bring me some coffee, but I asked for the check instead. On the table in front of me, which had a gray formica top, were the dishes I had used—my empty chowder bowl and beer bottle, butter dish, beer and water glasses, and a plate with a piece of French bread I'd left. At the side, against the wall, the condiments stood in a solid clump like a castle: sugar jar, big salt and pepper shakers, a small turret of tabasco, a tower of catsup, half full, and a bottle of Worcestershire sauce. I looked it all over and decided it was certainly the stuff the world was made of. I left my money on the check and went outside.

The overcast had reached the hills, the tops of which were shrouded in mist. I got in my car and started for home, waiting for the rain to begin, though it didn't actually start again until that night.

On the way home I thought, well, I had proved it. You just had to look at the world and there it was. The trouble was, it wasn't sweet reality just because it was there. It depended on what you were doing when you did your looking—whether you were young enough, or on a vacation or not. That sweet-sad world of Hemingway's just passed into fiction. The thing about it was that none of the characters in it had any kids. It struck me as a revelation: absolutely none of Hemingway's characters ever had any kids!

"Do you know what?" I said when I got home and had told June where I'd been. "None of Hemingway's people ever have any children. I mean babies. Absolutely none of them."

"If you think you're casting aspersions on Charlie you can just shut up," June told me.

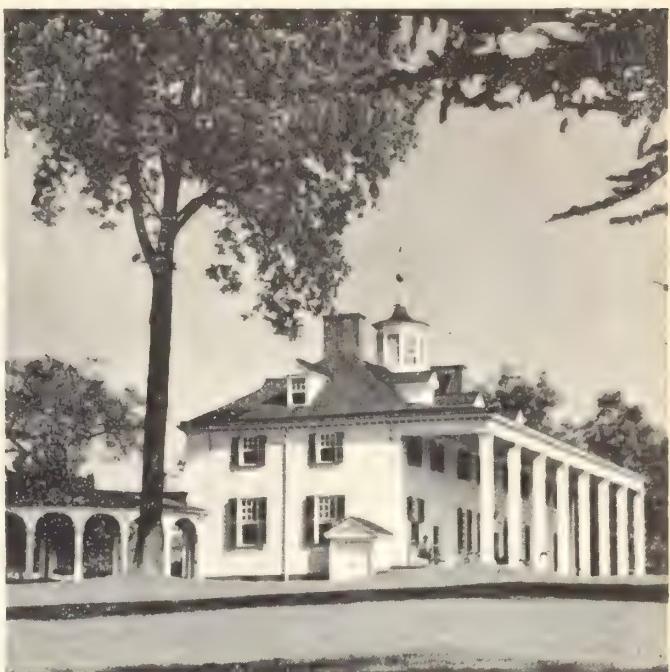
Charlie waved at me madly from his playpen and smiled and said, "Ahhhh!" I went over and picked him up. I swung him into the air, and he shouted and gave his gurgling laugh and seemed beside himself with joy. "How's that, Charlie?" I said, holding him up over my head. He crooned and gaped with delight. His eyes were blue as the Mediterranean, inside his grin.

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PAUL PICKREL

The Sun and the City

I HAVE been reading away at two books more or less simultaneously, both excellent in themselves and in combination fascinating. One is **The Intellectual Versus the City** (Harvard University Press, \$5.50), by a professor of philosophy at Harvard and his wife, Morton and Lucia White; it is an account of how various American thinkers and artists from Thomas Jefferson to Frank Lloyd Wright thought and felt about cities. The other is **Man and the Sun** (Random House, \$5), by the English archaeologist Jacquetta Hawkes, which the publisher describes accurately, succinctly, and even modestly as "the story of the relation between the sun and mankind and our dependence on it, worship of it, and our use and misuse of solar energy—from prehistory to the hydrogen bomb."

The two books are not comparable in scope, of course. The Whites deal with only a handful of writers in only a couple of hundred years in only one country, whereas Miss Hawkes takes hardly less than the cosmos for her sphere (it by any chance the cosmos should be spherical); she begins with the birth of the sun and ends with man-made satellites. Yet the two books go curiously well together, because they dramatize some central polarity in all of us. Just what that polarity is can be guessed at in a lot of different ways. One way is to call it the conflict between what is given us in this world (nature: the sun) and what we try to do with the world to reshape it nearer to the heart's desire (art and artifact: the city and civilization); another way is to call it the conflict between the masculine and the feminine in our natures.

A circuitous but possibly enlightening way to get at the subject is by looking at language. Of all the things made by man, language is the mightiest; it is the single artifact of man that makes all others possible. "Communication" and "community" have a common root deep in the past of language and a common future; neither can outlast the other. As a child, I supposed that there was a linguistic link illustrative of the opposite; I thought that the word for meaningless chatter ("babble") was the same as the name of the great city-artifact that could not be finished

because of the breakdown of language into meaninglessness (the Tower of Babel). Actually there seems to be not the slightest chance of an etymological connection between the two words, but other users of English must have made the same mistake I did, and if so there would have been a kind of psychological reinforcement of one word by the other over the centuries, and there is certainly a metaphoric justice of sorts in the accidental homophony.

Now one very common phenomenon in language is what the grammarians call grammatical gender; that is, the names of things are treated as masculine, feminine, or neuter even when the things they name do not have sexual characteristics in any biological sense. In French, for example, the word for cheese is masculine and the word for brick is feminine, though neither cheese nor bricks can reproduce themselves. Officially we have no grammatical gender in English, though our use of pronouns shows that our language is shot through and through with feelings about gender. Boats, for instance, are always referred to by feminine pronouns, and so usually are automobiles, countries, cities, etc. Sometimes even creatures that have what the grammarians indicate with excessive refinement as "natural gender" (and what the laity knows as sex) seem to get themselves labeled with grammatical gender in spite of biology: cats seem to be usually referred to as feminine unless and until there is definite evidence to the contrary, and as many a cat owner will testify, definite evidence in cats is not altogether easy to come by.

But to get a little closer to the subject: one student of language has suggested that the word for sun is usually masculine in hot countries, where the sun is felt to be harsh and inimical, and feminine in cold countries, where it brings a beneficent and longed-for warmth. It would be interesting to know if the word for city, in these tongues, is usually of the opposite gender. There is such a difference in Latin: *sol*, "sun," is masculine and *urbs*, "city," is feminine, and the same is true in its derivative language, French: *le soleil* versus *la cité*. For the Germans who came out of the cold north, on the other hand, the word for sun is feminine, as the hypothesis



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demands but so far are the only words for any that I know in German, *Berg und See*. Of course the older words for sun usually carried some meaning as cities sacred and being, safe places, places enclosed by walls, fortresses—all symbols of the firmament.

At last this brings us to *Moon and the Sun*, because Miss Hawkes shows how deeply the idea of the sun as a son, after whom as a father has proceeded our whole civilization, a civilization which, at most of its leading characteristics had its origins in hot countries. The ancient symbol for the primitive, the mother, was the earth. The Earth Goddess is the oldest of her race, and the moon, whom he seemed so many generations ago a symbol of the feminine on both psychological and physical grounds, seems to have come along later, she is, as it were, the "other woman" to the two domestic storms that man has found or read into the universe.

In a way that she seems not to be conscious of the new movement of Miss Hawkes's book has a sinking, mysterious pattern to it. She begins by telling about how men once considered the sun as a god, moves on to the time when there began to develop and mature in thought the development of astronomy and other sciences, and ends in the present when man goes on with it through satellites and blinding bombs. Adoration, under-standing, admiration—surely this is the pattern of the normal development of a man in relation to his father. Perhaps the guilt that so often accompanies scientific developments, which is as old as Adam and is more than the atomic bomb itself, is the guilt of the usurper, of the son who has stolen his father's place.

Miss Hawkes makes extensive use of literary sources in telling her story, so that by alternating other becomes literature with art or parables, and it would be interesting to trace out the pattern she sketches more extensively in literature. For the Pessimist, to me an ancient writer, Miss Hawkes avers, the sun is blasphemous, but he could be easily one of his *Chandler* like, a being just now starting to get his hands. His song, "Earth" is from the end of that chapter, and he comes into the middle of it, and there is nothing bad from the last chapter. But at the end of another and understanding that it's no other factors follow the story of Addison's epiphany by Joseph Addison as a good attempt to sum up this up to a child and others, and this. The Sun and the Descent of Hesper." In Addison's vision the sun has nothing of his insular deity left but a noble presence, he a mere bridegroom rushing on his nuptial bairn—a profess conscientious public-writer's man there to take for an illustration. Addison writes: "The insular sun from day to day... Does his Country's peace depose... and publishes an everlast-

ing look for an equally pointed account of how we feel in the age of imitation. I don't know—perhaps somewhere between the essays of Robert Oppenheimer and Allen Ginsberg's "Howl."

All this may have less to do with Miss Hawkes's book than it should have, but at least it shows, however faintly, the power of her pages to set the reader's imagination to work. Besides that power, in itself an important thing her book is beautifully informed, superbly organized, and remarkably clear and graceful in exposition.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CITY

THE Whites' book, *The Intellectual versus the City*, also shows wide reading and clarity in exposition. It is less imaginative than Miss Hawkes's book; in fact it suffers from a certain iron-determinedness that leads to my chief criticism of it, but it is informative, conscientious, and intelligent, and it proves its talk from the author's command of the history of American philosophy. It also bears a rather amusing provincialism. The Whites leave the reader with the impression that almost every American who has had anything of interest to say about cities has had something to do with Harvard: apparently they subscribe to the fine old Unitarian belief in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the neighborhood of Boston. What may be the most brilliant work on cities ever written by Americans—*Communitas*, by Paul and Priscilla Goodman—fails even to appear in their index, but the Goodmans also have had to spend most of their days years in exile in remote New York.

The trouble with the Whites' literal-mindedness is that, for most of the people they discuss, the city was less a place or a creation of human ingenuity than a psychologized projection often both more than a life of men and buildings than the tickles that psychologists use to see what their patients are really true the world. That doesn't apply to the writers the Whites discuss—Benjamin Franklin, whom they describe as an early city paternalist, saw the city as the sun was, though already sensibly, with Franklin, like the disposal of sewage and the control of fire and plague to be carefully considered and as possible judgments solved. And his contemporary Thomas Jefferson, who hoped that the United States should remain agrarian, based his opposition on points on reasons that might be disagreed with but at least were not neurotic. When the War of 1812 convinced him that America could not be as dependent on foreign manufacturing as he had hoped it could be, Jefferson changed his mind, and he had always loved some things, especially fine chamber music, that are usually available only in cities.

But when we get on the nineteenth-century American writers on cities, we lose most of our



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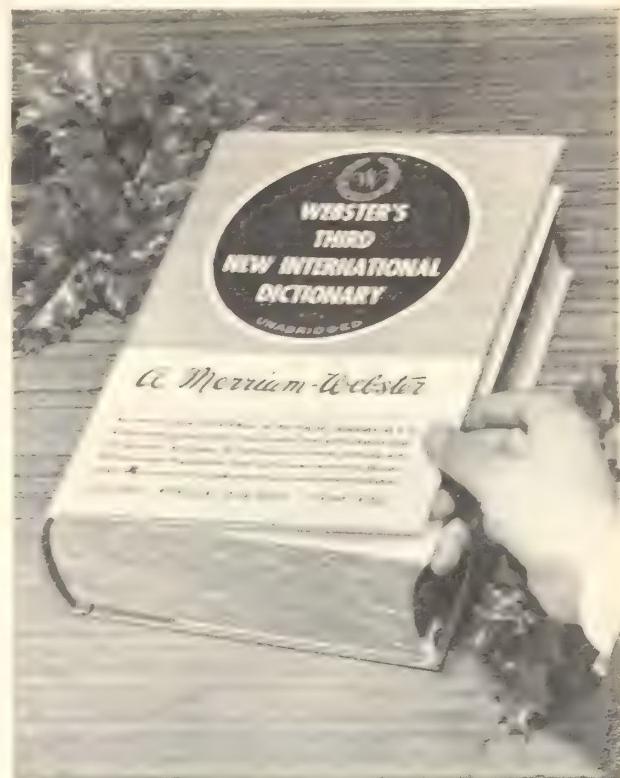
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connection with reasoned discourse and find ourselves launched deep in the psychopathology of everyday life. Emerson, to take one of the mildest examples (let's not even think about Thoreau), says in one of his many criticisms of cities: "They are great conspiracies; the parties are all maskers, who have taken mutual oaths of silence not to betray each other's secret and to keep the other's madness in countenance." It is a superb sentence, of course, brilliant, but the devil in it is not the city but the horrible entity that bedevils most of us: other people. The need to take "mutual oaths of silence not to betray each other's secret and to keep the other's madness in countenance" would be as great (perhaps greater) if there were only two men on a desert island as in the most teeming metropolis. It is a law not of urban living but of human life.

The sexual ambiguity that Leslie Fiedler finds running through so much American fiction finds some sort of parallel in these nineteenth-century writers when they talk about the city. The usual gender of their pronouns shows that the city was for them as for most men feminine, but feminine in a paradoxically masculine way. It is not a safe place, a retreat, a fortress; it is demanding, coercive, restraining, a shrill and selfish scold; it has some of the characteristics that the harsher foreign critics have ascribed to American women. The sun's dominion, nature, on the other hand, is both the place where a man can be a man and a place that is strangely feminine —unifying, soothing, beneficent, receptive. The nineteenth-century American criticism of the city, as I read the Whites' account of it and they do not, has behind it a very feeble impulse to social analysis and a very powerful impulse to flee the dilemmas of sex.

POETS OF THE CITY

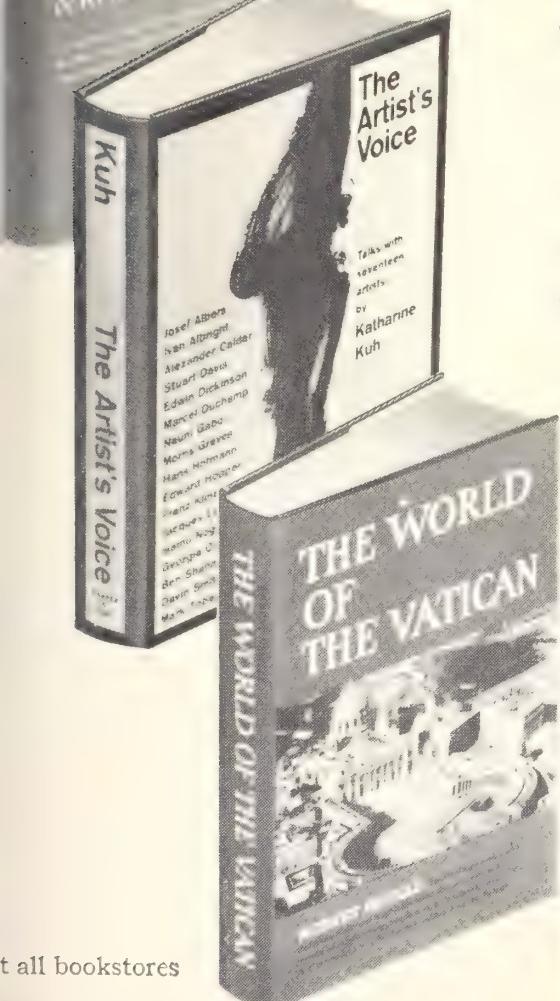
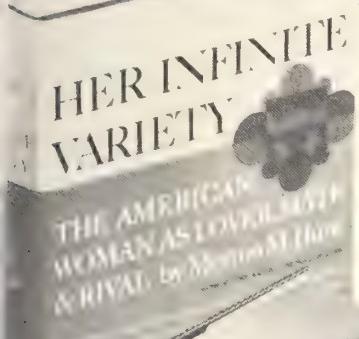
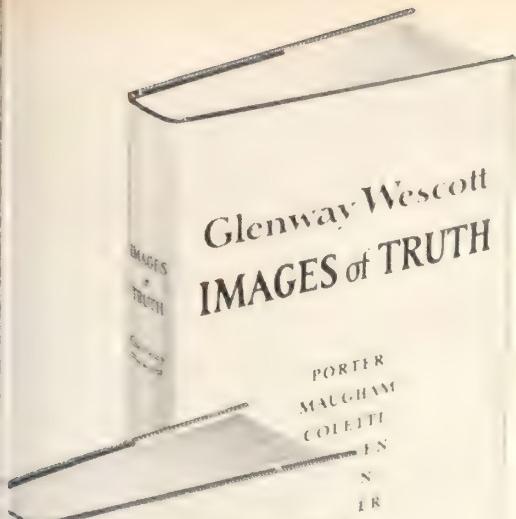
IT could be that America has produced only two great poets of the city, though both wrote in prose: Henry James and Theodore Dreiser.

Both James and Dreiser had a profound feeling for the femininity of cities, but they had revealingly different attitudes toward it. James, the passive man, the nonparticipant ob-

server, preferred foreign cities, presumably because he could keep them at an unthreatening distance, where they could display their femininity without making any awkward demands. And he admired in cities what he admired in women: elegance, taste, refinement in color and texture and fragrance, splendid decoration and innocent seductiveness. His favorite place in all the world seemed to have been a walled-in city garden, a fortress within a fortress; it is in such a garden (in *The Ambassadors*) that he cried out his deepest message "Live! Live all you can!" The contradiction between that great call to freedom and the need to utter it in the safest of all places is a key to much in James. He knew it himself, knew it tragically. The message that had been wrung from him he understood in his deep heart's core but he was powerless to heed.

On the other hand, James increasingly disliked American cities. He had his usual elaborate and intelligent reasons for his dislike, but one suspects that what was wrong with American cities was that they came too close to home, they got at him where he didn't want to be got at. Late in life he visited New York and the hatred poured out of him; he pulled back in horror from "the pushing male crowd." (The italics as they say, are mine; James, as always, restrained himself.)

Henry James's brother, William, on the other hand (and not unexpectedly), felt very differently. He liked to visit European cities; a painter himself in his younger days (though not a very good one), he immensely enjoyed Europe's galleries and architecture, but he was distressed by the decay, the traditionalism, "the reeking blackness of the streets." He loved Cambridge, Massachusetts, above "any place in the known world," not because it was beautiful or because he liked everybody there but because "where a man's work is best done seems and ought to seem the place of places to him." Someone—it may have been Novalis—remarked that the pursuit of philosophy arises from the desire to be everywhere at home in the world, and William James was philosopher enough to know that being at home in the world has to start with being at home at home.



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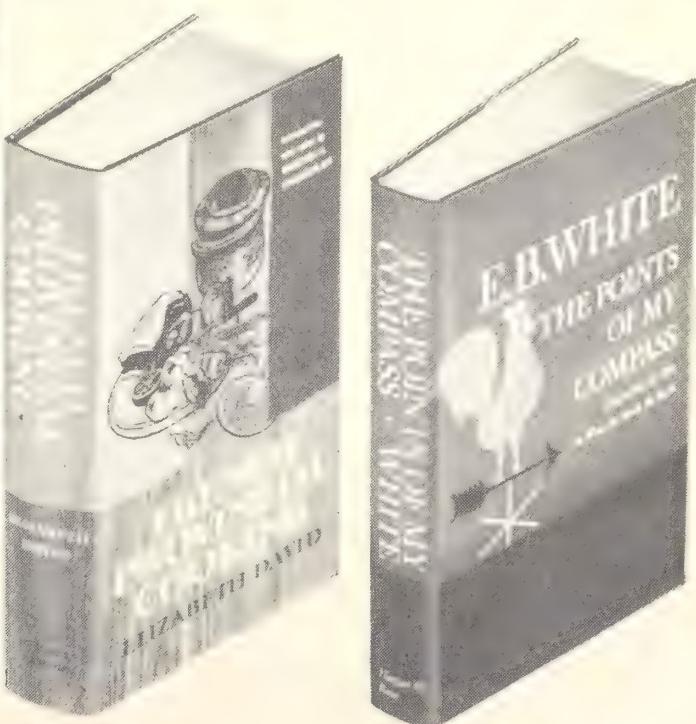
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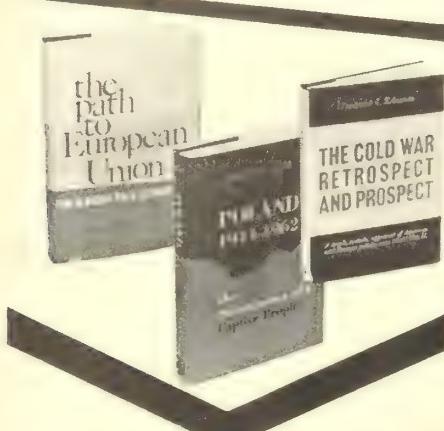
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To love a place because it has given you a chance to do your best—surely that is just and healthy and wise.

THE OTHER POET

THE other great poet of the American city, Theodore Dreiser, was in almost every way the antithesis of Henry James. James had an urban, cosmopolitan upbringing, a father who was one of the most remarkable men of his time, a mother who according to her son's exquisite account of her was a rich-souled and beautifully maternal woman, and in William an older brother who was, like himself, a genius.

Dreiser, in contrast, came from poverty, from cruelly limited immigrant parents, a weak and cranky father and a warm but unprevailing mother; his older brother, though he shone like a ministering angel over all of Theodore's life, was a flashy, high-living, charming fabricator of popular songs—including, it must be said, some of the best ever written in America.

This older brother, who wrote his songs under the name of Paul Dresser, was the first example in Dreiser's experience of the big-city success he hungered for all his life. The only moderately secure period in his boyhood was the time the family spent living in a whorehouse in Evansville, Indiana, whose madam was a friend—presumably rather intimate—of brother Paul's. He memorialized her in one of his best songs—"They called her frivolous Sal, a peculiar sort of a gal, / A wild sort of devil, but dead on the level. Was my gal Sal." She must have been a woman worth remembering, and she suggests, by free association, an image of the city which the Whites do not mention but one which has captured a good many sentimental American imaginations: the city as the whore with a heart of gold. This is the image of the city that we get, for instance, in a writer like O. Henry.

Dreiser himself saw the city as a whore, but without a heart of gold, in fact no heart at all, yet infinitely and in the end inexplicably desirable. He was born in Terre Haute, and big cities had for him the fascination they can only have for those not born to them. Like Carl Sandburg, another small-town boy who came to

the city, he had "seen [its] painted women under the gaslights luring the farmboys." But he went beyond Sandburg, he knew that the city was a painted woman under the gaslights luring the farmboys—a face more artifactual than natural, glaringly brilliant where the light fell and as hell where it didn't, a face which one read not its but one's own ribily urgent message of desire. Dreiser was quite aware that he the city as a desirable woman said so in a characteristically flat touching passage.

Where Henry James saw the woman-city as a passive man did Theodore Dreiser saw her—it a passionate man does, to be sought out and tracked down and if possible possessed. He loved the main thrust of the raw city crowd. Of early days in Chicago he wrote, was crazy about it. . . . I was like guest at a feast, eating and drink in a delirium of ecstasy."

Yet somehow the feast eluded him. As Robert Penn Warren has pointed out, all Dreiser's successful novels the stories of failure. The image the city that in the end prevails is image of its unscalable walls, fortress that cannot be taken. Hu wood, in *Sister Carrie*,* cries out against the "walled city" that excludes him, and in *An American Tragedy* the family that produces Clyde Griffiths (and whose path attempts to preach the Gospel in the city streets open and close the novel stand lost between the "tall walls" the commercial heart of an American city" and lift up their trembling hymn "against the vast skepticism and apathy of life." Warren, who I am practically quoting here, says that the "tall walls" of the world is the key image of that great book. Perhaps the lured farmboy in Dreiser would have added another: "the commercial heart."

Almost everybody who writes about Dreiser takes care to preserve his own intellectual respectability by pointing out that of course Dreiser had no mind at all; and it is almost a surprise, as well as a gratifying example of the Whites' occasional ability to cross the Charles, to see him included in a book with the word "intel-

*Recently reissued with an Afterword by William Thorp (New American Library, Signet Classic, 75 cents).

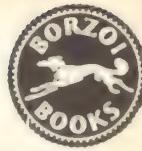
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"tual" in the title. But when you compare Dreiser with Henry Adams, who had every intellectual credential and whom (with a relapse into provincialism) the Whites treat at needless length, you wonder what really constitutes a mind. Adams's acidulous snippings at cities ran to such penetrating insights as that they contained too many Jews and too few Jewish people who thought he was important enough to invite to dinner. Henry James may not have been able to heed his own message, but he knew what it meant to the bottom of his heart; whereas Henry Adams never came anywhere near to grasping the point of his celebrated and extraordinarily tedious *Education*—which is that he never learned anything at all.

THE Whites close their book, except for some sensible chapters setting forth their own ideas, with a discussion of Robert Park, whom they describe as the first scientific urban sociologist and who seems to have been an interesting man, and the architect Frank Lloyd Wright. Wright's belatedly romantic antibaniam isn't worth much space. Like so many men who came out of the nineteenth century, his mind was dominated by certain rather rough biological ideas; he liked to talk, for instance, about the "natural" house, if a piece of architecture could be like a plant or flower, when surely except for a cave) there is no such thing as a "natural" house. A house is an artifact, a protest against nature with its wind and rain and blazing heat of noon. A building cannot, except by a self-deceiving figure of speech, "express" the materials it takes from nature; it can only express man's use of those materials.

In advanced circles it used to be fashionable to deplore the fact that Wright's work is so little represented in American cities, but it is probably just as well, for, in spite of his tremendous gifts, Wright had no taste, and taste is of the essence in urban architecture—indeed, it is of the essence of the city. To be sure, taste is in many ways a trivial thing—time's urchingstock, the deity of snobs, and the career of dilettantes. But in it lies the very artificialitiousness of artifacts, as it were, the betrayal of their human origin, an acknowledgment

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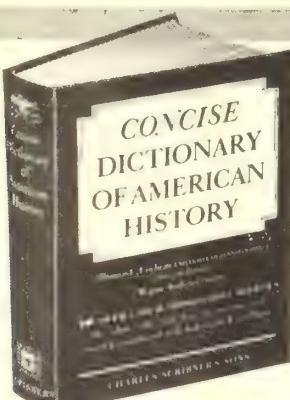
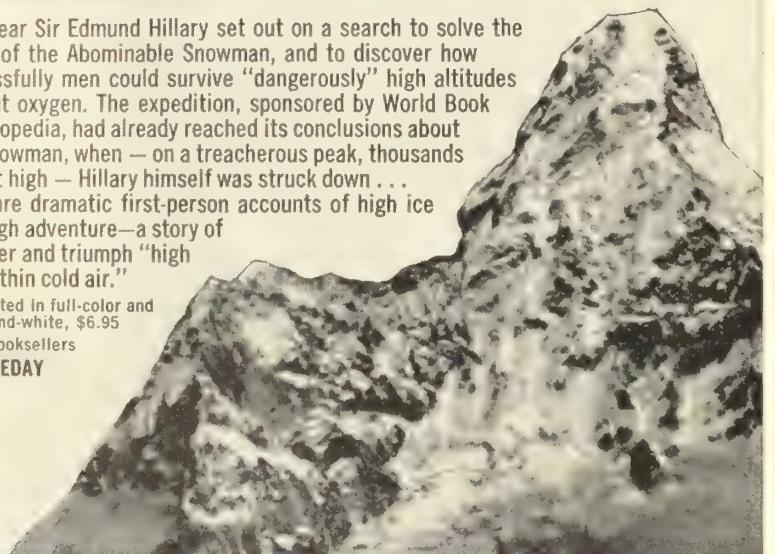
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RANDOM HOUSE

ment that man is a strutting, chagrinable, giddy, showy sort of creature but with the courage of his vanity while it lasts. When man attempts to rise above the whirligig of taste, he usually just falls back into tastelessness, as so much of our new urban architecture eloquently demonstrates. Oddly enough, Wright greatly admired taste; he loved the old P. G. Wodehouse and told the management (or said he did) what he would do to them if they changed anything. His eye was more reliable than his ideas.

IN DUBIOUS TRIUMPH

AT the moment we happen to be celebrating, though largely unaware of it, a kind of official triumph of the city in America. The recent Supreme Court decision that will result in the reapportionment of most state legislatures will pry loose the long-lamented grasp of rural and small-town America on the statehouse.

It is not a victory to greet with unmitigated rejoicing. As Ned Perrin has pointed out in a very thoughtful essay on the subject, it is an old notion that in our kind of democracy (as distinguished from "people's democracies") places as well as people deserve a voice. The voices of the thinly settled regions are in some sense the votes of those still unborn. Mr. Perrin wonders if it is so very sinful (as our political scientists have been telling us it is) for a Connecticut village to have as many votes as Hartford in one house of the state legislature, then why is it any less sinful for Iceland to have as many votes as India in the General Assembly of the United Nations? Our State Department might be uneasily aware if the Supreme Court had the power to reapportion the vote in the General Assembly on the basis of population alone.

At any rate, the city seems to have won at this moment; the long-standing ambivalence that Americans have felt for their cities, and that the Negroes so suggestively trace, seem to have been resolved. But of course it has not been resolved and never will be as long as there remains one farmboy to be lured by the painted woman, and never should be. The country must be preserved, for us and for those who come after us; but the city has always been and always

THE NEW BOOKS

be the ultimate expression of
ization.
nd in the end, how wonderful
our grimy misbegotten cities
Only a few weeks ago I watched
ause I couldn't get across the
t) a seemingly endless Labor Day
ide, utterly fascinating, in a bor-
sort of way, as an expression of
struggle, often ludicrous but
etimes touching, of the modern
ustrial city to find some symbol
to represent the color and
ety, the very nature, of its life.
a time as I watched I stood be-
en a very large and very dark
Idhist monk, with pink-soled feet
saffron robes and shaven head,
an American Negro dwarf
ately shielding himself from the
iously clement weather with an
nese baby-blue parasol. To stand
uch company, while the ladies of
Hotel and Restaurant Employees
ion throw kisses (wrapped in
ophane) to the scrambling young-
s and Our Lady of Sorrows Fife
Drum Corps marches past—
ly such grandeur cannot perish.

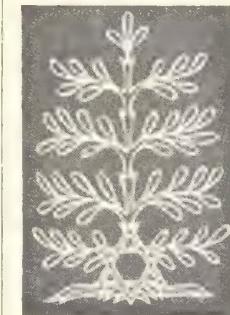
THER CITIES, OTHER SONS

I HAVE let myself run on at such
gth in speaking of the ideas sug-
gested by the books of Miss Hawkes
the Whites that I can only men-
two very charming recent works
biography and autobiography.
e is **The Collectors: Dr. Claribel**
Miss Etta Cone by Barbara Pol-
k (Bobbs-Merrill, \$5.95), a very
asant account of the eccentric
timore sisters who assembled, and
sented at death to their native
y, a great collection of modern
inch painting.

The collector's instinct is a psycho-
ical phenomenon that completely
des me, but Miss Pollack's book
enable a similarly handicapped
der to get a glimpse of what it
ans to some people to store up
utiful things. It is written in a
asant anecdotal style that recalls
s. Saarinen's *Proud Possessors*,
d offers a certain amount of inform-
ation, probably not much of it new,
out the American expatriate circle
Paris that revolved around the
ne sisters' friend, Gertrude Stein.
The work of autobiography that
ould like to mention is **One Boy's**
ston: 1887-1941 (Houghton Mif-

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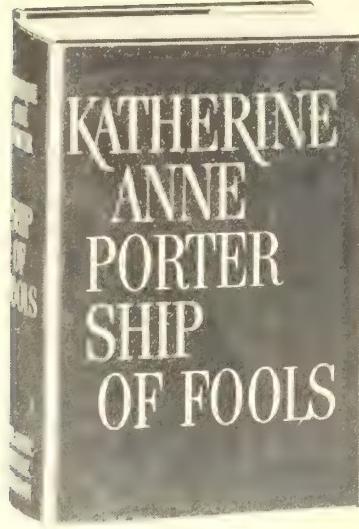
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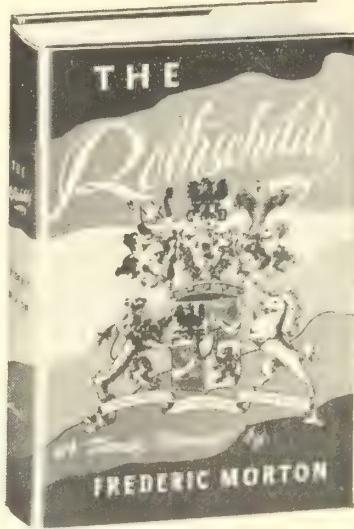
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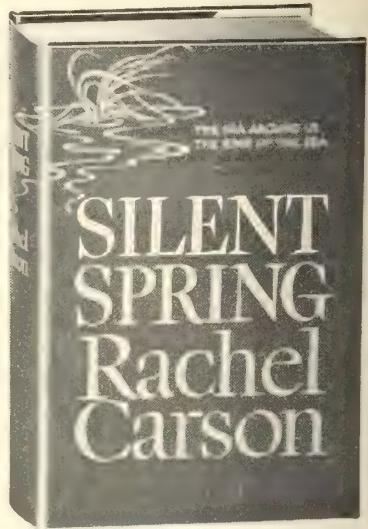
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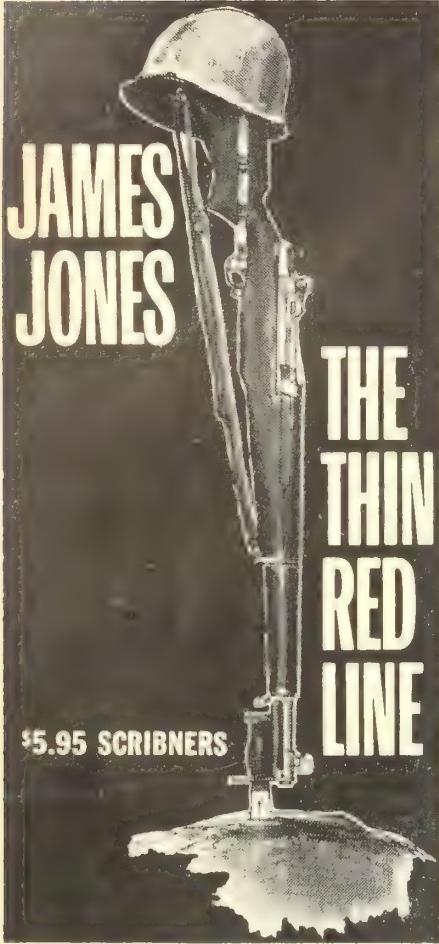
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flin, \$3) by the distinguished Harvard historian, Samuel Eliot Morison. Professor (or Admiral) Morison is that rarity among Americans, a man who still lives in the house where he was born. What is most striking about his graceful pages is his portrayal of Boston society in his boyhood as much more open, much less bound by class and tradition and snobbery than it has usually been thought to have been. He should know, but those who have had the pleasure of meeting Professor Morison, or even only reading his quietly elegant prose, may not have the impression that he is the product of the jostling egalitarian throng.

The only trouble with *One Boy's Boston* is that there isn't enough of it. We can only hope for *A Young Man's Boston*.

I MUST give a little more space to *Chekhov: A Biography* by Ernest J. Simmons (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$10). This is a big, solid, learned, painstaking, useful, rewarding, and utterly pedestrian account of one of the giants of modern literature, worthy of succeeding Simmons's life of Tolstoy of a few years ago.

To say that the book is pedestrian (so is the *Tolstoy*, most of which I have read three times) is not to dispraise it. A scholar who diligently examines the facts of a man's life and puts them in some kind of order that makes them comprehensible without distortion and writes up the whole thing in serviceable prose performs an immense service. He gets between his subject and his reader far less than biographers who suffer from the illusion that they are creating works of art. Simmons knows a tremendous lot; he even knows enough not to compete with his subject, and that is the beginning of wisdom in a biographer.

And the facts, just as facts, are fascinating. It is fascinating to know that Chekhov was the grandson of a serf who bought his own freedom and that of his sons (the old man ran out of money before he got to his daughter, but his generous owner threw her in). It is fascinating to know about Chekhov's terrible childhood, his dealings with publishers, his real-estate transactions, even his hemorrhoids. It is fascinating, and somehow strangely moving, that nobody ever saw him cry. "Subjectivity,"

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THE NEW BOOKS

e wrote, "is a terrible thing." Simmons does justice to all these matters, and an infinitude of others, and for that we can only be grateful.

Yet it is a little surprising that a man who had never heard of Chekhov could probably read all of Simmons's account without realizing that Chekhov's stories differ in any significant way from Kathleen Norris's. When it comes to the plays, Simmons does indicate that there was something peculiar about them because the original companies had trouble trying to act them, but the original companies had trouble with Shaw's plays too, and in spite of *Heartbreak House* Shaw isn't much like Chekhov.

For all Simmons's effort, how Chekhov could have possibly known all that he put into his plays remains an utter mystery. Consider *The Cherry Orchard* alone. There is the enzied, ridiculous, noble dance of the man who realizes that he now owns the very land on which his ancestors were slaves, a dance that we have lived to see in Africa, in Asia, in two-thirds of the world. There is the German governess of unknown origin, almost the central figure of modern times, the quintessential displaced person, in one great scene using her ventriloquism to reate for a moment out of a rolled-up blanket the crying baby she has ever had, never will have, then ashing it to the floor in the whole olossal gyp of her life.

There is, finally, that most beautiful of all stage directions: the sound of an enormous violin string being broken. It turns out to be an accident in a mineshaft nearby, but the shrilling vibration of finality that ills (or should fill, it never does) the theatre captures everything in the play. Only Grey's great if too often quoted remark about the lights going out all over Europe matches it in encapsulating the great cleavage that fell on Western society in the early years of this century; and poor Chekhov, finally completing the long job of coughing his lungs out at forty-four, who didn't even live for the lights to go out, saw more than Grey who did: he saw the frenzied lance to come when the great spotlights replaced the carriage lamps.

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SOME CURRENT BOOKS ON CHINA

By Philip Alden Kuhn

Mr. Kuhn is a Teaching Fellow at Harvard University.

BACK in 1936, a young American reporter named Edgar Snow breached a military blockade in Northwest China and brought back the first coherent story about Chinese communism. Those were the days when the Communists were confined to dry and impoverished north Shensi Province, having been driven there by Chiang Kai-shek's armies. Chiang was predicting their rapid demise; and, indeed, to outside observers, their prospects seemed far from bright.

There was in fact very little solid information about them, due (as Snow put it) to "a news blockade as effective as a stone fortress." Snow's breaking of this blockade was one of the most exciting scoops of the decade. *Red Star Over China*, published in 1938, was widely influential, not only in Western countries, but also in China, where it gave many of Mao Tse-tung's own countrymen their first detailed look at the Red regime.

In the summer of 1960, Mr. Snow broke through a different kind of blockade, imposed in part by our own Department of State, and went to Communist China again. The result of his journey is *The Other Side of the River: Red China Today* (Random House, \$10), a major publishing event.

It would be too much to say that Mr. Snow has done it again. Red China is not quite the unknown it was in 1936. It is vaster and less yielding to personal observation. Red tape is stickier. This time Mr. Snow could not munch hot peppers with the leaders and move informally among the people, so parts of this book breathe faintly of the tourist bureau. Yet the author has learned more about China than any other American writer since 1949. His

* Publication is now postponed to November 30.

book bears the clear imprint of living society.

The title is from Pascal: "A strange justice that is bounded by a river. Can anything be more ridiculous than that a man should have the right to kill me because he lives on the other side?" This river is wide and deep. Its currents divide two cultures embodying two sharply different kinds of historical experience. But it is Mr. Snow's assumption that the river-dwellers can (and must) learn to tolerate each other when their stereotypes are softened and their underlying human complexities revealed.

There are two ways to handle a reporting job of this size. One is to travel widely and relate generalities and statistics. Another is to paint smaller pictures in which individuals stand forth to represent the whole. Mr. Snow does both. But his humanism leads him to prefer human portraits to general scenes, and his love of detail brings particular places into focus with the clarity of a slide-illustrated lecture. We are shown the results of a vast war against nature, characteristic of a newly strong, centralized Chinese regime: barren hillsides reforested, eroded land reclaimed, rivers tamed, and factories built. These physical accomplishments the American reader is already conditioned to accept. What will interest him most is Mr. Snow's report on the human scene.

The reader will meet a twenty-two-year-old girl engineering student from a poor tenant-farmer family who beams pride in her work and absolute confidence in the virtues of the new China. He will meet an old peasant in a Shensi commune, a colonel in the army, a doctor in a Peking hospital, a pedicab driver and dozens of others. Mr. Snow's subjects tell their life stories, so that their portraits are deepened by a historical dimension, and China's recent experience becomes comprehensible in human terms.

What is the ratio of coercion to consent in the new China? A trained

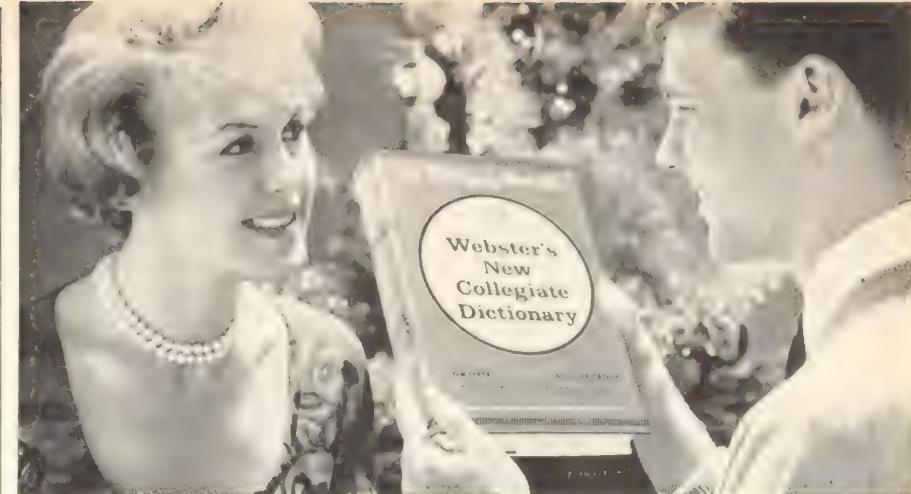
BOOKS ON CHINA

bserver will keep in mind the fact that coercion may be of many kinds, and is not necessarily brute force. The author, a highly trained observer, derives a quotient for China that is clearly closer to consent.

Among those groups who had known only despair in the old China (particularly the peasants) Mr. Snow found new buoyancy and hope. Living standards are generally, though not universally, higher. Education now fills every corner of Chinese life, bringing opportunities and a new sense of participation in the nation's future. A pervasive nationalism binds rulers and ruled: "China is bigger than any government. Because this government has been doing things for China, it has been able to command support even from many who are opposed to communism."

The author does not quail at the thought of authoritarianism. His effort to understand the Communist state in its own terms may bother some readers. But it should be remembered that he has gained from his long experience in China a degree of political relativism, which looks not so much at political forms as at the kind of human life prevailing under them. It can fairly be said that he has seen human suffering in China at its worst. A man who has seen "a naked twig-armed child, his belly a balloon from a diet of leaves and mud... trying to shake back to life his naked father who had just died on the road" (a scene from Mr. Snow's travels in 1930) comes to view democracy as a luxury of "have-got" countries, and does not quarrel easily with a dictatorship that can more or less feed its subjects and offer them a modicum of social justice.

Some myths are laid to a well-deserved rest. The author saw no evidence, for instance, that husbands and wives are being separated and housed in barracks. This piece of fantasy is comparable to stories about the "communization of women" in Russia that circulated shortly after the Bolshevik revolution. The food shortage is real enough, and nothing new. But "what is new is that millions of people are not starving, as they did throughout the chronic famine in the 'twenties, 'thirties, and 'forties. What is new is that an equitable rationing system has been enforced for the first time."



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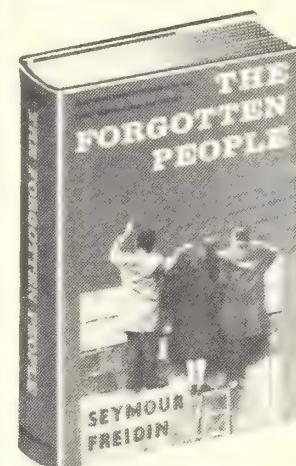
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The chapter on Mao Tse-tung is unsatisfying, particularly in view of Mr. Snow's earlier exploit of revealing Mao's personal history to the world. The author spent nine hours with Mao, but the results are almost wholly off-the-record. One would have liked to read comparisons of the new Mao with the old, to learn how Mao views the course of his own life from a perspective of decades. Unhappily, but quite understandably, the situation is not the same as it was in 1936 in a Shensi cave. Historic figures lose in accessibility what they gain in eminence. Mr. Snow does tell us that success and power have not made Mao a wholly different man; that his personal ambitions are still inseparable from his ambitions for China; and that Mao remains a thoroughly rational thinker within his particular world view.

The Other Side of the River is immensely long, and regrettably of uneven quality. The final chapter is a cry of pain over American foreign policy, in which the main villain is "the 'military-industrial complex' which dominates American foreign policy and indeed all American society. . . ." Here the author steps heavily into a deterministic swamp. If we are in fact so tightly in the grip of the "military-industrial complex" (another term for Power Elite), is there any point in struggling? Mr. Snow, the determinist, leaves us little hope of staying afloat. Mr. Snow, the optimist (and this is his more appealing side) makes some thoughtful suggestions for a new start in our Asian policy, suggestions well worth reading.

ELUSIVE REALITY

THE virtues of Mr. Snow's panoramic account can be even better appreciated by comparison with Felix Greene's *Awakened China: The Country Americans Don't Know* (Doubleday, \$5.95). By contrast to Mr. Snow's sophistication, Mr. Greene is engagingly virginal. The author entered China in 1960, having been there once before, briefly, in 1957. By his own account, he arrived in a highly emotional condition. His book is filled with the joy of discovery.

Where Mr. Snow finds a large

measure of consent, Mr. Greene finds mostly voluntarism. The Communist party as a prime mover is great underplayed.

There are, to be sure, enough images, recollections, and local color to make the book valuable; yet it is all too simple. Mr. Greene lacks background in Chinese history, and his book thereby loses a whole dimension of reality. It suffers also from an excessive formalism. To quote a commune regulation saying "a vigorous, regular democratic life must be ensured in the commune," is not the same as describing how things actually work.

A MORE skillful job, and one of the more readable recent accounts is *China and Her Shadow* (Coward-McCann, \$5), by Tibor Mende, French political scientist. Here political reporting of a high order. The author has traveled in China, but this is not primarily a book of firsthand description. Instead it is an analytical and historical account of China since 1949: her shifting internal policies, her relations with Russia and the West. The author does not hesitate to judge an authoritarian regime, yet insists that such judgment must be made in historical perspective: "It is a century of frightfulness to look back upon. Can the significance of discontent over the Communes, over the inhumanity of forced labor, or over the stringency of rationing be dissociated from the welter of blood and suffering from which China is just emerging?"

If there is a weakness in this book it lies not in its political analysis, but in its excessive abstractness. Mr. Mende's trip to China seems to have involved him in very little human contact. The depth and complexity of the human scene somehow escaped him: ". . . all these people were impersonal. Like the fine dust in the air, they were everywhere, anonymous particles of the Chinese quarter of mankind . . . one could learn little about their minds . . ." and so on. Consequently he falls easy prey to the mass metaphor: "waves of hypnotized masses were hurled into the fantastic enterprise to raise and to turn around the colossal Sphynx-like mass representing a whole nation's petrified mentality." One suspects that Mr. Mende's ex-

BOOKS ON CHINA

sive intellectuality may create as my stereotypes as it demolishes.

WHAT OF THE INTELLECTUALS?

is easier to understand divergent imony about China if one cons the obvious fact that, in a iety as diverse as China, revolution benefits some and harms others. long those who have benefited are the most part) the peasantry, even account for a large share of

Snow's positive appraisal of the solution. Among those harmed have been the non-Communist intellectuals. Mr. Snow's chapters on the intellectuals are short, superficial, not notable for their human empathy. Mr. Greene, to his credit, makes a more serious attempt to deal with the problem.

For a high-quality account of what happened to the intellectuals, we e. *The Wilting of the Hundred Powers: Free Thought in China* lay by Mu Fu-sheng (London, William Heinemann Ltd., 1962), not published in America, but available on order from English bookshops. Mu Fu-sheng (pseudonym) is a scholar, trained in Britain and America, who returned to China for a year of patriotic motives, and then, "when circumstances turned out to be rather different from what he expected. Both what he suffered and what he enjoyed at the hands of the Communists were of modest proportion and so balanced each other that cannot be said to have been either tortured or persecuted."

The resulting book is a detailed indictment of the Communists' treatment of intellectuals, on moral and philosophical grounds. The nub of criticism is that "the undemocratic measures they employ are not minimum required for stability efficiency, but the maximum a political machine can produce." is not authoritarianism that troubles him. It is the religious fervor that accompanies it, and the subjugation of every skeptical mind within.

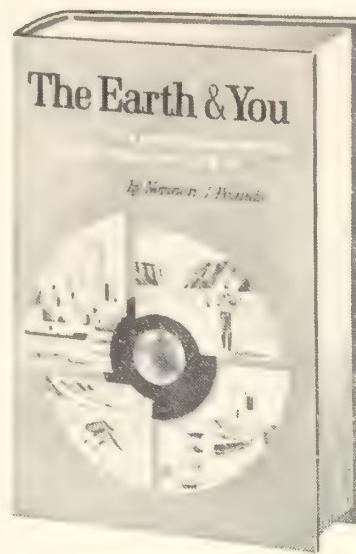
Mr. Mu's book abounds in brilliant sages, among them the best depiction of "brainwashing" (thought-control by group pressure) that yet been written. The reader is advised, however, to skip the first

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BOOKS ON CHINA

forty-nine pages, which contain a sketch of Chinese history so condensed as to be incomprehensible.

The resentment that fills *The Wilted Flower* is partly that of a man who finds all his expertise useless when it is not accompanied by political conformity, who finds himself ordered about by party cadres who are politically orthodox but whom he considers intellectually inferior. Yet at every point this work transcends the author's personal bitterness. Resentment is sublimated in philosophy. It is the author's tragic sense, his ability to see the inevitable and still to mourn its consequences, that will make this book outlive the occasion in which it was composed.

THE same cannot be said of **Escape from Red China** by Robert Loh and Humphrey Evans (Coward-McCann, \$5.75). Mr. Loh returned to China from America in 1949, became the manager of a large flour mill in Shanghai, suffered, and escaped. The story is absorbing, but it is always the author's personal tragedy that dominates. Thus the reader is moved to pity, but not to a higher understanding of China or of the human condition. The book's dual authorship gives it a warmed-over taste, and the gratuitous admixture of some third-rate cheesecake does not enhance our confidence in the authors' seriousness of purpose.

Even the appearance of such noteworthy books as Mr. Snow's and Mr. Mu's will hardly compensate the American reader for the lack of regular news coverage of Communist China by the press. These books do, indeed, fill a gap. But they should not obscure the fact that we are still seriously short of firsthand information about one of the great human events of modern times, partly as a result of our own mistakes.

Until a balanced diet of news makes the public less vulnerable, the majority of books on China will continue to be secondhand material served up from both right and left. Meanwhile, the reader would do well to consider Mr. Mende's view that "from the two equally distorted pictures of the terrifying and the admirable China, slowly, the three-dimensional China will emerge, as if a stereoscope were being focused. It will be neither frightening nor angelic. It will be human."

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE
HARPER & ROW, Publishers, Incorporated
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Swear to and subscribed before me this 14th day of September, 1862.

EDWIN G. BOHREN, NOTARY PUBLIC

[SEAL] (My commission expires March 30, 1963)

MUSIC in the round

BY DISCUS

PINNING THROUGH EUROPE

The lilt of Spanish songs, the grue-me reality of a Hungarian stage ocker, the dull student work of a German master—all are available for a traveler by ear.

In what amounts to a musical tour of Europe—not a Grand Tour, but one that takes in some interesting entry—are some recent records containing little-known music by composers from Spain to Hungary. It is true that the major work on the latest Victoria de los Angeles disc, which is named **Twentieth Century Spanish Songs** (Angel 35775, mono; 35775, stereo), is the relatively popular *Siete canciones populares españolas* by Manuel de Falla. It is a gorgeous work and it is gorgeously sung. But that is not the interesting thing about this record. For it contains, in addition to the Falla, a good deal of material that will be unknown even to song specialists, and some of it is of extreme beauty.

For instance, there is the Granados *La maja dolorosa*—a cycle of three songs from the exquisite series of *Fonadillas* he composed. Why are these so seldom sung in concert as to be absolute rarities? *La maja dolorosa* is sweet, evocative, expertly composed, and full of individuality. The haunting Spanish lilt is present; so is a superb fusion of text and song. These three songs alone make his disc priceless. Apparently De los Angeles is the first singer on records—in this country, at any rate—to have turned her attention to them.

Other material on the record includes songs by Mompou, Toldrá, Turina, and Rodrigo. These are lovely, though nowhere near as memorable as the Granados. But there is one song that is a gem—Xavier Montsalvatge's *Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito*: a cradle song for a Negro baby. Montsalvatge is a

Catalonian composer entirely unknown to these shores except for this one song, and the only one who has it in her repertoire is De los Angeles. And how she sings it! With what charm of phrase and subtlety of nuance! The Spanish soprano could well be the most refined vocal artist in existence today.

Finland had its Sibelius, Norway its Grieg, and Denmark its Carl Nielsen, the least-known of the three but not necessarily the least. In recent years there has been a slow but continually budding interest in Nielsen, who was born in 1865 (the same year as Sibelius) and died in 1931. Sibelius may have been the bardic voice of the North; Nielsen, on the other hand, was more of a cosmopolite. Like Sibelius, he started as a post-romantic. Unlike him, he retained a post-romantic idiom, but one flavored by a knowledge of what was going on in the musical world. Nielsen composed broad, post-Mahlerian symphonies, and very good ones, without hesitating to use dissonance, neo-classic devices, and other techniques current during his time. He was an eclectic in the best sense of the word: a composer of dignity and resource who never wrote a cheap work (which cannot be said of Sibelius) and whose music is marked by utter professional skill.

Those who would like to examine one aspect of this composer can look into a disc containing his *Violin Sonata* (1912), *Prelude and Theme with Variations* (1923), and *Preludio and Presto* (1928) (Washington WLP 462, mono only). Kai Laursen is the violinist, Eyvind Moller the pianist. These three works for violin illustrate Nielsen's growth as artist and technician. The Sonata of 1912 is agreeable, lyric, rather conventional. But the *Prelude and Theme with Variations* is anything but that. It is full of ideas, full of interesting technical procedures, one of which is an exercise in Bachian and Men-

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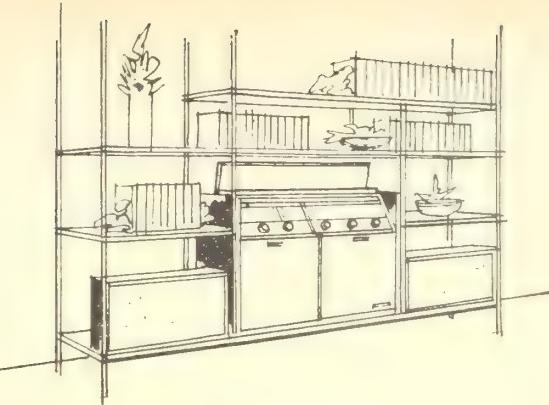
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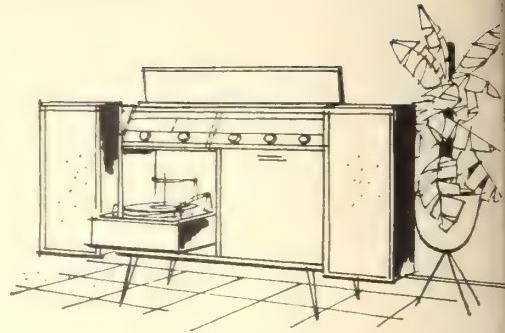
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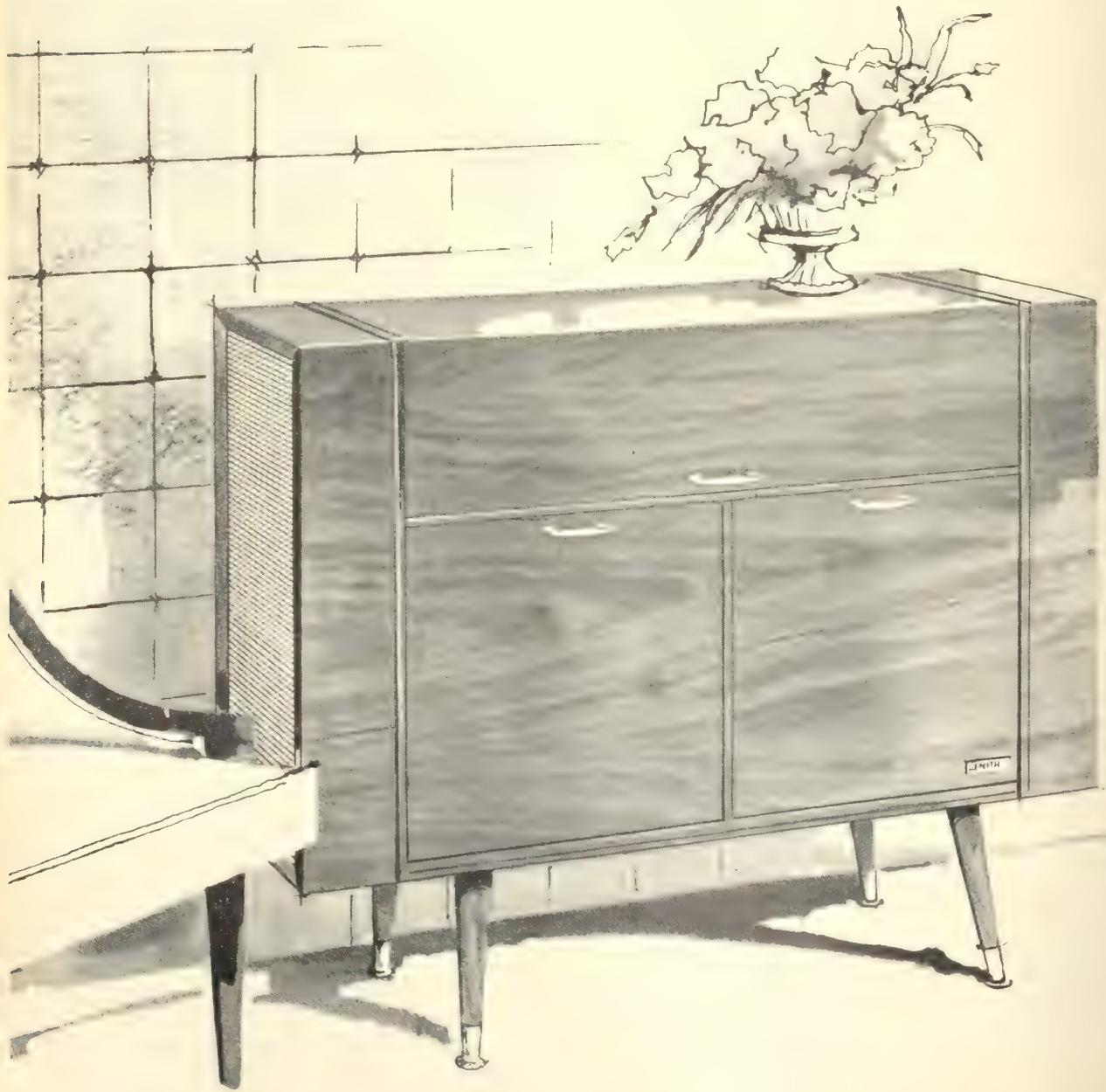


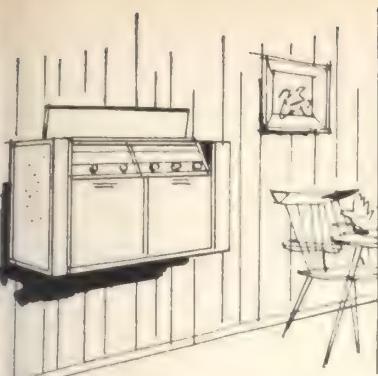
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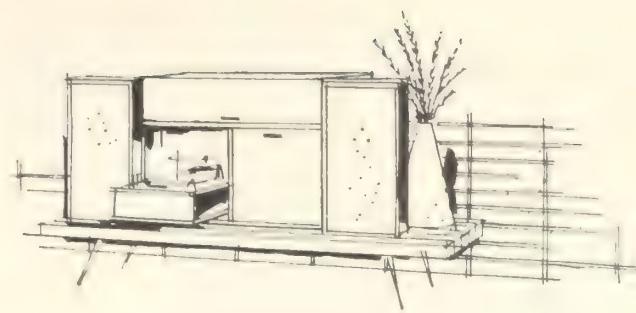
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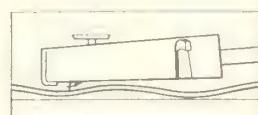
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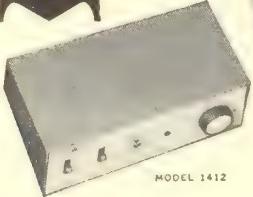
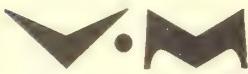
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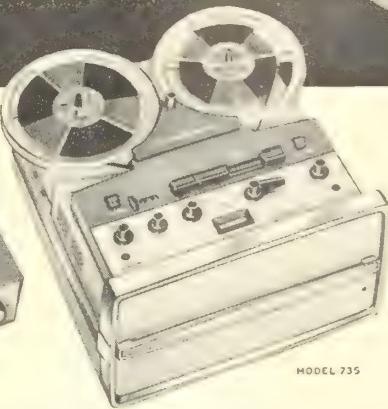


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MUSIC IN THE ROUND
delssohnian (the cadenza to the minor Concerto) idioms treated contemporary manner. And the 1928 *Preludio* reflects the writing of a veteran composer in its de conciseness, and intense musicality. Both of the Danish performers are very fine, and the recorded sound of the Danish-made disc is first-rate.

Bartók an Original

Thence to Hungary, with a disc containing two of Béla Bartók's still unperformed works—*The Miraculous Mandarin* and *The Wooden Prince* (Vox 12040, mono; 512040, stereo), with Rolf Reinhardt and the Baden-Baden Radio Orchestra. The better known *Miraculous Mandarin* is a greater score, but *The Wooden Prince*, which almost never turns up in concert or on the stage, is very much worth knowing. It was composed in 1916 and is a choreographed poem in one act, with a fairy-tale libretto containing a prince, princess, enchanted country, and all the trimmings. Like so many fairy tales, the story is symbolic and contains a moral. As for the score (as in *The Mandarin*, Bartók made a concerto suite), it is lush and romantic. It contains some evidence that Bartók had studied Stravinsky's *Firebird* very carefully. Bartók, though, was one of the originals of music and his score is anything but derivative. The Hungarian flavor, apparent in almost everything he composed, is strongly present, with its unusual scales and textures. And then there is the Bartók flavor: vigorous, ebullient, strong, and here expressed in a far less dissonant idiom than he later was to use. *The Wooden Prince* is altogether a lovely score, and a wonderful off-the-beaten-path item.

Of much grimmer stuff is the companion piece on this record. *The Miraculous Mandarin* was finished in 1919, though it did not have its first performance until 1927. At that time its *verismo* shocked people, though a few years ago, when the New York City Ballet Company revived the work (with new choreography), it was taken in stride. The libretto has to do with a mandarin who enters a brothel. He is set upon and robbed. Then the robbers try to kill him, but he will not die. He survives strangulation, stabbing, hanging. Not until the prostitute

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

how pity for him does he die. There is a moral here, too. Mankind in general? Christ in particular?

The score is shrill, nervous, and it mirrors the stage action with grim fidelity. (It is too bad that the record does not give a more detailed synopsis of the plot, so that the listener can better correlate the vicious sounds from the orchestra.) Whether or not one can love so cerebral and neurotic a piece of writing is a legitimate question. But the *mandarin* is nevertheless a gripping and exciting musical experience, and also an orchestral showpiece. Excellent performances and recorded sound. The stereo disc has an unusual amount of separation without ever appearing "gimmicked."

noriginal Wagner

And, finally, Germany, with the complete piano works of Richard Wagner. Yes, Wagner, he of *Tristan*, *Die Meistersinger*, and *The Ring*. These two discs, issued by the Bayreuth Festival Master Classes and capably played by Bruce Hungerford, are curiosities. In 1831 Wagner, as a student, composed a pair of piano sonatas and a Fantasy in F sharp minor. From 1853 to 1875 he wrote five short piano pieces as gifts to various people. There are one *Albumblätter* and four *Albumblätter*. Of all this material, only the tiny and pretty *Albumblatt in C* is ever heard, and that never in piano recital. It has been orchestrated and one often hears it as background music.

This record album does add something to the sum of musical knowledge, for the music is excessively dire. However, there is nothing, but nothing, Wagnerian in the music. They are student works, and bad student works at that; and any qualified musician hearing the two sonatas and the fantasy in the 1830s would毫不犹豫地 have said that they were the product of a student who obviously had no talent at all. They are dull, unoriginal, stiff, and pianistic. All of which proves not only that Wagner was a late starter, but that it is dangerous to pass opinion on future creativity on the basis of a composer's early work. At that, Wagner, one guesses, is the only important composer in history who at the age of eighteen showed so remarkably little aptitude for music.

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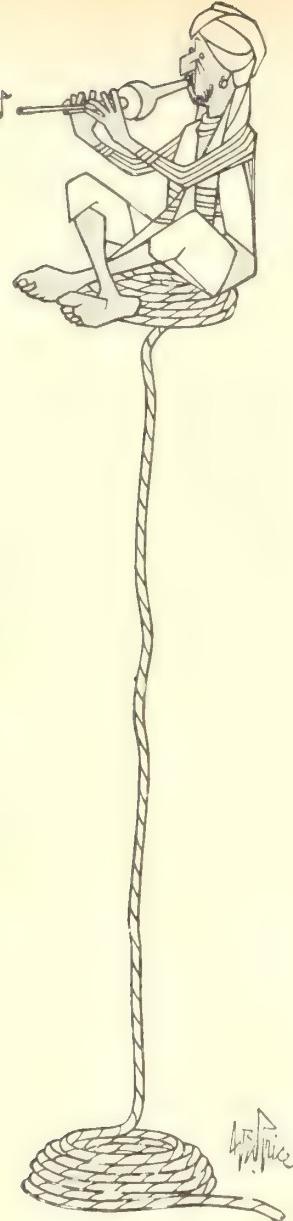
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JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

ROLLINS

Sonny Rollins has had the capacity, not found everywhere, to combine the rhythmic and harmonic innovations of the bebop era with the visceral and sustaining warmth of its predecessors. His instrument is the tenor saxophone, a medium once commanded by Coleman Hawkins and then pre-empted by Lester Young, a pair of dominant presences not easily to be encompassed. Rollins managed it by beginning as a hard and sharp-edged modern, then mellowing—without loss of incisiveness or individuality—into his own inner lyricism, chiefly by way of a tone quality that is full, throaty, and hot.

There is a Rollins of legend, partly made up of the commanding presence which looms out of the photographs on his dust jackets—close-cropped head, high cheek bones, heavy-lidded eyes, and an Edwardian tuft of beard are among its components. He arrived fiercely on the scene, in the late 'fifties, and was accorded stature and status as though by natural right. Deserved or not, these afflicted him with the artistic uncertainties of the too-soon anointed, and he reacted in proper style: he fled. For two years he was not publicly heard from.

"Woodshedding" is the old-fashioned word for what a jazz musician does when he turns inward on himself to learn, or relearn, his craft. Rollins' woodshed became the Williamsburg Bridge, where he found he could practice into the small hours of the night without unduly disturbing the neighbors. Ralph Berton, in *Metronome*, made Rollins' lonely vigils into a short story, and when they ended, in 1961, his first post-exile record was appropriately enough entitled *The Bridge*.

His newest is called *What's New*, and what's new turns out to be a Latin-American rhythm called the *bossa-nova*, a sort of loose jointed jazz samba that has acquired a sudden fashionability among performers out of all proportion to its popularity as a dance. The explanation is its fluid ease of employment for extraneous purposes, including Rollins', which begin with a ballad from "Camelot" and go on from there. He has not yet ceased to be surprising.

Sonny Rollins. *Freedom Suite*. Riverside RLP 12-258. Sonny Rollins and the Contemporary Leaders. Contemporary M 3564. *The Bridge*. Sonny Rollins. RCA Victor LPM/LSP-2527. *What's New*. Sonny Rollins. RCA Victor LPM/LSP-2572.

NEXT MONTH II

Harper's magazine

NEW FINDINGS ON THE ORIGIN OF RACES

A leading archaeologist advances an explosive new theory—a man evolved from a subhuman ancestor not just once, but five different times, in widely separated parts of the globe.

By Carleton S. Coon

DAVID DUBINSKY: *Why His Halo Slipped*

The once-revered boss of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union is getting a lot of reverence these days—both from the public and his own members.

By Paul Jacobson

HOW TO SUCCEED AT WRITING BY TRYING VERY HARD

A lighthearted account of what it takes—besides talent—to become a successful novelist.

By John Mason

WEST POINT: *Is It Good Enough?*

A candid report on what we . . . and are not . . . teaching our future military leaders.

By David Borin

SINS OF THE PRESS

The veteran Sunday editor of the *New York Times* probes beneath the pious complacency of American newspapermen.

By Lester Marquand

THE WHITE HOUSE PALACE GUARD

By Joseph Kranz

Children Deserve Better Treatment From Us

Our Oftentimes Flagrant Disregard For Teaching Good Eating Habits Costs Dearly

It is very unfortunate that too often in the United States let our concern about how we should manage our abundance of food blind us to the fact that millions upon millions of our people are malnourished—not necessarily under-nourished but, rather, *poorly* nourished.

Repeated studies of the nutritional status of the American people have pointed out that many of us simply have not learned how to eat sanely and sensibly to help maintain health. Obesity is estimated to be a problem for one of every five of us. Among our children, teen-age girls frequently are very badly nourished because of false ideas and fads they follow instead of learning sound health habits which could help them achieve their goals.

While many parents spend frustrating hours teaching their children proper table manners, often we completely overlook the fact that the lack of good eating habits among children is one of the key factors which contributes to the generally low state of physical fitness among us. Physical exercise and adequate rest are also very important to fitness, of course, but the young person's body must be built and must be maintained with the right kinds and amounts of food.

Basic Eating Patterns Are Learned At Home

Parents cannot shun their responsibility in teaching their children how to eat properly—in terms of selecting the kinds and quantities of food that are needed. Most of our basic eating patterns are established in our earliest years at the family dinner table. Our children learn much from example. If parents eat sensibly, then it is much more likely that our children will eat sensibly.

Also, we should not overlook any early tendency toward stuffing food to help alleviate the pains of psychological distress. The child who turns to stuffing food into his stomach whenever problems overwhelm him is learning a pattern that will be extremely difficult to change in later years. This is likely to add to the child's distress and become a blemish throughout his life. Parents have an obligation to avoid this very unhappy situation in which food substitutes for psychological needs.

Children, as parents so rapidly learn, do go through stages, especially when they reach the teen years and when they are girls. Appearance is usually tremendously im-

portant. Having "vitality" and energy enough to keep up with the crowd are also urgent needs. It is very unfortunate that we adults have done such a poor job in teaching our children that good health habits will give them the maximum amount of help in achieving exactly what they want—good appearance, vitality, energy.

The Youngsters Too Often Turn To Harmful Fad Ideas

Teen-age girls, especially, will turn to many different fads, unaware that sound nutrition through sane eating habits, adequate exercise, and sufficient rest will do more to help their appearance and to give them vim and vigor than any other things they might do. As a matter of fact, these unfortunate youngsters too frequently learn much later than they should that the fad diets and other "easy" approaches to beauty and vitality work against achieving their goals.

Nutrition scientists have done a highly competent job thus far in determining the kinds and amounts of foods we need for adequate nutrition. Daily Food Guides—based on servings from four major food groups : (1) milk and other dairy products; (2) meats, poultry, and fish; (3) fruits and vegetables; (4) cereals and grains—are readily available to all families who certainly ought to be using these guides as regularly as any other aid to building and maintaining the family's health and happiness. The guides suggest simple yet tasty eating patterns. We dairy farmers will be happy to send one to you if you don't have one at present.

Following sensible eating patterns—which vary by age and amount of physical activity—is not difficult. Eating a well balanced diet can be just as interesting and enjoyable as eating meals that contribute to obesity or other illness or lack of vigor. There is an abundance of highly nutritious and tasty foods available to the American people. Now we must concentrate on teaching ourselves and our children how to select from these foods the kind of diets that will keep us healthy.



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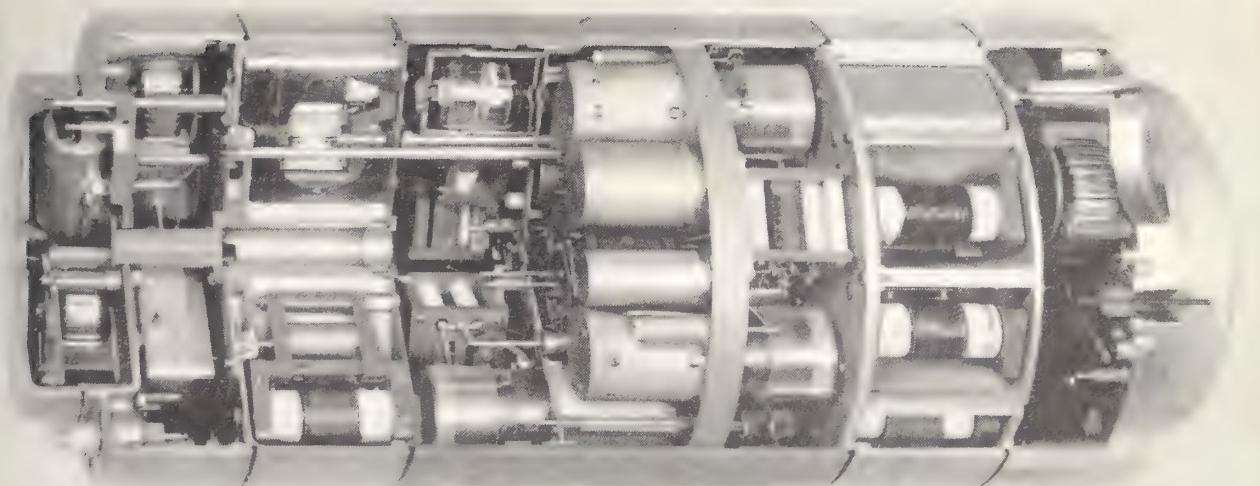
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ARTICLES

- 29 Kennedy's Working Staff, *Joseph Kraft*
37 A Thoroughly Highbrow Cruise, *Eleanor Perényi*
44 A Baptist Intellectual's View of Catholicism,
Harvey Cox
51 West Point: Ancient Incubator for a New Breed,
David Boroff
66 New Findings on the Origin of Races, *Carleton S. Coon*
75 David Dubinsky: Why His Throne Is Wobbling,
Paul Jacobs
85 The Real Sins of the Press, *Lester Markel*
96 When I Make Scones, *Frank Baker*

FICTION

- 60 The Speech, *V. S. Pritchett*

VERSE

- 82 Leaving Early, *Sylvia Plath*

- 94 Forecast, *Philip Booth*

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Letters
16 The Editor's Easy Chair—GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN,
LADIES, AND A FEW OTHERS, *John Fischer*
24 After Hours—THE LITTLE FM STATION THAT COULD,
Lowell R. Tillett
100 The New Books, *Leo Steinberg*
116 Books in Brief, *Katherine Gauss Jackson*
121 Music in the Round, *Discus*
124 Jazz Notes, *Eric Larrabee*

ARTISTS: Cover, Arthur Hawkins; 16, Roy McKie; 24, 27, N. M. Bodecker;
35, Joseph G. Farris; 37, 38, 41, 42, Osbert Lancaster;
51, 53, 55, 56, 57, 59, Burt Goldblatt; 60, 65, Reese Brandt;
96, 98, Frederick E. Banbery



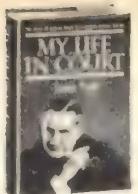
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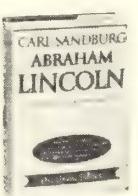
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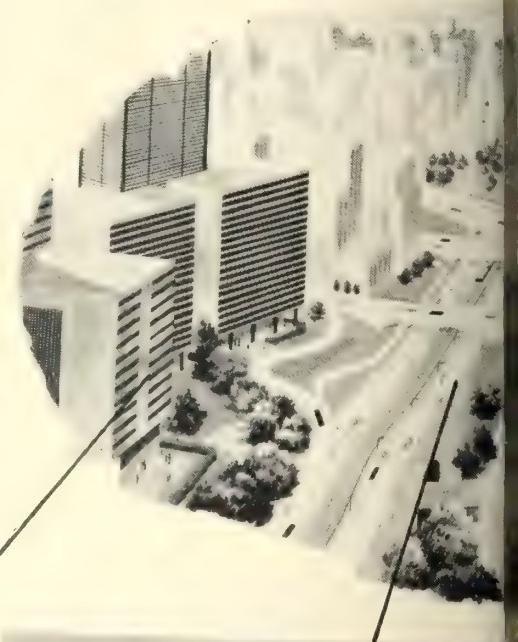
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Computer Centers. The Washington, D. C., Information Processing Center, above, is one of a number General Electric is establishing in major metropolitan areas, offering the services of the GE-225 computer. Centers are used by cities for billing municipal services, by department stores for inventory control, by schools for keeping records, by civic officials for planning projects, and by local industries for everything from product design to payroll and shipping records.



Street Lighting. Working with electric utilities and civic leaders, General Electric has pioneered many value improvements in outdoor lighting. For example, a new mercury-vapor lampinaire is relighting the main streets of many cities, like Albany, N. Y., above. Compared with mercury lighting of 1940, the new luminaire gives 70% more light; lamp lasts 6 times longer.

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VALUE



Rail Transit. Efficient transportation is a basic need of America's cities. Modern rail transit provides the high-speed, high-volume service that is the life stream of these metropolitan areas. General Electric is working with civic leaders and transit officials in developing improved systems and equipment. In New York City, new subway cars (at left), utilizing advanced General Electric propulsion systems, are enabling schedules to be stepped up for 25% faster service.



Medical Care. Advanced x-ray equipment, above, aids in medical diagnosis by providing intensified and sharper x-ray images, while reducing the patient's exposure. Other General Electric products, from new communications systems and closed-circuit television to more efficient kitchen facilities, are being used increasingly to help physicians and hospitals meet the ever-growing needs for their services.



Educational Television. One way schools are meeting the growing challenge of education is utilizing closed-circuit television as a teach-aids. Above, teachers at Eastern Michigan University learn techniques of TV teaching studio equipment supplied by General Electric, which also provides a wide range of TV equipment custom-designed for schools.



Water Supply. To meet the demands of a booming population, the great majority of communities need to make major improvements in their water systems. General Electric is working with communities to help meet these needs. One recent development: the push-button microwave system in Philadelphia, above, which regulates a complex network of mains, reservoirs, and pumping stations from a single location.

LETTERS

Feminine Fireworks

To THE EDITORS:

Your Supplement on The American Female [October] has left me very genuinely angry. I find not one kind word for the professions of wife, mother, and homemaker unless they are accompanied by gainful employment in the outside world. It may come as a shock to you that many intelligent, well-educated women find very deep satisfaction in using their well-developed minds to help create a good and stable family life, to help their children grow into wise and useful citizens who can make our country truly strong and admirable. I am one of them and I cannot believe that I am unique. . . .

CAROL S. FRIEL
Cincinnati, O.

If what Midge Decter has to say about "The Young Divorcee" [Supplement, October] today is a record of what she has seen and experienced, then her story is an alarming one. . . . I am divorced and have numerous divorced friends and acquaintances, yet the story she has outlined has no relationship whatsoever to anything in my own experience or in that of anyone I know. Real divorce can be bitter, tragic, burdensome, ugly, liberating, but whatever else it is, it is real, sharp, and clear. Divorce without good reason is not what shocks me in Miss Decter's account; depending on circumstance, any reason can be good enough. What is appalling is the implication that many people divorce their spouses while in a somnambulistic state.

How many people does the author really know who have actually imagined that a divorce is something one arranges with one's spouse, and that an attorney is an unwanted outsider? How many women of her acquaintance are there who have been able, after even a few years out of circulation, casually to get a job for an income that will support themselves, two children, an establishment, and a housekeeper, or who can set up a household without having to furnish good grounds for making their husbands contribute substantially to the arrangement? How many men does Miss Decter know who will actually pay real hard cash (as distinguished from good intentions) toward such a project, and will do so over an extended period, without some sort of coercion or pressure being applied? How many par-

sons . . . have to be told by a lawyer to consider how much money they need to support their children each week? . . .

Divorce, Miss Decter says, is hard on children, and this is true. Never again, she writes, will they be able to regard the universe as quite a safe place. But the universe is *not* quite a safe place, or anything near it, and to learn this, at whatever age, is the beginning of wisdom. To accept an unsafe world and live in it well should be the goal of the education in happily married families, and is, I am sure, the element left out of the education of the people she is talking about.

MARTHA MARX
New York, N. Y.

I was deeply impressed with the article, "The Young Divorcee," and consider it one of the finest discussions of the problem of marriage that I have seen. I believe that many ministers, priests, and rabbis would like to have reprints to aid them as marriage counselors. . . .

RABBI ALLAN TARSHISH
Glencoe, Ill.

In my article, "The Young Divorcee," I carelessly attributed a remark to Herbert Gold that I now discover Mr. Gold never made. His own essay on divorce (reprinted in *The Age of Happy Problems*) deals with the meaning of divorce as a moral act and has nothing to do, as I mistakenly said, with the idea that divorce begins in the impulse to infidelity. This idea is, of course, a common one and one that needs discussing, but I apologize to Mr. Gold for attributing it to him.

MIDGE DECTER
New York, N.Y.

Esther Raushenbush, in "Second Chance: New Education for Women," speaks of the need to salvage that female whose education has been interrupted. Fifteen years ago, the University of Kansas City established its Continuing Education Department. Here today . . . women ranging in ages from mid-twenties to late-seventies . . . grapple tirelessly with [such subjects as] Homer and Herodotus, and find themselves discussing Hamlet and Polonius as intimately as they would their next-door neighbors. . . .

Entrance examinations for these non-credit courses create no roadblock. . . . Here a mere payment of fee constitutes enrollment. Inside the classroom, all barriers disappear, fast friendships are made, . . . minds stimulated, and the female enrolls year after year with an

insatiable appetite for learning. . . . proud to be one of the ninety-two currently enrolled in a study of G drama.

JOSEPHINE G. MAY,
Kansas City,

As a professionally educated woman with four sons, aged nine to sixteen, I would like to make some sharp comments on the Carnegie Institute-HEW-inspired movement for the continuing education of women. After serving the . . . program on the University of Wisconsin campus this last year, I have the distinct impression that "Establishment" is the motivating force behind its development. It is not the result of a spontaneous demand from women generally. . . .

I have serious questions and reservations about the movement. First, there seems to be a lack of appreciation about general economic conditions which tend to keep women in my situation from seeking full-time work. The present structure is such that my earnings are greatly depreciated. Wage scales, Social Security taxes, and the general drudgery of housework make it impossible for a substitute to take my place in the home. My obligation to my family must restrict my professional activity. Effect, I am discriminated against at outset. I see no signs of change in the picture.

Second, it seems inconsistent to that universities should be pushing strenuously to get women back in school at a time when they claim serious fears about faculty and building inadequacies to meet the population explosion. We are about to expend tremendous sums for the oncoming tide of new students. I can see the merit of a program toward directing women in fields such as teaching and welfare among others where there are critical shortages, but beyond these, I believe the primary obligation is toward the new students.

There is no barrier against women becoming part-time students of their own initiative. If they have to be herded and cajoled into education, how much will society benefit? . . .

MARGARET P. VARD
Attorney at Law
Madison, Wis.

In "The Decline and Fall of Fashion," Ann St. Code asks, "who does not sigh with pride" at "exquisitely chic Madam la Présidente" and our world that "mad her possible"? Sigh with pride? Hardly. Jackie parading about India in five dresses per day, each worth about the annual income of an average Indian, may make a good fashion show, but one might question whether that's the way we want our country represented. I didn't feel exactly proud of all that

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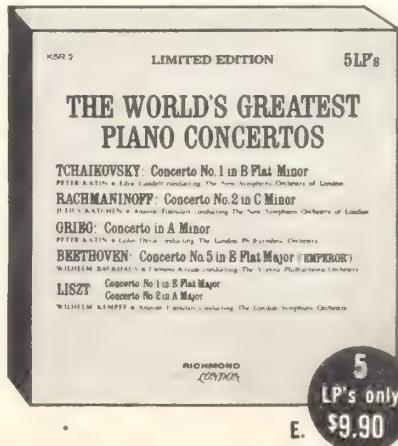
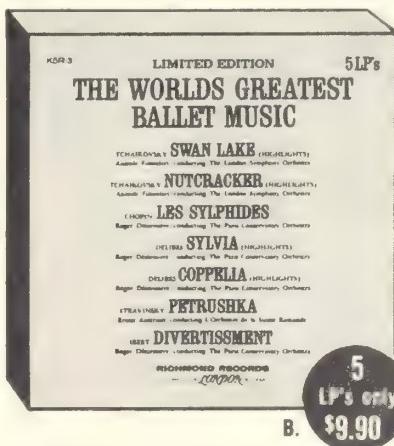
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LETTERS

Good Taste, but rather mortified at being disgusted at such gross lack of taste and such warped values. I'll take Eleanor Roosevelt as First Lady Ambassador Extraordinary any day.

MARY VON EULER
New Haven, Conn.

As the father of a nineteen-year-old college girl, I advocate in the name of sanity that Bruno Bettelheim's article "Growing up Female," be distributed to all U. S. senior high school and college girls as well as their parents. In fact, I suggest that every college admissions director should compel parents to read it prior to registration of their daughter. . . .

FRED R. LESSER
Manchester, N.H.

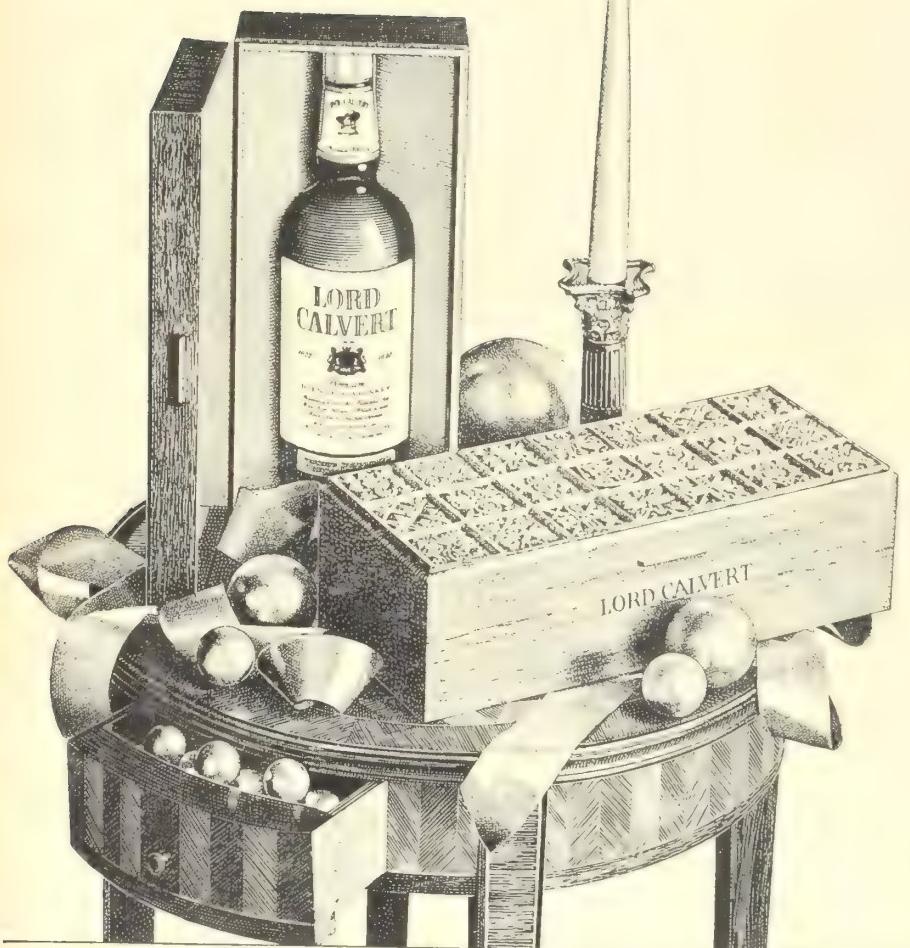
. . . The most blatant example of an anti-female sentiment I have encountered in ten years of professional engineering experience was right in Dr. Bettelheim's article. His footnote suggesting that female teachers, per se, cause boys to drop out of school or become delinquent in order to "prove themselves male" is a classic of the type of thinking the rest of the article disparages. Respect for the female, when such respect is deserved, in a good teacher, is surely a fundamental quality in a "male" male. . . .

MARIANNE RICHARDSON
Forest Hills, N.Y.

The October issue of *Harper's* succeeded, inadvertently I suspect, in weaving together two very closely related topics. In the Easy Chair the question of Negro adjustment to the reputation of inferiority was debated in letters; in the Supplement on The American Female, women's alleged inferiority. . . .

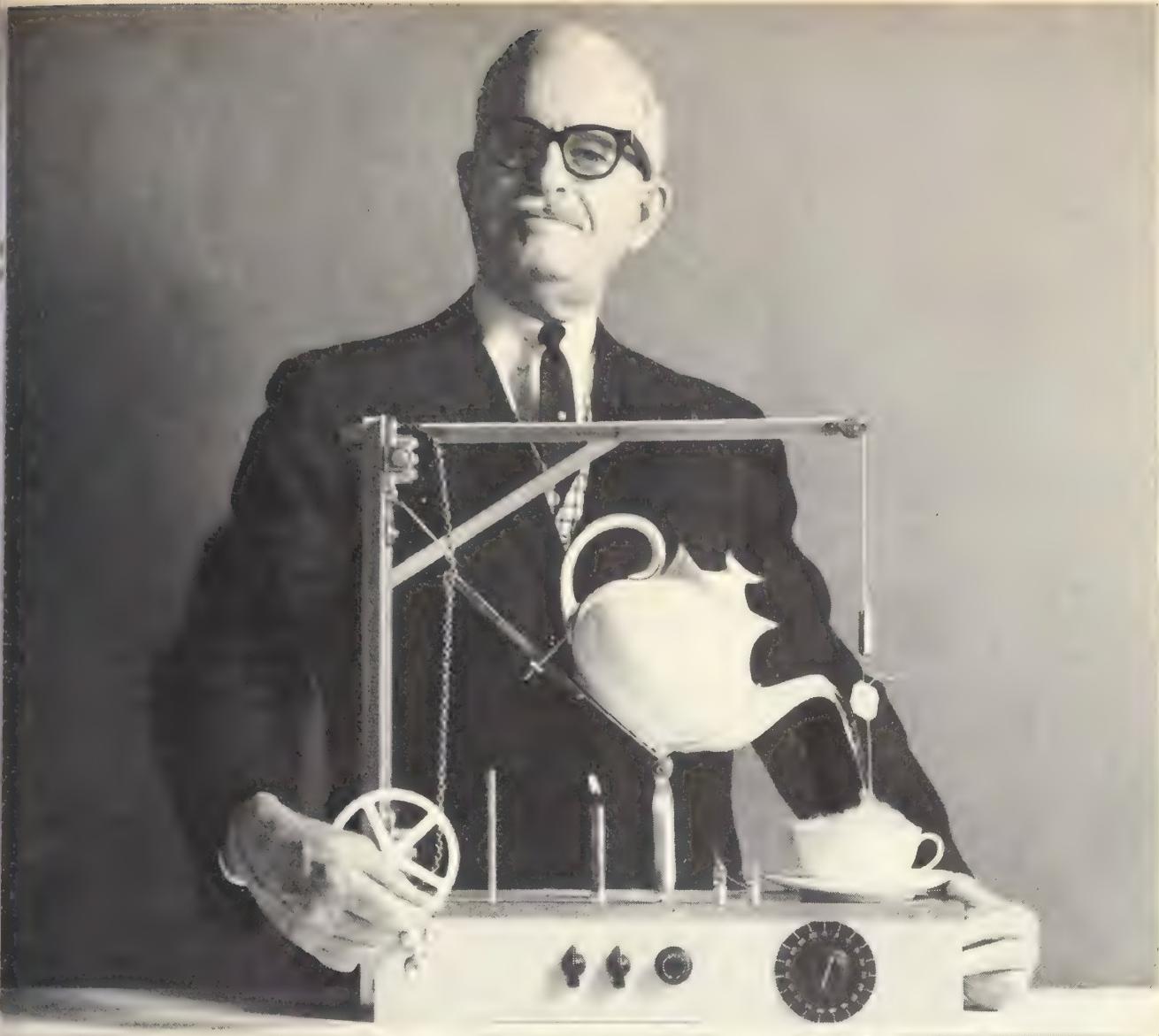
Marion K. Sanders' tale of the New Frontier ["Nobody Here but Us Pompous"] was, of course, the feminine counterpart of Amos and Andy. The richness of her satire on the folkways of Mr. Kennedy's Washington was no more than a smoke screen for a terrible parody of the hand-fluttering, slightly confused, but terribly persistent (and clearly substandard) comic mask which women today have to assume in order not to be accused of being aggressive, masculine, and unpleasant.

But, to paraphrase the question asked by a Negro in a letter in the Easy Chair, by what law of nature should women be expected to seek to please men more than men should seek to please women? The women's magazines are filled with articles on how to make men happy with tasty meals, by being more beautiful, by creating an attractive environment for them. In which men's magazine will find serious articles on how to keep down a paunch in order to be more attractive, or how to express thoughtful



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ridiculous machine? Perhaps.

Of course, many a simple idea has led to something useful. But before a company can become listed on the New York Stock Exchange, it must undergo careful scrutiny by the Exchange and meet a number of requirements.

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dividend actions promptly, furnish annual reports of its condition and periodic statements on its earnings.

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Sometimes, of course, it is necessary for the Exchange to delist a security when it is determined that further dealings in it are not desirable. For example, such a step is usually considered when the number of shareholders drops below 300, when outstanding shares total less than 100,000 or their market value dips under \$1,000,000 (again discounting the very large and small holders).

Measuring up to the standards set by the Exchange doesn't mean that every listed security is right for you as an investor. You and your Member Firm broker must consider all the current facts available and relate them to your personal goals.

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LETTERS

ness or awareness or tenderness? Rather there are articles on how to deceive women, such as David Yellin's "How to Make Friends with Women," but firmly on the premise that the shortest route to exploitation is the best route. . . . BABETTE C. CHAMBERLAIN, Berkeley, Calif.

Congratulations on "Nobody Here but Us Pompadours." I would like to nominate Marion K. Sanders for the position of the Aesop of the New Frontier. This, if she's not too old and there are no male applicants.

MRS. HERBERT S. McKEE, Democratic National Committeewoman, Chapel Hill, N.C.

What really kept me awake one night was "Speaking for the Working-class Wife" by Patricia Cayo Sexton. As an unremittingly working-class as she is, I find that I have not resisted with such integrity the buoyant Upward Mobility—we live now in one of those privilege suburbs where the poorer classes are made of teachers, newspapermen, and members of the clergy. But she brought to my mind, with pleasurable vividness an incident in my own growing up.

At the age of twelve, I was riffling through the reading matter on the coffee table of a relative who has since been Upward Mobilized all the way into the ranks of the International Set. I fell with glee on the copies of *The New Yorker* and *Scribner's*, but stared with scorn at the orange, dull-looking *Atlantic*. Where I came from, more than half the men in the neighborhood worked for the Atlantic Refining Company (referred to locally as "the Oiliest"); I could not understand what on earth my elegant aunt was doing with a factory house organ among her beautiful literary swans. . . . RUTH MAISON SWARTHMORE, Pa.

Patricia Cayo Sexton writes that "Jobs mean freedom, independence, excitement for women. . . . Jobs mean equality, or a route to it." . . . I have no objection to women working. I do not think, however, that a married woman who decides to work because, to her, work means freedom, independence, and excitement, will improve or even keep her previous relationship with her husband. . . . Why is an American wife driven out of her home in search of freedom and independence? If she wanted freedom, why marry in the first place? Did she not know that marriage is a bond which ties two people together for the rest of their lives (presumably)? "I want out, that's all," says the divorcee of Miss Deeter's article. This childish statement directs our attention to a tragic situation developed in the Ameri-

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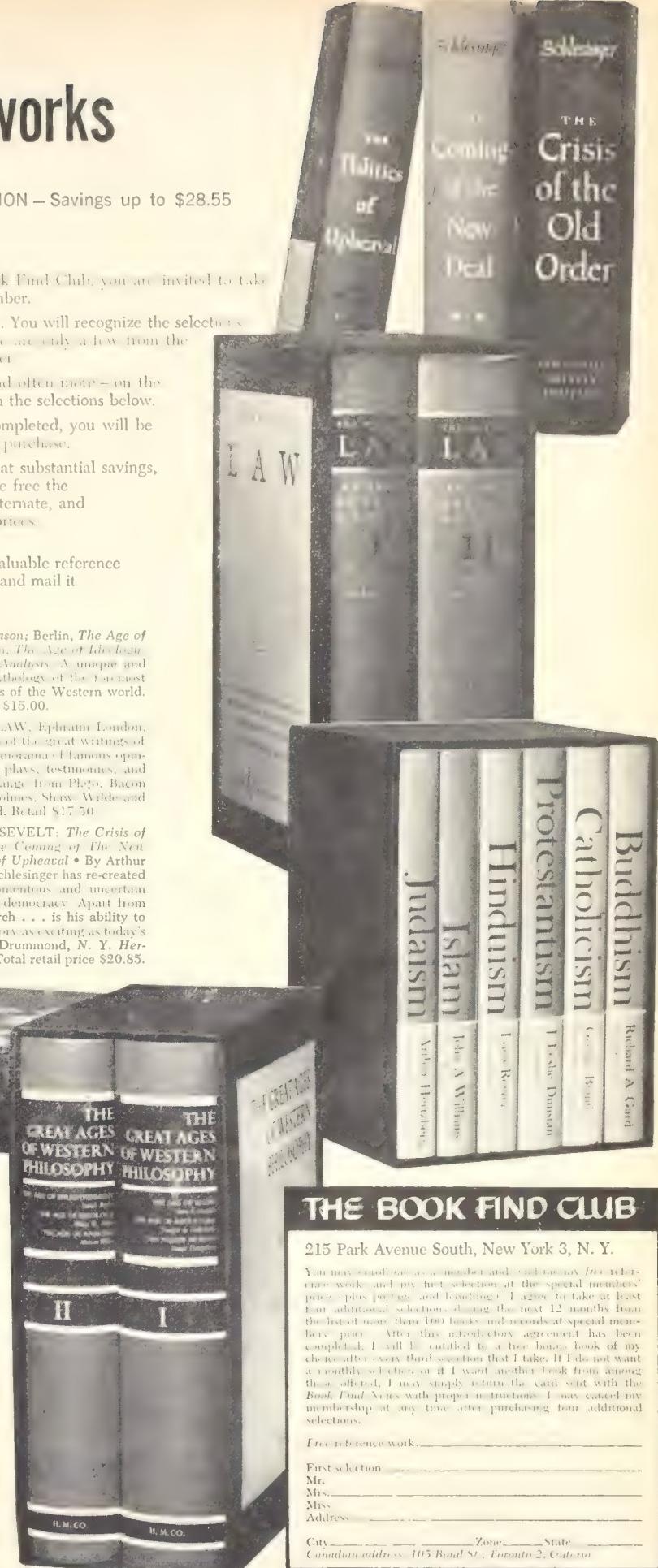
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LETTERS

can family: woman does not find any emotional satisfaction in marriage. . . .

VADIM MANASSEWITSCH
New York, N. Y.

Salinger's Critics

TO THE EDITORS:

J. D. Salinger—"great Phony-slayer"—is slain by Mary McCarthy ["J. D. Salinger's Closed Circuit," October]. May I suggest that Salinger is acutely aware of his own phoniness; that *Franny and Zooey* is a lament for his and for all phoniness . . . Zooey's text is almost embarrassingly simple . . . it might be reduced to a motto embroidered on a Victorian pillow—"God is Love"; granting, of course, that what Salinger comes up with is more like "God is love, for Crissake." . . . It has absolutely nothing to do with the function of the Fat Lady as audience, but rather with humility in the artist's approach to his media and . . . his intellectual and spiritual obligations to himself. . . .

Miss McCarthy may be right in her suspicion that the "chord of terror" struck from time to time in Salinger is due to his self-doubt. The complexity of phoniness is terrifying, but whether or not this concept of love is strong enough to last the duration—you've got to admit, buddy—it's a helluva try.

GEORGIA COOK KELLY
Radford, Va.

Mary McCarthy displays both the virtues and failings of our few good literary critics. While hitting on the essential defect of Salinger as a writer—his repetition of a single theme spoken by characters who are all extensions of himself—she makes the error of going all the way in denunciation of Salinger's ability and integrity. The faint praise she gives to passages in *The Catcher in the Rye* is not enough. . . . Both the novel and the *Nine Stories* (which she scarcely mentions) are the promising work of a writer of imagination. . . . In private discussion she would probably not deny this. But she has the critic's weakness of needing to completely demolish the writer in order to prove herself. She calls Salinger "a fake" on the basis of his lack of self-knowledge. It would be more helpful to say that a writer who has given us such poignant stories as "For Esmé—with Love and Squalor" as well as *The Catcher in the Rye* is experiencing difficulty and that we do not consequently consider him worthless.

DAVID EVANIER
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Good for honest Mary McCarthy! J. D. Salinger's Glass dynasty does begin to seem a little smug and patronizing by

the time one finishes reading *Franny and Zooey*. One also feels a cigarette coming on. . . . The underlying theme in all of Salinger's work to date is "Unless ye become as little children . . . His stories are peopled by detestable adults and adorable kids. Surely the reason for Seymour Glass's committing suicide was that he hated the adult world. . . . Perhaps in the course of time the fine craftsman Mr. Salinger will feel satisfied that he has made his point admirably and will go on to something else. I hope so.

MARY CALLAHAN
Bronxville, N. Y.

Millet vs. Khe

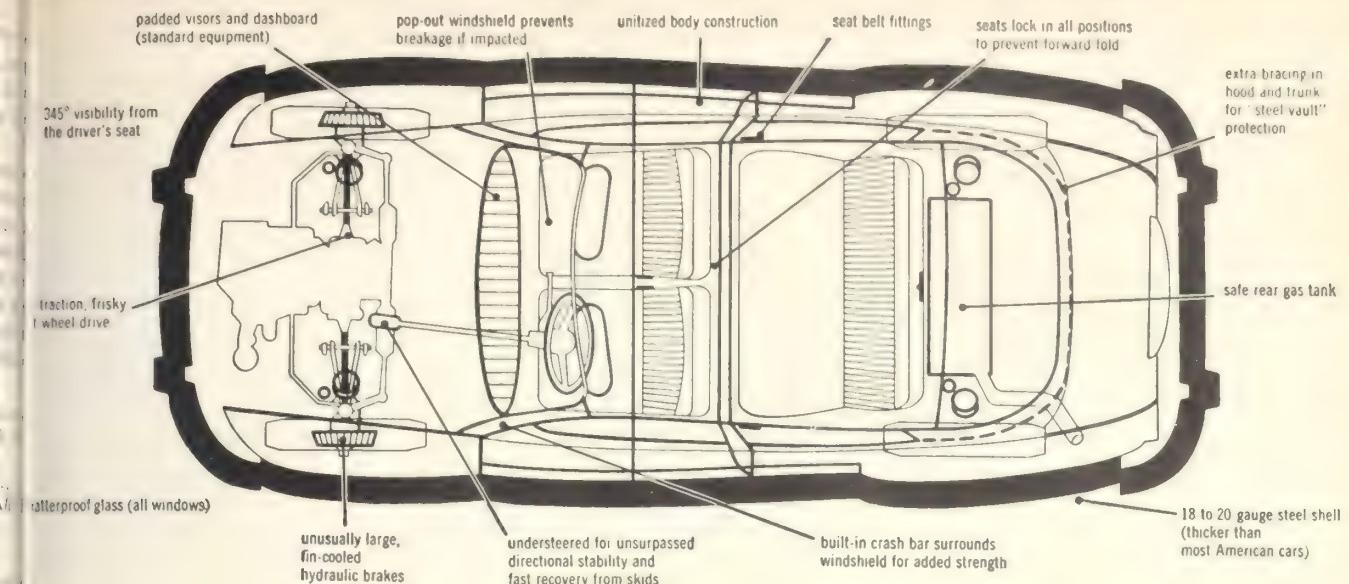
TO THE EDITORS:

If two men attempted one morning to murder the President of the United States, and if previous to that morning I, a foreigner, were seen in the company of those two men on several occasions, I believe that the American police would have to ask me a few questions. This was, in essence, what happened to Stanley Millet in Vietnam. What Mr. Millet termed "the ordeal of an American" ["Terror in Vietnam: An American Ordeal at the Hands of our 'Friends,'" September] consisted of two interrogations at the Vietnamese Police Headquarters, and Mr. Millet was accompanied by the American consul on those terrifying trials. The rest of the time Mr. Millet went on night-clubbing, drinking wine, and listening to love songs, as he lavishly stated in his article.

If public opinion in the U. S. were to be informed on what is going on in Vietnam only through the self-glorifying narratives of such comic-strip heroes as Stanley Millet, I would be sorry and worried for the free world. Now what bothers me even more is such total lack of integrity on the part of a university professor. Supposedly, some students trusted Mr. Millet and exchanged opinions with him in private. What did this educator do, but go right out and publish things said in confidence—with names! *O tempora, O mores!* . . .

I have been associated with Mr. Millet under the following circumstances: A few days after Millet's arrival in Saigon, the then-counselor of the American Embassy, Mr. Mendenhall, invited both of us to lunch. I have been a student and a teacher of political science myself; this was an opportunity for Millet and me to "talk shop"—which we did. Also present at this family lunch was a Vietnamese orphan, Bui Quang Khanh, alias Perkins, whose father's sudden death had left him without any possibility to finish high school. The three of us—Mr. Mendenhall, Mr. Millet, and I

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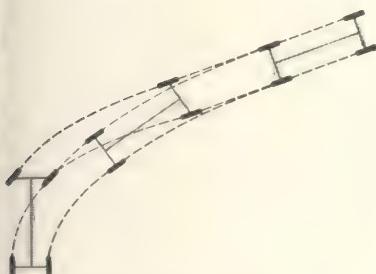
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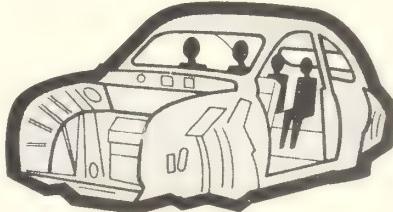
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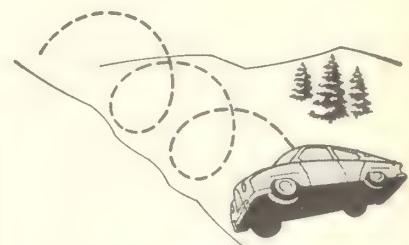
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LETTERS

—decided to help Perkins at least until he would graduate from high school. Through those links, I certainly considered Mr. Millet a friend, independently from his ideas.

The bombing of the presidential palace by two insurgents occurred while I was abroad, on an official business trip. Upon my return, Mr. Millet came to me and asked for my help because, he said, he was unjustly suspected of having participated in the plot to kill the president. I do not belong to any police organization; my position is, as Mr. Millet must have known, Chief of the Press Liaison Center. In Vietnam, one is not required to belong to the police before one can help a friend. I considered Mr. Millet's case with care, then I took it up with my government. My conviction was, and is always, that in spite of his coincidental acquaintance with the insurgents, Mr. Millet had not participated in any plot.

Finally, Mr. Millet was cleared, with relative rapidity, given the grave circumstances. Before he left Vietnam, he came by my office to say good-by; as I was absent, he left on my desk a note, the tone of which is all friendliness and sympathy. . . .

Therefore, how I have earned Mr. Millet's elaborate turnabout in his article is still a total mystery for me. . . . He even went through the pains of making up stories—making me say things I never said, or do things I never did. His sequence about the machine gun, for instance, came out of the blue—and is out of this world! . . . Unfortunately, it is obvious that all these inventions are more than innocent imagination; they are meant to harm. . . .

DANG DUC KHOI
Saigon, Vietnam

THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

I'm sorry that Khoi has responded to my account of my adventures in Vietnam in the way that he has. Both he and I know that what I wrote was the literal truth.

STANLEY MILLET
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

One Man's Chive

TO THE EDITORS:

Harper's food-taster, William North Jayme, has seriously compromised his standing as a connoisseur of any cuisine, including American, by his observations on "Dining West of the Hudson" [After Hours, October]. To those of us who love a good restaurant, chopped chives and sour cream on a baked potato or broiled South African lobster tails are now almost infallible indexes of an overpriced showplace serving stomach-turning meals. . . . Marinated herring, garlic rolls, and salads with Roquefort dress-

ing . . . are all too common, sir, and are far too often used by unscrupulous restaurateurs to mesmerize the palate while the chef is preparing an onslaught of underaged beef, soggy baked potato and "fresh garden" vegetables ruthlessly reduced to cellulose. . . . The trouble with American cooking when it is bad is [that] too many people seem to care more for what a dish is called, where it originated, and how it is served than how it tastes.

WILLIAM D. MARSLAN
Pres., Twin Valley Publishers, Inc.
Greene, N. J.

Captive Academics

TO THE EDITORS:

The unreported fact in "The Unreported Crisis in the Southern Colleges" [C. Vann Woodward, October] is that the freedom being defended is not wanted by most of the faculty. It would be a major error to think of the 17 teachers who signed a protest against the firing of Dr. Koeninger at San Houston State College in Texas as spiritual descendants of Thomas Jefferson. Most of them were born and raised in captivity and would be unhappy outside of an institution. For the scope of their teaching they need neither freedom nor courage.

President Lowman's . . . faculty is too timid and too inarticulate to be a threat. And the national organizations, who seek to protect academic freedom, know, alas, that local faculties are too weak to be anything but a liability. . . . The president, Board of Regents, the faculty, and the public are living by a philosophy of ethical neutrality in the face of controversial issues. Our forefathers were made of sterner stuff. Many of them had the guts to make the responsible decisions which free men can't avoid.

EDWARD RIDER
Navasota, Tex.

Noble Savages

TO THE EDITORS:

Nothing I have seen in print in recent years has moved me so close to tears as Peter Matthiessen's "The Death of Weake" [October]. I read this eloquent tale in the "civilized" confines of a Hudson & Manhattan Tubes train. Glancing at the sullen remote faces of my fellow passengers, I had the chilling thought that life in our sophisticated environment is a lot cheaper than it is in the savage wilds of New Guinea. Do we, in our mad scramble to pollute the atmosphere and food, show as much concern for *all* our children as these natives do for one little boy?

CARL GOLDSTEIN
East Orange, N. J.



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not get it now so that you can be getting pictures of the family all during the winter. And by early spring, you will be able to take color pictures with the same camera.





God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen, Ladies, and a Few Others *by John Fischer*

A HEARTFELT holiday greeting to the following people, who have done something in the past year to earn the regard (or at least the bemused attention) of their fellow citizens:

1. To Howard Rock of Fairbanks, Alaska, editor of the Tundra Times, and to his associates (including Dr. Harry S. Forbes of Milton, Massachusetts) for founding the first Eskimo newspaper.

An eight-page biweekly, it provides unique coverage of such news as the prospects for polar-bear hunters (poor), the best way to cook hair-seal intestines, the protection of native rights from encroachment by the government or white settlers, and the culture of the Eskimos, Aleuts, and Athabascan Indians. While its reporting is not quite so professional as that of the *New York Times*, it has a lot more charm. Witness the dispatch from Charlie Tuckfield, staff correspondent in Point Hope, who recorded the killing of six bowhead whales. As a result, he noted happily, "Most all ice cellars are pretty well supplied with muktuk now. . . . We have had a lot of visitors from Noatak and Kivalina by dog-team. . . . Eskimo life is real good life. Most all people here are real friendly. Everyone is always welcome to our village."

2. To Mayor John W. Castleberry of Eclectic, Alabama, for reviving a political custom which helped make Athens great, but has fallen into disuse in the last two thousand years.

He gave \$100,000 out of his own pocket to pay off the town's debts, finance a new city hall, and dig a new well for the municipal water works. A retired lumberman, Mayor Castleberry not only refuses to take a salary, but also makes frequent donations for civic projects the taxpayers can't afford; his gifts in the last five years have totaled well over \$200,000.

3. To Ray McPherson, Pecos banker, and to the Christian Women's Board of Missions, Texas branch, for their splendid (though unintentional) exemplification of the Texas Creed, i.e.: "It don't matter how you git it, so long as you git plenty."

In a report to his bank's directors, Mr. McPherson pointed out that the Billie Sol Estes scandal has been just dandy for business in his home town. "Because of it, more out-of-town people—investigators, tourists, and newsmen—have spent money in this area," he said, with a resulting increase of 15 per cent in retail sales and 100 per cent in the motel business.

And the investigation of slanted oil wells—a favorite device of Texas' Fifth Amendment millionaires for stealing oil from somebody else's land—turned up the fact that two of the crooked holes were drilled on property under lease to the Christian Women's Board of Missions. The good ladies, of course, hadn't known what the driller was up to.

Incidentally, since Texans don't believe in taxes, the state attorney general's office naturally didn't have enough money to finance the oil-theft investigation. So, in the local tradition of rugged free enterprise, it called on private business. The major oil companies—which had been the chief victims of this thievery—cheerfully put up more than \$100,000 to pay the investigators.

4. To the Ann Ross Gallery of White Plains, New York, for the year's most ingenious gimmick for selling pictures.

Back in 1945, Miss Ross and a friend, David Porter, exhibited a collection of paintings by artists who were not then in the big money. They entitled it "1950: A Painting Prophecy." Sure enough, just as they prophesied, most of these painters—including Pollock, de Kooning, Gottlieb, Baziotes, Motherwell, and Rothko—later became enormously fashionable; and anyone who bought a picture at that exhibition has presumably enjoyed a very pretty capital gain.



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ST. LUKE 2

to guide our feet into the way of Peace.

80 And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his shewing unto Israel.

CHAPTER 2

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

2 (*And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.*)

3 And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

4 And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)

5 To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

6 And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

7 And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

8 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

10 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12 And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13 And suddenly there was with the

angel a multitude of the heavenly praising God, and saying,

14 Glory to God in the highest on earth peace, good will toward men.

15 And it came to pass, as the were gone away from the heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even to Bethlehem, and see this thing which was come to pass, which the Lord has made known unto us.

16 And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the Child lying in a manger.

17 And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this Child.

18 And all they that heard it marveled at those things which were done by the shepherds.

19 But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

20 And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen as it was told unto them.

21 And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcision of the child, his name was called JESUS, which was so named of the angel before he was conceived in the womb of the woman.

22 And when the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished, they brought the Child to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord.

23 (As it is written in the law of Moses, Every male that openeth the womb shall be called holy to the Lord.)

24 And to offer a sacrifice according to that which is said in the law of Moses, A pair of turtle-doves, or two young pigeons.

25 And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon, and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel.

The greatest gift of all

In this happy, hurried season, when the true brightness of Christmas is sometimes blurred by glitter and gadgetry, one gift shines through as the

greatest of all...the Holy Bible. To a friend, to a family, no other gift speaks so eloquently of your love and respect. □ When you choose a

hood of Christ

he Holy Ghost was upon him. And it was revealed unto him by Holy Ghost, that he should not see before he had seen the Lord's.

And he came by the Spirit into temple: and when the parents ght in the child Jesus, to do for after the custom of the law,

Then took he him up in his arms, blessed God, and said,

Lord, now lettest thou thy ser-depart in peace, according to thy

For mine eyes have seen thy
tion,

Which thou hast prepared be-
the face of all people;

A light to lighten the Gentiles,
the glory of thy people Israel.

And Joseph and his mother mar-
d at those things which were
en of him.

And Simeon blessed them, and
unto Mary his mother, Behold,
child is set for the fall and rising
of many in Israel; and for a sign
h shall be spoken against;

(Yea, a sword shall pierce through
own soul also), that the thoughts
any hearts may be revealed.

And there was one Anna, a
hetess, the daughter of Phanuel,
the tribe of Aser: she was of a great
and had lived with an husband
n years from her virginity;

And she was a widow of about
score and four years, which de-
ed not from the temple, but served
with fastings and prayers night
day.

And she coming in that instant
thanks likewise unto the Lord,
spake of him to all them that
ed for redemption in Jerusalem.

And when they had performed
hings according to the law of the

ST. LUKE 2

Lord, they returned into Galilee, to
their own city Nazareth.

40 And the child grew, and waxed
strong in spirit, filled with wisdom;
and the grace of God was upon him.

41 Now his parents went to Jerusa-
lem every year at the feast of the pass-
over.

42 And when he was twelve years
old, they went up to Jerusalem after
the custom of the feast.

43 And when they had fulfilled the
days, as they returned, the child Jesus
tarried behind in Jerusalem; and
Joseph and his mother knew not of it.

44 But they, supposing him to have
been in the company, went a day's
journey; and they sought him among
their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

45 And when they found him not,
they turned back again to Jerusalem,
seeking him.

46 And it came to pass, that after
three days they found him in the
temple, sitting in the midst of the
doctors, both hearing them, and asking
them questions.

47 And all that heard him were
astonished at his understanding and
answers.

48 And when they saw him, they
were amazed: and his mother said unto
him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt
with us? behold, thy father and I have
sought thee sorrowing.

49 And he said unto them, How is
it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I
must be about my Father's business?

50 And they understood not the
saying which he spake unto them.

51 And he went down with them,
and came to Nazareth, and was subject
unto them: but his mother kept all
these sayings in her heart.

52 And Jesus increased in wisdom
and stature, and in favour with God
and man.



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This year Miss Ross and Mr. Porter assembled another collection by ten relatively unknown artists under the title, "1967: An Art Prophecy." To show her confidence in the selection and to remove any chance of loss, Miss Ross guaranteed to buy back at the same price any picture purchased by her customers.

To my eye, the canvases looked like standard Neo-Academic, not memorably different from thousands of other Abstract Expressionist and "Action" paintings. But on the strength of Miss Ross's record as a market tipster, they might well turn out to be nice speculations. Unless, of course, fashions in the art market change.

5. To the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) for the boldest and most rewarding experiment in commercial television.

For three years now it has been sponsoring high-quality cultural programs in prime evening time—including "The Play of the Week," "An Age of Kings" (a fifteen-week cycle of Shakespeare plays), and "Festival of the Performing Arts" (presenting such artists as Pablo Casals, the Budapest String Quartet, Isaac Stern, George London, and Andrés Segovia). Although these programs were deliberately aimed, not at a mass public, but at "discriminating and thoughtful people," they attracted a surprisingly large audience—against the competition of some of the most popular Westerns and variety shows on the air. For example, "An Age of Kings" brought in more than 50,000 commendatory letters and postcards, plus requests for 120,000 copies of a booklet describing the plays in their historical setting.

The experiment is also unique in two other ways: (a) the commercials were brief, nonirritating, sophisticated, and informative; (b) the sponsor refused to interfere in any way with the content, casting, or production of the programs.

The company considers its venture a whopping success, and plans to continue it in 1963—although at this writing the new program has not yet been chosen. After a fourth year, it is conceivable (though unlikely) that a few other sponsors will begin to realize that Jersey Standard has hit upon a sound idea.

6. To Dr. Edward Bauman of Washington, D.C., for a more modest but equally encouraging accomplishment on TV.

He has been presenting, of all things, a weekly course on the Bible which is both scholarly and intensely interesting. To the surprise of everybody concerned—including WMAL, his original station—the program has evoked an overwhelmingly enthusiastic response. It is now being broadcast over four additional stations, and some seventy more communities have asked for it. Dr. Bauman's is perhaps the most convincing demonstration yet that even the soberest kind of educational broadcasting doesn't have to be dull.

7. To Henry B. Van Sinderen, who served as midwife in the rebirth of his home town, Washington Depot, Connecticut.

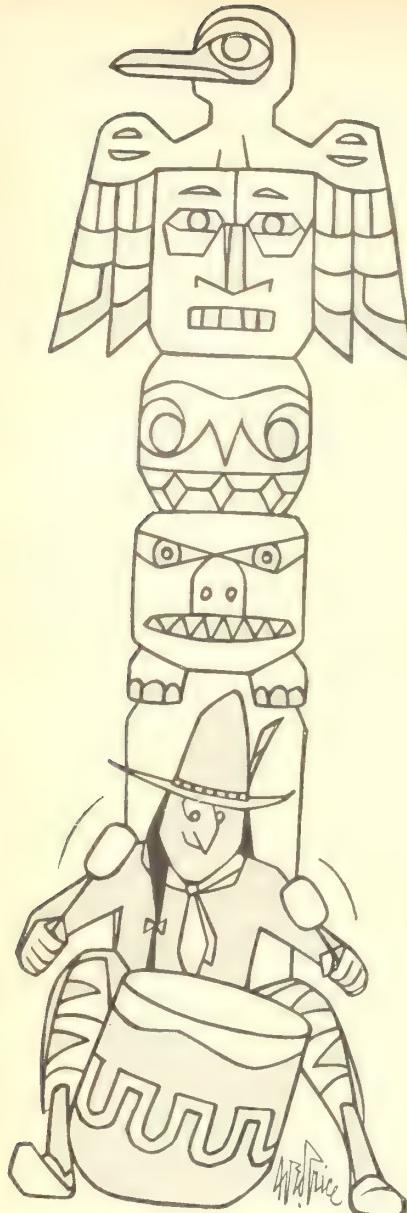
In 1955 a flood, brought on by two hurricanes, swept away a large part of the village. Mr. Van Sinderen persuaded the other community leaders that the disaster offered them an opportunity to rebuild from scratch—not on the town's old helter-skelter pattern, but according to a rational plan. They sensibly made Mr. Van Sinderen chairman of a planning commission and secretary of a new redevelopment agency; and he at once set about enlisting nearly every one of the town's 2,600 people into one phase or another of the renaissance.

Seven years later, with the rebuilding virtually completed, Washington Depot has become one of the most elegant towns in New England. Much of the flood-swept land along the Shepaug River has been cleared and converted into parks. New homes on higher ground harmonize with the rebuilt business district—both in traditional New England style. A new bridge, new sewers, new civic buildings, a new cultural center with a first-rate art gallery, and some 1,200 acres of community woodland—mostly donated by public-spirited citizens—all were fitted into a coherent master plan. What is most remarkable is that this design—unlike many urban-renewal projects—pays just as much attention to aesthetics as to economics, population densities, and traffic flow. Even the store signs, parking lots, and gas stations have been planned with unobtrusive good taste.

Since nearly a half-million dollars of state and federal money went into the undertaking, every taxpayer is entitled to a bit of proprietary pride in the rebirth of Washington Depot. If you happen to be driving near Litchfield County on your next vacation, you might do well to stop by the village; you'll be pleased, for once, to see where your tax money went.

8. To three farmers, unidentified, in Mississippi, Arizona, and Arkansas, for providing us taxpayers with a different kind of lesson.

The Mississippian and Arizonan, both cotton growers, nicked the federal treasury for \$1,167,500 and \$481,000 respectively, while the Arkansas rice grower got a subsidy of \$1,460,902. In return for these gifts—wrung out of the pockets of all of us—they did exactly nothing; they are merely the happy beneficiaries of farm legislation which was supposedly intended to help the needy yokel. Because Congress is so heavily stacked in favor of rural areas—particularly the South, which dominates the powerful committee chairmanships—these wealthy parasites will continue to bleed the rest of us Americans year after year, until the voters get mad enough to demand a thorough reorganization of Congress.



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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

Meanwhile it is instructive to reflect that a single year's take for these three farmers would have rebuilt six towns like Washington Depot.

9. To eighteen students and an equal number of teachers in the Midland Park, New Jersey, high school who have contributed a lot of sweat, time, and pocket money to their own overseas aid program: the establishment of a library for Frederiksted high school in St. Croix, the Virgin Islands.

On a visit to the island in 1959, Mrs. C. H. Auld, the Midland Park high-school librarian, discovered that the Frederiksted youngsters were desperately in need of books. When she got home, she told the story to the student library council, which promptly organized a book collection drive throughout Midland Park and neighboring communities. Eventually the students garnered three tons of books, sorted, cleaned, and repaired them, and shipped them off to St. Croix, paying the freight with money they earned at odd jobs after school. And this year a specially trained group of thirty-six students and teachers flew down to the island—at their own expense—to arrange and catalogue the library in professional fashion.

10. To Mrs. Kusum Nair of New Delhi, for the bravest and maybe the most important book to come out of India in many years.*

It caused an uproar among Indian bureaucrats, because she demonstrated with a wealth of firsthand evidence that no amount of money or technical help will start a backward community on the road to economic growth, so long as one key ingredient is missing.

This is a conviction that progress is both possible and desirable—plus a willingness to strive for it. In a depressingly large number of the villages she studied, this ingredient is altogether lacking. In others (a minority) she found at least a few peasants who were mysteriously endowed with hope and hustle. But the presence of these qualities apparently has nothing to do with

* *Blossoms in the Dust*, published in the United States by Frederick A. Praeger, \$4.00.

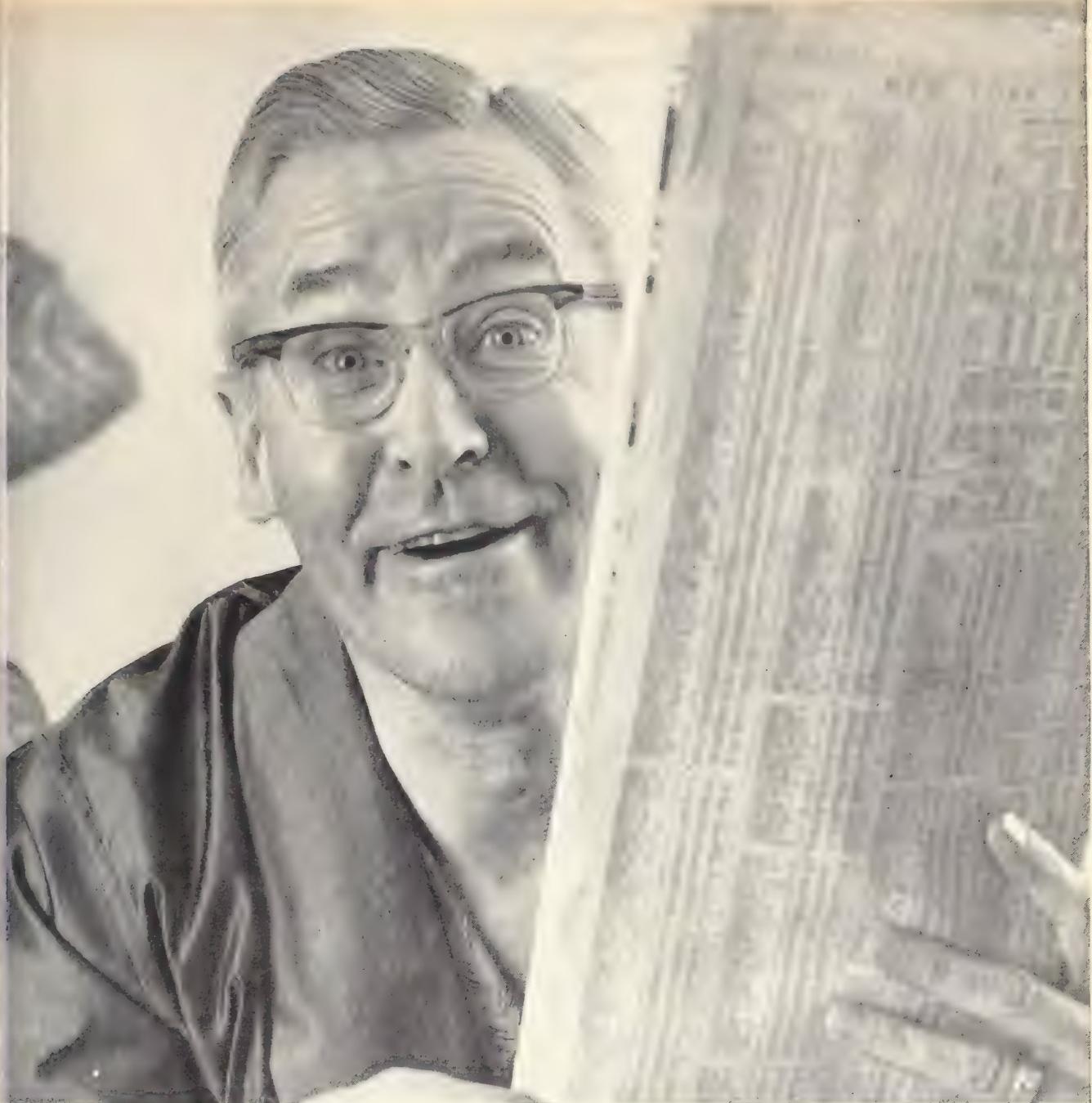
either education or income level.

For example, she cites dozens of cases such as that of the "illiterate sons of a village blacksmith" Gurdaspur district who have become successful entrepreneurs—owners of a flourishing bicycle rim factory or the totally unschooled peasant Gujarat who started life on a tiny patch of land "but today is as successful, prosperous, and progressive farmer as anyone can hope to be in the Indian context."

But much more common are the peasants who have both education and resources, but stubbornly refuse to change their centuries-old way. "Thus when cotton was first introduced in the Deccan, peasants earned so much that they put silver on the plows—but the plows remained the same and are still the same." Frequently a laborer decides that he can get along on two bags of rice a year so "he works for two bags but no more." Or a Bengali who has acquired a little schooling refuses to return to the fields because "education and cultivation cannot be combined; the two must be kept separate." Most discouraging of all, to Mrs. Nair, is the example of Kerala province, "where there is widespread literacy, rich natural resources, and most of the conventional prerequisites of development and yet development is lacking."

Her main conclusions are that (a) "a majority of the rural communities" in India just don't believe that better working methods and higher living standards are worth trying for; (b) "there will not be any spectacular improvement in the basic situation"; and (c) "development will not become a self-generating process . . . unless the value system of the community and the social structure" are drastically changed. Just how this might be done she does not pretend to know, for "there are many areas of belief that do not respond to reason or to the carrot of monetary gain, even with highly educated people."

For Indians, this pioneering sociological study is a sobering corrective to some of the country's more grandiose plans. For Americans, it is a useful guide to the circumstances in which aid to backward peoples might do some good, and those in which it is simply money wasted.



Uncle Sam's ahead again!"

ral Electrification Administration ins, made to help rural people ld their own electric lines, are ning out to be one of the best estments our Nation ever made. Since 1935, REA has advanced ore than \$3 $\frac{3}{4}$ billion to nearly 900 locally-owned and operated al electric systems. Rural people by-passed by stockholder power mpanies as too small or too unifitable to serve—have used these ns to build 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ million miles of e serving 20 million people.

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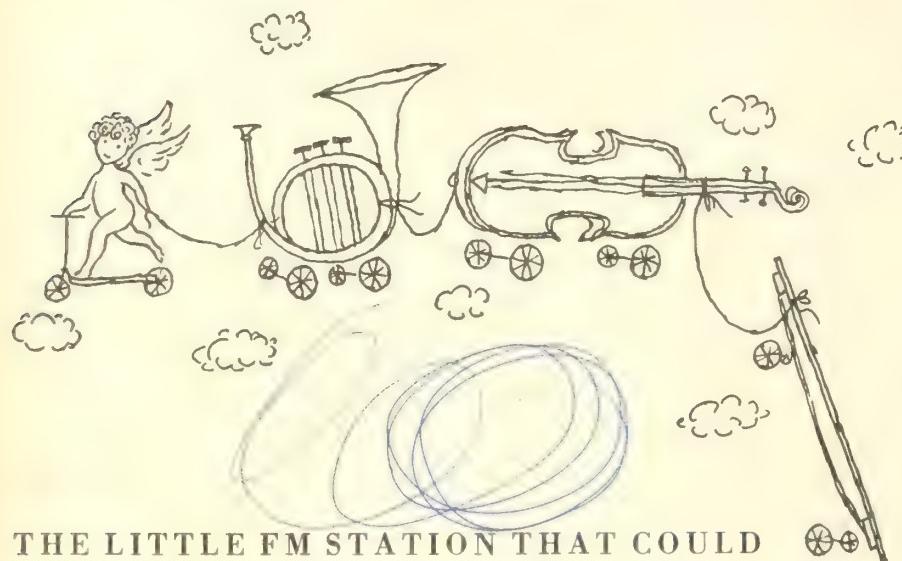
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AFTER HOURS



THE LITTLE FM STATION THAT COULD

By Lowell R. Tillett

Professor Tillett teaches history at Wake Forest College in Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

ONE of the few oases in Mr. Minow's wasteland is the independent FM station, which has demonstrated an unusual vitality and creativity in the last few years. Since 1957 the number of FM stations in the United States has increased from 530 to more than a thousand. While many of the older ones merely duplicate AM stations, the great majority of the newer generation are small stations on low budgets attempting some specialized program service for those refugees from AM radio and TV who refuse to be jingled or jangled any longer. Many of these stations are operated by émigrés from the AM radio field. They are quietly fighting—and winning—their battle for culture, even though they can't attract many national advertisers or get much notice from local newspapers. (The newspaper may own a rival station and, in any event, it is not likely to roll out the carpet for a new competitor for local advertising.)

People who live in metropolitan areas may forget that in well over half of the area of the United States a listener may still strain long and

hard to hear a symphony or thoughtful commentary. Citizens of the Piedmont region in North Carolina were among those unfortunates until three years ago, when two brave engineers opened WYFS of Winston-Salem and began operating from a studio-transmitter-office the size of a compact garage with a total staff of two. In May 1959 Fred Bennett and Allan Godwin, after twenty-five years of combined experience as radio engineers, rebelled against what they were forced to listen to for forty hours every week. They bought a bargain-priced transmitter which an educational station had outgrown and a 70-foot section of tower which had been abandoned, and built a 12-by-12-foot building out of cinder block. Then with one turntable and 75 records, they began broadcasting. The total capital outlay was well under \$10,000, which must be something of a record low for commercial broadcasting.

But the poverty of WYFS was not apparent in the loudspeaker. Bennett rebuilt the transmitter and designed most of the other equipment. No expense was sacrificed on the amplifiers, turntable, and pickup, which are critical to good audio production. Listeners as far as seventy miles away heard a remarkably clean sound with a full range of frequencies, of great interest to

the high-fidelity buffs in the area. One visitor remarked upon emerging from the "shack": "It looks like Rube Goldberg, but it sounds like Leopold Stokowski." And it is doubtful that any other station has been the subject of so many letters to the editor of the local newspaper or had its soft-spoken commercials answered with thank-you notes to the sponsors.

Bennett and Godwin had in common three things which have kept their station going: (1) a radio engineer's conception of the quality of sound which can be attained when the new superbly engineered LP record is transmitted on FM; (2) an amateur's devotion to the cause of good music; and (3) wives who were working.

Winston-Salem is culturally better off than most cities of 100,000; it is the home of the country's first Arts Council, the Moravian Museum Foundation, three colleges, and fine community orchestra, the Winston-Salem Symphony. But so far as radio was concerned, it was definitely an underdeveloped area. WYFS went into competition with four run-of-the-mill radio stations, which in their combined four hundred hours of broadcasts each week rose above the Mantovani level for only one shining hour on Sunday night. Furthermore, the broadcast music was subjected to the whims of the Unilevel, an automatic device which loudens the quiet passages and subdued the loud ones.

WHAT a handful of listeners to WYFS heard in the summer of 1959 was strange to their ears—a constant flow of good music running the gamut from Bach to the better Broadway shows, interrupted no more than three times an hour for music titles, identification, and brief ungimmicked commercials. Neither Bennett nor Godwin had ever done any announcing and had hoped to hire announcers at the earliest opportunity. But the amateur quality of their voices, the lack of slickness, soon became a distinctive mark of the station. The commercials attracted attention by their simplicity and brevity—for example: "The following performance is presented by Pine Hall Brick, the mark of enduring quality." The whole pace was

ed by a twenty-second interval setting up a new record on the turntable. Once listeners realized that the station was not in difficulties during these unperiods of silence, they found relaxing.

WYS' hopes for survival were indeed. Only about one-tenth of the homes in the area had sets, and the only FM broadcasts offered up to that time were duplications. There was no money for promotion, no financial support in sight from any foundation or "angel." The station could count on any national advertiser for while some national agencies using FM in major markets, they still wary of the smaller ones. The sole source of income was the local advertiser, who knew nothing about FM and was bound to be critical of the experiment. The hope was that the listeners would respond in such a way that sponsors would be convinced they were receiving a good return in sales or public service.

WS about WYS spread almost entirely by word of mouth, and as word got around, a number of listeners volunteered their help and services. A professor at Wake Forest College offered to do the programming and transferred most of his record collection to the station for use. Another professor volunteered opera commentaries. A local industrialist and champion of the buttonholed prospective sponsors and was responsible for several contracts. A pharmacist agreed to get a monthly program guide; a housewife took charge of cataloguing the growing record library. A lawyer who loves Gilbert and Sullivan offered his legal services, with compensation to be postponed indefinitely, if the station would give idols a better shake.

One day when the station was off air with technical troubles, two engineers from the nearby Western Electric plant showed up after work lend a hand. About a dozen of these Western Electric people have peddled out in some way, and one of them has worked over a hundred hours designing and building a multiplex generator for stereo broadcasts, working much of the



Have a Merito Christmas

MERRY, WE MEAN

**MERITO
EGGNOG
PUNCH**



Add 8 oz. of dry Merito Rum to a quart of any ready-mixed eggnog. Garnish with nutmeg.

**MERITO
DRY
DAIQUIRI**



To each 1/2 oz. of frozen Daiquiri Mix add 1 1/2 oz. Merito Rum, shake with ice and strain into glass. Also can be served "on-the-rocks."

**MERITO
RUM
MIST**



Fill Old-fashioned glass with shaved ice—add 1 1/2 oz. of Merito Rum—slice of lemon peel if desired.



Chants aussi! Hoisting a yule tree to the top of the mast—an old Caribbean holiday custom.

enjoy the finest tasting rum from Puerto Rico

Our great reserves of fine, light, dry Puerto Rican rums—plus the craftsmanship that comes from generations of fine rum making—give Merito unmatched delicacy and deliciousness. This holiday, serve Merito and, quite simply, you'll be serving the best.

Gracious Gift . . . "Marque" of Distinction: Eaton's finest white writing paper (100% cotton fibre) in two aristocratic gift choices: Hinged Cabinet, with ensemble of single letter pages, notes and envelopes, all hand-bordered in garnet. \$5.95. Eaton's "Marque", also in club-size single or folded letter paper, \$1.75. Both plus postage.



EATON'S
FINE LETTER PAPERS

Available at these and other fine stores: Chicago, Chas. A. Stevens & Co.; Hartford, G. Fox & Co.; New Orleans, D. H. Holmes Company; New York, B. Altman & Co.; Portland, Meier & Frank Co.,—Oregon; Richmond, Miller & Rhoads

EATON PAPER CORPORATION PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

LOWEST AIR FARES TO EUROPE

Biggest Family Plan savings just when prices in Europe are lowest! Go now and return any time up to June 30. For you and your wife, pay \$195 to \$277. 80 LESS than roundtrip jet Economy. Savings also apply to children 12 to 25. Long-range pressurized DC-6Bs to 10 key countries and beyond.

VISIT ICELAND, newest tourist discovery.



ASK ANY TRAVEL AGENT

ICELANDIC AIRLINES
LOFTLEIDIR

610 Fifth Ave., New York 20 PL 7-8585
(Rockefeller Center)

37 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago 3 FI 6-2341
210 Post St., San Francisco 8 YU 2-7651

LOWEST FARES of any scheduled airline ANY TIME OF YEAR

From New York to
ICELAND • ENGLAND
SCOTLAND • HOLLAND
GERMANY • NORWAY
SWEDEN • DENMARK
FINLAND
LUXEMBOURG*
*no Family plan to Luxembourg
WRITE FOR FOLDER H

AFTER HOURS

time between 1:00 and 5:00 when testing is permitted.

IN order to keep the station on air from 2:00 to 11:00 p.m. day Bennett and Godwin went on Spartan routine which was to turn off the station for two and a half years. They turns operating the station for nine-hour schedule, and the who was off duty did selling, bookkeeping, correspondence, and maintenance chores. Their original agement had been that they would stick it out until the end of 1961 (by this time their gross income was \$100 a month, though Bennett and Godwin got no pay for themselves that year). The main factor which compelled them to continue in the new year was the mail. While not impressive in volume, it was virtually 100 per cent enthusiastic about the project, and almost every letter contained in some form an urgent appeal: "Don't give up ship!"

The mail also revealed that the sponsors were beginning to get some return on their advertising. In addition to unheard of thank-you letters, the sponsors sometimes forwarded WYFS letters indicating that listeners had switched banking or fuel oil accounts in appreciation for the sponsor's support of better music. A local baker renewed his contract on a long-term basis, declaring that in twenty-five years he had never before received a letter in response to his advertising. On rare occasions the station's mail even yielded checks from strangers—from five to fifty dollars.

The turning point in WYFS' fortunes came in November 1961 when two local businessmen asked to join the project. One was Herman Dalton, a former electronics dealer who invested some much-needed development capital; the other was a business consultant and art enthusiast Owen Lewis, who asked to try his hand as general manager with special attention to sales. The company was reorganized and it now faces a decidedly brighter future with capital and a one-third increase in staff. Lewis, who has worked on the theory that the station could be sold to the advertiser as a public service and community asset, has made an impressive beginning, in

AFTER HOURS

sing the number of sponsors to fifty-five including several whole-

ennett and Godwin have introduced several unorthodox features in their operation. Tapes of performances of the local symphony, the avian Music Foundation, and the ges and churches are broadcast daily. Each Christmas and Easter on, the long masterpieces of ch music are presented without rd to the clock. This Christmas, ddition to traditional music and lings, the schedule will include new Christmas releases by major rding companies and tapes of l performances.

he Winston-Salem Arts Council ctor presents a nightly arts cal- or which has become a bulletin rd for coming cultural events;

the monthly program guide, ch other stations sell by subscrip- , is printed in inexpensive form given away by local advertisers. ile continuing to broadcast its le product of good music, the ion has begun to present an oc- onal lecture, play, and commen- on the news. Income has grown he point where stereo broadcasts be undertaken, and a new build- and lengthened schedule are emplated. A new building is the priority, since the station's 3,000 rds fill every cranny and some he bulky opera albums have to stored at Bennett's home.

ennett and Godwin are cau- sly optimistic about FM's future. ey are most pleased that they e demonstrated to their conform- olleagues that it could be done, while they are not likely to be lthy any time soon, they are cond by the fact that the operation t last breaking even and meeting payroll of three. They say that FS is here to stay, and a lot of th Carolinians hope so.



*Merry Christmas
from all of us at
Jack Daniel's Hollow
Reagan & Dan*



©1962, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.
TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.



Diamonds courtesy of Mother Nature (and Tiffany's). The one in the center can be yours for only \$27,000.



00 chinchillas (plus \$20,000) bring you this stylish coat. Not to be found in budget shops.



If the other items on the page don't appeal to you, give a Parker International. \$5 to \$75. Splurge and throw in a matching pencil.



Give a yacht for Christmas. (Everybody's doing it.) You can get this one for a paltry \$50,000.



Doesn't everyone want to own a thoroughbred race horse? This one's only \$10,000. Stable extra.



Give this nice Bentley for about \$17,000. Or you can spend an extra \$300 and give a Rolls Royce.

Gift ideas under \$100,000

Cars? Yachts? People who have everything surely don't want two of them! Better give them a real surprise with a Parker International, the ball pen that even has diamond dust in the tip! Want more proof of quality? It writes up to five times longer than ordinary ball pens. The ball is textured to hold the paper like a good tire holds the road. And it des in a stainless steel socket so it can't get stuck and start stuttering. Here's a gift they'll cherish and use for years. Try it and see. (If you have more than one friend, give several.) Parker—Maker of the world's most wanted pens.



KENNEDY'S WORKING STAFF

JOSEPH KRAFT

An appraisal, at mid-term, of the men closest to the President . . . the way their jobs interlock . . . their personal relationships . . . and their main strengths and weaknesses.

NO ONE MAN can fill the Presidency," Harry Truman once said. And in modern times at least, no one man has had to. For the past quarter-century the term "Presidency" has engrossed, besides the Chief Executive, a score of aides grouped in the White House Office. Their sole business is to help the President do his business. They are the President's Men.

Because they work behind the scenes, the functions and even the persons of the President's Men tend to be obscure. Not their importance. A survey of the federal bureaucracy made by a private management firm in 1960 found 75 dominant positions in the government—eight of them in the White House Office. Only two or three Cabinet members rival some members of the White House staff in influence and authority. Collectively, the White House staff probably outweighs any other group in the government, not excepting the Cabinet and the National Security Council.

Besides being important, the White House staff is peculiarly symbolic. Every President faces the problem of putting the imprint of his policy upon highly complicated problems that necessarily work their way up through a cumbersome bureaucracy which has its own momentum and direction. The chief means for bending the bureaucracy to the President's will is the White House staff. Its function is to move from the bureaucracy to the Presidency, reliably enough and soon enough to be effective, the elements of decision. More perhaps than any other aspect of government, the White House staff reflects the characteristic ways, means, and purposes of the President. It is his "lengthened shadow."

Thus under Eisenhower, the White House staff answered exactly the needs of a military man and national hero, with little appetite for detail, who deemed it his mission to harmonize discordant elements in the nation. In structure the staff was hierarchical, heading up in The Assistant to the President: first Sherman Adams; after 1958, General Wilton Persons. Co-ordination was a main feature, and there were thrice-weekly staff meetings and an elaborate machinery, including a staff secretary and a Cabinet secretary, to make sure that all bases were touched. Great stress was laid on agreed position papers (one for nearly every foreign country was prepared, and kept up to date, by the staff of the National Security Council) which, like field manuals, would pass the word from the President down through the

ranks. Whether in the interests of protecting General Eisenhower or not, an unmistakable effort was made to resolve disputes below the Presidential level. "I count the day lost when I have not found some way of lightening the President's load," Sherman Adams once remarked. General Persons used to say: "We're not looking for business."

Under Kennedy, the staff has been shaped to meet the needs of a President with abundant stores of restless energy, with a great capacity for assimilating detail, and with a taste for tackling issues before the rough edges are planed away in co-ordination: "When things are very quiet, and beautifully organized," he once said, "I think it's time to be concerned." Extraordinary as it may seem, and despite many recommendations to the contrary, there has not been a single meeting of Kennedy's White House staff; nor is there likely to be. Neither is any single staff man the major-domo, though some members are senior to others. In structure, the staff is not a pyramid, but a wheel figuring a network of bilateral relations between the President and his aides. Staff members get together frequently on an *ad hoc* basis; but their characteristic relationship (despite talk of the Irish Mafia and the Harvard Clique) is neither partnership nor feud, but a kind of disengagement, reinforced by separateness of function and personality. Formal papers are at a minimum, but all staff members are encouraged to bring to the President all official problems. "We work for a President," one staff member says, "who is looking for business."

But how do they work? And what are the strengths and weaknesses of the system?

TWO MEN FOR ALL SEASONS

TWENTY-TWO persons currently make up the White House staff—as against twenty-eight for Eisenhower through most of 1960. But the numbers mean almost nothing. While some persons who figure actively in White House activities are carried on the staffs of other agencies, others are in the White House for want of another suitable post, and still others attend more to personal, social, and secretarial than to governmental tasks. For operational purposes, the Kennedy White House Office breaks down into two all-purpose aides and five functional offices.

The two all-purpose men are Ralph Dungan, a veteran of the President's Senate staff, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the Harvard historian and Pulitzer Prize winner. Dungan is chiefly

responsible for personnel, or as he puts it, "head-hunting." He maintains a permanent list of talent available for posts in the government; checks the job recommendations that come up from the Congress, the Democratic National Committee, and the Departments and Agencies; and keeps tabs on the expiration dates of term appointments. Though that function is heavily political, Dungan is personally a reflective and genial person, the very opposite of the hard-nosed operator supposed to thrive in the politics of the New Frontier. "He's the nicest guy I ever met in politics," a Connecticut job-seeker who didn't get the job once said of him. Though the personnel job is normally a full-time occupation, Dungan, because of his substantive interests, has taken on a wide variety of other tasks—for example, he is the Presidential overseer of the foreign-aid program and works on policy toward Latin America and Africa.

Schlesinger's assignment is more diverse. He has maintained liaison between the President and UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, has sat in on Latin American policy meetings at the State Department and White House, has taken an occasional hand at speeches, and functioned as a point of contact between the White House and the intellectual community. "Arthur," one other White House aide says, "has minimal operational responsibilities. He serves as a general gadfly." In his own view, Schlesinger has a special responsibility for innovation. He had a hand in the speech made by the President at the 1962 Yale Commencement which aimed at setting in motion an economic re-education of the nation. It was his idea to establish a White House cultural office, and to place in it August Heckscher.

FIVE SLOTTED BY FUNCTION

QF THE five functional slots, one may best be described as staff assistant to the President. It is filled by Kenneth O'Donnell, thirty-eight, a former Harvard football star and member of Robert Kennedy's staff when he was counsel to the Senate rackets committee. O'Donnell handles most of the White House administrative chores: appointments for the President, arrangements for Presidential trips, and such matters as FBI clearance for the White House staff. Insofar as anyone keeps the rest of the staff systematically informed about the President's thoughts and actions, it is O'Donnell. He is also, in the words of one of his colleagues, "the chief White House official for party politics," and thus in constant liaison with the Democratic National

Committee and local party groups across the country.

Probably O'Donnell sees the President more than any other staff member—some ten or twenty times a day. In an offhand way, his judgment is likely to be asked on any matter ranging from a tax cut to a candidate for Governor of New York. Personally, he does correspond to the image of a Kennedy type: highly intelligent, physically powerful, and with tight features. "Kenny makes a hundred decisions a day," one other White House aide says, "and without any flap." Better perhaps than any other of the President's Men, he can take and hold a negative position. "When I want a No decision," says an assistant secretary, "I take my problem to O'Donnell."

THE second functional slot is the office of the Special Counsel, which might be called the office of Presidential programs. Invented initially for Samuel Rosenman in the Roosevelt Administration, then passed on to Clark Clifford and Charles S. Murphy in the Truman Administration, the post is now held by a thirty-four-year-old Nebraska lawyer, Theodore C. Sorensen, who has been with Mr. Kennedy since he came to the Senate in 1953. Sharing the office with Sorensen are a Deputy Special Counsel and an Assistant Special Counsel, respectively: Myer Feldman, a former Pennsylvania law professor with extensive experience in private business and the government; and Lee White, a classmate of Sorensen at the Nebraska law school who worked with him, as did Feldman, in the President's Senate office.

Sorensen's responsibility runs virtually across the board. He drafts most Presidential messages and speeches; sits in with Cabinet members and Agency heads in formulating the legislative program and the Budget; attends the President's weekly meeting with the legislative leaders, and the pre-press conference briefing of the President; and participates actively in handling virtually every major domestic issue and some major foreign issues. Feldman and White work—largely independently—in the same area, but generally on more detailed matters: Feldman on agriculture, transportation, communications, trade and tariffs, and much regulatory Agency business, as well as some Israeli affairs; White on civil rights, public works, and conservation. All three men

Joseph Kraft, "Harper's" Washington correspondent, is the author of two books: "The Struggle for Algeria" and "The Grand Design"—a study of Kennedy policy, "From Common Market to Atlantic Partnership."

have direct access to the President, though Sorenson undoubtedly sees him most often—and on the more full blown issues.

While much has been said about Sorensen's liberal past—his father was campaign manager for Senator George Norris in Nebraska, and he himself has always been a liberal Democrat—what most characterizes his shop are the business-like virtues: lucid grasp of complicated issues, good judgment, and staggering production. "Sorensen," says one of the permanent officials in the Bureau of the Budget, "can understand anything from sugar subsidies to bomb shelters. And he's the fastest good writer this place has ever seen. His office does what at least ten men did in the Eisenhower regime."

THE third functional slot is the Special Assistant for National Security Affairs, a post created for—and to a large extent, by—the former Harvard Dean, McGeorge Bundy. Bundy—or in his absence his deputy, the Harvard economist Carl Kaysen—receives copies of virtually all the incoming cables to the Secretaries of State and Defense and the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency. These he sorts out, taking the most important, or those bearing on immediate business, direct to the President. Bundy has also made his office a workshop for putting together policies that cannot easily be constructed in any other single place—the American stand on bomb testing, for instance. And, of course, his shop is the clearinghouse for a wide variety of questions and proposals coming to the President from the national security Agencies. To handle this business, Bundy has built a small staff organized along geographic lines. It meets daily and includes a staff secretary; specialists in Far Eastern, Soviet, and Arab affairs; and Schlesinger and Dungan when they are wearing their Latin American or African hats. Decisions made by the President are registered, not in elaborate position papers, but in short memoranda—the NSAM or National Security Action Memoranda—which merely state the fact that the President has considered an issue and decided such and such.

Perhaps alone among the White House staff, Bundy is heir to a tradition—the tradition of leadership in American foreign policy that stretches from Theodore Roosevelt through Elihu Root to Henry Stimson, who worked with Bundy's father, Harvey, in the Hoover Administration and World War II, and who entrusted to McGeorge Bundy the writing of his official biography. Bundy's style is fully in keeping with that tradition. He has spoken and

written extensively and dealt man-to-man with the likes of Harold Macmillan, Konrad Adenauer, and André Malraux. Confident mastery—not without disdain for those who don't have it—colors his expressions. A reference to "pompous nonsense" in a recent article in *Foreign Affairs*, for example, has left a sting in some parts of the Pentagon and some quarters at Harvard.

THE fourth functional slot is the assistant for Congressional relations. Used only sporadically in the Eisenhower Administration and hardly at all by Truman and Roosevelt, this post has been given special weight under Kennedy. It is headed by one of the President's oldest associates, the forty-five-year-old Massachusetts public-relations man, Lawrence O'Brien, who has under him five aides—one Senate man, three House men, and a general assistant. O'Brien receives every Monday night written reports from the various Departments and Agencies on pending legislation; these form the basis of the breakfast meetings, usually held Tuesday morning, with the legislative leaders. O'Brien or one of his aides usually sits in on the meetings that precede formulation of the President's legislative program. As measures enter the critical stages in Congress, O'Brien and his men usually take over the lobbying task from the Departmental representatives.

While there has been much complaint of arm-twisting, the fact is that a great deal of O'Brien's work is a public-relations service job. He sees to it, for example, that the Departments and Agencies give advance notice to Congressmen of decisions affecting their districts. In one typical ten-minute interval, not long ago, he took three telephone calls from the Hill—one dealing with a pending bill, a second concerning money for a Senatorial campaign, a third involving a White House tour for a constituent of a Republican Senator. Supplying such services comes naturally to O'Brien, an engaging redhead, notably fair-minded, with an instinctive grasp of the other man's point of view. Of one Congressman who complained publicly of arm-twisting by O'Brien's office, O'Brien says: "I don't mind. He's a Democrat in a Republican district. It helps him if the voters think he's fighting the Democratic organization."

THE fifth functional slot is the well-known office of Press Secretary, filled, with the help of two assistants, by Pierre Salinger, a thirty-seven-year-old California writer and editor who formerly worked on the staff of Robert Kennedy. Salinger presides over an inter-Departmental

briefing session that precedes Presidential press conferences, and also acts as informal chairman over a weekly group of government information officers. But his chief job is getting out information to newsmen. He briefs the White House regulars twice a day—at noon and again at four in the afternoon. While no match for President Eisenhower's Press Secretary, James Hagerty, in keeping newsmen out of trouble by dispensing innocuous information in encyclopedic detail, Salinger has a special brand of comedy that works toward the same result. At a briefing on September 24, for example, after refusing comment on a question concerning Cuba, and another concerning the convicted Soviet spy Robert Soblen, Salinger plunged into this exchange:

Q. Is there anything to the story that the Green Room is going to be chartreuse and the Blue Room is going to be white on white?

Mr. S. I am glad that you brought that up.

Q. What was the question?

Mr. S. The question was whether the Green Room is going to be chartreuse and the Blue Room was going to be white on white.

Q. What is chartreuse?

Q. Could we file what we already have?

Mr. S. I would like to deal with this matter within the limits of the knowledge I have, but I can state unequivocally that . . .

Q. You mean unequivocally.

Mr. S. Unequivocally that the Blue Room will continue to be the Blue Room.

Q. You didn't answer someone's question. What is chartreuse?

Mr. S. I couldn't tell you that. The Green Room will remain the Green Room, and the Blue Room will remain the Blue Room.

Q. You are talking about the name or the motif?

Mr. S. I am talking about the two rooms.

Several moments later a reporter asked: "Do you mind if we leave?" With perfect aplomb, Mr. S. replied: "Not in the slightest."

"AS FLUID AS IT CAN BE"

VIRTUALLY no piece of Presidential business, of course, fits cleanly into any single compartment. The slightest alteration in the Communications Satellite Bill, for example, involved O'Donnell, who was watching the political angles as they affected private business; O'Brien, who had a finger on the Congressional pulse; White, who did much of the drafting in co-operation with the Justice Department and Space Counsel; and Bundy's office which was concerned with international implications.

The course of events, moreover, dictates a continuous shifting of priorities and assignments.

The recent Drug Bill, for instance, was initially Sorensen's ball, but when he had to do a major speech, it was passed on to Feldman who, when he had to go to Israel, passed it on to White. Civil rights, normally White's bailiwick, became the province of Sorensen, O'Donnell, Robert Kennedy, and the President when the admission of James Meredith to the University of Mississippi became an all-out test of strength between the federal government and Governor Ross Barnett. Thus, in action, what look like clear lines of well-defined jurisdiction blur into a kaleidoscope. "The White House operation," one aide says, "is as fluid as it can be."

Even amidst this organic process, however, there are fixed reference points—three dominant orientations—for the White House staff. Of these, the most important is the President himself. His day—in the office with the papers read at 9:15; back to the White House living quarters (or mansion) for a swim, lunch, and reading at around 1:00; back in the office at around 2:30; back to the mansion with a sheaf of papers at around 7:30—sets the pattern for the staff's day. Generally they are in the office before the President, and generally they quit after he goes home. While staff access to the President is very easy, the custom is not to interrupt his formal appointments. Staff members usually catch him, singly or in groups, as he enters his office in the morning or after lunch, or just before he quits it for lunch or dinner. Written material for his attention is usually placed in a folder he takes home at night. Sometimes, just before dinner, the President will himself wander into one of the staff offices for a chat.

Casual terseness marks most of the exchanges between the staff and the President. "What have you got?" or "What's up?" is Mr. Kennedy's usual opening phrase. Then, as one aide says, "You're supposed to tell him—bang, bang, bang." "Take care of that" or "Check that with so and so" is the normal Presidential response. Assignments are handed out in an equally informal manner. Often all the President says is: "I'd like you to think about such and such."

The ability to interpret laconic questions correctly is absolutely crucial in the Kennedy White House. General Maxwell Taylor was taken on as the President's Special Military Adviser last June in large part because, as one White House staffer says, "he was a military man who spoke the President's language." Now that General Taylor has become Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, there will be no need of a translator between the Chiefs and the President, and the odds

are that he will not be replaced in this job.

Both the President's Scientific Adviser, Jerome Wiesner, and his Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, Walter Heller, have had troubles because they tended to be long-winded. It is generally acknowledged in the White House that much of the early confusion regarding the Administration derived from poor staff reading of the President's signs. "There were some new boys around," one of Mr. Kennedy's long-time assistants says. "They thought when he said, 'Take care of that,' he meant for them to do it personally. They were running around all over the place. Now they know he wants them to take care of it through the appropriate channels."

Some part of the White House staff enters into virtually all White House action. Three staff men (Bundy, Sorensen, and O'Donnell) were in on the Cuba quarantine plan from the very beginning. Sorensen and O'Donnell shared with the President and Robert Kennedy the tightly held secret that Anthony J. Celebrezze, who was originally being considered for a judgeship, would instead be appointed Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare.

But the President keeps open a wide variety of other channels to the outside world. He reads extensively and is likely to take initiatives based on articles and editorials as well as staff memoranda. He has very close personal relations not only with the Attorney General, but also the Secretary of the Treasury, Douglas Dillon. He is apt to call personally any one of a dozen men in the State and Defense Departments, and he has hosts of close connections in the Congress and the press corps. In these relationships, the White House staff enters hardly at all; nor do they figure much in the President's social life. On the contrary, he generally takes his ease with what one White House aide calls—somewhat ruefully—"the swells" of the society world.

LINKS WITH THE OUTSIDE

FOR its part, the staff also has an important orientation toward the outside world of government and politics. Indeed, every member has a distinct focal point: O'Donnell with the Democratic National Committee and with local political leaders; Salinger with the press; O'Brien with the Congress; Bundy with Defense, State, and the CIA; Sorensen with the Bureau of the Budget, Treasury, and the Council of Economic Advisers; Feldman with Agriculture, Commerce, and the regulatory Agencies; White with Justice, Interior, and the housing Agencies. In those

areas where the President himself has only a limited interest, the White House staff is likely to have wide latitude. Though Department and Agency heads can communicate directly with the President, those outside the range of his keenest interest are generally pleased to have a White House staff member present their case. "We usually try to go in to the President with Sorensen on our side," one Department head says. In the negotiations on the Trade Bill, Feldman tended to carry the ball for the Commerce Department, even negotiating certain agreements directly with various producer interests.

But in those areas where the President's interest is keenest, the staff role tends to be more narrowly confined. Sorensen, before giving his views on an important matter of economic policy, will see to it that the President has first the views of the Treasury and the Council of Economic Advisers. Bundy, just because he has so often been talked of as a Deputy President for Foreign Affairs, hews particularly close to the reporting line. Before the President meets with the Secretaries of State and Defense, say, Bundy will analyze for him the views of each, giving an estimate of the underlying reasons, and perhaps supplying a list of questions the President should have answered before reaching his decision. "Mac doesn't usually advise the President," one of his colleagues says. "He gives the President the means for assessing the advice that comes from others."

In that spirit, a key function of all White House staff members is to spot the weak points in the proposals generated by the other parts of the Executive Branch. White House staff members played a key part in heading off a tax increase at the time of the Berlin buildup of July 1961; in putting at least some public-ownership features into the Communications Satellite program; in knocking down a State Department proposal that the action on the Trade Bill be delayed until 1963; in blocking proposals made after the Bay of Pigs that there be established a Cold War Strategy Board, and a special office of Psychological Warfare in the State Department. It is generally agreed that the special forte of the Special Counsel's office is penetrating analysis. "When Sorensen gets into something," one of the permanent civil servants at the Bureau of the Budget says, "it gets a thorough scrubbing." It is also generally agreed that the biggest single failure of the White House staff lay in timidity in questioning the proposals for the Cuban invasion of April 1961. "At that point," a former White House aide says, "we just didn't have the

confidence to tell the veterans of the bureaucracy, 'Look, you're crazy.'"

A similar and equally important role of the White House staff is pulling information and problems out of the Departments for Presidential decision. When the issue of control over West New Guinea was bogged down in an internal State Department dispute between the European bureau with its Dutch clients, and the Far Eastern bureau with its Indonesian clients, Bundy's office pulled it out for Presidential disposition. A great many of the issues between Commerce and State over the Trade Bill were forced to a head by Feldman. Such tactics inevitably grate hard on some people in some Departments. The more so as the White House staff people are not particularly gentle. Two officials who refused to yield up a document to Bundy, on the grounds it wasn't yet ready, were told: "Well, I see it's still the same, old, Germanic, wrongheaded State Department."

Still the hurt feelings do not seem to get in the way of effective operational co-operation. The response to the Soviet protest over the U-2 plane which flew over Sakhalin Island last summer, for instance, was put out in a matter of hours, though it involved a temporary freeze on all other government mention of the issue, and close co-operation among Salinger, Bundy, and the State and Defense Departments.

A CERTAIN STIFFNESS

IN THE course of such operations, the Kennedy staff members develop still a third critical orientation: toward each other. There has been some written gossip, and much more talk, about a split among the Irish Mafia, the Senate group, and the Harvard Clique. It is true that the White House men dealing with patronage and politics are Irish; it is also true that the Special Counsel's office is filled by former members of the President's Senate staff; it is equally true that those most heavily engaged in foreign affairs are Harvard intellectuals. Inside each group, moreover, there are friendships that do not spill over: Sorensen, for example, often sees Feldman after hours, but not Bundy, who sees a good deal of Schlesinger; and not O'Donnell, who is often with O'Brien.

But that is about as far as cliquism goes in the Kennedy White House. For one thing, staff men tend to be too busy to develop alliances or feuds. "I've done hundreds of pieces of business with everyone in this office," one member says, "at lunch in the mess, over the telephones, in

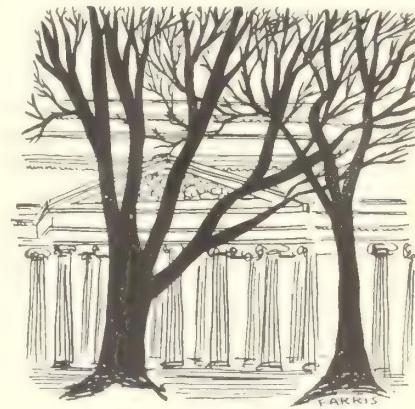
their office or in mine. But I have yet to have a long conversation with anybody." For another thing, Kennedy, unlike Roosevelt, does not cultivate opposing staff positions or play off one member against the other. Generally, the President will deal with one man at a time on one issue at a time. When he consults more than one, he tends to keep his own counsel as to what they say. Party lines, in consequence do not have a chance to build up. There is probably no one on the staff who knew—or knows now—how the others stood on the matter of a tax cut when that issue was hot last summer.

Insofar as policy positions are established, moreover, they tend to reflect operational responsibilities more than personal philosophy and background. O'Brien, for example, led the fight to push the Trade Bill this year rather than next because he was convinced that to wait a year was to lose the initiative with the Congress. O'Donnell is known as the White House liberal—not because of an ideological bent that way, but because of his regular contacts with the urban Democratic leaders. Sorensen, though strongly averse to the "hard line," was called on to write the Berlin speech of July 25, 1961, and in producing what the situation demanded turned out an exceedingly tough expression on foreign policy. He also played a part in shaping the policy and in writing the Presidential speech when the Cuba quarantine was declared.

Probably the most convincing demonstration of the absence of friction is the story of what has happened to the staff since Inauguration. Or rather what has not happened. The basic nucleus of Kennedy's White House staff comprises men who have worked with him for years before he became President. Only one outsider has really penetrated the circle—McGeorge Bundy, who started with stature of his own and an assignment in foreign affairs that none of the veteran staff members had competence to fill. Four new boys never did get into the inner workings of the system and have left the White House: Harris Wofford, who went to the Peace Corps, and Fred Dutton, Richard Goodwin, and Walt Rostow, who were dispatched, in the "Thanksgiving Massacre" of 1961, to State Department jobs that badly needed filling. "Whatever else you want to say about the White House staff," one former member of the Truman staff says, "they stick together. They respect each other's competence and they don't get in each other's way. It's like a tacit treaty arrangement, marking spheres of influence."

Which, of course, is not to say that the White

House staff—as some have claimed—is like a great big Irish family. A truer measure is perhaps provided by a personal feature common to the three most important figures on the White House staff. O'Donnell, Sorensen, and Bundy differ in outlook and background about as much as any three highly intelligent people can differ. But there is one thing they share—a certain stiffness. Bundy has a distinct New England reserve; O'Donnell is so given to silence that he has been called The Arab; Sorensen is so loath to talk about himself that one White House associate declares, "No one knows what Ted thinks." All three are at home with pragmatic day-to-day dealings that do not sink into friction or rise into friendship. They are at home, that is to say, in the Kennedy White House.



"IN THE THICK OF THINGS"

NINE months before he entered the White House, John F. Kennedy said that as President he would want to be "in the thick of things." It is the supreme achievement of the White House staff that it has helped keep the President—perhaps more than any of his recent predecessors—right there. From the Cuban invasion to the Cuba quarantine, from the steel case to the refusal to go for a tax cut last July, every major decision has been made by the President. At times, as in the case of James Meredith and the University of Mississippi, the White House has been transformed into a command post, issuing detailed orders direct to the field. When the Medicare proposal was up before the Senate, the President personally—and unsuccessfully, as it turned out—was in touch with the key Senator, Jennings Randolph of West Virginia. When the Tax Bill was before the House, the President personally—and as it turned out, successfully—was in touch with Representative Wilbur Mills. When newspaper stories satisfy or displease the

Administration, it is often the President himself who lets reporters know his views.

Wide as the range of criticism may be, moreover, it does not include the charge that the President does not know what goes on in his Administration. If nothing else, the press conferences testify abundantly to the contrary. On April 21, 1961, for example, a reporter, pointing out that the Republicans in Congress had set up groups to study the effect of automation on employment, asked the President if he hoped the Democrats would follow suit. The President replied: "The subcommittee on labor, a subcommittee headed by Congressman Holland of Pennsylvania, has been conducting studies on the effect of automation for some months." When a reporter asked the President about a surplus Air Force metal extrusion plant in Adrian, Michigan, Mr. Kennedy not only knew the case, but had personally talked to the man in charge—an official probably not one person in a million could name, that is, the man in charge of Emergency Operations in the Business and Defense Services Administration of the Department of Commerce.

Most serious complaints about the White House system spring precisely from the condition which makes it possible for the President to be so much in the thick of things—namely, the lack of insulation between Mr. Kennedy and the operating personnel of the government. In particular, it is argued that because he deals so directly, not enough collateral "input" goes into his decisions. One case in point concerns the announcement last spring that the White House had ceased to take the New York *Herald Tribune*; it is hardly believable that the announcement would have been made had the matter been talked over with even two or three members of the White House staff.

Neither does the bang, bang style always lend itself to a full consideration of alternatives. It may be that Wiesner and Heller are long-winded. But it may also be that the positions they take—that there should be a lid on the arms race, for instance; or that the tax system should be radically altered—do not lend themselves to concise expression. "The system now," one close student of White House affairs says, "favors people who know exactly what they want to do. It is tough on people who have dim misgivings—even if those misgivings happen to be very important."

A related complaint argues that because the President deals bilaterally with his aides, there is insufficient co-ordination between White House offices. In particular, it is asserted that O'Brien's men lack substantive knowledge of the legisla-

tion they are backing, and that, unable to argue the case on its merits, they fall back very rapidly on coaxing by favors and patronage. "In Roosevelt's day," says a White House assistant of that era, "Cohen and Corcoran used to draft the legislation and then take it up on The Hill and see it through. Now the functions are split." There is no indication that O'Brien's men, through lack of knowledge, have ever traded away vital clauses of proposed measures. Neither does the statistical record support the contention that O'Brien's office has been a bust. On the contrary, of some 99 Southern Democrats in the House, the number voting against the Administration has been cut from an average of over sixty during the Roosevelt and Truman years to an average of 45 in 1961, and 35 in 1962. And the Administration claims that 73 per cent of its program went through the last Congress—not a bad batting average, considering the strength of the conservative coalition.

Still, it does seem to be true that O'Brien has hinged legislation to patronage more closely than ever before. Some very respectable Congressmen have no doubt been offended when they were offered a postmastership in return for the right vote on a matter about which they happened to feel very deeply. More importantly, the widespread use of services and favors has tended to debase the currency, making it difficult to win support on high-priority measures. At least one Congressman who might have cast a decisive committee vote in favor of the aid program refused—not on principle, but because the Administration could not get the ante high enough to meet his demands.

TAKEN singly, these complaints may not amount to a great deal. But together they say something important. The staff operation, like many other aspects of the Administration, works to put all matters on a pragmatic, case-by-case basis. It does not contribute to the systematic elaboration of coherent programs expressing broad and easily identified public policies. A sense of inner purpose may—no doubt does—exist in the White House. But in part because the operation is so casual, so laconic, so frictionless, the purpose and direction of the Administration, its intrinsic character, so to speak, have not made themselves felt outside the White House. To that extent at least, the work of the White House staff, excellent as it may be on an *ad hoc* basis, does not yet serve the President's desire that his Administration achieve historic stature.

ELEANOR PERENYI



A Thoroughly Highbrow Cruise

In the company of British classicists, eccentrics, and intent seekers-after-culture, an American editor explores with surprise and humor the Greek end of the Mediterranean.

THE Turkish ship has been named for the birthplace of Paul the Apostle. It is difficult to guess why, unless it commemorates the Saint's associations with shipwreck (the S.S. *Tarsus* was destroyed by fire in Istanbul harbor a few months after our cruise). Usually, the Turks neither use nor seem to know the classical names of the cities, mostly ruined, which European travelers come to their country to see. S.S. *Tarsus'* passengers, however, do. They are English, know all about St. Paul, and are accustomed to ancient place names. They are going to Asia Minor, not Turkey; to Palestine, not Jordan or Israel. Only Greece keeps its identity.

Some three hundred people have sailed from Venice on a ship with a defective generator and a five-degree list to port, where there is a malfunction of the bilges. The air conditioning does not work and the crew would seem to be captives, toiling against their will, were it not for the failure of the officers ever to give a direct order. In the afternoons, the Captain's wife looks be-

nevently down from the bridge. The Captain himself is never seen and his opinion of the condition of his ship is not known. Complaints are received by the Navigator, in the bar. The impeccable English travel agency which arranged this cruise has on this occasion bought a pup. Former passengers, and there are many who are old hands at such cruises, inform newcomers in a superior way that a Spartan standard is usual, but even they admit that present conditions go well beyond the usual.

There are compensations: The sun, diffused by the rock-crystal atmosphere that is the peculiar property of the Greek end of the Mediterranean, shines on an indigo sea; the swimming pool is too full of smuts—*Tarsus* streams black smoke like a ship in a child's drawing—to bathe in, but beaches have been promised; our seven lecturers have talked all day long. A new generator is waiting in the Piraeus. The passengers show phlegm. There is also the feeling that making a row would somehow reflect on the lecturers. Lady Wolfenden, wife of Sir John and our official hostess, is quoted as finding the obsessive attitude of certain passengers toward the plumbing unclassical. No one wants to be accused of this. This is a thoroughly highbrow affair in the lowbrow realm of cruisedom, and we would not be on the *Constitution* for the world.

These cruises are something one "hears about through friends," and if one lives on the Western side of the Atlantic this may well take forever. The agency that arranges them, indifferent to American trade, could not, it would seem, care less. Its cruises meet admirably a very English need. Dissident elements aboard *Tarsus* muttered about Connaissance des Arts, a rival French show said to provide delicious food. But it was certain they would not, in the end, try it. "Abroad is bloody," says Nancy Mitford's Uncle Matthew, "and all foreigners are fiends." It often seems all too true. One wants to be abroad, but not as abroad as all that.

My first encounter with the agency was in February of 1960 when I obtained, with some difficulty, the address—a Bloomsburyish one. I wrote. I was answered with a folder beautifully printed on glossy stock and profusely illustrated with photographs of archaeological sites, maps of delectable itineraries, and scale drawings of the interiors of the ships on charter for the season.

The first page announced something called the Hellenic Travellers Club and listed its patrons: Sir Maurice Bowra, Litt. D., Dublin, D. Litt. Oxford, Doc. honoris causa Paris, Aix-Marseille, and Warden of Wadham College, Oxford; Lord Adrian, O.M., F.R.S., M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; Sir John Wolfenden, C.B.B., M.A., Vice Chancellor of Reading University. And so on, through an intimidating list. It was not, one felt, a club that was going to be easy to get into.

Patience. The club idea, it turns out, is sheer swank. It is not necessary to join it in order to go on the cruises. These are available to anyone who has the wherewithal, and who writes in early enough. (Once accepted, one is asked to note one's "orders, titles, etc." for the benefit of the passenger list.) Prices (90 to 340 guineas) are not cut-rate, and accommodations at best are not luxurious. What else does the passenger get? The answer is that those with the right temperament get a very great deal. It is a wonderful thing in the mid-twentieth century to be able to travel as



though one were still in the nineteenth; to see ruins as our great-grandfathers saw them, overgrown with thyme and thorn, young wheat planted in the stadia, and goats tethered to the fallen pillars, as unspruced and golden as an Hubert Robert; to hear a wooden deck washed down over one's head in the early morning; to sit among potted palms listening to a delightful old boy talk about Linear B or Cyprus under the Lusingnans. This is rare sport. It may soon be extinct.

Visitors to postwar England arrive alert for change. It was not easy to detect on my embarkation morning in the Doré landscape of Victoria Station. For here were the human types familiar to any veteran of the British experience: women of indeterminate age afloat in scarves, wearing shoes like some form of eerie landing gear, carrying the Gilbert Murray translations, and exchanging the brisk, sad information, "Yes—quite on my own." Young women with skin so thin one saw the blood rush up into their unpainted faces, thick-ankled and desperately shy. And here were the English men who are responsible for it all, showing that splendid detachment which proclaims them for natural bachelors—clamped to tight-lipped umbrellas, pipes, shooting sticks, ignoring the conversation of their wives, studded with marks of identity: the woolly suit of the non-U professor from the red-brick university; the good suit on the ex-brigadier; Sir Harry Luke's russet suede shoes; the eccentric wool belt (Arab surely?) around the waist of Stewart Perowne. There they were and, aboard *Tarsus*, it took almost no time for them to sort themselves into the proper social layers, like a pousse-café.

We were not, however, yet aboard *Tarsus*—

As a naval officer's daughter, born in Washington, D. C., Eleanor Perényi began her travels in infancy. She grew up in Europe, China, and the West Indies, and lived in Central Europe for several years after her marriage in 1937 to a Hungarian. Her mother is Ethel Vance, the novelist. She has been an editor on several magazines and recently resigned as managing editor of "Mademoiselle." One of her two books is about her life in Hungary and is called "More Was Lost."

waiting or, as it turned out, not waiting in Venice. We had all Europe to cross, and here, pulling into the station a good fifteen minutes late, was the little English train that was to take us to Dover. Where, oh where, did they find it? Its coaches were inlaid every inch with elaborate Edwardian marquetry, lighted by brass fixtures; its seats were tiny cut-velvet armchairs. In this we were to travel through the hop fields of Kent to the white cliffs. Surely one of us was the millionth Englishman to be making this classic departure?

THE REAL OUTSIDERS

HE WAS perhaps the one who, two days later, sat next to me on deck, wrapped in plaid. Listing badly, we had reached the end of the Adriatic and the island of Zante, spattered with rainstorms, wallowed by on the ink-blue sea to port. We had established a very English condition: morale. Having sampled the plumbing, the food (a bottle of Bovril had been placed on each table by the Turkish Maritime Lines), we had just been told that we were to miss Olympia, our first stop. The innocent-eyed old buffer beside me groped for the right attitude.

"Jolly bad luck," he said.

"Would you really say it was just bad luck?" I hazarded. Wrong, all wrong. He rustled the tissue-paper pages of the overseas *Times*, relented.

"I only hope they keep the kettle on," he said. If they would give him his tea, he would forgive them. He would even forgive me.

Not everyone would. "Fellow's a damned outsider," says the preposterous character in out-of-date English books. The word is now a joke. The concept is not. There are, of course, plenty of English outsiders (who were roundly snubbed by insiders aboard *Tarsus*), but few people are, sadly, quite as outside today as Americans. This can manifest itself in comic ways. One such occurred after Sir Mortimer Wheeler's first lecture. Sir Mortimer is an insider who looks like Rex Harrison in lion make-up and combines erudition and ham in about equal parts. His subject was Mycenae (pronounced Myseenee) and the famous beehive tomb, misnamed the Treasury of Atreus. It has long been thought the prototype of such structures, which appear around the European littoral as far north as Scandinavia. But he had an exciting surprise. Radiocarbon dating recently applied to the floor of such a tomb in Ireland has yielded a far older date than that of Agamemnon's, suggesting that the influ-

ences may have moved in a contrary direction. This is the sort of stuff we ate up. Buzzing with interest, we surrounded him. All went well until I submitted something about Amerindian tomb-building. "Aztecs!" Sir Mortimer's antennae quivered, and I perceived that Aztecs, too, were outsiders. Oh well. Even Robert Graves thinks the Incas flourished in Mexico.

Nor did I even disagree with Sir Mortimer. We were, at that moment, almost directly opposite to that spot where the Epirote mountains fade into the reedy shore of Missolonghi, over which as if written in skywriting hangs the message that Byron died there. It is the Western rim of the great magic circle within which lie Greece, the Levant, and all the Arab lands beyond—the heartland of English escapism and adventure. Back and forth across this circle are graven like so many mouse-runs the routes of the English rover boys: Byron and Burton and T. E. Lawrence and scores of minor gifted consuls and honorary pashas and learned, sometimes lunatic ladies.

Here today rove the most gifted travel writers of our time: Lawrence Durrell, Patrick Leigh Fermor, Freya Stark, Patrick Kinross, and, before her death, Rose Macaulay. All, I imagine, would share Sir Mortimer's view that not many other places in the world are worth bothering about. And because even the most resolutely escapist English cannot altogether escape the tradition of the club, all these people belong to a kind of one, whose members' lives are attached at many, tiny, strategic points—all referred to in their books. Here is Aunt Dot in Rose Macaulay's *The Towers of Trebizon*, which is full of real names: "If you get to Jerusalem . . . you might tell the Bishop and Stewart Perowne . . . that I shan't be coming for the present." And here is Lawrence Durrell in *Bitter Lemons*: "In that warm light the faces of my friends lived and glowed . . . Sir Harry Luke, to whose gentleness and magnanimity of soul were married a mind far-reaching and acute . . . Patrick Leigh Fermor . . ." The cross references are endless. And here aboard *Tarsus* in fact were Stewart Perowne and Sir Harry Luke and here, on a previous cruise, was Rose Macaulay. This is the club, and to outsiders it suggests a lost world of erudition and eccentricity, of much time to spend (and money too, for who paid for all those expensive expeditions?); of knowing everybody ("I remember when he was Governor" . . . "We stayed with them in Kenya . . ."); above all, of being able to afford the luxury of not knowing about a great deal else—the affluent so-

ciety and the parking problem, Aztecs and Norman Mailer. "All those little kibbutzes," says Aunt Dot, "are tiresome."

The members of the club think so too. Their world ends, like St. Jerome's, in 410 A.D., with occasional excursions into the Byzantine Empire. It is, however, a rugged one. Nightly at dinner, we were handed our schedules for the following day. "Arrive Ayios Nikolaos," these would say (or Delos or Antalya), "at 06:30 hours. Disembark between 07:00 and 08:00 hours. Depart for Mallia (or Side or Baalbek) at 08:05 hours. There will be a short talk at Mallia by the Reverend Lawrence Waddy. . . . Arrive Heraklion at 15:30 hours. There will be a short talk at the Museum by Sir John Wolfenden." And so it went until the final "Sail at 23:45 hours." It was like that every day, and it would have been deadly if strictly adhered to. Thanks to British muddle-through and foreign fiendishness it never was, especially the hour of sailing. The Captain was often missing at this time, and at Beirut he was two whole hours late, returning at 01:30 hours with a jolly party.

BRAINS IN EVERY LINE

THE "short talk" referred to in the Daily Programme was not an accurate description. They were not especially short, but they were never dull. Passengers, as fickle as a theatrical audience, soon had their favorite lecturers. Sir Mortimer Wheeler was, however, unquestionably the star turn. Arrived at a site, we would find him already ensconced on a high place, his wavy gray coiffure on windy days battened down with a dilapidated hat. Gnawing on a pipe, he would begin chattily, "You know the tiresome remark about architecture being frozen music. I should rather say that the Parthenon was petrified intelligence, brains in every line of it. . . . Now look . . ." Sir Maurice Bowra had a different style. Planting himself like a tree on level ground, hands behind his burly back, he simply roared at us: "In this *beautiful* theatre, Nero once had the temerity to give a performance. He sang, we don't know what . . . but I have always thought of his voice as a rather high *tenor*."

Our clergymen—the Reverend Canon Guy Pentreath and the Reverend Lawrence Waddy—were a good deal less spectacular. Both had the patient air of men who have spent a lifetime among schoolboys (both are headmasters) and their talks, frequently about St. Paul, had a note of genial uplift. Under their influence, we recaptured the Spartan preferences of childhood for

those lads who were good at games, died at Thermopylae, and won the Peloponnesian War—as opposed to the clever but wicked Athenians who lost it, and made of St. Paul's stay at Athens a hell of mockery.

The other lecturers lacked the direct appeal of these four. Two of them—Sir Harry Luke and Stewart Perowne—were former civil servants, of that breed of Englishman who, with appropriate side interests in Oriental languages, archaeology, and local history, served his country so long, so well and—as we gaze into the abysses that have yawned since his departure from the world scene—with such strange lack of popularity. Stewart Perowne, Knight of St. John, discoverer of the city of Aziris, husband of Freya Stark, had indeed his dashing side even now. But Sir Harry, ex-Governor of Fiji, Malta, Sierra Leone, former Commissioner on Cyprus, seemed, alas, a bit wistful. Sitting on a shooting stick and urging us to make the terrific climb up to the Cypriote castle of St. Hilarion, "You will find a paragon among fortresses," he told us. "A fortress that was also a *plaisance*, with everything to make it enjoyable." He sighed, evoking other fortresses which were also places of pleasure, evoking, in fact, Government House. . . . He was no longer young or strong enough for the climb.

On Cyprus we had our only brush with current events. We were the first party of English tourists to visit the island since the troubles, and great efforts were made to welcome us—signs in the villages and little girls in national dress to pass cups of bitter wine and sweet peaches. In Nicosia there was an official lunch and at Limassol, a brass band on the quay for our departure. I wondered how all this would be received. Americans, I thought, would be kind, even effusive, at these efforts to patch things up. The French might be beastly and the Russians . . . But what the English were was nothing. Polite, neutral, nothing. At Limassol and the little band, I could bear it no longer and dared to ask Sir Maurice if no acknowledgment would be made? "Not necessary," he said cheerfully. "All this is bad conscience, you know. They shot a lot of our chaps—in the back." He stepped into the waiting caïque.

Unkindness? I thought not. But I wondered. Next day we were in Damascus where a local guide had been provided but evidently not briefed; for having nicely introduced himself as Joe, he talked interminably about the new post office, the Street Called Straight, "mentioned in Acts," and at the Omayyed Mosque, went into the baby talk that is such embarrassing evidence of what the average Anglo-Saxon tourist is like.

"Arabs build this mosque—please to take off shoes—three thousand years ago." Our respect for what is old and beautiful (even when wrongly attributed) can't, it seems, be taken for granted any more than our knowledge of the most elementary facts.

But, as it happened, Syrian Joe had another kind of problem: not ignorance or disrespect, but the mischance of being guide to a group under the tutelage of Sir Maurice Bowra. Presently, he had to hear Sir Maurice's short talk, and what the mosque really was—a brilliant rearrangement of the fourth-century church of Theodosius the Great, its mosaics the work of Persian and Byzantine craftsmen, its corner towers, the first minarets in Islam, actually of Roman construction. To the scholars of the old Western countries, the word "influence" is full of pride. It was not to Joe. When the lecture was over, he eyed Sir Maurice with a kind of baleful sadness and said, "I talk too much. No?" This collapse of confidence was terrible but Sir Maurice rose to it. "Not at all, my dear boy," he said. "You don't talk nearly enough." Kindness? Again I wondered. And I thought that here was perhaps the clue to English unpopularity—before we began to absorb the hostility of the world. Bad temper, bestiality, even sadism—people will condone a great deal provided they know what you mean. Not to know, even to suspect that,

with all this decency and justice, one is still somehow a joke, this is hard to forgive.

The following day, Sir Mortimer Wheeler lectured to us at Baalbek. This huge ruin, like a golden box broken open in the midst of a Lebanese oasis, is full of influences—Semitic, Hellenistic, Roman, Arab—a honeycomb to which the Roman bees brought every kind of nectar. As Sir Mortimer put it: "A mountainous architecture, set here with unanxious skill on the fringe of the Asian desert by an empire that had been a handful of Latin villages." And as he said it, we heard the echo, the peculiarly English note of pride and distance, sounding all the louder today when all is lost to that other handful of villages that became an empire. . . . But this is not the whole story. With its, in some respects, twin city of Palmyra, Baalbek also projected an influence into the future. The English architect Robert Wood visited both places in the eighteenth century, drew them with uncommon charm for the West to see, and later embodied their details into some of the best of Georgian building in Bath and elsewhere. English Bath is delighted to be Palmyrine; the Omayyed Mosque is today unhappy to have been a Roman church. In the difference between these two points of view lies most of civilization.

Nor are the Middle Eastern nationalists the only ones to black out on the historical view-



point. Very much absent from our cruise—which as lately as thirty years ago would have covered much requisite ground in the educated young gentleman's Grand Tour—were young men. We had only three. Two were undergraduates, attached to us as couriers. Beardless boys with beautiful complexions, they wore British Raj shorts, shoes daily whitened, and were extremely polite. Our middle-aged bird watchers called them the "cygnets." A generation ago, they would have seemed the embodiment of Young England. In the light of the 1960 day, one wondered if they were not wearing their slightly démodé costumes for the cruise agent's benefit.

It remained for Sir John Wolfenden's son, our third young man, to impersonate the incontestable present—the bearded lad in blue jeans. Not many of the older passengers were sympathetic to Tony Wolfenden, who was rumored to have gone to an American-type progressive school. Obviously, if Tony and the cygnets were poles apart, it was my pole that Tony belonged to—and indeed I did recognize him. Riding on motorcycles, sleeping in hostels, playing folk music on guitars or jazz on a horn, these tame young Visigoths cover my part of the Western world. And what they are looking for is not culture, but communication—or is communion the word?

Henry Moore in a recent interview: "It's only in the last ten or fifteen years that I've begun to know how wonderful the Elgin Marbles are." Sir John, father of Tony, chancellor of a red-brick university, mover and shaker in some very modern legislation, would certainly be the only one of our lecturers capable of understanding such a comment—in fact, our only modern man. To all the others, the supremacy of the "marbles" was unquestioned, and Lord Elgin's elopement with them still a nice archaeological joke. The Greeks don't think it so funny, but after all, they still have the metopes.

These, after many frustrating years of being invisible, are now on view in the Acropolis Museum, and in the room where they are, we were treated to the kind of little scene that makes such a cruise as ours worthwhile. As Colette is said to have examined a garden—by partly devouring it—so Sir Mortimer and Sir Maurice ran their hands over each beautiful plaque, indenting a fold here, flattening a palm over a maiden's sturdy marble flank there, and all the time muttering and murmuring to each other. What they were saying was this: "Not this bit, nor this, I shouldn't think . . . The old boy had nothing to do with that . . . Ah, but the bullock . . . that's the old boy's work all right . . ." The old boy?



Phidias (pronounced Fiedeas). In this way are attributions made and distinctions drawn between the work of the master and that of his pupils. Or so one likes to think.

But it was not until our last evening that the viewpoint of our cruise was, so to speak, summed up. I had thought this kind of celebration extinct—skits, monologues, put on by the passengers amid potted palms (one sensed the need for a drapery of Union Jacks but they were not available). I was wrong. Even the Captain, scimitar-nosed and silent because without languages, conformed to tradition and came. But Hellenism soon asserted itself as our young women, clothed in sheets, sang of the periods of Greek art ("In Century Five we achieved perfection / Look at the tilt of my Grecian nose . . ."), and the amateurs among us strove to parody the classically high-style delivery of Sir Mortimer.

Tarsus, plunging gently toward the lagoons of Venice, maintained its five-degree list. And so, warming perceptibly, did we. It is the function of ships' entertainments to summarize the voyage. Had it been jolly? (Americans would have asked: Did we have a good time?) We rather hoped the performance would tell us, and presently, it did. The piano opened on a lively theme and there, sure enough, we were—carrying blue bags and wearing glasses, suitably bewil-

dered. "No tea?" "Is that Sir Guy or Canon Wheeler?" And as our discomforts flowed back to us in the form of this mild banter, our simulacra began to sing.

B.C., A.D. means very much the same to me. . . .
 Which came first, the Greeks or the Romans?
 Who won the war, the Greeks or the Trojans?
 Who was it swam to visit Hero,
 When the thermometer stood at zero?
 Who was the wife of the Emperor Nero?
 I never can be sure.

Who was it wrote the works of Homer?
 Who put Cerberus into a coma?
 How many times did Zeus improperly
 Make young ladies his monopoly?
 When was the battle of Thermopylae?
 I never can be sure.

Should it be Circe, or should it be Kirke?
 Why was her past so dark and murky?
 Was it Athena or Aphrodite
 Went about Olympus in a nylon nightie,
 Making the gods unduly flighty?
 I never can be sure.

B.C., A.D. da capo. . . .

This charming song, set to a pretty tune by the Reverend Lawrence Waddy, hit the nail on the head. Learned but not objectionably bright, we saw ourselves stumbling happily over the sun-lighted ruins of the Levant, rejoicing in that brand of ignorance which depends on one's having received a classical education. The performers retired in triumph. The rest of us adjourned to the bar.

A good many hours later, I started for bed. This was not easy, since *Tarsus'* interior arrangements were such that one had always to go out on deck and back in again before locating a staircase that would reach a lower level. I went out, and then attracted by the recurring golden glance of a lighthouse, stopped by the rail.

It is a characteristic of voyages that interesting strangers appear suddenly on the last day. Such a one now stood at the rail too. He was an American. In seventeen days among the English, we had never met. He looked meditatively at the flashing light. "Venice tomorrow," he said. "God, I'll be glad."

DALLAS CULTURE: RACEING DIVISION

ON E night last summer my friend Harry and I were riding around Dallas and places outside of Dallas. We had not been rideing to long when Harry wonted to find Raymon. I thought that this was a good idea. . . . I like Raymon quite a lot and him and I or the best of friends. The only bad part about him, the part that I dont like, is that he drink's a lot. . . .

It was on Fitzhugh that I first saw Raymon. I was in my fifty one Ford. Raymon was in his fifty four Ford thus his car can go a little bit faster than my car but I believe that my car can take a turn a lot faster than his. When I saw Raymon I felt like stoping him and I felt like he would stop scence he would know that it was me. As I drove up to Raymon were not going fast but at a slow speed however Raymon started to speed. This at ounce for some reason mad Harry mad at Raymon. I was not mad at all but started after him. . . . I knew that he would turn sometime to stay off of the main streets. For I know from experence that you can race all night in Dallas without being stoped by the cops as lond as you stay on the uninportant streets. . . .

He must have been driveing fast because I was doing sixty eight down Barry. I took a turn at about fifty miles an hour and allmost turned my car over. This is what made me mad. I thought about how my cousin had turned his father's car over about a week befor and I know that I could not buy a new car if I tore this one up. . . . At this time I was comming to a stop sign and begain to slow down to stop. Raymon had not stoped for the sign so Harry told me not to stop therefore I went on through the stop sign at sixty miles an hour. Another car which I did not see untill it was to late to stop was comming from my left. So I left the street went into this man's frount yard and stoped their.

I realy told Raymon off when I meet him later that night at the pig stand and we almost had a fight with each outher. But I am still raceing now and then.

—From a college freshman English essay (in *The Texas Observer*, March 7, 1959).

HARVEY COX

A Baptist Intellectual's View of CATHOLICISM

Why the Roman Church must reconsider some of its long-cherished assumptions, if it really hopes to draw Protestants closer . . . and how both faiths are failing to meet some problems of modern man. A companion article, "A Catholic Looks at Protestantism," appeared in the November issue of "Harper's."

IN THE past few years Protestants have suddenly begun to rediscover Catholicism. There are several reasons for this, but the major one is that Catholics are simply more noticeable. The Roman communion has been playing an increasing role in interchurch conversations. Catholics in America have been leaving their cultural ghettos and showing up more frequently in situations favorable to a serious meeting of minds. Catholic theology is livelier now than it has been for decades and Protestant theologians are seriously aware of it. Two Johns, one on the Tiber and one on the Potomac, have in different ways compelled some people to re-examine their attitudes toward the Catholic Church and others to think seriously about it for the first time.

But when a Protestant tries to evaluate Catholicism as a whole, he faces imposing hazards. His own tradition is both famous and notorious for its lack of unanimity on most subjects. Needless to say, there is no single "Protestant attitude" toward Catholicism. In addition, however, he finds that Catholicism, despite the pretensions to immutability and despite Protestant specters of an authoritarian monolith, is itself a volatile and variegated phenomenon. I must make clear at the outset, therefore, that I speak for myself, as one Protestant, and that I describe the Catholicism that I know.

I write this in the city of Boston, darkly labeled by Paul Blanshard "the capital of Irish Catholic political power in America." Blanshard may well be right, but where else can one discover such a vivid display of Catholic variety in such a concentrated space? Here at the center is the venerable Boston Common, where a few years back Father Feeney mounted a soapbox and enthusiastically assigned to hell first all Protestants and then the obdurate Catholic bishops and hierarchs who didn't see it his way. Across the Charles River is Harvard Yard, where doughty Christopher Dawson, the legendary English Catholic historian, ponders the rich diversity of Catholic civilization and grandly laments the passing of Christendom. There is suburban Newton's Church of the Sacred Heart, where both Spellman and Cushing served their apprenticeships. There is Monsignor Francis J. Lally whose Boston *Pilot* resolutely plumps for civil rights and urban renewal. There is the novelist Edwin O'Connor's insular green ghetto where thousands of Reillys and Donohues still make the polls a barricade over which to fire a fusillade for Cork against any Yankee on the ticket (except for the sacrosanct Senator Leverett Saltonstall, for whom Irish Catholics vote, according to one political scientist, as a "purification ritual"). There is the chancery of Cardinal Cushing, under whose tutelage ecumenical conversations between priests and ministers have moved farther and gone deeper than those in any other diocese in America.

Boston Catholicism has more facets than a well-cut emerald. But why wouldn't it? It represents a cross section of a church that somehow manages to find room for Dorothy Day, editor of the radical, anarchist-pacifist *Catholic Worker*, and William Buckley, editor of the right-wing *National Review*. It includes the worker priests in France and Opus Dei in Spain (the ultrareac-

tionary Catholic lay organization). It includes both miraculous medals and Jacques Maritain. In America, the careers of two Senatorial McCarthys, Joe and Eugene, dramatize the diverse styles of Catholic politicians.

But then Catholicism has always been varied. Especially in America a jumble of dissimilar ethnic groups—Croats and French, Poles and Irish, Germans and Italians—produced a heterogeneity that has been held together, first, by the fact that most Catholics were latter-day immigrants into a Protestant Anglo-Saxon culture; and second, by the nearly unanimous Irish control of the American hierarchy.

Likewise Catholicism has always been changing. The important difference today is that Roman Catholics themselves are recognizing and even celebrating the fact of change. True enough, the pace of progress may seem languid to many, but in the incessant struggle inside the Catholic Church between what Mauriac calls the "traditionalists and the innovators," the innovators seem to have the upper hand—at least for the moment.

THE THAW IS GENUINE

THE changing visage of Catholicism has caused no end of difficulty for those zealots whose attitudes toward Rome are conveniently fixed for all time. Some of the most dependable clichés begin to sound a little silly. The same watchful Protestant magazines that warned us in the fall of 1960 to vote against the Pope and save our precious liberties were urging us a few months later to back our courageous President in his heroic struggle against the greedy hierarchy over the aid-to-education bill. The alert lookouts who stand watch on the Roman menace have to keep up with their reading these days or they may be caught with last year's slogan. Certain liberals, for whom the Vatican is synonymous with Fascism, nodded knowingly when the Puerto Rican bishops blundered into politics. But they are still puzzled over how they should feel about John XXIII's social encyclical, *Mater et Magister*, which sounds slightly to the left of Hubert Humphrey and was dutifully assailed by *National Review*. In short, we all have to keep our favorite criticisms of Rome under constant surveillance since Catholicism, perhaps despite itself, is changing, and we can no longer ignore the fact.

The most striking example of swift evolution in the Catholic Church is its recent attitude toward non-Catholic churches. When the World

Council of Churches was first organized by Protestants in 1948, Rome's policy was a cautious "hands off." At the Assembly in Evanston in 1953, unofficial observers were present. In New Delhi in 1961, official tag-wearing Catholic observers took an active part, posed jovially for countless photographs, and even marched in the opening ecclesiastical procession, rubbing shoulders with Orthodox, Baptist, and Pentecostal participants. Rome has encouraged Catholic scholars to study the ecumenical movement and to become familiar with Protestant theology. Many have obeyed with a relish bordering on the suspect. Catholic theologians have published lucid books on Barth and Tillich. Father Duff has written a sympathetic account of the social teachings of the World Council of Churches. John XXIII has created a permanent Secretariat for Christian Unity headed by Cardinal Bea and has called a Vatican Council to consider, among other things, the possibilities of reunion.

As the evidence accumulates, non-Catholic church leaders have begun to recognize that the thaw is genuine. Permanent Vatican secretariats are not tossed off capriciously. On both sides glacial animosities and frozen prejudices have started to melt, and as they have, a growing stream of ecumenical visitors has rushed down upon Rome. In an astounding leap across centuries of separation, a genial Venetian Pope has smilingly welcomed guests from Canterbury, Constantinople, Geneva, and even Riverside Drive.

And more than this is changing in Catholicism. European Roman Catholics have pioneered avant-garde thrusts in church architecture—the recent work of Corbusier, for example—and bold innovations in religious art have appeared on both sides of the Atlantic. A commendable movement toward increased lay participation in the liturgy, sparked by some of the religious orders, has been launched, and an important resurgence of scriptural and patristic studies is in full swing. Protestant and Roman Catholic scholars have begun work on a common translation of the Bible. As the Vatican Council proceeds, there are rumors of a vernacular mass, of modifications

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of the rules on mixed marriages, of a radical revision of the Index of prohibited books.

Perhaps most important of all, a mood of healthy self-criticism is abroad in Catholicism. Thomas O'Dea's *American Catholic Dilemma* is a good example of this increasingly frank, but loyal, opposition within the Church. Mr. O'Dea directs his polemics at the lack of intellectual productivity and the bland mediocrity of American Catholic education. And he is not alone. The American lay-edited weekly, *Commonweal*, does not hesitate to differ publicly with the hierarchy or with the Jesuit weekly, *America*, on matters of public policy. In a recent issue of another Catholic-edited journal, the quarterly *Cross Currents*, one writer pressed for the ordination of married men and the abolition of infant baptism. The same writer, a French priest, then went on to suggest that the Pope liquidate the ostentatious papal court ("an embarrassment to the whole family"), give the Vatican museum to a foundation, and "send the Swiss guards back to Switzerland." No informed person, Protestant or otherwise, can safely cling to the hoary know-nothing myths about an illiterate, superstitious Romanism thriving on ignorance and fear.

IS FREEDOM IN DISPUTE?

IT WOULD be pleasant to continue to document the proliferating signs of renewal and openness in Catholicism. There are many of them I have not mentioned. But to do so would give an inaccurate picture of the total situation. Worse than that, such misplaced gentility would disappoint the many Catholics who have honestly pleaded for unvarnished comments on their church in the interest of Christian candor and dialogue. For the Protestant, the relentless and reverent reformation of the Church is never completed; and the Catholic Church is a part of that Church. He should be just as devoted to its health and renewal as he is to the vigor of his own denomination.

Our first critical suggestion to our fellow Christians of the Roman fold is something they have heard before: "We hope you will soon make up your mind on what you really mean by religious freedom." So far as we are able to determine, the "official" Catholic position still calls for "a Catholic Church in a Catholic State." Heresy and schism should be legally repressed except where a Catholic minority status makes necessary a temporary adjustment to pluralism, religious toleration, or separation of Church and State. This is called the "thesis-hypothesis"

theory and has been defended as recently as the 1950s by no less a figure than Cardinal Ottaviani, Secretary of the Vatican's "Congregation of the Sacred Office."

Now I know that to many Catholics and even to some Protestants, this stricture will sound unseasonable. We have been told time and again that we should not worry, that this doctrine is In Dispute, that it really isn't as baldly hypocritical as it sounds. But somehow some of us are still puzzled. Maybe we should simply ignore what "orthodox" Catholic doctrine appears to teach. Many Catholics seem to ignore it. But for some reason we remain apprehensive, feeling that Catholics are still debating an issue that no longer deserves debate. We read with appreciation such Catholic theologians as John Courtney Murray who have defended American-style pluralism with skill and erudition. But on second thought we wonder why it needs defense. We also wonder why, with the exception of a somewhat ambiguous allocution of Pius XII in 1953, there has never been an authoritative and decisive statement from the Roman hierarchy in favor of religious freedom.

We have been told that the controversy is not yet ripe for solution, or, as one Catholic theologian puts it, "the Church has not yet reached its final decision." But I hope it will not appear captious or impatient to suggest that from our perspective, two opinions on the value of religious freedom is one opinion too many. This is especially true if these two opinions inform different policies in different countries, in one place supporting the rights of a Catholic minority under the banner of pluralism and in another imposing disabilities on Protestants in the name of orthodox Catholic theory.

I am perfectly willing to believe that most American Catholics want to retain the American system of separation of Church and State in its main outline. There are those who would call my opinion "naïve," but they are forced to explain the nearly unanimous American Catholic assurance of support for our system by resorting to implausible stories of mass conspiracy and calculated deception. Nevertheless, a serious question remains. What about the rest of the world? In the current blossoming of interchurch good will, if a Protestant is gauche enough to mention Colombia or Spain, he is sometimes reminded of Sweden and Switzerland where, allegedly, Catholics suffer under parallel restrictions. But I do not think the analogy holds. The crucial difference is that the Protestant limitations on religious freedom that do exist are in

open contravention of repeated and unequivocal official resolutions by the World Council of Churches. But legal disabilities in so-called "Catholic" countries are still justified by their perpetrators on the basis of authoritative papal teachings. I think this difference is an important one. For this very reason, I agree completely with the German Jesuit, Albert Hartmann, when he warns his fellow Catholics, "We must abandon, once and for all, the principle of imposing state restrictions on another's freedom. . . . We cannot expect others to be tolerant if we are not tolerant ourselves."

How much longer must the pointless debate between Ottaviani and Murray go on? We hope it will soon be settled for good, and are cheered by the countless Catholics who have implored the Vatican Council to enunciate its unmistakable support of religious freedom everywhere. We also trust that Roman Catholic definitions of religious freedom will include not only the right of individuals to hold whatever beliefs they choose, but the right of all religious groups to organize, to meet publicly, and to seek adherents without legal recrimination.

WHAT IS "NATURAL LAW"?

SO MUCH for religious liberty. Surely Catholics must eventually realize that in an increasingly secularized world they need such freedom as badly as anyone does and they can hardly deny to others, even in theory, what they justifiably claim for themselves.

But what about the other areas of tension in Catholic-Protestant relations, for example, the dispute over contraception? Even here, I do not think we should be surprised to notice quiet and untrumpeted modifications in the Catholic position. It is well known that the Roman Catholic Church disapproves of certain methods of contraception. It certainly has every right to hold this view and to promulgate it. The stickiness comes at the point of public policy. Tensions arise because, as most people do not know, Catholics believe the use of contraceptives is in violation not just of a law of their Church but of what they call the "natural law." Since the principles of natural law are held to be discoverable by any rational person, Catholics feel they should be binding for the whole community.

This belief in an ostensibly self-evident natural law has prompted American Catholics to support the continuation of anti-birth-control laws (which, ironically, were placed on the books by Yankee Protestants) and to press for rules even

in publicly supported hospitals that would prevent Protestant physicians from giving certain types of medical advice to Protestant patients. Catholics have even resorted at times to pressure and coercion in defense of their own parochial ideas of "natural law." Kenneth Underwood's *Catholic and Protestant* shows how in Holyoke, Massachusetts, Catholics turned to economic threats and intimidations to prevent even the verbal advocacy of contraception at a meeting to be held in a Protestant church!

Incidents like this arise in part from this curious Catholic insistence on the natural obviousness of something that, to many people, appears to be so murky as to be nearly unintelligible. For example, all contraceptives are "unnatural" and therefore wrong; but the anxious calendar marking of the so-called "rhythm" method is "natural" and approved. Like the improbable Thomist "proofs" for the existence of God, these fictive principles of natural law lack precisely that quality on which their claim to authority is posited: universal recognizability by any rational creature. Still, the most unfortunate aspect of the Roman Catholic utilization of arguments from natural law is that a genuine scholarly interest in natural law is now stirring among students of philosophy and jurisprudence in America. But these stirrings will be stillborn and the idea of natural law as such will be discredited if Roman Catholics continue to use it as a contrivance for elevating denominational eccentricities like opposition to contraception into universal natural norms.

Here again, however, there are hopeful indications of a welcome change in Catholic policy. Although no John Courtney Murray has arisen to compose a new Catholic viewpoint on population and family planning, the tone of Catholic arguments has been noticeably modulated. Many Catholic commentators now admit that, though they feel contraception is wrong, legal restrictions are not the appropriate way to deal with the issue. Father Gustave Weigel, S.J. has taken the position that Catholics can properly deplore such laws because they may have a damaging effect on the community, and can support their repeal. Father Weigel likes to compare birth-control legislation with Prohibition. He contends that the morality of these things is one thing, but "civil legislation about them is another." Dr. John Rock, Clinical Professor Emeritus of Harvard Medical School and a Roman Catholic, has gone further, declaring his "confident hope" that certain of the recently developed contraceptive medications will prove acceptable to his

church. His hope is based on entirely new approaches which more closely approximate the natural functioning of the reproductive system and which will eventually make it possible to control ovulation so that it can be made to occur on the same day of each menstrual cycle.

But, unlike the Church-State issue, a Protestant-Roman Catholic consensus on contraception is not yet in sight. Until such a consensus does emerge, we should remember that, despite the rhetoric of some hasty Catholic polemicists, those who thoughtfully disagree with the Catholic position and advocate family planning in a world threatened by skyrocketing birth rates are not simply lust-ridden materialists. Many churches urge family planning as an expression of responsible Christian behavior in an underfed world. So, though Catholics and Protestants may continue to disagree for a time, all the disputants must be free to act on the basis of their conscience. This requires the removal in certain states of anti-birth-control statutes that serve no useful purpose. Instead, they encourage the "bootlegging" of contraceptives and exacerbate Protestant-Roman Catholic relations over an issue on which emotions are always intense.

In such questions of public policy we have every right to expect an increasing consensus or at least a modus vivendi. There will continue to be tensions. Here and there, Catholics will sabotage school-bond issues and Protestants will crusade for Prohibition. But it is unlikely that any convents will be burned, and even in Massachusetts a Protestant Yankee has been nominated for Governor on the Democratic ticket. But when we turn from the sociological to the theological arena, the picture is somewhat less propitious.

HOW FALLIBLE A POPE?

THE Protestant theological argument with Roman Catholicism can be summed up in two key phrases: "the infallible Pope" and "the Queen of Heaven." It is both ironic and tragic that in the recent history of Roman doctrinal development it is precisely these dogmas that have received most emphasis, thus driving deeper the theological wedge between Roman and non-Roman Christians. Underlying the dispute are varying doctrines of the Church. For the Protestant, the Church, like Israel, is a people. It is a people with a special prophetic mission, but nonetheless a people. Like Israel, the Church sometimes fails, stumbles, betrays its calling. The Protestant knows that every church, his own in-

cluded, will always need reform. For this reason he simply cannot accept the unblushing identification of one institution with the Kingdom of God, and the words of one mere human being with the perfect will of Christ. At their worst, Protestants think Rome has a monopoly on this heresy. But at their best, they know that all men and all churches fall prey to delusions of grandeur and need reproof and correction.

Years ago, Catholics answered Protestant criticisms of papal infallibility by arguing that this dogma serves to preserve unity and to guarantee the purity of doctrine. When cut off from Rome, the defense used to run, churches inevitably break up into increasingly minute fragments and dissipate the core of Christian truth. But this defense of infallibility is now heard less frequently. Events of the last one hundred years have rendered it simply unconvincing. Rather than splintering further, non-Roman churches have achieved in the last few decades a totally unprecedented degree of unity. In India, for example, Episcopal, Congregational, and Presbyterian churches, representing three different forms of church order have been molded into a single Church of South India which draws on the liturgies and theologies of each. In America, the Reformed, Christian, Congregational, and Evangelical churches have merged to form the United Church of Christ. The Blake-Pike proposal even envisages the rapid unification of nearly all the major non-Catholic bodies in the United States. Most impressive of all, perhaps, has been the remarkable collaboration of Protestant, Orthodox, and Anglican theologians working together on the Faith and Order Commission of the World Council of Churches. Even Roman Catholic theologians recognize that they have achieved a consensus that preserves the central Christian teachings. The image of Protestantism as an inexorably divisive and heretical maverick simply must be shelved.

But, on the Roman Catholic side, how well has papal infallibility served its ostensible purpose? How well has it protected the purity of doctrine and encouraged Christian unity? These are questions of great delicacy, but on both counts the history of the last one hundred years would suggest an unfavorable verdict.

Since the Vatican Council of 1870, when the doctrine of infallibility was promulgated, that doctrine has itself become one of the most serious hindrances to reunion. There are many "Catholic" churchmen outside Rome, including Orthodox and Anglican, who are increasingly willing to acknowledge the spiritual primacy of the

Bishop of Rome. One Anglican theologian, for example, suggests that the Pope, as the first bishop of Christendom, should be regarded as the "Patriarch of the West," paralleling the Patriarch of Constantinople, in the East. His authority should be similar to that now exercised by the Archbishop of Canterbury who, although recognized as the head of the Anglican communion everywhere, exercises direct authority only in the Church of England itself. But these churchmen unanimously reject "infallibility" as a novelty and as a rationalistic misstatement of what could be a valid claim to authority.

MARY EXALTED AS QUEEN

THE vexata quaestio of infallibility has thus obstructed, rather than nourished, the chances of Christian unity. But how well has it guarded Catholic truth against distortions? Regrettably, again the record is sobering. The Vatican's role in the exaltation of Mary to a status near divinity during the past century has made many Christians, including Roman Catholics, downright apprehensive. Beginning with the idea of the Immaculate Conception in 1854 (Mary preserved from original sin) and culminating in the Assumption in the Marian year of 1950 (Mary translated bodily to heaven without corruption), the tendency toward twin deities has been given strong Vatican encouragement. Mary is now referred to as "the Queen of Heaven" who, seated at the right hand of Christ, acts as "co-redemptrix" and as "mediatrix of all graces." "Mary is indeed worthy to receive honor and might and glory," exclaimed the late Pope Pius XII in 1942 when the statue of Mary was crowned at Fatima, the tiny Portuguese town where the virgin was reported to have appeared to three children in 1917. "She is exalted to hypostatic union with the Blessed Trinity. Mary's kingdom is identical with the kingdom of God."

Now, while all of this is admittedly baffling and disturbing to the Protestant, it was always possible, when Marian devotion remained in the status of popular credulity, simply to look the other way. Unhappily, this is no longer the case. Naïve Marian piety has been transcribed into official Marian dogma and now cannot honestly be ignored. What are we to think, then, about this apparent crowding of historic Christian truth by superstitious distractions?

First of all we Protestants should be unfeignedly sympathetic. We have our own problems with the popular dilution of the Gospel. But in this instance, instead of warning the faithful,

the Vatican has made itself the champion of these popular sideshows. It would be as though Protestants were to exalt the sub-Christian success cult of Norman Vincent Peale with its mustard-seed amulets into a central dogma during a special Year of Positive Thinking presided over by Visser't Hooft, Niemöller, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"It is disturbing," says Catholic theologian H. A. Reinhold, "that in certain areas some Catholics seem no longer to regard Christ as the unique Mediator, but tend to act as if in practice He has delegated this to His Mother." This is certainly what unsettles most Protestants also, but there are other ominous elements in the lush overemphasis on Mariology. It casts doubt, for example, on whether the revival of Biblical and patristic studies among Catholics carries much real weight (since the Assumption seems to flout both). The frequent equation of Mary with the Church provides a strategem for ecclesiastical self-exaltation and tends to undercut the bracing mood of self-criticism I mentioned earlier.

Also, since the famed appearance of Mary in Fatima occurred in opposition to an anti-clerical uprising in Portugal, the burgeoning Virgin cult of the last years carries for many people the unfortunate flavor of strident anti-Bolshevism and reactionary clericalism. But above all, it has convinced large numbers of people that, for the purpose of maintaining purity of doctrine, papal infallibility just doesn't work. When Cardinal Tedeschini, in closing the Marian Year ceremonies at Fatima in 1950, declaimed that Fatima had been "translated into the Vatican" and "the Vatican changed into Fatima," he unwittingly acknowledged just how risky it is to entrust any human agency with infallible authority.

The truth is that the Vatican can be wrong. With full penitence for our own deviations, we Protestants nevertheless fear that in the matter of Mariology the Vatican has been very wrong indeed. But there is a difference between being wrong and being fatally wrong. Some Catholic theologians have started the laborious task of re-emphasizing Mary's subordination to Christ. We only hope that future pronouncements from the Vatican will not make their work more arduous.

The new mood in Roman Catholic-Protestant relations is gratifying. But it has its tragic-comic aspects. Fewer and fewer people in today's world care much one way or the other about the issues that divide us. They feel there are more important questions that might absorb our interest.

They are right. No church, Catholic or Protes-

tant, is speaking or acting with decisiveness on the portentous human questions of our day. Despite the publicity given to the Bishop of New Orleans, the fact remains that Catholics are not doing much more than Protestants to bring about racial integration. The vast majority of Catholic schools in the South remain segregated, and integration has begun in only a few dioceses. The powerlessness of the churches to do anything in concert about the fear of nuclear annihilation, the poisoning of the atmosphere, and the increasing economic inequalities among nations rightly annoys non-Christians more than their squabbles over the relative authority of Scripture and tradition.

LISTEN TO THE WORLD!

WE have much to learn, both negatively and positively, from the Catholic and Protestant churches of Europe. On both sides of the Iron Curtain they live in a situation of accelerating secularization; the authority of the churches and their doctrines is not taken seriously in any sphere of daily life. Ironically in some countries, such as Poland, Protestants enjoy under Communist auspices an equality and freedom unlike anything they had before, and are understandably cool to ecumenical blandishments from Rome. But in some other places, notably France, Holland, and Germany, Catholics and Protestants find themselves closer together than ever. Admittedly this closeness often arises from a futile effort to prop up "Western Christendom" against the threats of communism without and secularism within. But sometimes the new understanding between Catholics and Protestants springs from their common recognition that the very death of traditional Christendom is an irreversible fact. Sometimes Catholics and Protestants discover each other when, in their efforts to break through to a new style of Christian existence, they find that a whole host of unexamined assumptions inherited from St. Thomas or from Luther no longer seem relevant. Especially in Eastern Europe, Christians are realizing that the Church's message must be articulated in a radically new idiom if it is to survive in a setting increasingly devoid of the trappings of Christian culture.

Frequently, of course, Europe's "post-Christian" culture is viewed as an unmitigated disaster. But there are theologians who see in the new situation an opportunity for the Church to speak to modern man in free and uninhibited dialogue, unhampered by inherited religious and

cultural expectations. The Dutch Protestant theologian Arend van Leeuwen finds in modern secularization a process which began with the Hebrew protest against idolatry and which represents today "what God is doing in human history to make the world a place of human freedom." Catholics are usually unwilling to speak so affirmatively about the new situation. But some do. "The days when the Church as an institution was the creator of culture are finished," says one Catholic theologian, "and will not return." That is why Christianity now has a fresh opportunity, as he says, "to find its application in the secular world."

The evidence seems to indicate that where Protestants and Catholics try to buttress the sagging edifice of the past, they stumble into the same old divisions and their efforts to draw closer remain spurious and hollow. But where they speak directly and positively to the problems of secular man, they find themselves closer, not only to each other, but to those outside the Church who retain a hunger for human values.

Nor is our situation in America so different as we sometimes think. Our much-touted "religious revival" has already run its course. We too live in an increasingly secularized society. Compared with the overwhelming urgency of the forces and issues that menace our lives today, the matters over which Catholics and Protestants prattle often appear strangely quaint. Even the most ardent quibblers must occasionally recognize this. Perhaps the only way to prevent the increasingly verbose Catholic-Protestant discussion from becoming mired in cloistered trivia is for both to listen awhile, in respectful silence, to the world. It is a world for which not only God is dead but in which his memory seems almost forgotten, while men search painfully for peace and love and meaningful ways to work and raise their children.

Perhaps our disunity is a punishment inflicted on both of us for being more concerned for our churches, for their security—and maybe even for their unity—than we are for those they were meant to serve. We often forget that Protestant-Catholic "dialogue" is really just a monologue, an intra-family prologue for our real encounter with the world itself. And the world seems disappointingly unimpressed with even the coziest displays of collaboration between the Christian churches. Maybe only when we have really shared the disbelief and the spiritual hunger of our epoch will Catholics and Protestants learn to say again a Word which deserves to be heard and believed.



WEST POINT: *ancient incubator for a new breed*

DAVID BOROFF

The first of a series of three articles examining the Army, Navy, and Air Force academies . . . the quality of their teaching . . . and the kind of officers they are turning out.

IN THE past four years I visited and closely observed more than a dozen colleges and universities in all parts of the United States. My findings appeared in this magazine and in a book, *Campus U.S.A.*, published last year. It occurred to me that it would be interesting to subject the three service academies—West Point, Annapolis, and Colorado Springs—to the same critical scrutiny. Accordingly, last winter and spring I made extended visits to all three academies, where I attended classes, talked at length with faculty and students, and tried to immerse myself, as sympathetically as possible, in the atmosphere of each academy.

This and two following articles are a report

on how the academies stack up as educational institutions and how well they discharge their responsibility of preparing young men for careers in our military services. I shall also have some things to say, in the subsequent articles, about how they compare with each other and what conclusions may be drawn about service academy education.

I started with little feeling about West Point one way or the other. Like many Americans, I have some distrust of the military, but I accept the importance of our being militarily strong. My own Army experience in World War II—Tank Destroyers and Military Intelligence—was not unpleasurable. (I was that rare bird, the guy from Brooklyn who actually enjoyed basic training in Texas.) And if I came away with the usual enlisted man's disgruntlement about officers, I also took pride in many aspects of my experience.

It is not easy to get at bedrock reality about West Point, for it is obscured both by its own self-infatuated rhetoric and by the sullen dismissal it sometimes gets as simply a nasty Sparta. The myths about West Point are tenacious. Some

people think it is an engineering school. (Indeed it was—the first in the country, founded in 1802—but it has not been one for a long time.) They see the cadets as little tin soldiers all stamped from the same base metal. (There is a West Point type, as there is a Harvard type, but with lots of variations within the mold.) Many Americans regard West Point training as lockstep education designed to create a narrow, Prussian officer class. (The truth is that the Point is almost Faustian in its educational aims: In four incredibly crowded years, it is trying to shape a managerial elite, intellectuals, rugged athletes, technologists, and, above all, heroic centurions.)

Passionately conservative by tradition, West Point is caught in the social and technological revolutions of our time, and is rousing itself from a deep dream of the past. Officers and cadets sometimes sound as if Sylvanus Thayer, the great creator of its educational tradition, still walks the halls of the Academy. But the old days are gone; West Point now confronts a world in which traditional military pieties must somehow coexist with such strange apparitions as managerial techniques, outer space, emergent nations, nuclear power, and the new vogue of public relations.

But when one visits West Point, it is the venerable that is initially most assertive. The buildings are gray and austere. The past is everywhere—in the museum full of trophies of war, in the monuments and antique cannon that dot the campus, in the great names—Lee and Grant, MacArthur and Eisenhower—that haunt the corridors. And the cadets—2,500 strong—are brisk, trim, militantly purposeful as they hurry to class, or double-time to the athletic fields, or hang up their caps and coats in impeccably straight lines in Thayer Hall (“the easiest classroom building in the U. S. to clean”). Their saluting reflexes are sharp; their eyes comb the terrain for every passing officer. Formidable in a group, they are not all imposing physically, though there is little doubt that they toughen up impressively during their four years. The minimum height is only 66 inches, and even this can be waived for

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a really first-rate candidate; many boys wear glasses. Though the cult of manhood is sometimes overpowering, the cadets sometimes look like vulnerable schoolboys.

But if West Point is a college (as indeed it is; it awards a B.S. and is fully accredited), it is a unique institution with a unique mission. The word “mission” is ubiquitous at the Point; it is a little startling to hear it applied to such unwarlike matters as the teaching of the semicolon or introductory French. West Point’s traditional mission is to turn out career officers in the United States Army. By law, graduates must serve four years, though up to 12 per cent may choose another service and about that many choose the Air Force. As a military academy, it necessarily stresses such virtues as courage, honor, and loyalty in the most uncompromisingly old-fashioned way. On the other hand, as a modern college, it provides instruction in the humanities and social sciences (40 per cent of the curriculum) and in science and engineering (60 per cent). Academy officials try to unite these purposes by talking about “the whole man concept,” though this once-fashionable notion has been jettisoned by more sophisticated educators.

Civilian educators are now more interested in fostering intellectual passion—even when it has a narrow focus—than in a pallid well-roundedness. It is only fair to point out, however, that given the Army officer’s varied functions, such specialized zeal may not be realistic. The real question is: *How well does West Point prepare its graduates at a time when Army officers are no longer garrison polo players or punctilio-ridden members of a leisure class but hard-pressed public officials in a dangerous time?*

HOW AND WHY THEY COME

WHOMO goes to West Point? There is the old canard that the United States Military Academy is a school for the sons of upper-class families which have fallen on dark days—a free education for the needy rich. That is no longer the case, if it ever was. West Point is becoming increasingly representative of the entire country in contrast to the old days when it was largely rural, Protestant, and upper-class. Today one-third of the cadets come from lower social strata. It is fair to say, as Morris Janowitz suggests in his excellent study, *The Professional Soldier*, that “the military establishment is becoming an avenue of social mobility for those of lower social origin and from newer immigrant families.”



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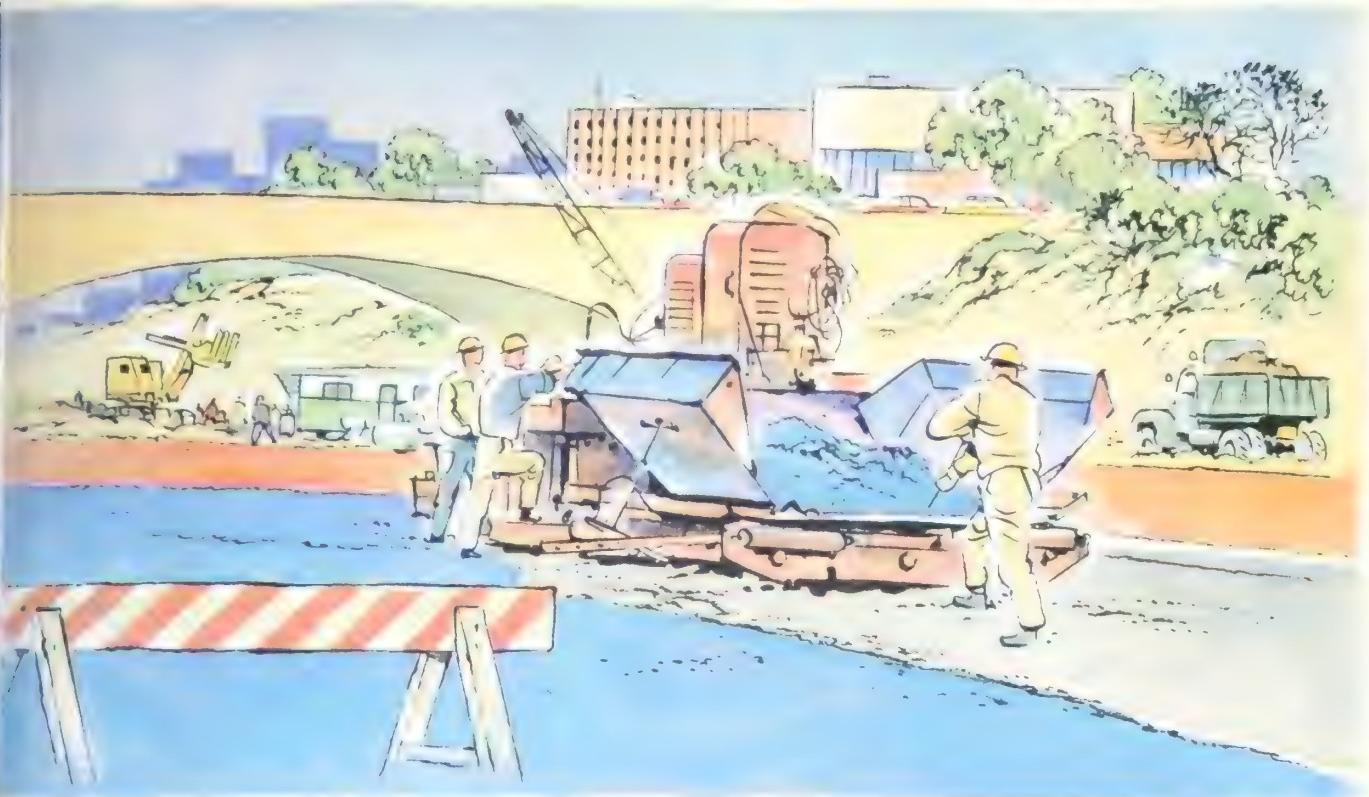
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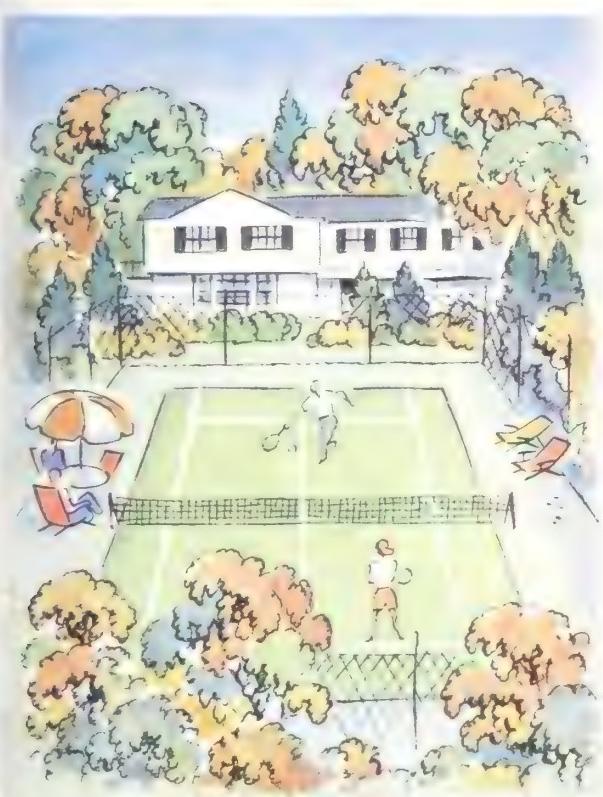


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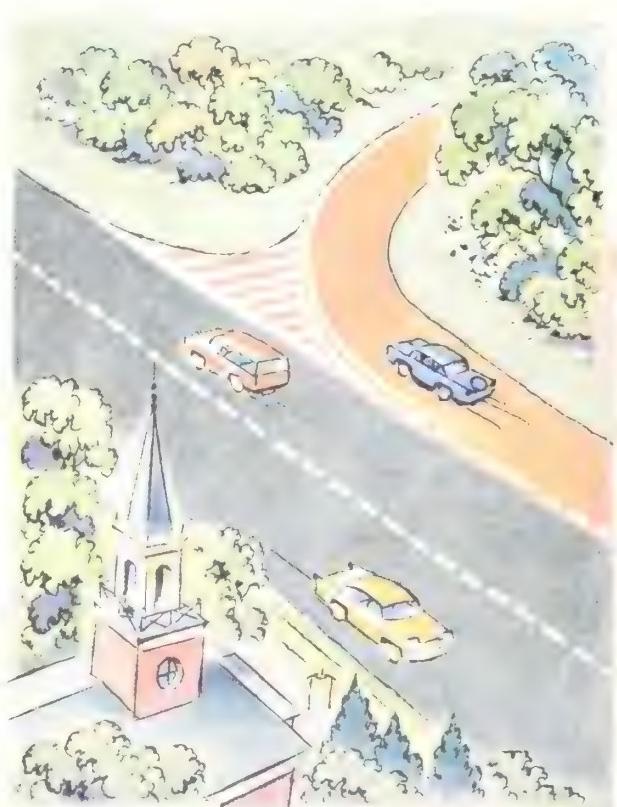


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West Point from the air. Burt Goldblatt, who took this photograph from an Army helicopter, also did the drawings for the article on the Academy.



Nevertheless, over 50 per cent of the cadets come from families which have been in America for at least three generations; about 75 per cent from families whose origins are in the British Isles, Ireland, and Germany—a far higher proportion than in the population at large. Although the percentage of Catholics used to be small, it is now proportionate to the numbers of Catholics in the U. S., as is the case with Jewish cadets. Negroes are strikingly under-represented, but there is reason to believe that the percentage will increase in time.

About 20 per cent come from service-connected families, but only about 6 per cent of the Class of 1966 are sons of alumni. A third have had some previous college experience or are service competitive appointees; these are a bit older than the usual college freshman.

What sort of boy chooses West Point? A recent study reveals that cadets are distinctive in that they "identify" strongly with their fathers and view their discipline at home as more strict than lenient. Obedient at home, active in extracurricular activities, regular churchgoers, they might be summed up as bright, dutiful boys with a conventional cast of mind. Why do they go to West Point? Out of a complicated web of motives, it would appear. For many it is the desire to serve, for others it presents career opportunities, and for still others there is the ancient dream of military glory.

Most of the cadets (86 per cent) are admitted as regular Congressional appointees. Each Senator or Representative is entitled to have four

men attend at any one time, and he may nominate four candidates for each vacancy. The top man, in order of his preference, who qualifies for admission is accepted. Lately, however, an increasing proportion of Congressmen have permitted the Academy to do the screening of their nominees and determine their admission order. Naturally, the Academy prefers this arrangement. Candidates for the 14 per cent of competitive appointments are chosen from such categories as the Regular and Reserve Army and Air Force, honor military and naval schools, sons of deceased veterans, and Presidential nominees. Not unexpectedly, a recent study revealed that in the Class of 1965 the attrition at the end of Plebe year was 25 per cent for regular Congressional appointees but only 16 per cent for competitive appointees.

How good are the young men admitted to West Point? They are surprisingly good. They do well in terms of College Boards, with higher verbal scores than freshmen in good engineering schools and higher math scores than freshmen in some of the elite liberal-arts colleges. Moreover, in high-school achievements, the Plebes remind one of a Harvard freshman class. In the current Plebe class, 77.9 per cent were in the top quintile of their class, 14 per cent were presidents of the student body or of their class. Candidates are chosen on the basis of their academic achievement (a weight of 60 per cent), physical aptitude (10 per cent), and leadership potential (30 per cent). "We're after a man," an official explained, "who is not all egghead and not all football player. But we try to avoid the well-rounded man who is all radius."

To get the best students, Army officers, West Point alumni, and even cadets on holiday proselytize zealously in high schools throughout the country. These recruiters must defeat all sorts of notions about the Academy including the idea, often expressed by high-school guidance counselors, that "you need a pass to get into the post." West Point, in fact, is a national monument open to all—especially to teachers and guidance counselors.

STUDYING UNDER THE GUN

THE academic load, by conventional standards, is awesome. Most cadets have about twenty-one hours of class each week, plus athletics and two hours of military training. (The bulk of their military training has now been shifted to the summer, and there are only five close-order drills a year.) The pressure they are

under is intensified by the stiff discipline of their daily life. "They live under the gun," an officer summed up.

Mathematics is particularly heavy (eight hours a week during Plebe year), and the academic dean, Brigadier General William W. Bessell, Jr., remarked that there seems to be a direct relationship between success in the service and proficiency in mathematics. West Point officers are quick to point out, however, that cadets take more courses in the humanities and social sciences than is generally the case at MIT or among science majors at Harvard.

The curriculum, which has been under continual scrutiny, was reorganized during the last two years. The standard curriculum is essentially unchanged, but electives have been added in such areas as advanced calculus, the novel, foreign languages, national security problems, and automotive engineering. (The last course is popular among near-graduates who want to know what's under the hood of the cars they have recently been permitted to keep on the Post.) New courses have also been introduced into the prescribed curriculum, most notably Environment, a fusion of space science, astronomy, and geography. (Inevitably, the cadets call it "all this and heaven too.") All first-classmen (seniors) are allowed to choose two semester electives but many cadets (46 per cent last year) enrolled in at least one subject other than the standard course. There is a distinct possibility that in time cadets will actually have major fields in the fashion of civilian students.

The virtues of West Point's teaching methods have been hotly debated. In essence, the Thayer philosophy calls for small classes, homogeneous grouping maintained by periodic resectioning, limited lecturing, daily "classroom participation," and frequent quizzes. In its pure form, the Thayer system requires that every cadet be graded every day in every subject. This, however, has been more an ideal than a reality. And there is considerable recession from the early ardor of the Thayer system. "The cadet is expected to participate—please don't use the word recite—in every class," Major General William C. Westmoreland, West Point's Superintendent, explained.

The strengths of the Thayer system are self-evident. Students don't cut class at West Point; they are under constant appraisal and vie with each other for pre-eminence. As one officer put it, "There's no place to hide, no girls to look at." It's impossible for a cadet to goof off for a month or two and then buckle down to work—a com-

mon enough practice among civilian students. On the other hand, Academy teaching methods have been criticized as rigid and atomistic. The Thayer system is predicated on the idea that subject matter can be broken into neat little units on which all students can recite with clarity and precision. (It is no accident that programmed learning, which shares many of these assumptions, is under consideration at West Point.) But the chief quarrel with instruction at the Academy has to do with the teachers, of whom two-thirds are Army officers.

FACULTY: THE SHORT TOUR

THE standard criticism is that the instructors are essentially amateurs, inadequately trained, whose methods are designed to camouflage their ignorance. The system works something like this. At the top, a corps of twenty-three permanent professors serve as heads and deputy heads of departments, and an Academic Board consisting of fourteen department heads and the Superintendent sets academic policy. Under them, about two-thirds of the teaching staff are West Point graduates. Most of the rest are Army officers both Regular and Reserve; a few are Air Force officers. Almost all the instructors have had at least two years of graduate study—the time allotted for the master's degree—and are usually assigned for a four-year tour of teaching. Because many of the instructors are inexperienced, they plan their lessons in groups, developing a standard approach but with some allowance for legitimate intellectual divergencies.

Teaching at West Point is considered a valuable part of an officer's career pattern, since one way or another officers spend at least one-third of their careers either studying or teaching. Still I was startled when I realized that the "union card" a West Point official talked to me about was the master's degree (usually an M.S.) and not the doctor's. The melancholy truth is that by conventional academic criteria—degrees, publications, academic honors—the West Point faculty lags far behind that of a good civilian college. The credentials lineup for the current year is as follows: In a faculty of 358, 93 have only bachelor's degrees, 251 have master's degrees, and only 14 have doctorates.

"Let's face it," a department head argued. "We can't get distinguished scholars. They're interested in teaching graduate students. And can we meet the competitive pressure from Stanford?" To be sure, there are some productive scholars at West Point—notably, Colonel V. J. Esposito,

author of *The Atlas of American Wars*, and Colonel George A. Lincoln and Colonel Russell K. Alspach, chairmen of the Departments of Social Sciences and English respectively—but they are a tiny minority. Almost entirely lacking are the “great men” of our best universities who become a kind of legacy from one generation of students to the next.

Nevertheless, a spirited case can be made for the officer-teachers. The short tenure, it could be asserted, is not a disability but a blessing. West Point teachers come in fresh and maintain a high level of enthusiasm during their short tour. The conference method and the standardized units insure a minimum level of competence. “How much do you have to know to teach a basic course anyway?” an officer asked testily. (The answer, of course, is a good deal if you mean to teach it well.) Though West Point instructors are often only one step ahead of their students, there is little of the indolence that afflicts some civilian professors.

“The students at West Point have a light in their eyes,” a visiting professor observed. “They haven’t been taught by disillusioned professors.” In truth, the cadets prefer officer-teachers, for they are members of the same fraternity.

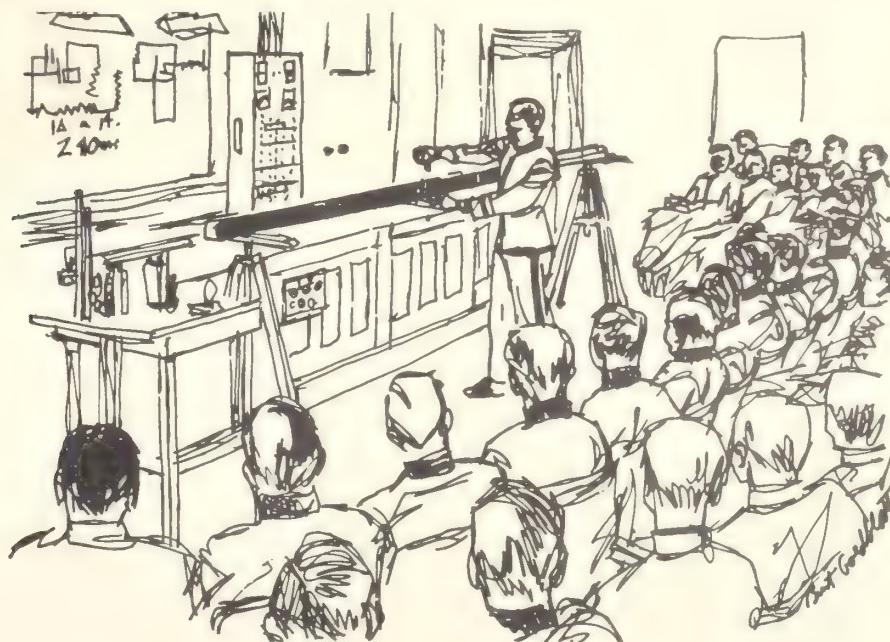
Finally, the welfare state aspects of Army life have their advantages. “You don’t see our people shopping for jobs at scholarly conventions,” Colonel Lincoln said. “They don’t have to worry about finishing a dissertation or writing scholarly articles that no one reads. And they don’t have to brood about finding a house or about medical expenses if their wives are having babies.”

The faculty at West Point is far removed from

the stereotype of the military martinet. Genial, courteous, and manly, they are eager to please, eager to be understood. One of their small idiosyncrasies is the alacrity with which they brief the visitor—even in corridors—fully accoutered with charts and pointer. They have humor but little irony. With some exceptions, they are not nearly as vigorous intellectually as the faculty of a first-rate college. The exceptions certainly include the group in the Department of Social Sciences, a number of whom are Rhodes Scholars like their boss, Colonel Lincoln.

In the course of my visit I attended a number of classes. Cadets no longer stand at attention when they recite. After the section leader salutes the instructor and reports, the cadets settle into the usual relaxed academic postures. The principal difference between classrooms here and elsewhere is the “sir” prefixed to every response. The charge of rote learning notwithstanding, the classrooms have a fair measure of vitality. An officer explained: “The cadets’ individuality is expressed there. That’s where their minds are sprung.” Along with the inescapable conformity of the military role, there is a certain premium placed on aggressiveness and daring. Consequently, the classroom is often the scene of considerable intellectual carnage. General Bessell, the academic dean, explained: “We deal more with grays than with blacks and whites. Our writs [written exams] are the discussion type, and there is often no approved solution.”

Nevertheless, the shadow of weaponry inevitably falls across the curriculum. The cadet never forgets that though he is a student, it is with a difference. The word *mission* springs naturally



to his lips. Reciting, he will say: "Sir, I am called upon to solve the following problem . . . My method has been . . . My results are . . ." In a math exam, a problem was assigned in which the cadet was to hypothesize that he was the special weapons-effects officer in an area subjected to atomic attack. His mission was to determine how much time should elapse before troops could safely be moved through the area.

Naturally, the cadets vary greatly in ability. Colonel Alspach, who was a civilian professor at the University of Pennsylvania, remarked: "The best are like the best everywhere. The worst are a little better than the poorest ones at Penn."

Whatever their intellectual merits, I must confess that interviewing cadets was something of a chore. They were all so painfully polite and yet so refractory. Though I deplore naïve strictures about the "military mind," there *was* a deadening uniformity about their responses. Disciplined, correct, mindful of the proprieties, they all gave me what one of the officers wryly called "the party line." (The student officers, in particular talked as if they were in training for the Superintendent's job.) There was little of the charming irreverence, the joyous and spontaneous exercise of mind that made talking with students at Harvard or Swarthmore such fun. My job was complicated, also, by the fact that I never really had the run of the place as I did at civilian institutions. Even a casual visitor, in that ambiance of saluting and soldierly deference, begins to feel that he is under discipline.

Is there an intellectual culture at West Point, or is the very idea inconsistent with the Academy's mission? There are extracurricular activities of a mildly intellectual nature. A good deal of high-echelon talent, both military and civilian, debarks at the Academy for lectures. One gains the impression, however, that the cadets in the main are vocationally oriented and that intellect is regarded as an embellishment they will find

useful in the wide, wide world. As one cadet expressed it, "It's the theory here that you should be well-rounded. We will meet more people later on who know Plato than nuclear physics." Each cadet room is required to get a daily newspaper, and upper-classmen must subscribe to a news magazine. *Time* is the most popular, *Newsweek* trails behind, and a few cadets subscribe to *The Reporter*. Consider the influence of the following on a cadet's reading habits. If he wishes to display in his room more than the authorized number of magazines, he must request special permission of the inspecting officer ("I request permission to display these periodicals since I intend to use them in connection with SCUSA, my English elective, and social-science monograph requirements").

The recent visit of the late William Faulkner to West Point was highly revealing. In preparation for his lecture, every cadet scheduled to attend spent two weeks reading Faulkner for English and had thought out one solid question to present to the writer. As it turned out, the novelist was "pleasantly astounded" by the literary performance of the cadets.

"THE TOUGH GET GOING"

DESPITE a few fervid proponents of the intellectual life on the faculty, one comes away feeling that the humanities and social sciences have a position of dull respectability at West Point. To be sure, the bulk of the academic curriculum is on the scientific side. But it is in the realm of athletics that one encounters a genuine ardor. The cue for passion was provided by General Douglas MacArthur when he was Superintendent. His words are emblazoned on a gymnasium wall: "Upon the fields of friendly strife/ Are sown the seeds/ That, upon other fields, on other days/ Will bear the fruits of victory."

The current champion of the strenuous life at West Point is Colonel Frank J. Kobes, Jr., the director of physical education. A genial but impassioned giant, superbly well-conditioned himself, he strides about his domain of sweat in a small fury of messianic fervor. He has publicly scolded the "Space Age child" ("overfed, overweight, and underactive"), assailed the Space Age curriculum ("loaded with abstract intellectualism"), and argued that West Point is not getting more bookish boys—"We're making them more bookish; we're succumbing to academic hysteria."

The chief objective of the physical program is



"fitness"—every cadet must turn out physically qualified for ranger and airborne training. The athletic program, also designed for this goal, is threefold: training in sports, varsity athletics (not under Colonel Kobes' rule but under the Director of Athletics), and an elaborate system of intramural (interregimental) competition. Along with rugged contact sports, long-haul gentlemanly activities for aging officers—golf, tennis, and squash—are also provided for the cadets.

Every cadet who is not on a varsity team participates actively in any of eighteen sports. And they mean business. The boxing room has a motto: "When the going gets tough, the tough get going." Each team is professionally garbed, and the array of equipment in the gymnasium is stupendous. (The library, though reasonably good, does not achieve such a level of excellence, but a new library building is under construction.)

The rationale for varsity athletics, including Big Football, is that it builds fighting morale and serves as a recruiting device. (A football game presumably is a microcosm of battle.) There is no polite palaver about sportsmanship. MacArthur's stiff-backed dictum—"There is no substitute for victory"—defines the West Point ethos. A fresh-faced lieutenant on the staff of the Commandant said to me when I turned up for an appointment, "Sir, General Stilwell is tied up at a meeting of the Athletic Board." He then added in the kind of sepulchral voice in which no doubt the fall of Dien Bien Phu was announced to the French General Staff, "You know, sir, we lost the Navy game."

West Point officials deny that football players are a privileged class. Since everyone at West Point is, in effect, on scholarship (each cadet receives \$111.15 a month in addition to a ration allowance), the inducements are obviously not monetary. Nor is there any exemption from military and academic obligations. The faculty, however, has its many die-hard football partisans and, as elsewhere in the football leagues, some are probably indulgent to Saturday's battered gladiators.

DISCIPLINE: HOW ENLIGHTENED?

ATHLETICS is merely one facet of a far-reaching military training program. Though actual training in tactics and weaponry takes place during the summer period, the cadets live a regimented existence all year round whose purpose it is to instill in them the qualities of command. It is the "top" man militarily who



commands the Corps of Cadets each year. This, of course, is the West Point of legend—the flawless ranks on parade, the remorseless inspections, the high gloss of their appearance, the snap and precision of their movements, the inviolability of their honor. To the outsider, it provides a glimpse of a strange, almost medieval world—proud, curiously insulated, hostile to change.

But the chill winds of change are blowing. To be sure, "beast barracks" (Plebe summer preceding the first year) is traumatic and still separates the men from the boys. Upperclassmen, as they have in the past, harass and badger; the Plebe throws as grotesque a brace as ever and parrots silly answers to silly questions. (*Q: How is the cow? A: Sir, she walks, she talks, she's full of chalk, the lacteal fluid extracted from the female of the bovine species is highly prolific to the nth degree.*) But physical hazing was outlawed forty years ago, and psychic abuse must serve the ends of training.

When one considers the playpen that adolescent life is today, the West Point regimen seems a small epic of deprivation. During his first year, the cadet leaves the post only with freshman squads for games, singing, or debate, never alone. The old dictum—"no horse, no wife, no mustache"—still holds. "It's better to sire an illegitimate child than to marry and violate West Point regulations," one cadet said earnestly. The regulation states that cadets will not be, or have been, married—about fifteen a year resign to get married. Cadets still listen in stricken silence

while the adjutant announces punishments in a booming voice from the poop-deck of the dining-hall.

Being a cadet is no joy, but it is satisfying. A football player said: "West Point is a good place to be *from*. But if I had to do it all over again I would." Another Plebe earnestly mirrored the West Point mystique: "Duty, honor, country [the West Point motto]—that's what holds us together. You can look at a man and tell if he's West Point. He stands up straighter, he speaks more forcefully, he looks better. Just look at his belt buckle—it's always properly lined up."

The conservative principle was enunciated in reverberant tones by General R. G. Stilwell, the Commandant. A robust-looking, articulate man of forty-five, with an impressive military record, he declared: "Rather than say that the requirements of West Point have changed, we might say that they have become more extensive. Nothing that has come down through the years has been invalidated. The soldier's ultimate mission—from Joshua through Richard the Lion-hearted to Robert E. Lee to the present—has been to fight his country's battles."

General Westmoreland, the Superintendent, equally military in bearing and a brilliant combat leader, reflects in part the new managerial orientation of the military establishment. "Coming back to West Point after twenty-five years," he said, "I find that the fundamentals that we value so highly are unchanged. However, our discipline is not martinet-like. It's enlightened discipline, and we evaluate it constantly."

"Enlightened discipline" is the new motif, and the tactical officers—traditionally tough guys—are now both disciplinarians and guidance counselors, well-schooled in pupil-personnel problems. And the cadets' manuals on military leadership and psychology are full of such current pieties as the following: "*Thinksman*ship then is corollary to *Leadership*."

Social life in this double-time milieu is minimal but it does pick up during the last two years. Cadets may not drink within fifteen miles of the post, but in a recent innovation first classmen (seniors) are introduced to "social drinking" at the Officers' Club or in officer-sponsors' homes. They may also learn to dance—sometimes with live girls rallied from such sources as daughters of Post personnel and students from nearby girls' colleges. The cadets see themselves as socially underprivileged but fully expect to make up for their deprivations. One cadet insisted that girls are generally curious about what's "behind that little gray suit."

Indeed, they are. Mrs. Beatrice E. Holland, the West Point Hostess, revealed that she receives countless letters from girls eager for blind dates. In a typical date, the cadets meet their "drags" after the 2:00 P.M. parade on Saturday, go to an early evening movie, and then to the cadet hop.

The more sophisticated the girl considers herself, the more critical she is likely to be of cadets. A girl from Briarcliff Junior College commented: "They're healthy, normal boys except that they're neater and stand up straighter." A group of Vassar girls, however, were full of disdain. "They're so starved for girls," said one, "that when they get you alone, watch out." Another said: "They're nice but, from our point of view, limited."

In any case, they have no difficulty finding mates, including a fair share of Vassar girls. Many marry immediately after graduation, and the marital scramble is so intense that cadets must draw for after June week wedding times at the Chapel. ("I'm not rushing into things," one cadet said jauntily. "We'll wait three days.")

ARE THEY PREPARED?

ANY assessment one makes of West Point cadets is likely to be difficult unless one is either foolish about "the long gray line" or a rabid antimilitarist. I am neither. Certainly at a time when adolescent culture is often an untidy, hedonistic reservation, the Corps of Cadets seem trim, upright, and attractive. Emerson's reaction in 1863, when he spoke of their "air of probity, of veracity, and of loyalty," still has point today.

But it is possible that the very virtues of the cadets may be a disability. In our undisciplined times, they have a sense of estrangement from the main currents of American life. Though their curriculum is continuously updated, many cadets—especially the cadet officers—would like to see things tougher. Their attitude toward the tight, quasi-clerical collar of their dress uniform is characteristic. "It's uncomfortable, sir, but you get used to it," a cadet said with his friends assenting.

Their own commitment makes them hostile to segments of society that they feel are spoiled. They have a lofty disapproval of young people today ("soft, selfish, egocentric"), see themselves as an idealistic elite, and identify with the new managerial class. I encountered a dark suspicion of trade unions. "Unions have a much narrower perspective than management," a cadet said. "Therefore, they shouldn't have the power they're beginning to acquire." Some cadets were

intrigued that electricians, in their drastically shortened work week, earn more than second lieutenants.

But the pivotal question about West Point is how well it prepares cadets for the infinitely complex tasks they will face. There is no doubt that the Academy succeeds in inculcating the traditional military virtues and in shaping high character in the best old-fashioned sense. (And this I consider a good thing, for middle-class life today has a dismal way of flattening down such traditional attributes as courage and honor.) The training cadets receive is better and tougher than in the past, and West Point officers make excellent combat leaders. But at a time when the military establishment's task is to deter war, not to wage it and, when waging war, to contain it, one wonders if the traditional arrangements still make sense. Indeed, an excellent statement of this purpose was made by General Stilwell (then Colonel) talking to the Class of 1960. "In the second half of the twentieth century and beyond," he said, "the military instrument will fulfill the noblest measure of its responsibilities when it gains its nation's objectives without recourse to bloodshed. . . ."

Nevertheless I was startled at the pre-nuclear consciousness of both officers and cadets. There seemed to be a striking failure to recognize that warfare has entered a radically new phase with the introduction of nuclear weapons. It was hardly reassuring to hear again and again that nuclear weapons are simply "another member of the weapons family" or that "people were also

disturbed when the crossbow was introduced."

Though it is true as General Stilwell asserted in a speech to cadets, "you can't use beatniks in this game," it is equally true that for the new officer a high premium must be placed on intellectual sophistication, cultural maturity, and the ability to handle political and military ambiguities. The old martial virtues, admirable as they were, aren't enough any more.

The fact is we live in a topsy-turvy world in which we have developed weapons we may not use and in which the typical military engagements are small-scale brushfire wars. In these conflicts—and in the Cold War itself—the distinction between military and civilian has broken down. If we are to succeed in Vietnam, for example, it is absolutely indispensable that we win the support of the local population. This is not a matter of military tactics or logistics but rather of achieving rapport with people very different from us and persuading them that we should stand together. It turns out that Anthropology—a course which is *not* offered at West Point—is at least as relevant these days as Ordnance Engineering.

This brings us back to the educational program at West Point; for it is in the classroom, not on the playing fields, that today's officer must be created. Here the verdict is negative. Academically, West Point is a second-class college for first-class students.

The limitations of the program can be summed up in this fashion: The faculty isn't good enough. The students are overloaded and have little or no time for the kind of contemplative activity that alone can make an educated man. The program, by virtue of its military coloration, tends to reward precision far more than critical ability. It is awkward to encourage the habit of unquestioned obedience on the one hand and intellectual freedom on the other. And one may well quarrel with the puerile emphasis on Big Football and the time-consuming rituals of the Plebe System.

The Army is not unmindful of these questions, as new developments at West Point suggest. The ratio of doctoral degrees of the faculty is likely to increase soon. Moreover, there is an emerging academic professionalism in the Army. It is estimated that 60 per cent of the Class of 1961 will get master's degrees in civilian graduate schools in a variety of fields.

But it is the spirit that is ultimately crucial. The old garrison segregation is dead—never to be revived. The vexing question persists: How much of the old garrison education is still alive?



THE SPEECH

A Story by V. S. PRITCHETT



IT'S a funny turnout. You don't know what front to take up for the best," the chatty doorman replied to the big-bellied woman as he opened the door and let her and the other speakers into the hall.

"You'd better bloody well make your mind up or you'll be dead," she said to him with a grin over her shoulder as she passed and followed the others up the steps onto the cold, dusty platform. And she said to the young man with heavy fair hair who was next to her when they sat down:

"That's this place for you. Did you hear him? It's dead. They've had the bomb already." A man's voice shouted from the audience, just before Lord Birt got up to introduce the speakers:

"Good old Sally."

No smile of pleasure moved her double chin, nor did she nod. She was counting. That one shout echoed. It revealed the emptiness of the hall. It would hold eight hundred; in her time she had seen twice that number fighting their way in. Now (she reckoned it up), there were no more than fifty or sixty.

The weather, the sleet whipping across all day (the secretary had said), not having had longer notice, couldn't get through to headquarters on the phone. A lot of people on short time. Excuses. They had even spelled her name wrong on the notice outside: Sally Proser, leaving out the second "s," and the sleet spitting on it made the red ink run into the blue as if the poster was

sobbing and ashamed of them all. They couldn't get her name right, even in her own town.

Lord Birt had sat down. The first speaker was up.

"Friends," he was saying, "I shall not take up your time . . ." She looked at her watch.

"We'll be here half the night," she said to the young man next to her. He was trying to keep a piercing look on his face. "Who is he?"

"Doctor," hissed the young man, crossing his legs. "Quaker. Liberal."

"God," she said very audibly.

It was a large hall, a yawning historic fake in a Gothic baronial style, built out of cotton profits a hundred years before, shabbied by hundreds, thousands of meetings, the air staled and exhausted by generations of preachers, mayors, and politicians. The damp had brought out a smell made of floor boards, the municipal disinfectants, the sweet, sooty cellulose effluence of the city. It was a smell provided by a dozen mills whose tall chimneys penciled the pink fume of the sky; and by something of the fouled, milky green industrial river and the oily canal. A mist hung across the middle of the hall like breath left behind for years and although all the chandeliers were lit, the light fell yellowish and weak on the audience sitting in their overcoats in the first five rows and on the long funereal stretch of empty chairs behind. One person after another turned round in discomfort looking at the distant glass doors at the back and then at the side, to see where the arctic draft came from; and then, reproaching themselves, lifted their chins stiffly and stared with resentment at the platform.

The doctor was still going on. He was a tall, very thin man, vain of his eagle face, his waving silken white hair, his gentle, high-pitched doubting vocables. They were moving equably out of "the situation before all of us today"; then went on derisively to "the international plane" and "the lessons of history" (his past), to what he had said "in this very hall" (references to local elections thirty years ago), and emerged into the benignancy of the "moral issue," and circled impatiently to what he had "always said." Beside him sat young Lord Birt, ace flier, Matisse

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owner, lecturer in America, with a dark, prompt electric black mustache, like a too recent political decision; and next to him the very young man.

"It's a scandal, a meeting like this," Mrs. Prosser was saying to him audibly through the doctor's speech. "I'll take it up with headquarters. Where have they put you up—in an hotel? I was out last night, God knows where, in the Treasurer's house, and there's been a death in the family. Imagine the atmosphere."

"Someone just died?" said the young man, astonished.

"Twenty-five years ago!" she said sarcastically. "I've made fourteen speeches on this tour, in the last six days, and they hadn't the decency to put me into an hotel. It's all wrong."

And Mrs. Prosser's chins, mouth, and jaws, even her big breasts, seemed to gather themselves together until she looked like a fist.

"What about Hungary?" shouted a man from the audience.

"Yes, what about Hungary?" shouted two or three others.

"They're waking up," said the young man.

"I'm glad you asked me that question," said the doctor, going on.

"No, it's nothing," she said, giving an experienced glance at the shouters. "They're dead. How did you get here? They didn't even have a car, borrowed it from the Treasurer's son, it broke down. We sat on the road for half-an-hour, on a night like this. Ah, well, the old bastard is drying up. It's you."

The young man got up.

(Oh God, thought Mrs. Prosser, but forgave him.) He had learned his speech, he was sawing it off, it fell in lumps to the floor. The women looked sympathetically, the men looked ironical, one or two of the shouters leaned forward to egg him on at first, and then leaned back, with their hands on their knees, giving up. Handsome, his hair flopping, he seemed to have some invisible opponent in front of him whom he was angrily trying to push away, so that he could see the audience. He struggled and at last he stopped struggling. He came to an end, looked back nervously to see if his chair was still there, and the audience clapped; he looked back at them with suspicion and anger.

"I made a mess of it," he murmured to Mrs. Prosser as he sat down.

"Here we go," Mrs. Prosser ignored him. "Watch me, if I don't wet my drawers before I've done with this bloody lot."

She was up, adroitly slipping her old fur coat off her shoulders and into the hands of

the young man, stepping in one stride to the edge of the platform. She stared at the audience, let them have a good look at her. She was a short woman of forty-seven. Robust. She was wearing a tan jumper that was low on her strong neck and pulled on anyhow, and a shabby green skirt. She had big heavy breasts, which she had been ashamed of in her young days, wanting to hide them, but that was before she joined the Movement; a stout belly, hard as a drum, which made her laugh when she got up in the morning. Her face was round and she had a double chin and the look on her face said: "Go on! Take a good look. It's your last chance." Suddenly, she let out her voice.

"Fellow workers," she shouted. The words, slow, deep, and swinging in delivery, rocked them. They stopped fidgeting and coughing. She heard with pleasure her full plain Northern voice sweep out over them and to the back of the hall, filling it to the baronial beams and spreading over the seats and into the empty galleries.

"Good old Sally," shouted a man.

"Come on Sally," shouted another, wet-lipped with love at the sight of her and nudging his neighbor. She paused in the middle of her sentence and smiled fully at him—the first broad smile of the night.

SHE loved the beginning of her speeches. "I'm an old potato," she thought, "but my hair is brown and alive and I've got a voice. I can do anything with it." It was as powerful as a man's, yet changeable. Now it was soft, now violent; riotous in argument yet simple; always firm and disturbing. It could be blunt and brutal and yet it throbbed. It had sloshed its way through strikes and mass meetings; it had rebounded off factory walls; it had romped and somersaulted over thousands of heads. It had rung bitterly out through the Spanish War, when she was a young woman; through the rows of the Second Front, the Peace Campaigns, the Hungarian quarrel; it was all out now for Banning the Tests. It had never worn out, never coarsened, never aged; in these first few minutes it was her blood, the inner spontaneous fountain of her girlhood, something virginal she would never lose. At every meeting it was reborn.

Even her shrewd brown eyes were bemused by her utter pleasure in hearing this voice, so that each of her early sentences surprised her by their clarity and the feeling that was in them; she was proud to feel her lungs heave, to watch the next thought form in her brain, the next argument assemble, the words, the very vowels and con-

sonants fall into place. It was thrilling to pause and throw in a joke, a flash of hate or a line of wit that would sometimes recklessly jump into her head and make it itch with pleasure. This was the moment when she caught the crowd, played with them and made them hers. It was the time, for her, of consciousness, like a sudden falling in love, when the eyes of the audience answered her signals, when she could look carelessly from face to face, watching her words flick like an angler's line over them, looking for the defaulter. And, picking this man or this woman out, she would pause, as it were, to ask the audience watch her make her catch, as if she had come down off the platform to be down among them with an intimacy that teased them and made their minds twist and flick and curl with fear and pleasure.

And then—it happened: the break, almost painful for her. The virginal voice that was so mysteriously herself, would separate from her and perform alone as if it had nothing to do with her at all. It became, simply, the Voice. It left her a plain, big-bellied, middle-aged woman, a body, to stand there exposed in all the woundedness of her years while it went off like some trained dog barking round the audience, rounding them up, fetching in some stray from the back, flinging itself against the rows of empty chairs.

"And I say and I say again: we've got to stop these tests! We tell the Americans to stop these tests. We tell the Russians to stop these tests. We tell this Tory government that if it does not stop these tests . . ."

Now it was barking down derisively from the gallery at the end of the hall, barking at the City Arms, at fire extinguishers, at the Roll of Honor in gold, at the broom left by the cleaner, at the draft coming in at the doors; it was barking round the wall and below the feet of the audience.

The light went out of Mrs. Prosser's face. She let the Voice carry on, and looked with boredom at the people. There was the elderly man, deaf and impatient; there was the big married woman with folded arms who kept glancing down her row to see everyone was listening, like a police-woman. There were the two girls, shoulder to shoulder, with pretty false faces, waiting for a chance to whisper. There was a woman with mouth open, ravenous, as if she were going to rush the platform and kiss her. There were the threes or fours of men frosted with self-respect.

There was the man who seemed, nowadays, to come to all her meetings, a man neither young nor old, listening with one ear and sly, who sat at the end of a row with one bent leg sticking out

of the neat block of the audience and who glanced often at the side door, as if he were waiting his chance or for a sign, to make a bolt for it. For what? For the pubs before they closed, for the last tram, to meet someone, even just to stand in the street—why? Had he got—a lite? It always troubled her. She wanted to follow him. And there was that swing door which kept gulping like a sob, as someone pushed in and gave a glance at the meeting and then went out and the door gave another gulp like the noise of a wash-basin as if all the words of that Voice of hers were going down a drain. She heard the Voice go on:

"For you can take it from me, if the Americans don't stop these tests, if the Russians don't stop these tests, if the Tory party just sits on its bum . . ."

Loud cheers. That was a word made for the North. Mrs. Prosser grinned at the Voice's joke. She had a good big bum herself.

TH E Voice went on. It carried nearly thirty years of her life. At a meeting like this—no, not like this, but much larger and in the open streets, in the Blackshirt days, she had met her husband. There was a shouting, arm-wrenching, tearing, kicking fight with the police. What solid lumps their bodies were! She (when she remembered it) had felt as light as air. A gale had lifted her suddenly so that she, like the rest of the scattering and re-forming crowd, was blown about and with a force in her big arms and body that was exalted. Bodies swung about like sacks of meal. The houses and all their windows seemed to buckle and bulge toward her, the cobbled street heaved up and down like a sea. You could pick up the street in your hands. A young man near her gave a shout and she shouted, too, and her shout was his and his was hers; for an extraordinary few moments they had the same body. A policeman struck at the young man, the blow fell on his neck and *she* felt the pain. She could not remember how—she was clawing at the policeman and the young man's blood struck her cheek. They spent that night in prison.

The pupil-teacher at the Adderdale Road School (Girls) to be in prison! That was when the hate started—her mother saying she would never hold her head up again; they had always been decent people. The father saying: "All stuck-up with those books and too good for her own family." And now she had disgraced them. If young Prosser, the little weed, came round the house again—the father said—he'd belt him. In this very city. They sacked her from the school.

From that time her life had been committees, lectures, meetings. Always traveling, always on platforms, her husband at one end of the country and she at the other. He with the shout on his face and she with the shout on hers, a drawing back of the lips over the teeth; that was their love, too. Love a shout, marriage a shout.

They saw each other for an hour or two, or a day or two, eating anything, anywhere, usually a sandwich or a few bars of chocolate. It was the chocolate that had made her put on weight. "I'm a fighting sweet shop." At first, he had been the nimble one, the leader, wearing himself out and often ill; he had the ideas; then, one week, when he was sick with an ulcer, she had taken a meeting and the Voice, this strange being inside her came out, and now it was she who not only commanded him, but audiences by the hundred, then the thousands. The Voice took over her own and her husband's life.

And they stick me at a place nine miles outside this city (her body, her bullying breasts and affronted belly were saying), in weather like this! I don't say I wasn't comfortable. That'd be a lie. I was glad to see a coal fire and the tea was better than that slop they gave us at Lord Birt's this afternoon. Three-piece suite too and the telly on, very nice. You wouldn't have seen that in our home when I was a girl. We had a laugh too about Lord Birt's house, all those chimneys. Mrs. Jenkins was a maid there when she was a girl and they used to bless those chimneys. My husband and I did our courting up there in the woods above. Mrs. Jenkins and I had a good laugh about old times. And then the old lady, Mr. Jenkins' mother, got restless.

"Eh," says Mrs. Jenkins, "mother wants her telly. We turned it off when you came. She sits there in front of it, tapping her toes on the floor when the cowboys go by, rocking up and down."

"You want to get on your horse and ride the range, Gran, don't you?" says Harry Jenkins, the lad. "Gran's in her saddle, reaching for her gun when the Westerns come on. She gets excited, don't you Gran?"

Of course, the old lady was stone deaf and couldn't hear a word he said. But she looks at me and says, suddenly:

"That's Sally Gray." Just like that, her eyes like pistols. "That's Sally Gray."

"No, Gran, that's Mrs. Prosser. Excuse her, Mrs. Prosser, the mind . . . She's failing."

"It's Sally Gray," says the old lady.

"Now, Gran!" says Mrs. Jenkins. "You be a good girl."

"It's the girl that killed our Leslie. It's Sally

Gray that sent our boy to Spain and killed him."

"Gran," says Mrs. Jenkins. "Stop that. I won't have you upset us. Excuse her, Mrs. Prosser. My husband's brother was killed in the Spanish War. She doesn't forget it."

"It's Sally Gray, the schoolteacher, who went to prison and got her name in the papers and broke poor Mrs. Gray's heart." The old lady stands flapping her little hands about and turning round and round like a dog.

The atmosphere—you can imagine it!

"Now Gran, Mrs. Prosser didn't do anything to Les. It's a long time ago."

"Tuesday, we heard," the old lady said.

"Gran," says the lad, taking the old lady's arm to steady her, "don't carry on. It'd be a bad day for the workers if they didn't fight for themselves. Uncle Les was an idealist."

Nine miles outside the town in weather like this!

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Prosser," says Mrs. Jenkins. "Switch on the telly, Harry. She's a great problem. Definitely."

"I could kill her," says Mrs. Jenkins standing up stiff. And she suddenly picks up the teapot and rushes out of the room, crying.

"Excuse us," says Mr. Jenkins giving the old lady a shake.

What a committee to put me in a house like that with a madwoman. Where's the consideration? And they bring me here in a borrowed car that breaks down and we stand there on the moor, with the sleet coming through your stockings. And they spell your name wrong and scrape up an audience of ten or twenty people.

THERE was a cheer from the audience. The Voice had got into them. Mrs. Prosser paused; she was startled herself. And as she paused for the cheer and the Voice cracked a thin joke about the Foreign Secretary—"They fly about from Bonn to Washington, from Washington to London; you don't see them flying down here. They're afraid of getting their feathers dirty"—and got a laugh from them, a dirty, drafty laugh, which gave the man at the end of the row a chance to get his leg out further and get ready to make a bolt for it—at that very second, she saw the dead white face of the clock at the end of the hall, its black hands like a jackknife, opening.

Ten to nine! Her husband down at Plymouth, the other end of the country. And Jack? Where is Jack? But her Voice went on with the speech and when it had picked up its freedom again and sailed on, she silently asked the audience: Where's my son? What have you done with my

son? A year ago I could tell you what he was doing. He'd come home from school, get himself some supper, that boy could cook, oh yes, and clean up afterwards—and then settle to his homework. He could look after himself, better than a grown man. From the age of nine he could manage on his own. My husband and I could leave him a week at a time and he didn't mind. And I'll tell you something else: a boy with a real political conscience!

You've done it—her body was shouting to the audience—you've done it! For twenty-five years my husband and I have been fighting for *you*, fighting the class enemy, getting justice for *you* and you sit there—what is left of you—pulling in the big money, drunk on Hire Purchase, mesmerized by your Tellys and your Pools—and what do you do for *us*? When I knew I was going to have that boy I said to my husband: "We won't let this stop the work." And we didn't. But you and your rotten society just did nothing. A year ago he was the best boy in this country and you couldn't stand it. No. You had to get him out and start him drinking with a lot of thieving hooligans, you put a flick knife in his hand. You know what he said to his father?

"Well, you were in prison, you and mother, you told me."

"Son," his father said, "we were fighting for justice for the people."

"Oh that crap!" he says.

That's what the great British people did while we were working for them. Those people out there lost a son twenty-five years ago in Spain. I want to tell you I lost mine last year—killed by his own side.

"Good old Sally," the audience shouted. "Hit 'em. Listen to her."

Mrs. Prosser paused with a smile of victory.

"But, my friends, you will say to me," the Voice suddenly became quiet and reasonable, "this government cannot act alone. It has got to consider the American government and the Russian government. You will say the British people cannot isolate itself from the human family . . ."

But Mrs. Prosser was saying to them:

Before I came here this evening they took me to this Lord Birt's house, the one I told you about with all those chimneys; very friendly those chimneys looked when we were courting in the wood above. My husband and I used to look down at the house. And the time I liked best was when the smoke was going up straight from them in the autumn. Some weekends when there was company at the house the smoke went up from



many of them like it does from his Lordship's mills, but pleasanter, homey. You'd see rooks turning round and round over it and hear a dog drag its chain and bark, or hear pails clash where they were washing the car or swooshing out the yard at the back—I always wanted to see inside when I was a girl. Well today I saw it. Oh yes! There I was inside sitting by the fire with a cat on my knees. Can you see me with a cat? There were some people there and after we'd had our meal this young man who just made that bad speech was there looking at the books in the white bookcases. And there was a young girl, plump with brown hair, talking to him about them. Lord Birt asked him where they'd been that morning and they said: "Up the woods at the back." I'll tell you something. I was jealous. I was jealous of that young girl talking to that young man. I felt old and ugly and fat. Mind you, I don't like the way these girls wear trousers, so that they look as naked as the tadpoles we used to catch when we were kids. I'd split them myself, you'd have a laugh—but it wasn't that that made me jealous. I couldn't *talk* about anything. That lad can't make a speech, but he can *talk* and so could the girl. I sat there dumb and stupid. Every day, morning and evening, year after year, generation after generation, this was a home and they could talk about a subject in it. If you talked about a subject in my home when I was a girl they'd call you stuck up. All I can do is to make bloody fine speeches in bloody empty halls like this.

TH E R E was coughing in the audience and now the Voice was quieter. The man sitting at the end of the row with his leg out made up his mind. He got both legs out and, bending slightly, thinking to make himself invisible, he slowly tiptoed out across the bare space to the door at the side. And half those forty or fifty heads, in the midst of their coughing, turned to watch, but not that widely smiling woman who

was still looking ravenously up at the platform as if she were going to rush at Mrs. Prosser and swallow her. Mrs. Prosser saw the man tiptoeing out to that life of his and she did what she always could do, at any meeting, startle it out of its wits with a sudden shout, and make any escaper stop in his absurd delinquent steps.

"Fellow Workers," the Voice rang out, "don't kid yourselves. You won't escape. It is you and your children who are being betrayed by this cowardly government. It is you . . ."

But her life, the forty-five-year-old body with the big, white mournful bottom was saying to them:

And if you want to know what I thought when I passed the long mirror in the hall of Lord Birt's house when we were getting in the car to come to this place where I was born and brought up and where you can't even spell my name, if you want to know what I thought, I can tell you. It's you have made me ugly! Working for you! You never gave me a minute to read a book, look at a picture, or feed the spirit inside me. It was you who made me sit dumb as an old cow back there. You fight for justice and you lose half your life. You're ugly and you've made me as ugly as you are.

The applause went up sharp and short near the platform and echoed in the emptiness behind the audience. Chairs shifted. Mrs. Prosser sat down. Lord Birt and the young man congratulated her. She looked scornfully and boastfully at them.

"I've wet them," she said as they walked away down the steps off the platform. Out of the little crowd of people who had stayed behind to talk to the speakers, the young girl came forward and secretly, not to embarrass him, squeezed the young man's arm and said, "You were wonderful." He hardly listened but was looking eagerly into the crowd that surrounded Mrs. Prosser.

"We'll wait for her," he said fiercely. "She had them"—he held out his cupped hand—"like that."

CARLETON S. COON

NEW FINDINGS ON THE ORIGIN OF RACES

A leading archaeologist advances an explosive theory—that man evolved from a subhuman ancestor not just once, but five different times, in widely separated parts of the globe.

WHAT is race? A myth, as some popular writers would have us believe, or a rigid division of mankind into superior and inferior groups? A reverse freedom rider northward bound? America's greatest and most divisive unsolved problem? The white, black, yellow, red, and brown races pictured in the school geography books? Or a relatively recent and superficial division of mankind?

No. Re-examined in the light of science and history, race is not exactly any of these. It is not a myth, and races are not, as current theory holds, something that evolved into final form about 30,000 years ago and have remained unchanged ever since. In man as in other animals and in plants, a race is a geographically separate division of a species.

A five-year-long study which I have made of every scrap of bone of every fossil man so far discovered—about one thousand pieces—shows rather that the races of man are as old as man himself. The separation of man into races is the work of geography, acting in the guise of natural selection shaping genetically plastic living material.

Races arose as soon as the primitive ancestors of man had dispersed by migrating from the place where they originated—uncertain but possibly in Africa—into all of the warm parts of the Old World (Eurasia and Africa) which could be reached on foot. These earliest humans were not apes, but close relatives of the Australopithecines,

the African ape-men with ape-sized brains and essentially manlike bodies.

Between a million and a half-million years ago—in the varied climates and circumstances of regions as widely separated as Morocco and Java—some of the migrants appeared in the form of the oldest known human species, *Homo erectus*. They were already divided into five geographical races and were generally larger of brain, smaller of jaw, and otherwise different in structure from the ape-men.

I. The Australoids. In Java, which was intermittently joined to the Asiatic mainland, *Homo erectus* was already what we now call an Australoid. Later still the Australoids evolved into modern men—*Homo sapiens*—or that part of *Homo sapiens* which includes today's Australian aborigines, Papuans, Melanesians, Negrito dwarfs living from the Philippines to the Andaman Islands, and some of the tribal folk of India.

II. The Mongoloids. In China the early men of the new species, *Homo erectus*, were already Mongoloids. In time they too changed into modern man, siring the numerous peoples of Eastern Asia (except the Ainu) as well as the Polynesians, American Indians, and Eskimos.

III. The Caucasoids. A third race arose somewhere in Western Asia, with the characteristics that were later to be called Caucasoid. By 250,000 years ago some of them had evolved into *Homo sapiens*. From these latter are descended the Europeans and their overseas kin in the Americas and elsewhere; the Middle Eastern whites; most of the people of India; and possibly the Ainu of Japan.

IV. The Capoids. Another race made the transition in North Africa and later, after being pushed south and east, probably evolved into the Bushmen and Hottentots of the race that we

call Capoid, after the Cape of Good Hope.

V. The Congoids. A fifth kind of *Homo erectus* appeared in Africa and, as far as we can tell from scanty evidence, it seems to have been related to both Caucasoids and Negroes. I have named it Congoid after the region of the Congo basin. Very late, at a time not exactly known, these people turned into *Homo sapiens* and the modern Negroes and Pygmies.

Homo erectus, as I have shown in my new book, evolved into *Homo sapiens* (our self-named Wise Man), not once but five times, as each subspecies or race living in its own territory passed a critical threshold from a more brutal to a more sapient state.

That such a seeming miracle of transition could occur even once disturbed the smug beliefs of many people when Charles Darwin presented his theory of evolution more than a hundred years ago. My thesis is at variance with the dogmas of 1962, which insist on a single, relatively recent emergence of man. But it is really nothing new. Zoologists and paleontologists have known for some time that the races of a single species can evolve in concert. Only the self-centered folk who cannot see beyond the problems of our own species need be taken aback by this commonplace of zoology.

Nor am I the first to suggest such an origin of races in man. In the 1930s the late Franz Weidenreich, who was studying the bones of *Homo erectus* found in a onetime cave near Peking—Peking Man—noted their Mongoloid character and suggested that the modern Mongoloid races had descended from Peking Man, or Sinanthropus, as he is also called. The idea was immediately attacked and called an impossibility. Critics pointed out that all living men belong to one species, *Homo sapiens*. On the assumption that *Homo sapiens* had originated only once, it was argued that he then spread around the world from the Arctic to Cape Horn and east to west, conveniently extinguishing all archaic species. Only after this dispersal, the argument continued, could the living races of man have de-

veloped, each in its own region, and that would have been not much more than 30,000 years ago.

If this were true, I asked, how does it happen that some peoples, like the Tasmanians and many of the Australian aborigines were still living during the nineteenth century in a manner comparable to that of the Europeans of over 100,000 years ago? This would have entailed some major cultural backsliding which the archaeological record does not show. To me there was something pat, dogmatic, and wrong about the anti-Weidenreich point of view.

DRY LAND TO CROSS

TO TEST my thesis that human races were ancient and that they evolved early in five different areas, I undertook the study of all available information on all the fossil remains known from more than three hundred sites. But a theoretical foundation also had to be provided for the facts. What forces exerted pressure on that plastic primate man to make him evolve from a crude to a modern state? To satisfy this need I delved into zoogeography, primate behavior, and social anthropology. At the same time I kept in touch with physiologists studying the mechanisms of adaptation to heat, cold, and altitude, and I went on a field trip with some of them to Chile.

Geography and the rumpled skin of our planet were major shaping elements. From a million to a half-million years ago, the way lay open for the Australopithecine-like ancestors of *Homo erectus* to spread eastward from Africa across the whole range of the Old World tropics. Four of the world's present five continents—Eurasia (Asia and Europe), Africa, and North and South America—were tied together in one fashion or another, but our New World continents were not accessible till later. Low sea levels exposed the Sunda Shelf joining Southeast Asia and the islands of Indonesia. Another now submerged stretch of land, the Sahul Shelf, also stood above the waters to join Australia, Tasmania, New Guinea, and some of the Melanesian Islands. Not only did the shelves serve as dry connections between lands now divided by the seas, but they may also have acted as bellows to suck in and blow out early human populations.

The lesser barriers around the world, such as mountains and deserts, let the dominant animal species, including man, filter through to new territories and favorable breeding grounds. Once there, the populations that had survived the rigors of the journey remained relatively isolated

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and could evolve in their own ways. New genes brought in from outside, by neighbors or invaders, tended to lose out to those already established by natural selection. However, new genes that were advantageous in all climates and regions, such as those governing higher intelligence, tended to win out everywhere.

In the new lands that the ancestors of the living races reached they encountered many kinds of climate and topography. The newcomers were selected by geographical environment for their ability to resist three kinds of stress in particular — cold, drought, and the thin air of high altitudes. The first entails heat regulation by the human body; the second both heat regulation and the conservation of food and water; and the third, oxygen consumption.

Each race in its own territory independently found its way of surmounting these stresses. The Canoe Indians of Tierra del Fuego at the tip of South America could paddle about without clothing in freezing weather because they have a basal metabolism 160 per cent higher than the norm for whites of the same height and weight. When plunged into cold water, the hands of Alaskan Indians have more blood flow than those of white men.

Selection in another direction enabled the Australian aborigines to take care of cold; they developed insulation in depth of the body core. Members of the Pitjendjera tribe in west central Australia sleep comfortably on the ground in freezing temperatures. They can do this because the outgoing arterial blood in their extremities warms the incoming venous blood.

So far only the Negroes have been shown to possess heat adaptation. American Negroes can tolerate moist heat better than American whites of the same age and background. And so far only Mongoloids, in the Andes and Tibet, are believed to have shown altitude adaptation, in that they have relatively large hearts and large quantities of blood rich in oxygen-carrying red corpuscles. In general, Europeans seem to have no climatic adaptations, but that is probably partly because we use whites as our standard for comparison in studying other peoples.

Among living races many differences may be found in the biochemical realm, such as the tendency of Negroes to be immune to malaria because of possessing sickle cells in their blood, and the tendency of people with blood groups A and B to resist certain contagious diseases; but we can only speculate about the importance of these factors to *Homo erectus* because all we have of him is teeth and bones.

The basic transition from *Homo erectus* to *Homo sapiens* had nothing directly to do with adaptation to climate; all that did was to make it possible for man to live in different places and divide into races. The transition was caused by an increase in intelligence and self-control, both of which were needed as men became hunters, had to live in groups of several families in order to get and share their food, had to plan hunts, teach their children how to behave toward others of different sex and age, and needed speech in order to live. These increases were accompanied by an increase in brain size and probably also by changes in endocrine balance. Only the first of these, brain size, left unmistakable marks on the skeleton. A number of criteria, too technical to be explained here briefly, enable us to divide the skeletons of *Homo erectus* from those of *Homo sapiens* in each of the races where adequate remains have been found to make this distinction.*

But two biological problems are central to the question of the origin of races: (1) How did the subspecies or races become differentiated in the first place? This question we have already answered. (2) Why did they not keep on differentiating and become separate species?

The answer to the second question is complicated. In other animals, related species occupying the same territories are kept apart genetically because their members do not feel the desire to breed together, whether or not fertile offspring could be produced if they did. Each has its own set of signals with which it communicates with its kind. In the case of man, we communicate by means of speech, and each group can learn the other's language.

From the earliest times, therefore, there has been gene exchange among groups of people. Wives have been traded or captured, although generally men remain faithful to their own races, at least if their own women are with them. But men traveling alone have no such compunctions, and man is the widest-traveling mammal of them all. So despite racial differences, we are still one species.

One reason why most workers in the fossil man field have failed to realize the vast antiquity of human races is that they have confused two con-

* The designation of a fossil skull as *erectus* or *sapiens* depends on the total configuration, not on brain size alone. But an approximate threshold between the brain-size ranges of *Homo erectus* and *Homo sapiens* can be set at about 1,250 to 1,300 cc., with the expectation that individual differences will occur.



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cepts, *grade* and *line*. A grade is an evolutionary level, marked in man by such features as brain size, forehead slope, size of the eyebrow ridges (if any), tooth size, and the presence or absence of a chin. A line is a geographical race, marked by such anatomical details as the shape of the eyebrow ridges, the degree to which the face is either flat or V-shaped, the degree of prominence of the nose, and the structure of the teeth. A skull of any line (race) can belong to any grade (evolutionary level) and vice versa. In most textbooks on human evolution, skulls are lumped together by grade without regard for line, which makes little more sense than confusing bats with birds because both fly.

Inevitably, questions arise as to the modern cultural implications of any discussion of racial differences, but any detailed treatment of this subject will take another book. Briefly, I might say that the Caucasoids and Mongoloids who live today in their homelands and in recently colonized regions, such as North America, did not rise by accident to their present population levels and positions of cultural dominance. They achieved this because their ancestors occupied the most favorable of the earth's zoological regions—regions with challenging climates and ample breeding grounds, centrally located within continental land masses. In our times, the success of these groups is being challenged in many parts of the world as other groups who evolved later learn to use their inventions, especially modern means of communication. And evolution is still taking place, particularly natural selection resulting from crowding and stress.

MAN ON THE THRESHOLD

THE oldest adult human skull yet found belongs to the lowest grade of *Homo erectus*, and to the Australoid line. It is known as Pithecanthropus (Ape-Man) Number 4, because it was the fourth of its kind to be found. All four were unearthed in river banks in central Java. Number 4 is about 700,000 years old, and Numbers 1, 2, and 3 between 600,000 and 500,000. We know this because tektites—small, glassy nodules from outer space—were found in the same beds as the first three, and the beds containing Number 4 lay underneath the tektite bed, along with the bones of a more ancient group of animals. These tektites have been picked up in large numbers in Java, the Philippines, and Australia, where they all fell in a single celestial shower. Their age—approximately 600,000 years—has been accurately measured in

several laboratories by nuclear chemical analysis, through the so-called argon-potassium method.

Pithecanthropus Number 4 consists of the back part of a skull and its lower face, palate, and upper teeth. As reconstructed by Weidenreich, it is a brutal-looking skull, with heavy crests behind for powerful neck muscle attachments, a large palate, and large teeth, as in apes. The brain size of this skull was about 900 cubic centimeters; modern human brains range from about 1,000 to 2,000 cc with an average of about 1,450 cc. The brains of apes and Australopithecines are about 350 to 650 cc. So Pithecanthropus Number 4 was intermediate in brain size between apes and living men.

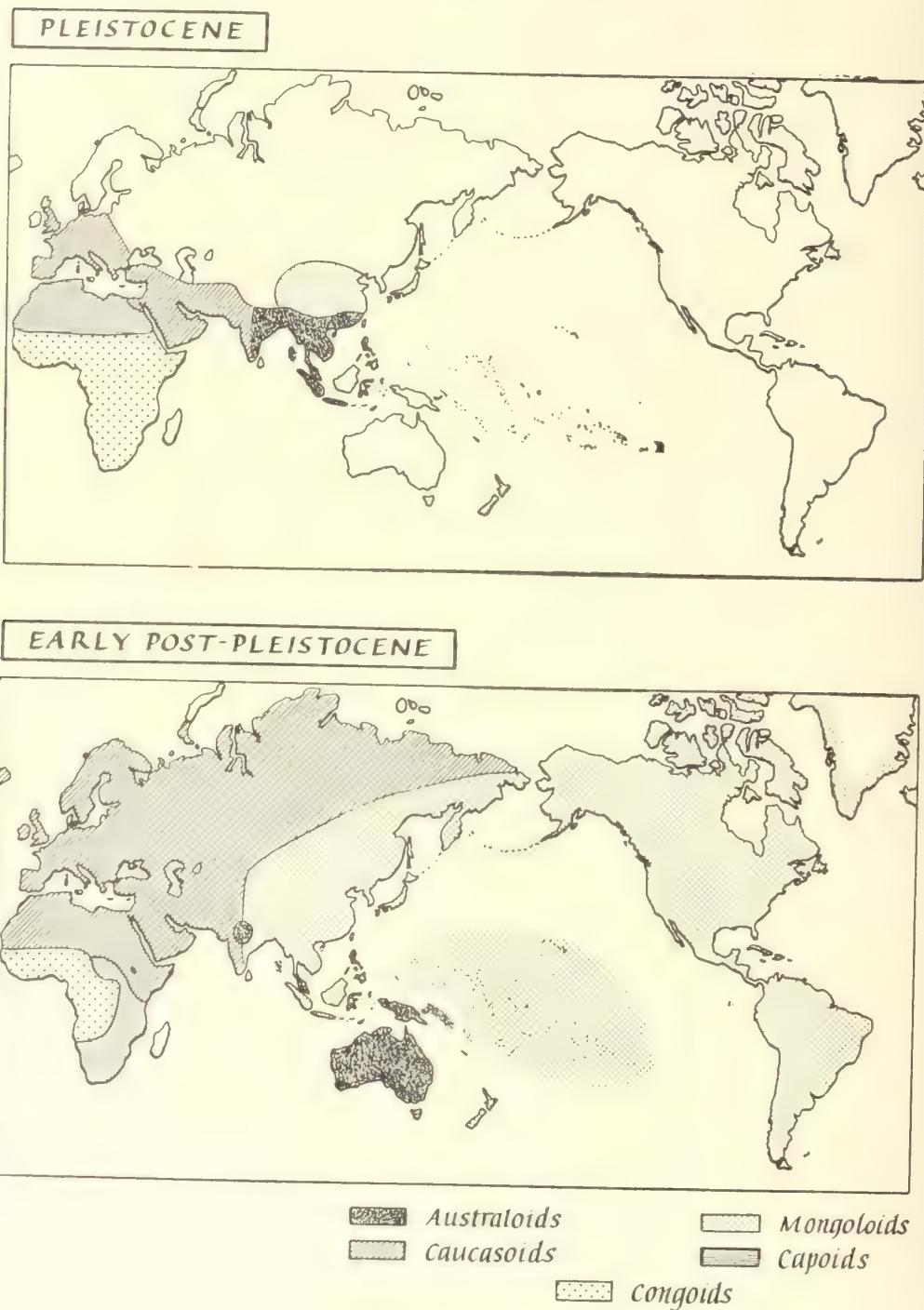
His fragmentary skull was not the only find made in the beds it lay in. Nearby were found the cranial vault of a two-year-old baby, already different from those of living infants, and a piece of chinless adult lower jaw. Two other jaws have been discovered in the same deposits which were much larger than any in the world certainly belonging to *Homo erectus*. They are called Meganthropus (Big Man) and may have belonged to a local kind of Australopithecine, but this is not certain. If so, *Homo erectus* coexisted with, or overlapped, the Australopithecines in Java as well as in South Africa, which implies that man did not originate in either place, but somewhere in between.

The three later Pithecanthropus skulls were all faceless, but essentially similar to Number 4, if a little less brutal, and their brains were no larger. A series of eleven more skulls from the Solo River bank, in the same part of Java, carry on this same evolutionary line, but are larger-brained (1,035 to 1,225 cc). They were probably between 150,000 and 75,000 years old, and were still *erectus*, of a higher grade than their predecessors.

The Australoids had begun to cross the threshold from *erectus* to *sapiens* some 40,000 years ago. We know this from a carbon-14 date given a skull found in a cave in North Borneo. In Java itself, the earliest *sapiens* skulls are a pair found at Wadjak, and dated probably no more than 10,000 years ago. These skulls are identical with those of living Australian aborigines.

What happened in Java occurred also in China to a second major race, the Mongoloid. From a series of rock fissures and caves at Choukoutien, near Peking, pieces of the skulls and jaws of about twenty persons and the loose teeth of at least as many more, have been excavated. These specimens, about 360,000 years old, are what is left of a people called Sinanthropus.

Shifts of Human Subspecies, from 500,000 to 10,000 Years Ago



Pleistocene. *The five subspecies occupied all of the warm parts of Eurasia and Africa.*

Early Post-Pleistocene. *The Mongoloids and Caucasoids burst out of their territories. The Mongoloids entered and inhabited America, Southeast Asia, and Indonesia. The Caucasoids thrust northward and into Africa. The Congoids were much reduced, but later evolved rapidly and spread as Negroes over much of Africa.*

(Maps by Rafael Palacios.)

Although definitely *Homo erectus* and equal in evolutionary grade to the much less ancient Solo skulls, they differ from the Javanese specimens racially. Instead of sloping gradually, their foreheads stand out sharply from their eyebrow ridges. These persons had cheekbones and jaws which protruded forward, their eyesockets were shallow, and their faces were flattish. Their teeth were the most peculiar of all known in the races of man, particularly the incisors which were not smooth inside as most of ours are, but shaped like shovels, with raised ridges on either side and lumps and teat-like protuberances on the insides of the crowns. These peculiarities are still seen in Mongoloid teeth, from China to Cape Horn.

A series of less ancient skulls also found in China carries the Mongoloid line of descent from Sinanthropus to the modern Chinese, Indonesians, Siberians, Japanese, and American Indians. The earliest of them known to have crossed the evolutionary threshold between *Homo erectus* and *Homo sapiens* is the Tze-Yang skull from Szechuan, Western China, dated at about 150,000 years old. This skull was discovered in 1951 and described in 1957 in a Communist Chinese periodical which few in this country have seen. All the Mongoloid skulls later than Tze-Yang are *sapiens* also. Thus the first ancestors of the American Indians who crossed the Bering Strait more than 10,000 years ago must also have been *sapiens*. *Homo erectus* existed only in the Old World.

MALIGNED NEANDERTHALS

THE oldest Caucasoid specimen known is the Heidelberg jaw, about as old as Sinanthropus. Because no braincase was found with it, we do not know whether Heidelberg man was *Homo sapiens* or *Homo erectus* at all. It is chinless, but so are some *sapiens* specimens, and its teeth are of modern size and Caucasoid form.

Two Western European skulls of women, dated at 250,000 years or older, are both *sapiens* and Caucasoid. One is from Swanscombe, England, and the other from Steinheim, Germany. Some of my colleagues have questioned the *sapiens* character of these two skulls, because Swanscombe lacks a face and Steinheim is rather small, and has heavy browridges. But if we are to call all living human beings *Homo sapiens*, then either these ancient women were *sapiens* or else the living Australian aborigines are *erectus*, because Steinheim belonged to the same grade as they do.

From then on all the skulls found in Europe

and Western Asia, with one possible exception (Number 5 from the Skhul cave in Palestine, which could have been Australoid) are both *sapiens* and Caucasoid. This statement includes the famous Neanderthals, a much-maligned group of peoples living all the way from France to Uzbekistan, in small, isolated enclaves, during the extremely cold period which lasted from about 75,000 to 40,000 years ago.

The Neanderthals were not stunted, bent over, nor brutal as commonly claimed. Many of them did, however, suffer from arthritis. One skeleton in France is that of an old man who had lost all but two of his teeth, and was too crippled to move about easily. Someone had fed him soft food for years before his death. Another, in Iraq, had been born with a withered arm, which some Neanderthal surgeon had later amputated with a flint knife. People who care for the crippled and aged are not brutes. Furthermore, the Neanderthals were exaggeratedly Caucasoid, with long, pointed faces and beaky noses. The features in which they differed from other Caucasoids were mostly if not entirely due to local inbreeding and adaptation to cold. In Western Europe the Neanderthals were followed by new invaders from the Near East, men indistinguishable from living Europeans.

THOSE WHO FLED

IN 1939 in a cave near Tangier, Morocco, I came upon the left half of the upper jaw of a child, in a deposit probably 75,000 years or so old. I took it back to our hotel and showed it to a French physician, who said that it was part of an ape. Later, a distinguished Turkish physical anthropologist, M. S. Senyürek, labeled it Neanderthal. Finally L. Cabot Briggs, an American anthropologist resident in Algeria, stated that the child had belonged to a previously unidentified local North African race. Briggs's insight was upheld by the discovery, a few years later, of three lower jaws as old as Sinanthropus at Ternefine, Algeria. These jaws also resembled those of Sinanthropus, and so did their teeth. Other specimens from the Moroccan coast filled in the time gap between Ternefine and Tangier, but we have yet to find a braincase.

The Ternefine-Tangier line, as I have called this group of jaws and teeth, resembles the Mongoloid more than any other. Whoever they were, the members of this race were replaced about 10,000 years ago by the Caucasoid ancestors of the living North African Berbers. These invaders came in with an inroad of northern animals—

wild cattle, wild sheep, deer, wild boar, and bears—which they had been hunting in Spain or the Near East, and which they pursued into Africa.

Although the evidence is scanty, I believe it likely that the Ternefine-Tangier folk fled into the Sahara and then migrated southward along the East African highlands to the vast paradise of game that was South Africa until the arrival of the Dutch, who began to settle the Cape of Good Hope region about the time that the Pilgrims were landing in Plymouth, Massachusetts. When they first saw the South African natives, the Bushmen and Hottentots, the Dutch thought that they were some kind of Malays or Indonesians, on account of their flat faces and yellowish skins. The Mongoloid features of the Ternefine-Tangier jaws and teeth were thus matched by those of the living Capoids.

ENIGMA OF NEGRO ORIGINS

TH E fifth major race—the most mysterious of all—is called the Congoid because it includes both the African Negroes and the Pygmies, who share the Congo drainage. The term "Negroid" is to be avoided because it is also used to designate some of the Australoid peoples such as the Melanesians and Negritos. "Negroid" means not a race but a condition (that is, having spiral hair, black skin, etc.), achieved independently in the course of evolution by more than one line of people.

The oldest known Congoid specimen is a skullcap from Olduvai Gorge, Tanganyika, the Grand Canyon of Africa, a rich hunting ground for students of extinct animals as well as for anthropologists. It was found in 1960 by Louis Leakey in a stratum dated at about 400,000 years ago, overlying the layer in which he had previously discovered two kinds of Australopithecines. The Olduvai skullcap is long and relatively narrow, compared to Pithecanthropus, Solo, and Sinanthropus. Unlike these three eastern types, all of which are relatively flat-faced, it has huge eyebrow ridges which sweep backward to either side like bicycle handles. In this respect, and in others, it resembles both the living Caucasoids and Negroes, who have much in common anatomically. This skull clearly belonged to the species *Homo erectus* and probably to the Congoid racial line.

From 400,000 to 40,000 years ago, we have no certain evidence of human evolution in Africa south of the Sahara, although vast quantities of stone implements assure us that people lived there continuously. A skullcap from Saldanha

Bay, near Capetown, is probably 40,000 years old or older. It closely resembles the Olduvai specimen. So does a whole skull, minus the lower jaw, from Broken Hill, Northern Rhodesia, which is believed to be no more than 25,000 years old. Sheltered in a cave from death to discovery, it is still in excellent shape. The late Aleš Hrdlička, famed anatomist of the Smithsonian Institution, who was given neither to overstatement nor to displays of unbridled emotion, called it a "comet of man's prehistory" when he saw it in 1930 but, at that time as today, the Rhodesian skull was and remains the only complete specimen of *Homo erectus* yet found, and that may be one reason why it looked so strange. Its browridges, palate, and teeth match in size those of the much earlier Pithecanthropus skulls, but its features are those of Negroes.

After Broken Hill we have no well-dated Negro skulls older than 8,000 to 5,000 years, and these are *sapiens*. Further digging is needed in Africa, particularly in West Africa, whence many Negroes have migrated, both within their own continent and to America, before we will be able to solve the enigma of Negro origins.

But we know, in a general way, the ingredients from which the Negroes may have been blended. One is the old racial line from Olduvai to Broken Hill. A second is the Pygmies of the deep forests, who may be dwarfed descendants of some of the Olduvai-Broken Hill folk. A third is the Capoids, who circled around West Africa and the Congo on their great trek from the Mediterranean to the shores of the Southern Ocean. A fourth is the wave of Caucasoid invaders from North Africa known as the Capsians (after the site of Gafsa in Tunisia) who settled the East African highlands about 5000 B.C., and whose aquiline features may still be seen among the Watussi of Ruanda-Urundi and other spear-brandishing warrior tribes. These four ingredients, combined in varying proportions in different regions and molded by climate and natural selection, probably combined to produce the composite and variable population of black-skinned and curly-haired peoples known as Negroes who, in 1962, figure prominently in the national and international news.

Such, then, is the origin of the five living subspecies of man, our human races, some seen in the broad light of day, others through a dusty glass darkly. I hope to live long enough to see some of the dust swept away, and to know where I was right and where wrong and much more important, where the truth lies.

Quid novi ex Africa?

PAUL JACOBS

DAVID DUBINSKY:

Why His Throne Is Wobbling

The once-revered leader of a "model" union isn't getting much reverence these days—either from the public or from his members.

ONCE or twice a year I fumble through a small metal box in my dresser drawer, searching for those elusive plastic tabs that slip into the collar of my evening shirt. As I push aside broken tie clips and useless keys, my fingers usually roll around a small red-and-white lapel badge. Embossed on it, in tiny letters, is "International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union." I have saved it for more than twenty years from the days when, as an organizer for the ILGWU, I wore it very proudly.

To be a union organizer was one dream of many young liberals and radicals during the 'thirties and early 'forties; to be an ILGWU organizer, almost more than could have been hoped for in even their wildest fantasies. And for me, organizing shops owned by employers who had fled from New York to escape the union was even more than a mission; the status that went with being an ILGWU organizer meant a lot to me at a time when my life was bedraggled and miserable.

Almost too vividly, I can remember the details of sudden, brutal fights on picket lines and the mole on the chin of a strikebreaker whose head I was smashing against the side of a truck. I can still conjure up the sense of terror that flooded me the evening I walked slowly down a country lane, an insane farmer prodding me in the back with a loaded shotgun because I had tried to sign up his daughter in the union.

But there are scores of more pleasant memories too—the huge breakfasts we organizers ate

after early wintry morning leaflet distributions, warmed as much by camaraderie and kibitzing as by the hot coffee we slurped up from heavy mugs; the lazy afternoons playing snooker in grimy pool halls before we started on our nightly round of visits to workers' homes; the weekend drives back to New York singing Socialist and revolutionary songs, all of us bound together by a sense of crusade.

Something else important is buried deep in my experience and, I think, in that of everyone who has worked for the ILGWU—the mark left by our relations, no matter how brief or peripheral, with David Dubinsky, the union's leader since 1932 and one of the most formidable and publicly admired labor leaders in the country.

By 1940, when I was working for the union, Dubinsky was already a legendary figure. All of us knew and talked about his quarrels with John L. Lewis over the use of Communists as CIO organizers and about his disputes with Sidney Hillman over the American Labor party. We knew, too, that he drank Canadian Club whiskey, that his daughter's name was Jean, that he worked ten or twelve hours a day, and that he had a formidable secretary. Very quickly we learned that it was "D.D.," as he likes to be called, who made most of the decisions in the ILG—ranging from where an organizing campaign should be started to how much of a car allowance, if any, should be granted. And it only took a few weeks to discover that all his colleagues were really his subordinates and that the awe in which they held him was mixed with fear.

In my imagination, Dubinsky was twenty feet tall, so it was a shock to me when I met him the first time at a birthday party given for

him in the union's old headquarters, a small, rather shabby building on Sixteenth Street, just off Fifth Avenue. He walked into the room, accepting with a negligent wave the congratulations being offered him, and I saw that he was short and stocky, almost stubby.

"Hallo," he said to me when we were introduced, in a heavy Yiddish accent about which he is very self-conscious. He offered me a limp hand. But, despite his flabby grip, there was never a doubt in the mind of any staff member that D.D. was the supreme authority of our union.

Now, twenty years later, Dubinsky, once the source of the ILGWU's great vigor, has become the symbol of the union's internal weakness. For something important has gone awry inside the ILGWU; a sickness has turned the union's leadership rancid and mean. During the past eighteen months, the ILGWU, long idealized as a model of socially responsible and democratic unionism—one which President Kennedy said recently "deserves the heartiest commendations"—has been embroiled in two ugly quarrels which reveal deep dissatisfactions about the union.

The sickness of the ILGWU is not, however, a sudden one even though its public symptoms are so recent. It has been developing for many years.

EIGHT DAYS OF ANGER

NORMALLY, Dubinsky is a volatile man, quick to flare up into shouting anger, but his temper was even edgier than usual during the May 1962 convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. In a steady rage that seemed to last for the eight days of the convention, Dubinsky lashed out at those "enemies" of the union who, he shouted, wanted to "undermine us, degrade us," who used "sneaky ways" and "machinations" against the ILGWU. But it was not the employers, the garment manufacturers, at whom the seventy-year-old Dubinsky continually hurled his defiance; indeed, they were honored guests at the convention. No, the "traitors to our cause" were those members of the ILGWU staff, mostly business agents and organizers, who had organized a union of their own.

Why should the staff members of the ILGWU want to organize their own union? Their complaints are simple enough. Traditionally the union has paid them low salaries; they have to make demeaning personal appeals to their supervisors in order to get raises; often they must chisel on expense accounts to meet their legiti-

mate needs. After years of grumbling, a small group of ILG organizers met secretly in the fall of 1959 to form a union to represent them, calling themselves the Federation of Union Representatives (FOUR). By December 1959, the FOUR group believed they represented a majority of the organizers, business agents, and educational directors in the union. But when they sent a telegram to Dubinsky asking for recognition, they were flatly turned down.

"We look upon [an organization like FOUR] as a violation of the traditional spirit of our union," Dubinsky's Executive Board replied. "We are convinced that such an organization would be an instrument of internal dissension and strife, bound to undermine the standards and welfare of the ILGWU and its members." The Board argued that it opposed unionization of the ILGWU business agents—who made up the bulk of FOUR's membership—because they have duties "editorial in nature" and are "spokesmen for the union."

With this, Dubinsky started using every legal, financial, and organizational resource of the ILGWU to smash FOUR, resisting all attempts by the National Labor Relations Board to give the new group a fair chance to establish itself as a union. When the NLRB ordered that an election be held to see how many staff members favored FOUR, the ILG unsuccessfully opposed the order. When it was determined that FOUR won the election, the ILGWU was ordered to bargain with it, but it has refused to do so and has been charged by the NLRB for refusal to bargain. Dubinsky has made it clear that he will drag FOUR through every court he can before recognizing it.

At the same time, he has conducted a massive campaign within the ILG itself. Members of FOUR have come under ugly pressures by their superiors to quit their union. A stream of editorials have denounced FOUR in *Justice*, the ILG's newspaper, and so have advertisements in the New York daily papers. Not long ago, one of the NLRB's most experienced examiners found

Paul Jacobs was an organizer for the ILGWU before going into the Army in World War II. He later was international representative for the Oil Workers and a negotiator for other unions. Now the director of the Fund for the Republic's study of American labor, he is also on the staff of the Institute of Industrial Relations at the University of California at Berkeley. A collection of his writings on unions will appear next year.

the ILGWU guilty of unfair labor practices against FOUR, and the union was ordered to cease threatening staff members with reprisals for their activities on FOUR's behalf. Predictably, the ILGWU is appealing this verdict, just as it has the others.

There is nothing very surprising about the demand by the ILGWU staff to bargain with its employer. Many other unions have been faced with staff demands for some form of collective bargaining. Staff members of unions representing airline pilots, chemical workers, teachers, newspapermen, electrical workers, and the AFL-CIO itself have all negotiated agreements with their union leadership, although some were achieved in the face of considerable resistance. But no other union officials have reacted with the explosive violence of Dubinsky, who has made strident personal attacks on such men as Norman Thomas because they disagreed with him in the FOUR case.

THE same choleric emotionalism displayed in Dubinsky's fight against FOUR has also been evident in the dispute between the ILGWU and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which charges that "Negro and Puerto Rican members of the ILGWU are discriminated against both in terms of wages and other conditions of employment and in their status as members of the union."

This accusation reflects one of the fiercest dilemmas facing Dubinsky and his fellow leaders. They rose to power in the 'thirties when the ILGWU's strength was mainly drawn from Jewish and Italian immigrants. But now Negroes and Puerto Ricans make up one-quarter of the union's national membership of 400,000, and one-half of the membership in New York City. And it is particularly in New York where the NAACP claims that the Negroes and Puerto Ricans are getting a raw deal. In at least one case, the New York State Commission for Human Rights found "probable cause to credit the allegations [of discrimination]" which the NAACP had lodged against Dubinsky's own local of cutters in New York. (Only "probable" because, until recently, the local refused to supply the Commission with the information it requested.)

Last summer the charges of discrimination in the ILGWU became the subject of an inept Congressional investigation sparked by Adam Clayton Powell, the Negro Congressman from Harlem who is chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee. Dubinsky has repeatedly denied all charges of discrimination

and maintains that the committee investigation of the ILGWU is a "spite probe"—"based on malice, on blackmail." During Powell's absence, the subcommittee hearings were conducted by Representative Herbert Zelenko, who had been denied ILGWU support in the primary in New York this year; and Dubinsky points out that Herbert Hill, the national labor secretary of the NAACP, was serving the committee as a paid consultant.

There seems, then, to be some justice in Dubinsky's criticism of the impartiality of these confused hearings. But politics cannot account for all the savage bitterness with which he and his top leadership have reacted both to FOUR's request for a staff union and to the charges of the NAACP. Dubinsky is so convinced that his union is far better than any other that it is intolerable for him to witness public display of the ILGWU's alleged shortcomings or any real or imagined slights to his leadership.

WHEN "POPPA" IS HURT

FOR the union is Dubinsky's real family, his only real life. He is, as he told the House subcommittee, the "Poppa" of the ILGWU, to whom all the union's officials must account, the man who can "put the fear of God into their hearts." He believes the careers of the staff members are his to control as he wishes. One explanation of his vindictive response to FOUR is simply that he felt like a father whose children had turned on him. What he did not understand is that the badly paid staff felt they had to organize their own union precisely because Dubinsky views himself as the head of a family group for which he insists on making *all* decisions.

This paternalism encompasses not only the union but the garment industry itself. And although this is unfortunate, it becomes more understandable when one examines the bizarre world of clothes manufacturing which still centers around lower Seventh Avenue in New York City.

"For God's sake, Cohen, make some kind of an offer to the union," a state mediator once said to a dress manufacturer facing a strike by the ILGWU. "Offer the union a penny an hour if that's all you can afford—but offer *something* so they'll know you're bargaining in good faith."

Absolutely bewildered, the employer stared at the mediator. "It doesn't make any difference how much I offer," he explained patiently. "They know I'm not acting in good faith."

Indeed, good faith is a very rare quality in the garment industry where some twelve thousand employers—most of them running very small shops—engage in notoriously ruthless competition. The capital investment is low; the profit from a dress or coat that “clicks” can be very high; and the employers search grimly for the slightest competitive edge. The average women’s garment factory employs only thirty-six workers today—exactly one more than in 1900—and the annual death rate of garment firms is one of the highest in the country. Furthermore, about 80 per cent of the workers are women, and they come and go so rapidly that the union has had to sign up 200,000 new members in the last three years merely to hold its level of membership.

In this concrete jungle, the ILGWU is far more than a conventional bargaining agent. It has become a major regulatory force. If it were not strong enough to dominate the rapacious animals of the jungle, they might eat one another up, devouring thousands of jobs in the process. Thus the ILGWU is not concerned simply with obtaining better wages and conditions for a highly fluid work force (a force increasingly composed of Negroes and Puerto Ricans with so little organizational experience that the union leaders, correctly or not, doubt their ability to solve their own problems). It is also concerned with keeping the frequently rickety firms it deals with in—or out—of business. And this peculiar situation is directly linked to the ILGWU’s contention that its business agents—who deal directly with the employers—should be barred from joining FOUR because their duties are more “editorial” than those of business agents in other unions.

But for all the union’s power, competition in the industry is so fierce and the profit margin so low that the garment workers receive relatively low wages—often not more than the federal minimum rate. In the past fifteen years, average wages in the printing, rubber, auto, and building industries—among many others—have all risen much more swiftly than those of the ILGWU members.

Nor do the average wage figures tell the whole story. A comparatively small elite of skilled garment cutters and pressers do in fact earn fairly high wages, while the far more numerous union members who work as floorworkers, finishers, examiners, and bundlers receive a great deal less. One of the NAACP’s major charges is that Negroes and Puerto Ricans who do this low-paid work are barred from admission to the

locals which control the more highly skilled jobs.

Whether or not discrimination is widespread, one thing is clear: little real communication exists between the growing colored membership of the union and the present leadership. No Negro or Puerto Rican holds any high office in the ILGWU. Under Dubinsky’s hardened autocratic control, the union’s aging leaders still reflect the patterns of an earlier era.

“D.D.” RISES TO POWER

WHEN David Dubinsky, a young, energetic, and ambitious Yiddish Socialist, emigrated to the U. S. from Poland in 1911, the garment trade was in a churning state of flux. The older Scotch-Irish, and German-Jewish garment workers, who had made whole garments, were being replaced by the newer Jewish immigrants from Poland and Russia. These “greenhorns,” unable to speak the language, were bound together by family ties, common European origin, and politics. Crowded together on the Lower East Side, they were forced to slave in ghastly sweatshops which sprang up throughout the slums. They worked for contractors and subcontractors who hired them to perform single operations on garments brought in bundles from the larger manufacturers—a single garment might travel by pushcart to three different factories before completion, just as it might today.

Many of the new immigrants who went into the needle trades were Socialists like Dubinsky who had been very active in the Bund, the vigorous Jewish Socialist movement in Eastern Europe. At fourteen Dubinsky was already secretary of the bakers’ union in Lodz, Poland, and helped run a strike that shut down all the Jewish bakeries in the city, including the one owned by his father.

Within a few weeks after Dubinsky arrived in the U. S. at nineteen, he was actively participating in the vigorous Yiddish Socialist movements that had been transferred from Europe to the crowded East Side slums. Dubinsky thrived in this atmosphere. In 1914 he married Emma Goldberg, a garment worker and Socialist from Lithuania, but the pattern of his life was basically unchanged, for his drives could only be fulfilled inside an organization.

“I remember Dubinsky when he was running a co-operative restaurant,” recalls an ILGWU veteran, “and even then he was the manager while everybody else was just a waiter.”

In New York, Dubinsky became a garment

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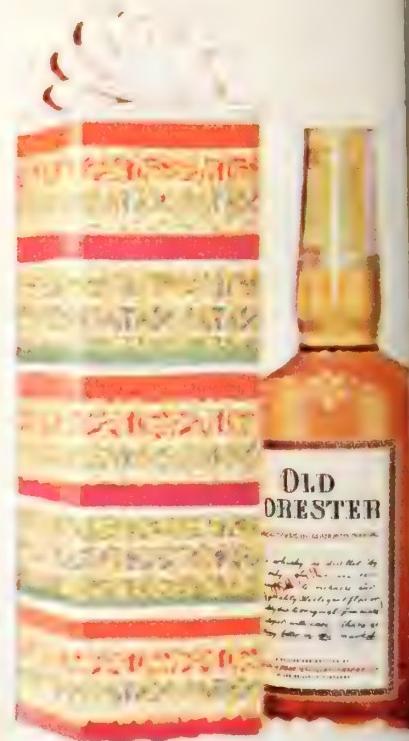
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cutter instead of a baker. Then as now, the cutters were the aristocrats of the trade, for their skill in guiding a heavy cutting machine through many layers of cloth can mean the difference between profit and loss for the employer. The cutters' union was still a stronghold of the older garment workers, who were far more conservative than the young Socialists like Dubinsky.

Dubinsky had very little time to spare from Socialist party activity for union work during his first four or five years in this country but when the younger cutters in his local organized a caucus to take over the leadership, he began to play an active role. Within five years he had become not only the general manager of the cutters' local but its secretary-treasurer as well—a pattern of control he was to follow in the years to come. But while Dubinsky was consolidating his position within the cutters' local, the national ILGWU was being torn apart by internal factional fights and badly run strikes. An active Communist group had been exploiting the dissension and trying to take over.

Dubinsky threw himself into the fight against the Communists and was a decisive force in defeating them. But this battle was so traumatic that he and many other ILGWU leaders developed a fear of factionalism which remains irrationally alive today, thirty years after the original cause has disappeared. The residue can still be found in the ILGWU's constitution, which prohibits the formation of internal union caucuses and factions, except for brief preconvention periods; and in Dubinsky's technique of presenting only one slate of officers for election. Incredibly enough, the old experience with the Communists has been used to justify the charges of "factionalism" which are being made against FOUR today. Dubinsky has even used Socialist support of FOUR as an excuse to conjure up a "Trotskyist" plot against the union.

By 1932 Dubinsky was in so strong a position that he was asked to become president of the international ILGWU on his own terms. These were that he be given the secretary-treasurer job as well—at least temporarily, until the splits within the national ILGWU were healed. When he took over the shattered union, it had only 40,000 members, almost all of them in New York, and it was more than \$750,000 in debt. Two years later he was able to report to the cheering delegates at the 1934 convention that the membership had quintupled to 200,000 and that the treasury held a surplus of \$500,000.

No doubt the election of Roosevelt and the spreading crisis of the Depression all contributed

to this astonishing revival. But it was Dubinsky who ran the organizing campaigns and the strikes that brought thousands of garment workers all over the country flocking to the ILGWU. It was inevitable that he be formally elected president of the ILGWU at the 1934 convention. And after eliminating the new aspirants to the job of secretary-treasurer by pre-convention deals, he was elected to that post too, "for a temporary period of two years." (In fact, he held onto the job until 1959, when he finally turned it over to his trusted follower Louis Stulberg, another member of the cutters' local.)

SIGNED BUT NOT DATED

THE 1930s were the most important years of the ILGWU's life. As the New Deal took hold, the old Socialist ideologies of the union's leaders became more and more diluted. If it wasn't possible to reorganize the world, the Wagner Act at least made it possible to organize more garment workers into union locals and clean up filthy sweatshops. But the leaders soon ran into trouble: they had to deal not only with the employers but with the industrial racketeering which had infiltrated their industry.

Originally, hoodlums and gangsters had been brought into the garment trade by some employers determined to keep out the unions. The racketeers quickly managed to gain effective control not only of some garment-manufacturing companies but some union locals as well. It was at this time that Dubinsky began to demand signed but undated resignations from elected and appointed ILGWU officials—a practice that still prevails today. ("It's conducive to keep your union clean, very conducive," is Dubinsky's justification of the practice.)

No one will ever be able to write a history of the wars between the ILGWU and the mobs. Although the casualty list was long, the battles were fought in complete silence. Because the mobsters controlled so much of New York's political life, the unions couldn't count on the police. And so they were forced, sometimes, to be as unscrupulous as the enemy, allying themselves with their own strong-arm gangs against the racketeers, with both sides using the same arms—guns, acid, knives, and stink bombs. Honest union officials and dishonest hoodlums were trampled to death in vacant lofts in the same way. Tragically, the mode of conspiracy that the union was forced to adopt in those days has lingered on, inevitably affecting the way in

SYLVIA PLATH

LEAVING EARLY

LADY, your room is lousy with flowers.
 When you kick me out, that's what I'll remember,
 Me, sitting here bored as a leopard
 In your jungle of wine-bottle lamps,
 Velvet pillow the color of blood pudding
 And the white china flying fish from Italy.
 I forget you, hearing the cut flowers
 Sipping their liquids from assorted pots,
 Pitchers and Coronation goblets
 Like Monday drunkards. The milky berries
 Bow down, a local constellation,
 Toward their admirers in the tabletop:
 Mobs of eyeballs looking up.
 Are those petals or leaves you've paired
 them with—
 Those green-striped ovals of silver tissue?
 The red geraniums I know.
 Friends, friends. They stink of armpits
 And the involved maladies of autumn,
 Musky as a lovebed the morning after.
 My nostrils prickle with nostalgia.
 Henna hags: cloth of your cloth.
 They toe old water thick as fog.

The roses in the Toby jug
 Gave up the ghost last night. High time.
 Their yellow corsets were ready to split.
 You snored, and I heard the petals unlatch,
 Tapping and ticking like nervous fingers.
 You should have junked them before they died.
 Daybreak discovered the bureau lid
 Littered with Chinese hands. Now I'm stared at
 By chrysanthemums the size
 Of Holofernes' head, dipped in the same
 Magenta as this fussy sofa.
 In the mirror their doubles back them up.
 Listen: your tenant mice
 Are rattling the cracker packets. Fine flour
 Muffles their bird-feet: they whistle for joy.
 And you doze on, nose to the wall.
 This mizzle fits me like a sad jacket.
 How did we make it up to your attic?
 You handed me gin in a glass bud vase.
 We slept like stones. Lady, what am I doing
 With a lung full of dust and a tongue of wood,
 Knee-deep in the cold and swamped by flowers?

which the union leaders conduct their fight against FOUR.

But this face of the union very rarely showed in public. Even if it had, no accurate sense of what the ILGWU was all about would have been gained by it. For despite Dubinsky's growing vanity and his increasing control over the union machinery, the organization under his leadership was still suffused with an élan that was unique to it then. If the leaders were no longer Socialists, they understood better than most union people that broad and unprecedented social possibilities were opening up in America.

Certainly the ILGWU's public programs were admirable. For the members, a union-sponsored educational program was developed; health centers began to spring up; Unity House, the members' vacation resort in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania, was expanded; and semi-independent political action started with the birth of the American Labor party in New York. Those were the years to which Dubinsky nostalgically returns today as the best years of his and the union's life; the years in which "Pins and Needles," the ILGWU's own musical revue (the first and last of its kind), ran for weeks in New York and even gave a performance for President Roosevelt at the White House. And the ILGWU could be counted on to support causes in which few other unions took any interest. Even though most of the union's leaders had emulated Dubinsky in leaving the Socialist party, the ILGWU was still a haven in those years for political nonconformists. Its devoted organizing and educational staffs included liberals and radicals from every section of the left except the Communists.

The salaries paid out to staff and officers in the 'thirties and early 'forties weren't especially important to them, for they were committed to the union as a social movement. As late as 1940 and 1941, when I was working for the ILG, an organizer's salary was still only around \$40 per week—supplemented, if you worked outside of New York City, by a weekly expense allowance of \$7.50. I can still remember having an expense account rejected because I had taken an upper berth. Coaches were good enough.

But although we complained a little about our low pay and expense accounts, our biggest griping was reserved for Dubinsky's domination of the union and his demand for unquestioning allegiance.

"Everybody holler, 'Hurray for Dubinsky!'" Dubinsky would shout from the top of a table

during summer parties at Unity House. And all the residents of "Vice Presidents' Row"—the cottages set aside for the union officers—dutifully shouted back, "Hurray for Dubinsky!" But neither the union officers who were dependent upon Dubinsky, nor those who felt they were part of a crusade in which he played a key role, would publicly complain about the internal management of the union. No member of the executive board revealed that Dubinsky enforced his demands upon them by threatening to resign if his policy wasn't adopted. No member of the staff even filed a public complaint about the donations they were pressured to make to causes Dubinsky favored. Those were family secrets to be kept from the outsiders.

So the public mystique of David Dubinsky and the ILGWU grew and flourished, aided considerably by a very skillful public-relations operation and a friendly press, especially in New York City, where Dubinsky was treated as a sacred figure. He was, after all, largely responsible for some excellent ILGWU policies: its publication of complete financial reports, long before the law required it; its public stand against racketeering in unions, taken long before the McClellan Committee revelations; its support of liberal causes; and its involvement in the creation of the CIO.

"HARD" AND "SOFT"

BUT now the family secrets are coming out. Some of the most significant disclosures have been made by the ILGWU officials themselves in NLRB hearings as they tried to argue that the union's business agents exercise such important authority that they must be considered as "representatives of management," ineligible to join a staff union like FOUR.

According to the ILGWU leaders, the business agent can deal with the employers in very different ways. He may use what is called a "hard" policy—if he feels that the employer does not "accept the union completely and wholeheartedly," he can exert pressure by invoking the union's contract at every opportunity. For example, he can bring every single discharge of a worker to arbitration, "even where the facts show that the case was with cause." On the other hand, the business agent may employ a "soft policy"—he may uphold the employer when a worker is discharged and "the worker's rights . . . end at that point." And he can accommodate the employer in other ways.

The same ambivalence applies outside the

plant. As one ILGWU official testified at the hearings, local units of the union might support sit-in strikes by Negroes in some communities; but ". . . it's altogether conceivable that a business agent for a Southern local might participate in the deliberations of a White Citizens Council. . . ."

In such testimony, the ILGWU leaders reveal a dilemma they are unable to solve. Privately they believe they must maintain their disciplinary power over their business agents if they are to wield power effectively in the fragmented and risky garment industry, accommodating one employer with "soft" policy, disciplining another with "hard," warring against those gangsters who are still operating shops. But at the same time they tell their business agents that it would be improper for them to belong to FOUR because a business agent, as one leader put it, is in a category with a "priest or a rabbi or a minister." Dubinsky, in short, wants his staff to live and behave as if they were carrying out a crusading mission of the 'thirties. But the staff members know that in these days of finely calculated "hard" and "soft" policies, unions are no longer crusading organizations, except perhaps in the nostalgic memories of their leaders as their limousines cruise up the White House drive.

Nor does Dubinsky help matters by dismissing the FOUR sympathizers as "peanut politicians" who "feel that the president and vice president live too long," as he did at the ILGWU convention. He was probably referring here to those FOUR members who were graduates of the union's own Training Institute, once described by the ILG as "labor's West Point." Amid great fanfare, the Institute was established in 1951 to train dedicated union members and outsiders for a career of service in the union. Today, less than 50 per cent of the 308 graduates are still on the union's staff.

Some of FOUR's most active members were graduates of the Institute. This may be one of the reasons why the school closed down in 1961, ostensibly because there were no more jobs to be filled, and why Gus Tyler, the school's director—and once a bright star of political action in the Socialist and liberal movements—has single-mindedly applied his skills to the task of fighting FOUR.

Very little evidence has been produced to substantiate charges that FOUR is really a faction trying to give itself the protections of a union, while directed by forces outside. But it's certainly possible that some ambitious FOUR

members would like either to get power themselves or change the structure of the ILGWU—a structure in which family connections are a considerable aid to advancement. Shelley Appleton, Dubinsky's son-in-law, who became manager of a large ILGWU local after he married the union president's only child, was elevated to a vice-presidency at the last convention. And the fact that Appleton is extremely competent does little to erase the cynicism of other staff members not fortunate enough to have fathers or fathers-in-law who are ready to place them in what has become, in effect, a family business.

THE TIGHT HOLD OF THE PAST

THE tragedy of the ILGWU is that its leaders do not understand the membership of "their" union. A far deeper cultural empathy and common tradition exist today between the Jewish ILGWU leaders and the Jewish employers—many of them former garment workers themselves—than exist between the leaders and the members.

As much as anything else, the union's financial report for January 1959–December 1961 reflects the tight hold of the past. Of the \$651,939.53 domestic donations made by either the ILGWU General Office or by a joint fund of ILGWU affiliates and the General Office, approximately \$18,000 was given to Negro groups and \$750 to a Puerto Rican group. The Congress of Racial Equality, one of the most active forces battling Negro segregation, received only \$200, half the amount given to the New York Press Photographers Association. But the Yiddish and Jewish organizations to which the union's leadership is still bound received nearly eight times as much—more than \$140,000.

The union's overseas contributions of \$462,000 made during the three-year period show an even greater disparity: almost \$300,000 went to organizations in Israel or to Jewish groups operating overseas and \$60,000 was given to Italian groups. One donation niftily combined both the Jewish and Italian interests in a grand public-relations gesture: \$25,000 was given to the Luigi Antonini Stadium in Haifa! (An additional \$25,000 had been donated earlier to the stadium, named for an ILGWU vice-president.)

No one can reasonably object to the ILGWU's officers making contributions to what are, after all, very worthy causes. But the large sums given to Jewish groups and the comparatively tiny amounts given to Negro, Puerto Rican, and

Mexican groups illustrate the inability of Dubinsky to adjust to reality just as much as does his fight against FOUR. The money belongs not to Dubinsky but to the union members, most of them no longer either Jewish or Italian, and the amounts expended to keep alive the past are all out of proportion to the needs of the present.

Through the use of ILGWU funds, Dubinsky is able to dominate whole areas of New York life. His control of the Liberal party, the political action arm of the ILGWU, which was formed after the American Labor party split on the Communist issue, is another example of paternalistic ILG leadership. The Liberal party has become, not the independent party it was originally conceived to be, but instead the political organ of Dubinsky and of Alex Rose of the Hatters' union, used by them for the support of the candidates they choose. It was power politics, not principle, that gave Robert Wagner a blank-check endorsement for Mayor from the Liberal party before he had decided on either his running mates or platform. And it is power politics, not principle, that frequently determines whom the Liberal party shall support for a judgeship. Dubinsky's choices are questioned as rarely in the Liberal party as they are in the ILGWU.

"WELL, what do you want, Jacobs?" is a legitimate question. "Haven't you changed, too, since those days when you were an ILGWU organizer out on the picket lines?"

Yes, indeed, I've changed. The plastic tabs I go looking for in the box with my ILGWU button fit into an evening shirt, and it has been a very long time since I smashed anybody's head against the side of a truck. But what is so deeply disturbing about the American trade unions today is not that they have changed, but rather that they haven't.

What are unions doing to develop cadres of new leadership? To confront the baffling problems of fast technological change? To help disadvantaged groups learn new skills and gain a foothold in the economy? To assess the basic function of unions in the coming decades? Such questions are barely touched upon in the AFL-CIO today. And that is why the tragedy of David Dubinsky is not unique, even though his empire is ruptured in its own distinctive way. As with many another union leader, Dubinsky's success has led to his failure. The question now is where new leadership can come from to redeem the responsibilities that union officers ought to fulfill, but very rarely do.

LESTER MARKEL

THE REAL SINS OF THE PRESS

*American newspapers are better than we think
—and much worse than they should be....
A five-count indictment and a stiff assignment
by a top editor of the "New York Times."*

EVERYBODY, almost everybody, talks about The Press these days and almost nobody wants to do nothing about it.

There are probings by assorted committees—inquisitors from the right, from the left, even from the dead center. There are surveys of infinite variety and of indefinite result by Gallopers, Canterers, and Plain Limpers. There are analyses within the Fourth Estate and without, on and off television, in color and off-color.

The press announces portentously, every so often, that it is doing a job of self-portraiture. The eventual composition is usually an abstraction that might be titled: Whitewash on Whitewash. Television's efforts to view the press have succeeded to a limited extent in penetrating the murky skies, but the longer telescopes have been kept under wraps.

As for the rest of the surveyors, they are likely to be: too bitter, such as ex-editors (as a result of their experiences in journalism) and public figures (as a result of their encounters with journalists); or too indulgent, such as directors and professors of journalistic institutions, because they are seeking subsidy or assurance that they are part of the newspaper business. Most of the critics deal with the fringe defects rather

than the fundamental faults of present-day journalism in these more-or-less-united states. This essay is designed to set out some of these basic shortcomings and to make some suggestion by way of remedy.

To the reader such discussion may seem technical dialogue and, as such, to be left to the so-called professionals. No. These are issues that involve all citizens and are of deep concern to the nation's future.

Why? Because American public opinion is probably the Number One Problem in the world today. Congress tries its best to reflect the views of the voter; on the Hill, the customer is almost invariably right. Thus, if public opinion is uninformed or badly informed, our foreign policy is likely to be unsound and our global stance awkward. The President must have the support of an enlightened citizenry if he is to achieve his ultimate purposes and programs; such are the glory and the peril of democracy.

The information which is the *sine qua non* of a sound public opinion is, in large part, the assignment of the mass media. And the newspaper, despite the advent of television, the news weekly, and the rest of the conveyors of information, genuine and so-called, is still the most important of the mass media because of its news resources, its long tradition, and the authority of the printed (and thus recorded) word as against the spoken (and thus ephemeral) word.

For these reasons, a heavy responsibility rests upon the newspaper. There is another and more fundamental obligation. Under the First Amendment, freedom of the press is guaranteed, because the press is presumed to have a public-service aspect. Specific grants in the form of second-class mailing privileges are provided and, in general, the press has a favored position in the community and is often accorded a fulsome, even if undeserved, reverence. It should be fully realized by both publishers and editors that these grants and this kudos are given, not for special privilege, but in expectation of service.

"Freedom of the press"—the phrase is constantly used and constantly misused. It has been employed as economic argument in labor disputes. It has been interpreted as license to print anything, any place, any time. Lately it has been asserted by some editors against any so-called "classification" of military information on the ground that such withholding, whatever its rationale, is censorship and thus violation of that sacred freedom.

I believe that in these days of warfare, even though it be cold warfare and undeclared, it is

not enough to ask "Is it news?" but also "Is it in the national interest?"

In sum, the press must be not only free; it must also be responsible. With this fundamental belief always in mind, specific items in the indictment can be formulated.

I. The Indictment

THIS is no effort to cover the journalistic waterfront; that task requires a much more ambitious survey of the tides, the vessels, and the pilots. But five counts stand out:

"FROTH ESTATE"?

Count I—Many, too many, American newspapers are media of entertainment rather than of information.

Even though the deeply yellow press of the days of Hearst and Pulitzer is gone, saffron traces remain. Now I do not hold that newspapers shall be all good and gray and that entertainment shall be ruled out. But when a "newspaper" devotes 80 per cent of its space to non-news, then I say it has lost its claim to the title. Too many sheets are not truly printing the news but supplying, in large degree, features, lummies, and fluff. (I have wondered at times whether "The Froth Estate" is not a more accurate appellation.)

For example—an outstanding example. At a moment when the world is in turmoil and the nation's future gravely involved, the average amount of international news published in the American press is tragically scant. Some estimates put it as low as 1 per cent of the "news hole." (Let us be clear as to what "news hole" means, because some newspapers boast of the grandness of their journalistic canyons. The proper phrase is "non-advertising hole"; that is, all the space that is not given to commercials. In many instances the "news hole" includes the whole gamut of features; the "hard news" totals are much below the publicized statistic.)

A towering threat to American journalism's future is the "don't do it yourself" editor, who depends on readership polls to guide him as to what his reader wants and who proceeds then to supply the fluff stuff to his subscribers without hint of logic or pang of conscience. And, lamentably, the readers of such newspapers seem to accept without much question these analyses of their desires and these prescriptions for their needs.

I say that these editors and these readers are

wrong, dangerously wrong. The editor who edits according to these assumptions is misguided because he fails to recognize his prime assignment: to inform the reader. The reader who buys these newspapers is misguided because he is shirking a foremost responsibility of the citizen: that he shall be informed.

FACTS PLUS MEANING

Count II—The newspapers, for the most part, are failing to make the important news understandable.

The newspaper must provide for the reader the facts, unalloyed, unsalted, objectively selected facts. But in these days of complex news it must provide more; it must supply interpretation, the meaning of the facts. This is the most important assignment confronting American journalism—to make clear to the reader the problems of the day, to make international news as understandable as community news, to recognize that there is no longer any such thing (with the possible exception of such scribblings as society and club news) as "local" news, because any event in the international area has a local reaction—as Korea proved and as the Kremlin's offensive is now proving—in manpower draft, in economic strain, in terms, indeed, of our very way of life.

There is in journalism a widespread view that when you embark on interpretation, you are entering choppy and dangerous waters, the swirling tides of opinion. This is nonsense.

The opponents of interpretation insist that the writer and the editor shall confine himself to the "facts." This insistence raises two questions: What are the facts? And: Are the bare facts enough?

As to the first query. Consider how a so-called "factual" story comes about. The reporter collects, say, fifty facts; out of these fifty, his space allotment being necessarily restricted, he selects the ten which he considers most important. This is Judgment Number One. Then he or his editor decides which of these ten facts shall constitute the lead of the piece. (This is an impor-

Lester Markel has been a well-known force in the newspaper world since 1923 as Sunday editor of the "New York Times." He began his reporting career at the "New York Tribune" in 1914 after graduating from the Columbia School of Journalism. He is the author of "Background and Foreground" and has contributed to books on newspapers and public opinion.

tant decision because many readers do not proceed beyond the first paragraph.) This is Judgment Number Two. Then the night editor determines whether the article shall be presented on page one, where it has a large impact, or on page twenty-four, where it has little. Judgment Number Three.

Thus, in the presentation of a so-called "factual" or "objective" story, at least three judgments are involved. And they are judgments not at all unlike those involved in interpretation, in which reporter and editor, calling upon their research resources, their general background, and their "news neutralism," arrive at a conclusion as to the significance of the news.

The two areas of judgment, presentation of the news and its interpretation, are both objective rather than subjective processes—as objective, that is, as any human being can be. (Note in passing: even though complete objectivity can never be achieved, nevertheless the ideal must always be the beacon on the murky news channels.) If an editor is intent on slanting the news, he can do it in other ways and more effectively than by interpretation. He can do it by the selection of those facts that prop up his particular plea. Or he can do it by the play he gives a story—promoting it to page one or demoting it to page thirty.

LEADERS OR SHEEP

Count III—The newspaper has lost much of its prestige as a leader of public opinion.

There are newspapers with large circulation which have no editorial influence whatsoever. These are the sheets that carry a minimum of news and are sold solely on the appeal of the annals of sex, slaughter, and suicide, and the uncollected (happily) works of the Hollywood harpies, the uncomic comic artisans, the love-lornists, and the rest of the off-news-beat tribe. They may make friends, or at least customers, but they carry little conviction.

Even among the more serious newspapers, editorial influence is not what it used to be. There is this fact by way of proof: some 75 per cent of the publishers of the country are Republican and express that Republicanism undeviatingly on the editorial pages; yet the elections show how far they are from persuading a majority of their readers.

In too many newspapers the editor has surrendered to the columnist. People seem to require opinions for prestige reasons, and, more often than not, these opinions are borrowed.

So they are likely to turn to their favorite columnists who are, even if inaccurate, always positive. The columnists supply light in limited degree; but they do not take the place of the old-fashioned hard-hitting editorial page, because their productions are directed to special categories of readers (such as Walter Lippmann's cerebral group or Fulton Lewis' damn-the-torpedoes following, or Drew Pearson's inside-dope contingent) and, because being syndicated and therefore wide-flung, they cannot be written in community language or from a community viewpoint.

MORE THAN NEWSPRINT

Count IV—The newspaper industry does a scant job of editorial research and self-analysis.

There are publishers' associations, societies of editors, journalistic fraternities which proclaim as their objectives the improvement of newspaper practices and content, and the exchange of information among editors and conclaves to provide debate and illumination. But they fall, most of them, on their typographical faces.

This single fact is revelatory of the general situation: The American Newspaper Publishers Association spends more than half-a-million dollars a year for research; all of it is assigned to mechanical or commercial inquiry and none for editorial betterment. In contrast, the budget of the American Society of Newspaper Editors is only \$35,000 a year, none of which is allotted to research. Most publishers cannot be fully persuaded that, conceding newsprint is important, what goes onto newsprint is also important. When you suggest to them the allocation of funds for editorial research, the almost standard reply is: "You know we would not think of invading the editorial sanctum. God and Horace Greeley forbid!"

The answer is, of course, that they do deal with editorial matters—in fixing the amount of editorial space, in setting the editorial budget, in making editorial policy, especially in political areas. Moreover, they *should* deal with editorial matters, for theirs is the overall direction and the ultimate responsibility. And, even as businessmen, they should be vitally concerned with what is their chief item of merchandise—the editorial content of their newspapers.

One must concede that, on the whole, publishers have improved considerably since the days, around 1925, when William Allen White wrote this epitaph for the recently deceased Frank Munsey:

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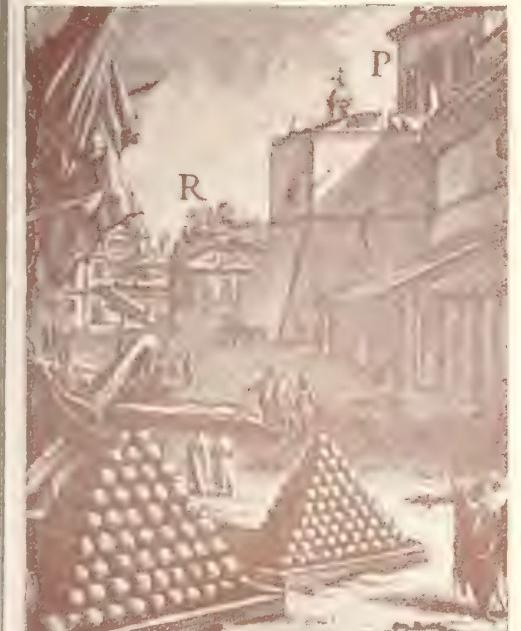
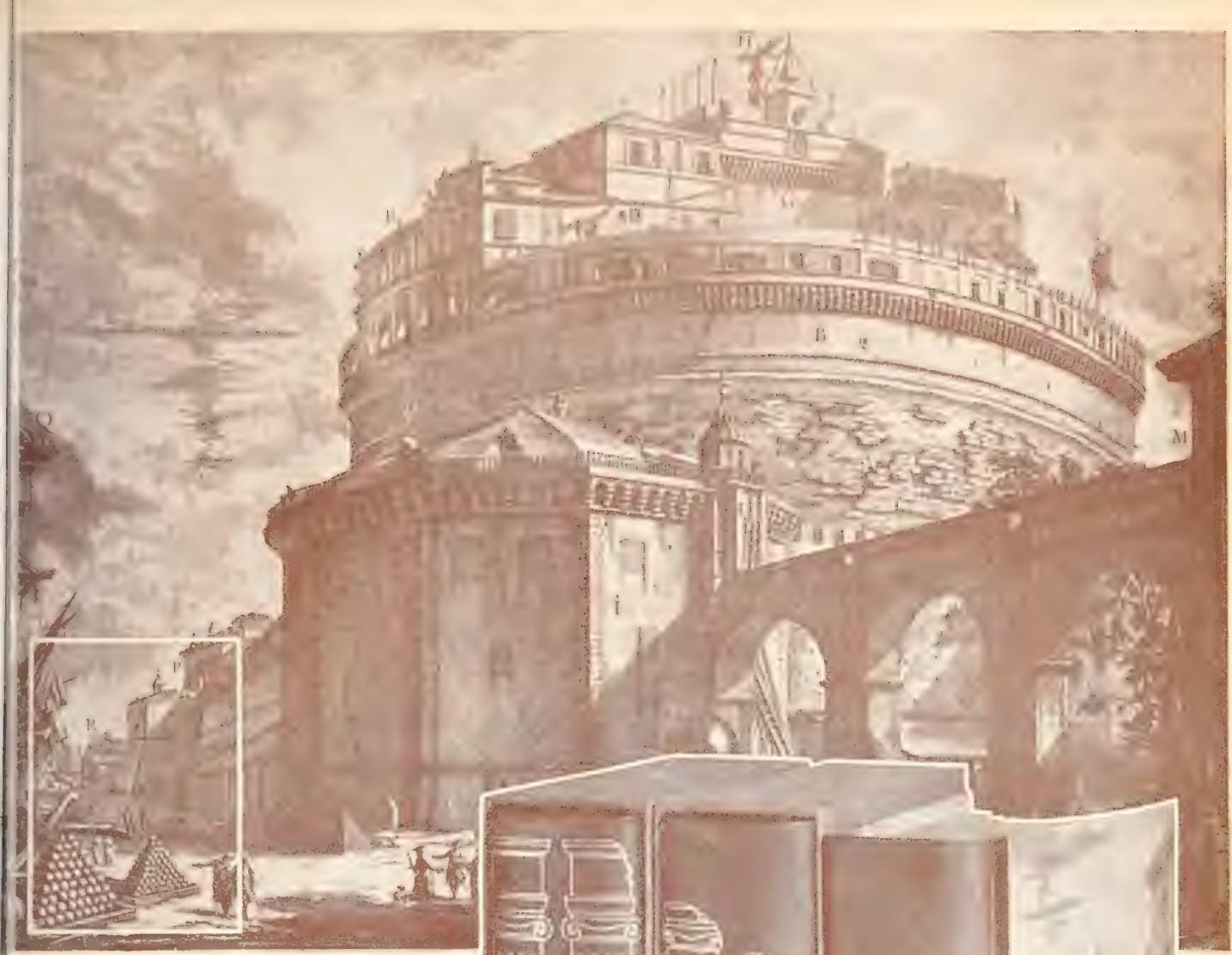
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THE FINELY-JEWELLED DETAIL of each of the double-page Piranesi etchings reproduced in the three volumes cannot of course be done full justice in the greatly reduced illustration at the top of this page. The enlarged section (directly above) shows more of this detail; but you must examine the books themselves to appreciate the etching-like quality of the sheet-fed gravure reproductions. (Letters R and P are part of the reference code used for a fully descriptive caption.)

"Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the talents of a meat packer, the morals of a moneychanger, and the manners of an undertaker. He and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once-noble profession into an 8 per cent security. May he rest in trust."

There are, it is true, editors who are publishers and publishers who are editors. (You can't tell which came first, the chicken or the egghead.) But for the most part the two are neither identical nor twins and most publishers insist that they live in an area segregated from that of the editor, with ironic curtains between. Thus, while there has been improvement in the caliber of publishers, there is still a long way to go.

As for journalistic meetings:

At most gatherings of publishers there is ample discussion of management and mechanical problems, of circulation and advertising practices, of freedom of the presses and the like; only at the banquet, when some national figure labors to penetrate the fogs, is there full recognition of the fact that things are happening outside the publication offices and the composing rooms.

When editors gather, there is much useful give-and-take, but too often there are junket aspects to the meetings. Editors are ardent in denouncing payola in areas less sacred than journalism, but free-loaders abound among the "editorial we" boys.

I confess that the two preceding paragraphs are subject to attack as somewhat extravagant generalizations, but I insist that they contain large segments of truth.

Also, even though the state of the press is vital to the state of the nation, there is a general and "gentleman's" agreement that no newspaper shall criticize or reflect upon another. Critical comment on TV, on magazines, on books is encouraged. But what is written in newspapers, unholy though it may be, is treated by other journals as almost holy. This kind of clubbiness makes no sense, in news evaluation or, more importantly, in the public interest.

MORE THAN MECHANICS

Count V—Training for journalism and pay to newspapermen are inadequate.

There are, to be sure, schools of journalism, newspaper institutes, and graduate groups for practicing journalists. So?

As for the schools of journalism, large doubts arise as to whether there is any legitimate reason

for their existence. Journalism cannot really be taught in the sense that law or medicine or any other profession can be imparted. You can provide instruction in such matters as office style, headline counting, make-up, and the like. But you cannot teach a man to write or to edit; if he has latent abilities in these areas, you can develop them; you cannot inject them as so much vaccine. The essential newspaper "techniques" are not techniques at all, but touches of talent.

There has risen lately in journalism a credo that writing should be simplified, that there shall be so many words and so many ideas, if any, to a sentence. Write as you talk, the mentors say. But most people should not even talk as they talk. And writing is different from speaking; it must have rhythm and accent and imagery. Good writing is not a thing to be measured with yardsticks; it comes out of what T. S. Eliot called the "agonizing ecstasy of creation."

Likewise with editing. The good editor is born and he cannot be made; he can only be un-made. He does not edit according to a Trendex or a Gallup Poll of his readers. That is fatal. As Herbert Bayard Swope said, the sure formula for success is not easily come upon, but the sure formula for failure is to try to please everybody. So the real editor edits for himself. If he has imagination and taste and judgment, he will succeed; if he has not, he is sunk and no pollster can salvage him.

The formula for the making of a journalist might be set down thus: a good education which he shall tirelessly broaden; a curiosity about all things and all people; an ability to sense and correlate events and to describe them in simple yet vigorous prose, with an occasional dash of poetry. Many so-called schools of journalism have given up the ghost although they continue to train ghost-writers; increasingly they call themselves Institutes of Communication and offer courses in almost everything, from press agentry through indoctrination in TV commercials to Don Quixotic free-lancing.

The newspaper institutes perform a certain service in bringing together newspaper practitioners in seminars. But some of the fundamental issues in journalism—notably the problems of interpretation, of the proper coverage and presentation of international news, and of the basic function of the editor—are dealt with only haphazardly. Also, the emphasis in these seminars is increasingly on the promotion, mechanical, and accounting aspects of the newspaper, to the neglect of some of the salient edi-

torial issues. And the chaps who really need the indoctrination, the publishers, are not among those present. As for the postgraduate years—the seminars for those who are already in the profession—they are likely to scatter unless the members devote themselves to special subjects such as legal or science reporting.

The issue of reward is an important part of the personnel problem. Average newspaper pay is lower than that for almost any other profession. For examples: Starting salaries for engineers average \$6,372 a year; for commercial jobs generally, \$5,004; for journalists, \$4,056. Thus many bright young men, intent on making, through newspaper work, a contribution to the general welfare, find the economic going so rough that they desert into advertising, TV, and many, too many, into public relations (definition: press agency).

II. *The Remedies*

IN THE foregoing I have set out the basic indictment. Now I shall attempt, as modestly and unvaguely as possible, to point out some signposts on the road to correction. First, though, some general observations to keep the record straight.

I believe that the American press is improving, even though the goal of near-perfection is still dim on the horizon. Certainly the American newspaper compares favorably with the press of other countries. Consider, for example, the much-huzzaed British newspapers. At its best, the British press is outstanding, but at its worst—and its worst has huge circulation—it has no peers. On the average, the American newspaper is better. Notably, many of the smaller newspapers in this country, including the weeklies, even though they are unsung in most commentaries on journalism and unnamed in the annual lists of "best" newspapers, are doing outstanding jobs of presenting world as well as local news.

There are two more favorable entries for the ledger. First, there is, on the whole, less slant in the news columns than there used to be, even though at election time there may be violent aberrations. Second, in most monopoly cities (I know about the dire warnings) the publishers, realizing they are sole editorial voices, present both sides of most issues.

One other disclaimer. Nothing I have said here means that a newspaper shall not be solvent. A journal, though it be with honor in its own country yet without profit, is a doomed thing. My contention is only that a newspaper can be a

useful semi-public utility as well as a private-profit enterprise. So much for the orchids and the obiter dicta. The indictment stands; even if newspapers were as good as they are portrayed by the ANPA, they are not good enough to meet the tremendous need of the time, the need of understanding as the news becomes more complex and more compelling.

What then is there to be done to restore the newspaper to its former forthright estate?

The basic change needed is to move from entertainment toward information, to insure that the publication shall be, whether it be daily or Sunday or weekly, primarily a *newspaper*.

To the editors who say: "The customer is always right; we must give him what he wants and he wants entertainment—*vide* television," these questions are put: How do they know what their readers would want if they had a real choice? Have these editors even provided an adequate supply of genuine news? Moreover, even if the readers want only the kind of peped-up pablum which is served to them, it is the responsibility of the editors to try to educate them to a better diet.

As for television, there is constant discussion as to whether the newspaper can survive the competition of the not-so-silver screen. There is no doubt that television absorbs a large segment of the nation's leisure time. It has done a noteworthy job in the news area, bringing events directly and dramatically to the viewer. (In elaboration and interpretation of the news, the performance has been on the whole mediocre.) Yet the newspaper has many advantages as against TV in handling the news, important assets which will always be denied to television, such as these four:

(1) The newspaper is there when you want to read it and at a speed set by the reader, not by the broadcaster.

(2) The newspaper can supply a kind of perspective TV cannot provide, because on television every page is a front page and all items receive equal emphasis from the commentator, whether it be a nuclear blast or the zyurations of a zsa-zsa.

(3) The newspaper does not thrust at the reader a constant commercial; to be sure, it does carry advertising, but these commercials are placed in separate compartments and are not part of the stream of all-too-consciousness.

(4) Above all, the newspaper can supply the record—the written word, set down with deliberation and discrimination, to be seen and pondered rather than snatched, lest it be swiftly lost, from the air waves.

PHILIP BOOTH

FORECAST

THE late fog, lifting.
A first wind, risen.
The long tide, at ebb.
And cast off finally,
into that perfect hope,
the fishboats: going out.

In the area of entertainment, the newspaper cannot compete with television. The decline of the comics and the lovelorn columns are two examples, out of many, of the change. Therefore, it seems to this observer good business as well as good ethics for the newspaper to revert to its original and essential assignment—the only task, in fact, that justifies its existence—the publication of news.

Interpretation is an essential part of the information process. How, without clues and background, can the reader be expected to arrive at sound conclusions about such matters as nuclear testing, the Berlin crisis, the Common Market, to name only three of the myriad issues which can be adequately met only if there is an informed public opinion that can register itself with our elected officials? This is not the difficult problem it is often proclaimed to be. But it does require a large addition to the smallish category of newspapermen who are expert both in research and in presentation.

Especially is it urgent that there be fuller and better interpretation of international news, with particular reference to the news agencies, on which 98 per cent of American newspapers depend for foreign coverage. (The agencies do supply a certain amount of background material now, of uncertain quality, but when space is tight this is the first category to be cut.)

As for the editorial page, there needs to be re-established the kind of person-to-person communication that existed in the old days (I refrain from reference to Horace Greeley, Frank Cobb, or even William Allen White). The page can be as partisan as the chairmen of the Democratic and Republican National Committees combined but in view of the widening audience for the columnists, it must be provided

for the sake of unsyndicated and local impact.

If the newspaper is to play its proper role, the profession, or business, or whatever it is, must do a great deal more in the way of soul-searching and research. This means better—more dedicated—newspaper organizations. It means that newspaper institutes shall pay less attention to the counting houses and the lesser news areas and more to the basic problems, such as interpretive writing, especially in the field of international news. It means that publishers shall supply to editorial organizations funds for editorial research. It means the abolition of newspaper-to-newspaper courtesy.

Finally there is the question of pay. The editorial cost of making a newspaper averages somewhat less than 10 per cent of the budget; thus the pay problem can be solved in most cases without financial catastrophe. Penny-pinching in the editorial rooms is as unwise as it is un-humanitarian.

A LL of this implies a threefold assignment.

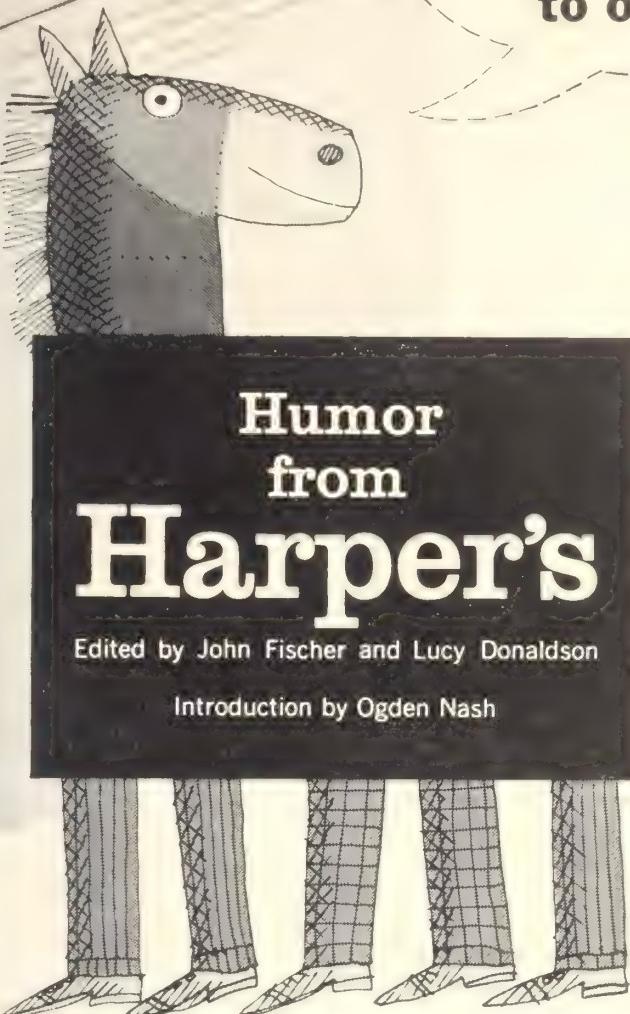
There is a large assignment for publishers who must recognize that the publishing office is much more than a counting house, that auditors are not more important than editors, that they must look upon the first page with as much interest and zeal as they do upon their ledgers. A newspaper is not and cannot be solely a business; it must be an instrument both of education and crusading; it cannot be only an institution, it must be also an inspiration.

There is a large assignment for editors, who must undertake to educate themselves, to educate their publishers, and to educate their public. They cannot achieve these ends through readership polls or columnar gimmicks or promotion gadgets. They can do it only through rigid adherence to news integrity and through the exercise of news imagination.

There is, ultimately, a large assignment for the reader. If he is to be a true citizen, he must know. He must require that his newspaper give him the facts needed to form sound judgment. Bad newspapers could not exist without bad readers. I am convinced that most publishers and editors underestimate their readers; that if the news, however complex, is made understandable, it will have a wide audience and thus we shall move toward an informed citizenry.

Information—that is the keyword. Without it, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly have no reality. With it, democracy is strong, because it is armed with its most potent weapon.

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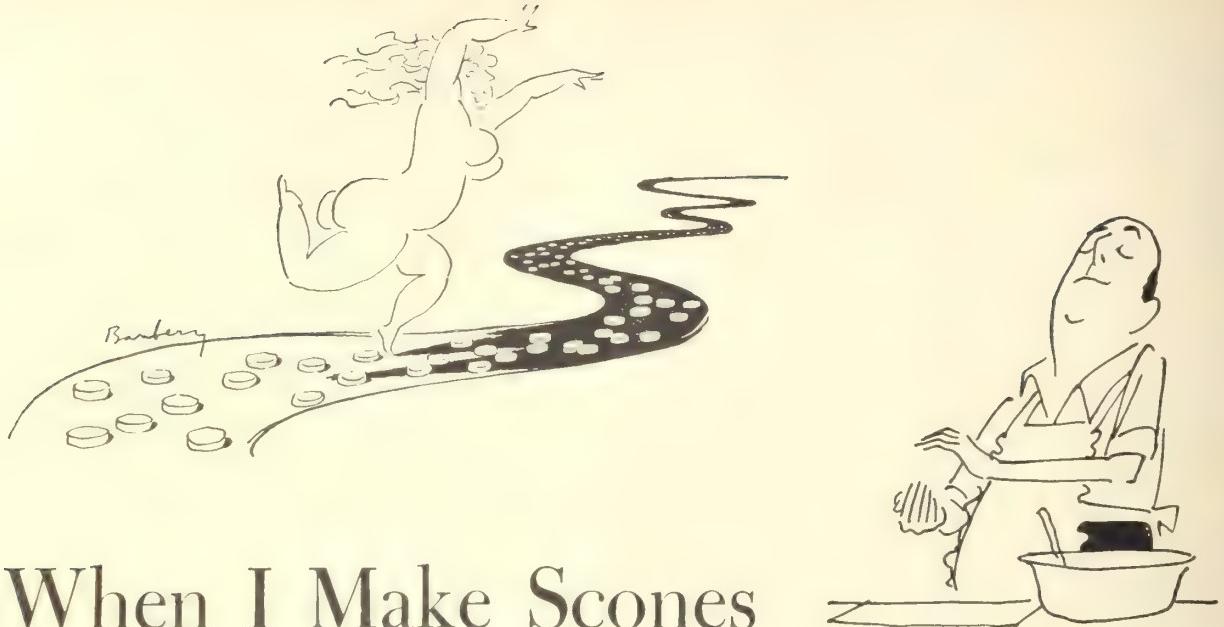
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OUT of the pages of *Harper's Magazine* comes this joyful collection of the witty, the informal, the entertaining. The stories, articles and verse are, as readers of *Harper's* would expect, wonderfully varied. But there is one characteristic all share: each is fresh, funny and enormously readable.

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When I Make Scones

FRANK BAKER

While his wife is at work, outside the home, a husband may start free-lancing in the kitchen—and have a very good time.

WHEN I make scones for me and my family, my thoughts invariably turn, at a specific moment in the operation, which I will describe presently, to sex. Not that my thoughts do not often turn to sex anyway, and at the dreariest times—when I am cleaning the porridge saucepan, for example, or shoveling a scuttle of coal from the coal shed, or composing an evasive letter to the Tax Collector.

But in the case of scone making, there is a more obvious reason, which I will presently discuss. I usually approach this domestic task in a mood of listlessness, unable to write, to think, or talk; in fact, open to invasion from the enemy. It is true that there is usually an economic reason for the job. I find we are short of bread, and it is not the baker's day for calling; so it had better be scones for tea. (I have lately had to undertake the cooking of the evening meal for my family, my wife being out at work, teaching all day, and the children at their respective schools, and far too academic to be concerned with such low tasks as making food.) I don't dislike cooking, and I am fairly good at it—particularly rice pudding (which hardly anybody can make properly),

chicken broth, and baked pollack with potatoes, onions, parsley, and tomato sauce.

What is it that draws me to the making of scones with magnetic compulsion? Economic necessity is not really the reason. As I have hinted, at these times a wasteland lies before me. It is about half-past-three; I am in danger of sleeping off the midday pint at the Trevelyan Arms. If I bow to this nemesis, before an eyelid has draped an eye it will be half-past-five, and in will march my hungry family, all relentless in pursuit of home comforts, all ruddy with that self-flattery which is the reward of a day out at work. There will radiate from them a sense of superiority over those who did not have to catch the 8:15 bus this A.M. They have been out, I have been in. They are healthily cold, I am fuggily hot from the fire. And a man who does not have to go to work every morning can only be regarded as a curious kind of orchid, better suited for the hothouse. So—

When I make scones for my family and me, it is usually with a guilt complex. And this, for all I know, may engender the sexual fantasies which, at a point I will later specify, accompany the act. For there is much of the puritan in me, due, I think, to an English suburban middle-class background, which reminded us constantly that the way we were brought into this world—and anything, organs, senses, even thoughts, related to this miraculous dual activity—was not really quite nice. Certainly not talked about. In point of fact, to be born at all was one of those mistakes it had been wiser to avoid. Yet even not to be born

would have had its danger; for this might have entailed use of the word "womb," and "womb" was—in the days I write of, in the suburban London of the 'twenties—not a word that ever passed proper lips.

In those days there were scores of such words. "Wanton" was one. "Bottom" was never really safe. "Sweat" impermissible; one always "perspired." Even "passion" was dangerous, except in reference to the Fifth Sunday of Lent or in connection with J. S. Bach and his mighty works. "Whore" was undreamed of. "Bosom" was poetic, and allowed, but very risky. As to "breast," you had to be most careful of this, because if you slipped and made it plural you had immediately entered the dark realms of pornography. All those crude Chaucerian four-letter words which David Herbert Lawrence so notably sanctified, they could not even be whispered within ten miles of father, mother, uncle, or aunt, even though they were in common use at my first Grammar School in the Industrial Midlands.

Although we read in the Bible that "Adam knew Eve, his wife," and although we knew quite well just how that first lucky young man did know that first lucky young woman, we still kept up a kind of inner pretense that it did not really happen, except amongst the lowest of the lower orders. Pigs, for example.

This will, I hope, explain why something of the puritan lingered, and probably always will linger, in me. I am not altogether sorry about it; for this way sex has its naïve excitements which absolute outspokenness, I imagine, cannot compete with.

WHEN I make scones for me and my dear ones, I believe that I gain a special pleasure from this simple craft which would not have been mine were I not in the great stream of English puritanism. If you have an ingrained conviction that a thing is "wrong," you get a great kick out of doing it, even thinking of it. Few people would fall to shoplifting were it not considered so reprehensible an act. Which faces us with the fundamental moral question. Why did Adam and Eve take to the fig leaf? And did they, from that unholy moment, enjoy sex more than they had enjoyed it before? It is easy to see why the Lord God was angry. Man had gone too far; man had discovered that what is naughty is nicer than what is not. From this daring leap toward damnation all our troubles derive; and, I fancy, all our joys too. So it falls out that there would be little pleasure in making scones for me and my family if it were not accompanied by a

sense of guilt. Blessed, therefore, be guilt, and all that it gives us in the way of enjoyment.

When I set the stage for the making of these innocent little eatables; when I place on the kitchen table flour, salt, butter, milk, dried fruit, castor sugar, baking powder, mixing bowl, spoons, a knife, baking tray, greased paper, ash-tray, towel, whiskey (in order to help me on the way); when I turn the oven up to 400 and wash the odor of tobacco from my fingers at the moment I am about to crumble the butter into the flour; when I suddenly remember I have forgotten to lay out the pastry board and clean the rolling pin from the last bout of scone-making; when I embark upon all these actions, no thought of sex is in my mind at all.

Not at all. I am, in fact, intent upon the clock. No good having these scones in the oven only twenty minutes before the seething ravenous horde stamps in from the day's endeavor. For they will be too hot, too crumbly to eat. There have been tiresome complaints about this from my twelve-year-old daughter Josephine, who wails that she cannot slice the scone in two and thus spread butter and strawberry jam upon it. The scones must be baked and ready, waiting on a wire tray, a full half-hour before the others arrive, hot on the scent for fodder. Then they can be admired from a distance, not immediately eaten; God forbid they should be snapped up into salivating jaws before they have been admired as dynamic works of art! Works of art which have been, moreover, "brushed" with milk, a process which really calls for a special little brush, though I never use it. I prefer the forefinger.

No, when I set out to make S.F.M.A.M.F. it is not with any lubricious uprisings. Economic necessity, and all that . . . A husband who has been scribbling in Grub Street through twenty years of marriage and who has a wife at work—he has to do something. He has to show that he too can produce the victuals which his good woman has so nobly produced during all these years. No lubricity, no; a question of stern duty. And yet there is this strange erotic tension to the whole rather tedious business. Consider the making of scones, and I really do know by now how to make them. On the surface, there can be nothing remotely sexual about it. Yet wait. I will explain.

Frank Baker of Cornwall has had "about twenty" novels published, six of them in the U.S.—most recently "Teresa." He is also an organist, an actor, and TV playwright for the BBC.

(And if I am slow in doing so, it is because this is one of the chief pleasures of sex; and those who can't wait really know nothing about it....)

Having prepared and laid out in order all those ingredients and instruments I shall need for the job (and the kitchen table must be cleaned first, a brush and dustpan available to sweep up the flour which undoubtedly will sprinkle like fine snow all round the area of performance); having noted the time and gotten myself another small whiskey—what is the first move?



It is strange. I cannot remember. I must be thinking about sex. I have to refer to the cookery book to find out. Ah yes, here it is! I throw two cups of plain flour into the mixing bowl. Then I toss in a little cooking salt, pinched out with thumb and forefinger from the old cider jar. I am always fascinated by this part of the game. The tumescence of flour has been arrested by the detumescence of salt, if I can make such an analogy. You can see the salt isolated in the flour, not a welcome visitor at all. And what happens when we introduce a teaspoonful of baking powder? (In passing, what *is* baking powder? I only know that you have to add it to plain flour, and very alchemical is the moment when you do this. You are changing something, but what you are changing it into I never will discover.) Anyway, you introduce the baking powder to the flour and the salt; and then comes the sifting, which in itself has a curious kind of sensual anticipation. Taking a large spoon, you casually merge these three elements into one, pouring another drop of whiskey with your left hand as you do so; for this is your last chance; very soon your hands will be caked with flour and butter, and you will be unable to hold a glass.

And now we reach a vital moment. You have to embark upon the next stage in the journey, and a long and testing period it is. Tak-

ing butter (how much you take depends upon how much flour you have taken) you drop a lump of it into the sifted flour. It lies there, yellow, unyielding, oblivious to its surroundings, apparently determined to go on being butter. I never like this moment. What has to be done seems so impossible. Because you have got to *lose that butter*; you have got to *get your fingers into that bowl*, and convert what you see there into something that feels and looks like Fine Bread Crumbs. You have, in fact, got to take your fingers out and get weaving. (And do not forget to wash them.)

As I say, it seems impossible. How can you reduce that iceberg of butter into crumbs? Well, you can. Molding away from the lump of butter into the flour with the tips of the fingers, you constantly feed the fingers with more flour from the flour bin, or tin, or jar, or whatever you keep flour in, which should be on the table by the side of the mixing bowl, and if it isn't, God help you; you will never be able to search for it at this point.

When I make these darling little eats for me and my family, it is at this point I nearly give up. Because it is the moment of entry, the point of no return. Once you have offered your finger tips to that butter and felt the crumbling of it magically break away into the sifted flour, you are in the motion of scone-making. You have become a professional. You are dedicated. And so, on, to the Moment of Truth.

I assume that you have created in your mixing bowl those Fine Bread Crumbs which were formerly sifted flour and butter. Well, and very good. What next? I advise you, if you have the time, to slink away to your cell and have another whiskey. Because you need staying. Maybe you read the morning paper. Or pare your toenails. Or write a novel, if you are a writer. You might even consider shaving and dressing. If you are wise you will have left time for all these occupations. I myself like to go to bed at this point, and dream awhile, and think of never getting up again, unless there is a supersonic bathroom adjoining the bed, with showers of divine balsam issuing forth from the taps, and lovely ladies waiting to enfold me with all their lovely comforts....

HAVING had your little break, return to the fell business in hand, which awaits you as eagerly as Cleopatra awaited Marc Antony. But first: the sugar, the dried fruit. So eager am I at this point to reach the enriching climax, I nearly always forget these two ingredients. Hurl

them in regardless. Mix recklessly. You cannot undo what you have done now. And have faith. For the mixture will grow, the mixture will yield, the mixture will mold—oh, how exquisitely it will mold if you go the right way about it!

And this is the right way about it. In order to convert the desert that you have in your bowl into one of the sweetest things that God has blessed man with—add *quickly* to this Sahara of expectancy about a quarter of a pint of milk. You do really require great faith here; because too little milk will ruin it; so will too much. And you must be quick (for some reason I have not discovered, but the book says so). Having gambled on this, take a long knife. Apply the knife boldly to the mixture, which is now a wet mess you can hardly bear to look at. Don't get paralysis at this point, or even let your eye glance at the whiskey bottle. Do not stir. Do not mix. Do not chasten. Whirl, in a kind of thoughtless ecstatic manner. Go on whirling. Suddenly will come the magic moment, the reason for it all. For the erstwhile Sahara desert is molding into a shape; and this shape you have to throw into the palm of your left hand, and PAT. As you pat, if you have the right touch, you will feel, molding to warm life in the palm of your hand, cupped between your trembling fingers, the breast of a beautiful woman.

I make no apology for the comparison, though I must add hastily that of course you should close your eyes; then go on, gently patting, allowing the divine globe to yield its fullness to your supple hands. No thought of scone-making now remains in your mind. You have come to the reason for it all; and you are forced to admit

that economic necessity had nothing whatever to do with it.

I can hardly ever bear to go on, so cruel, so sadistic does it seem. Because this heavenly moist soft pliable globe, which rests with such sweet weight in the palm of your hand, and can be thrown lightly from one to the other, has to be dropped on the pastry board, and *rolled out*. Perhaps because I so much dislike doing this, and my hands are by now nervously on edge, I invariably roll it too thinly. Nevertheless, if you still want to make scones for you and your family, roll it you must; and cut it you must—into any shapes you like, triangles, squares, circles, half-moons, segments, or more little globes. I never think much about this part of the operation. I have lost interest. Flipping my forefinger into the milk jug, I moisten the little pieces of my dismembered darling with milk, pausing for one last moment to think of Tintoretto. Then I bung the lot into the oven, and there leave them for ten minutes. Somehow I get them out, lay them on a wire grill, and stand aside and survey them. My works. What pleasure they have given me, what solace in a lonely afternoon! Who could have guessed that such simple domestic craft could lead me into such sweet pastures?

So it is that when I am restless, when a desert stretches before me and the afternoon sloth summons my willing body to sleep, I leave my writing cell, totter to the kitchen, and (because of economic necessity, knowing the baker will not call that day) so it is that I make scones for me and my family. And I hope that other men, who may have been driven by circumstance into domesticity, will enjoy it as much as I do.

SOCIAL SECURITY IN THE PRE-AFFLUENT SOCIETY

CHARITY and benevolence are duties which a mistress owes to herself as well as to her fellow creatures. . . . Visiting the houses of the poor is the only way really to understand the actual state of each family; and fortunately at the present time it is customary—we had almost said fashionable—for the well-to-do to spend some of their superfluous time in visiting their poorer neighbors. . . . Great advantages may result from visits paid to the poor; for there is, unfortunately, much ignorance amongst them with respect to all household knowledge, and there will be opportunities for advising and instructing them, in a pleasant and unobtrusive manner, in cleanliness, industry, cookery, good management, and the rules of health, nor will the visitors fail to learn much that will greatly benefit them, though in a different way.

—From Mrs. Isabella Beeton, *The Book of Household Management*, London, 1861.

the new BOOKS

LEO STEINBERG

Art Books, 1961-1962

Mr. Steinberg is on the faculty of Hunter College in New York. This is his third annual review of art books for "Harper's."

I AM thinking of a set of engravings by Goltzius, each of which shows a pair of nude lovers in close kissing embrace. But for the legends over their heads you would hardly believe that they personify (ladies first) "Art and Practice," "Diligence and Labor," "Wealth and Honor." I should like the reader to visualize the subheads of this review in similar fashion, leaving him to project the appropriate degree of amity, from handshake to rape. Need I point to the difference between Goltzius' allegories and mine? I have only one female character, so that my lady Art must be called wanton, or, as the pious William Durandus (thirteenth century) wrote of the Church: ". . . She is also called an harlot for she openeth her arms unto everyone."

ART AND VERBOSITY

René Huyghe: Art and the Spirit of Man (Harry N. Abrams, 1962, \$15).

Some 500 pages of pictures and translated rhetoric, trying to seize art and destiny whole. The author is honorary Curator-in-Chief of the Louvre, and this is his message: that modern man's preference for abstract art has driven all aesthetic and art historical thought into the single task of searching out the antecedents of abstraction; and that this is a dangerous limitation since art is not all a matter of abstract formal problems but also "serves as one of mankind's modes of expression."

Which yields one useful insight: that you can gauge the promise of a book by the mental capacity which the author allots to the straw man set up on page one. M. Huyghe's straw man, who needs 500 pages of reminder that art is expressive, is so improbable an imbecile that no book dedicated to his problems can have needed writing.

Two examples must do to demonstrate M. Huyghe's ways of seeing and thinking. On page 32 he points out that the trace made by a draftsman's hand conveys, like the graph traced by a

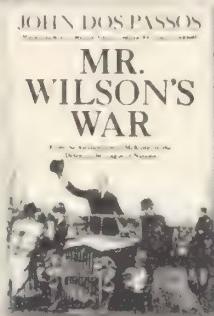
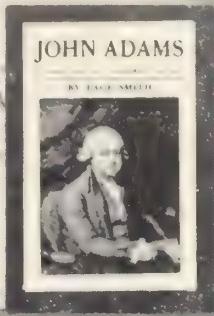
recording machine, "characteristics derived from the soul. . . . Thus Michelangelo's line swells and rolls like muscles rippling. . . . Rubens' line is more fleshly than sinewy, animated by carnal stirrings and throbbing pulses. . . . Tiepolo's line . . . soaring like the swift flight of a songbird . . . is so excessively refined as almost to be fatigued."

This kind of writing is the exact opposite of what it professes, being at the furthest remove from any seeing. "Fatigue" is invoked for Tiepolo because eighteenth-century Venice is habitually thought of as a declining state. The lines traced by Rubens or Michelangelo are mentally confused with the forms they build up, so that Michelangelo's line is said to swell, though it tends, like a wiry enclosure, to maintain remarkable constancy. And Rubens' line, before yielding to "animation by throbbing pulses," yields to the light in which all his form is immersed. M. Huyghe's epithets "swelling," "fleshly," "fatigued" are eyeless conditioned reflexes.

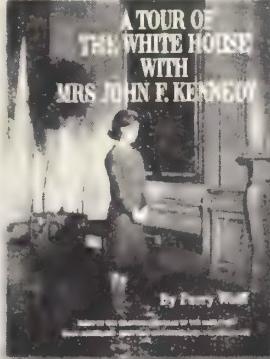
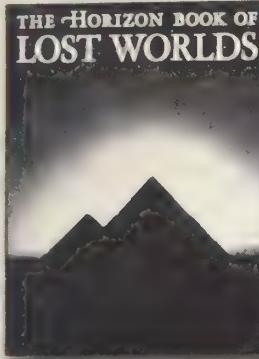
As to the clarity of his thought—M. Huyghe has not decided whether abstract art "reveals the treasures of the inner life" or "deliberately, pointlessly sacrifices a major part of its power, perhaps even its duty." On page 22, "it is the most self-absorbed, the most solitary man who is capable of performing the most disinterested, purest act of communion." On page 24, "modern art must not be confined within the limitations of artists playing private games of self-gratification." Of course there need be no contradiction; one set of statements applies well enough to good art, the other to bad. The problem then, beyond which nothing else matters much, is to decide which is which. But here the author desists, not even noticing the contradiction. His shifts depend on whether the posture called for is inspired-poetical or political.

The devil of it is that this is a book which even ten years ago, before the great glut, we might have called beautiful. Here and there, between wind and weather, comes a readable bit; the cover girl (by Vermeer) could not be lovelier, and the plentiful pictures are often fresh, unfamiliar, exciting. Yet even in production the book is vitiated by negligence. Much of the English is not English enough; etchings should not be mis-called engravings (pages 133, 317, 323); there is no easel in Rubens' drawing room, caption 193

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notwithstanding; and the nymph asleep in plate VI is not Ariadne—but may be a proofreader.

Germain Bazin: The Loom of Art, an Interpretative History. From the Lascaux Cave Paintings to Abstract Expressionism. Translated by Jonathan Griffin (Simon & Schuster, 1962, \$30).

A stout folio; scaled for its 433 excellent illustrations, assembled in ten chronological groups. Intercalated are ten "prefaces," printed on cardboard to fatten the book for the Yule slaughter. The translation is fine.

M. Bazin, Chief Curator of the Louvre, tries to disarm the approaching critic by promising not a history or encyclopedia but "a game, a play of images, . . . an exercise of relaxation." And wherever he remembers his promise, his book is tolerable to the point of being pleasant. Like a well-read dinner guest, he can speculate entertainingly on the worship of tools or the meaning of beards ("the Greeks' rationalism found expression in their smooth faces"). And he writes graciously about artists removed from polemics—e.g., on the world of Van Eyck, which "seems seen by the eye of God in the morning of the world. . . ."

Given his relaxed program, it is quite in character for M. Bazin to allow classical Greece only a quarter of the space he allots to Gauguin. Why not; he expatiates where he warms to his subject and shrinks where it leaves him cold. But he forgets himself, wherever, having nothing to say, he has to say something. His sole remark on Velazquez, for instance, reads: "Velazquez alone scattered around his figures the gray ash that cuts them off from the world so that they brood in a closed circle on their human nothingness." This is nonsense, of course, but you can see why it got into the paragraph which had Caravaggio introduce "the new metaphysical value of nothingness into Western art." Confirmation was needed at once, and so Velazquez was booked to look ashen for the length of a sentence. Forgetting his "play of images," the author is being strenuously literary. Hence also the tedious technique of making each simple thought drag a rattling chain of allusions. Thus page 263 makes a pregnant reference to "the solitary of Heiligenstadt," whom the reader is expected to know; but at least one crucial reader didn't, and that's the man who made up the index without putting Beethoven in.

As he becomes more engaged, the author becomes less engaging, his judgment pointlessly arbitrary. Thus, M. Bazin sneers at the art history which presents "the evolution of forms as a succession of strokes of genius" so that "the conjunctive tissue of art is torn to shreds." Would you believe that this is the same author who wrote on page 262: "Some twenty painters spread through the nineteenth century, handed the torch from one to the other; twenty painters of genius

. . . in an age dominated by the tyranny of matter."

Where abstract art appears in, say, Persian prehistory, M. Bazin welcomes it with an archaic smile (page 19): "Abstract art arises from the feeling that the real world cannot be reproduced—which means that the world is a sort of mystery, a hidden truth. . . ." Modern abstraction, on the other hand, is anti-art—except for one complicating proviso: French artists must still needs be good. Therefore Mathieu "introduces what one might call the dimension of speed into painting" (page 295), while of the only Americans mentioned, Pollock "poured color by the bucketful in a frantic dance" and Tobey's "scrawls and dots are almost indistinguishable from the ideograms of the Japanese."

As you keep listening, our playful dinner guest betrays some hysteria: "Coarsened by more than a hundred years of bourgeois stupidity and Socialist barbarism, the modern Sodom displays its obscene ugliness before our eyes with indecent complacency. . . ." Suddenly a whole battery of mean-spirited prejudices goes into action: against socialism and bourgeoisie, the crowd, modern art, writers other than French, all things American, and the cinema—"which seems to have been invented expressly to propagate *Kitsch*."

The closing page speaks of art as modern man's pseudo-religion and of works of art as his idols. And, says M. Bazin: "To show their veneration for the new idols the American art lovers have set a price on them."

ART AND MONEY

Germain Seligman: Merchants of Art: 1880-1960. Eighty Years of Professional Collecting (Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1961, \$10).

A pleasantly inconsequential book about the great House of Seligman and the art market during the famous years when everybody was rich.*

Apart from the pleasures of trading in art, the pervasive theme of the book is the author's regard for his father, Jacques Seligman, the firm's founder, who, "sure of himself and his conscience, approached the world without fear."

Jacques Seligman not only trained his son, but evidently set the ideal to be admired for the rest of a life. As the author remembers his father's "tall, slim figure," so he recalls Edmond de Rothschild and the "long, tapering fingers . . . of this tall slender man." And so on down to "that tall slender man" Emil Buehrle, the Swiss munitions tycoon, who had the "ambition to build a collection worthy of the name he had made for himself" (Degas and Cézanne were found sufficiently worthy) and whose "long sensitive fingers were perhaps a clue to his love of art and the beautiful."

* But—"not all the clients who came were Rothschilds and Morgans," it says on page 34.

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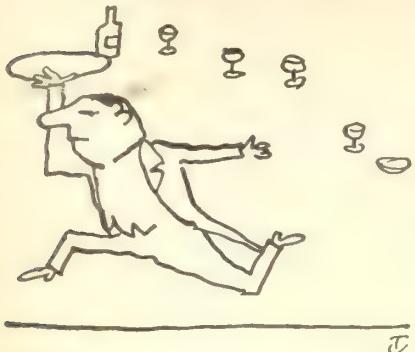
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By Helen Fuller

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Japan is a great country to visit—especially for men.

By Maya Pines

THE NEW BOOKS

YOU have to be at least sixty to think of art and the beautiful in one breath. We young ones have had too much exposure to screaming little ads like this one from the *New York Times* (September 15, 1962): "21 Artists to TRIPLE in price. . . . You can lose immense profits by failing to keep informed on the monetary values of art, present and future. . . ." The same cry goes up from the dust jacket of my next book: "You can make a fortune collecting art! . . . By using this unique guide, you will know how to meet competitive bids intelligently. . . . Start building your fortune today. . . ." The book being touted is:

Richard H. Rush: Art as an Investment. How to buy and sell works of art for profit and pleasure—an analysis of the art market and collector's guide (Prentice-Hall, 1961, 400 pp., \$10).

Actually though, Richard H. Rush is no phony. He knows you can't build even a half-million-dollar collection without knowing about art; so he tells you. He explains about the twelve major schools of art, from "Old Master Italian" to "Expressionist." It goes like this half the time: "During the nineteenth century in England a fairly large group of artists painted in a peculiarly British manner and can roughly be grouped into a nineteenth century British category." And like this when he's giving hot tips: "Possibly there is no landscapist any better recognized at the present time for quality paintings than Hobbema."

Yet the book is by no means all bad. It contains two quality anecdotes and some good-to-know facts (did you know that portraits of men in colorful uniforms bring better prices than men in plum jackets?); and the author's advice is usually sensible except, I think, when, "looking into the future," he lists Renoir and Utrillo among the twelve artists to sink conservative money into. There are price histories and comparative graphs throughout, for Mr. Rush has a good head for research.* I enjoyed plotting the catastrophic price loss of Landseer, Burne-Jones, Cox, etc.—

* This I assume, for I did not check his figures. But numbers that stand for money are usually double-checked; it's not as if they were dates.

and better still, Mr. Rush's cautious conclusion: "If a collector prefers to school to others, an exemplary collection can be made on a limited budget and there is no reason to believe that the value will not increase somewhere over the years."

THE best of the year's publications in the field of art-money was an elegant, unsigned, free-of-charge pamphlet, printed by Prentice-Hall (1961) for French & Company, and entitled **Taxes and Art**. Its purpose was "to give you a better perspective of the savings available through charitable giving." Some of the recommendations made by the anonymous pamphleteer may now be obsolete, but he wrote such a frank truth that his words will always retain some social and theological interest. "The lesson to be learned," he wrote, "is obvious. . . . If you give more than you can deduct, the excess is lost forever."

ART AND RELIGION

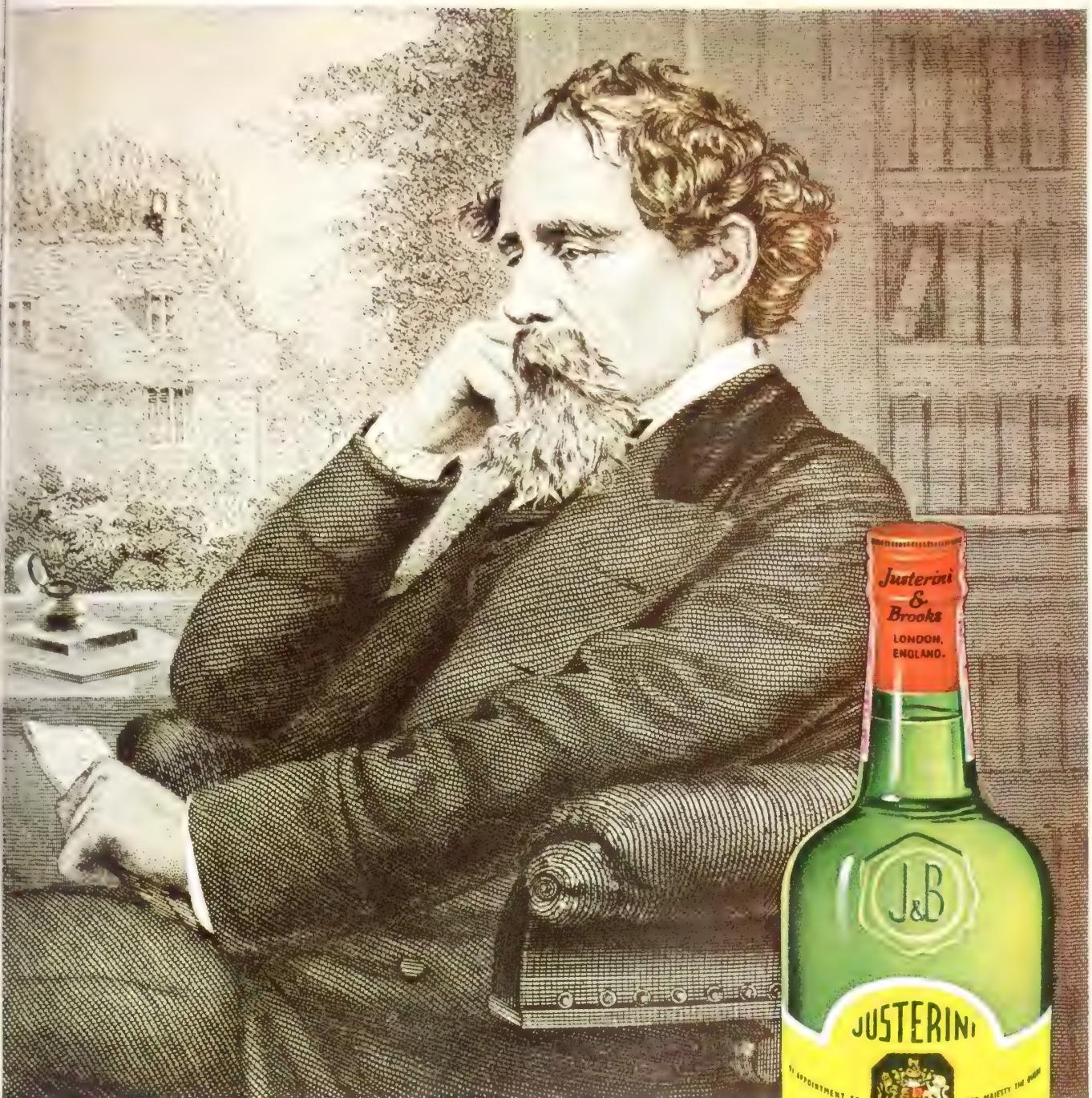
Ruskin says somewhere—and says it in sorrow—that he had never known a man truly religious who had any feeling for art.

In My Disc of Gold. Itinerary to Christ of William Congdon. With Presentations by Jacques Maritain, Father M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., and Thomas Merton (Reynal, n.d., \$10).

A folio nobly produced in Italy, presenting the work of a well-known American painter, whose personality, faith, and art, since his conversion in 1959, have won the enthusiastic endorsement of leading Catholic intellectuals. Congdon's own eloquent text is a spiritual autobiography in the manner of a reformed sinner making public confession.

His rebirth in Christ is believed to have regenerated his painting; Maritain writes of it to touch the heart, Merton to win the mind. For Merton the recent paintings have "an air of theophany that imposes silence." Congdon himself speaks of his new paintings in words that could silence a critic, lest in rejecting them he reject Christ: "To the degree that I will insert my life in Christ, He will operate through me, and my painting will contribute to a new and true Christian art."

One does not question the sincerity



"May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!"

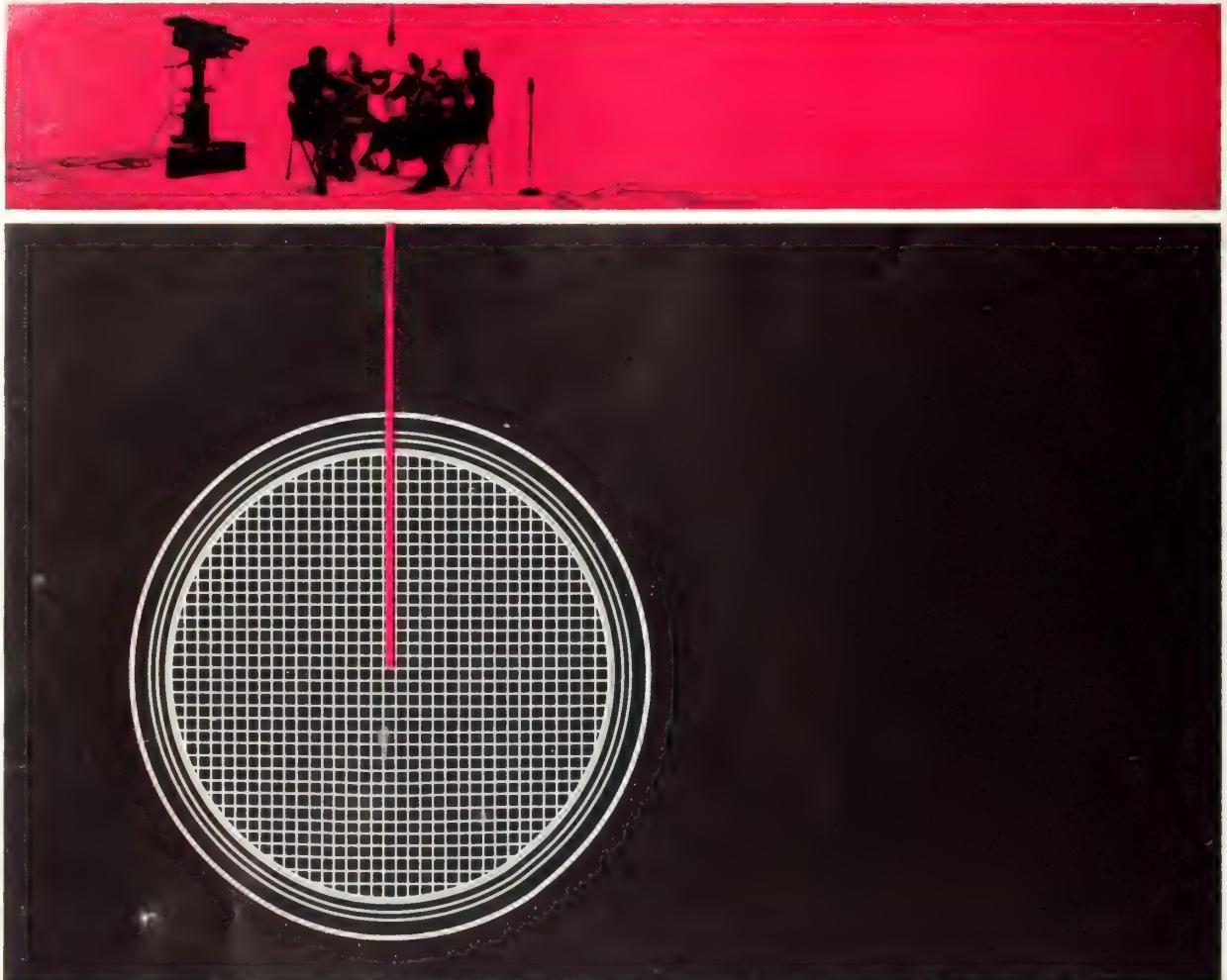
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THE NEW BOOKS

Congdon's dedication, whether at prayer or work. But his work has always been that of a gifted designer, imbued with an irrepressible sense of humor. He must always have known his, and fought it down as long as he could—most successfully in the pictures of some ten years ago. Now, in his spiritual release, he has ceased to combat the cartoon facility that flows in his hands. His new "sacred" paintings display an unholy superficiality that appalls one like a piercing blasphemy. The enthusiasm of the famous captains of faith who act as ushers to this strange book confirms Ruskin's reflection.

William S. Rubin: *Modern Sacred Art and the Church of Assy* (Columbia University Press, 1961, \$8.75).

At last a really absorbing and significant book. It consists of two parts, of which the first forms the background. The author surveys the decadence of Church art in recent centuries and the valiant efforts of the liberal French Dominicans to give twentieth-century Catholics something better than *Bondieuserie*. Their hopes centered on the small Church of Assy, consecrated in 1950, on which seventeen modern artists contributed commissioned work—among them Bonnard, Chagall, Léger, Lurçat, Matisse, Picasso, Richier, and Rouault. There follows a scrupulously documented account of the ugly polemics around the Assy experiment (including charges of Protestant or Communist or Masonic or Jewish subversion), culminating in the Vatican's condemnation of modernism as part of the general repression of the New Gallicanism.

The author's sympathies are clearly with modern art, yet his estimate of the art involved—studied step by step in Part 2—is never uncritical. He is also a historian and scholar, but with the capacity to observe his own time impartially.

"No one," he writes, "can deny the final authority of the Papacy in determining what is acceptable to the Church. Consequently, the technical question of whether the Church of Assy and other modern experiments . . . constitute legitimate sacred art must be answered by the institution itself. That answer is negative." His conclusion is sorrowful: "Far from being the beginning of a Renaissance

of sacred art, the Church of Assy now seems destined to go down in history as an anomaly."

ART AND SCHOLARSHIP

Harold E. Wethey: *El Greco and his School* (Princeton University Press, 2 vols., 1962, \$40).

This is what one calls a monumental work, and I can do little more here than record gratitude, despite the book's several imperfections. Mr. Wethey begins at once by presenting El Greco as he is (or ought to be) known from contemporary sources and records: a humanist, a lifelong bibliophile: "The major portion of El Greco's library suggests an essentially scholarly mind." The familiar story of the mystical Cretan keeping his windows curtained by day so as not to disturb his inner light—a story allegedly told by a friend in a letter supposedly preserved in the Split Municipal Library—this whole tale turns out to have been fabricated in Munich in 1923. It is, come to think of it, rather German Expressionist.

Much of the value of this book lies in the attention paid to El Greco's penumbra. Biography and stylistic chronology are followed by comments on El Greco's workshop and on Jorge Manuel Theotocopouli, the painter's son whose pictures are usually fathered on El Greco himself. The 400-odd excellent black-and-white illustrations include El Greco's architecture and sculpture, and a fair allotment of comparative material.

Volume II is devoted entirely to the Catalogue Raisonné, and this is, of course, where the author has sunk most of his labor as detective and connoisseur. Here, in the dry two-column listings, scores of modern forgeries (still "manufactured daily in Madrid and Barcelona") are exposed. Thus: "No. X-28 Annunciation. Oil on canvas. . . . By the Master of the Scaling Pigment (ca. 1920-1930)."

But I hope, for El Greco's sake, that there are even now a few forgeries left to be pared away. For instance, Fig. 25, a *Fable* now in Brazil; I bet my review copy of this handsome book that it's "dubious."

Jean Sutherland Boggs: *Portraits by Degas* (University of California Press, 1962, \$15).

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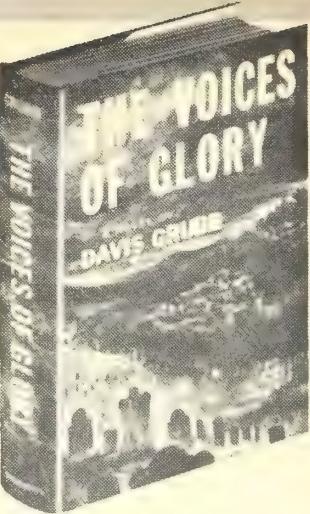
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the art of a painter so great and so well-beloved could remain hitherto without special study. But so much the better. Miss Boggs's devoted, sensitive, painstaking book about most of Degas' portraits comes now like a revelation. Degas himself and his models—all of them members of his own circle—return, each with his private bitterness. One follows their destinies in a mood of ritual tension for the outcome is always known: they end up as paintings—like the heroines of Ovid's "Metamorphoses" who end up as constellations.

THAT the humanism of Degas' portraits has only now found its interpreter is, I think, part of a general movement to restore ideal or intellectual content to nineteenth-century art. Outstanding in this direction is:

Werner Hofmann: **The Earthly Paradise; Art in the Nineteenth Century** (George Braziller, 1961, \$25).

Hofmann spurns the legend that immediate reality was in any sense the theme of Impressionist art. "What Renoir and his friends were painting was the world of a dream."

Unfortunately, the size of the book, the forbidding breadth of its printed page, and the high quality of its plates disguise it as a coffee-table affair. The surprise is that it is worth reading as a thoughtful and stimulating reinterpretation of familiar French art and its less familiar European context.

ART AND MR. CANADAY

John Ives Sewall: **A History of Western Art. With a Chapter on Twentieth Century Art** by John Canaday (revised from the original 1953 edition; Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1961, \$15).

A textbook of a thousand pages—Grandma's aesthetics and a schoolmaster's finger wagging at art. Thus: The sculptor of the Winged Victory "was indulging in outright theatricals. No one can quarrel with the effect when it is so fine as we see it here, but hell beckons for the artist who makes a business of providing thrills."*

* Which means: "I'll let you get away with it this time, but don't let it happen again!"

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What has he (or she, of course) borrowed recently from you? If it was the kind of first or second novel that lingers on in Critics' Choice long past its debut, consider A FAMILY'S AFFAIRS, by Ellen Douglas, winner of the Houghton Mifflin-Esquire Literary Fellowship Award, 1961, for A FAMILY'S AFFAIRS; or Charles Bell, author of THE MARRIED LAND, hailed by The New York Times as "a worthy successor to a great literary tradition"; or Margaret Abrams' THE UNCLE; Lester Goran's MARIA LIGHT; Robert Newman's THE ENCHANTER; Francis Pollini's NIGHT; or Clancy Sigal's GOING AWAY.

Or was it fiction by a literary name? CASSANDRA AT THE WEDDING, by Dorothy Baker; ONE THING I KNOW, by Pati Hill; LIFE AT THE TOP, by John Braine; STORMS OF OUR JOURNEY, by David Walker; RAYMOND CHANDLER SPEAKING, edited by Dorothy Gardiner and Kathrine Sorley Walker.

The nonfiction choice is the most challenging, for all sorts of mutual compliments are implied. Choose from ELEGANT WITS AND GRAND HORIZONTALS, by Cornelia Otis Skinner, which The Chicago Tribune called "as vivid and colorful as a Lautrec drawing;" ONE BOY'S BOSTON, by Samuel Eliot Morison; MOTHER AND SON, by Isoko and Ichiro Hatano, which Alice Dixon Bond of The Boston Herald found "one of the most unusual and memorable books we have ever read;" or DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE, by Evelyn Ames, welcomed by Virgilia Peterson in The New York Times as . . . "more than a tribute to a well-loved past; it is the heart-beat of that past, recaptured." **Or, in our political season**, FACING THE DICTATORS, by Sir Anthony Eden; THE PROFESSOR AND THE PRIME MINISTER, by The Earl of Birkenhead; or THE REVOLT OF THE CONSERVATIVES, by George Wolfskill.

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Or, concerning his Florentine Madonnas: "Raphael made a questionable appeal when he decided to surmount an opulent Leonardesque anatomy with the face of a simple, childish girl. . . . The character of Mary is hardly a fit subject for light and sentimental treatment. . . ." Or: "Rubens' serious fault was the fault of his northern heritage which impelled him, to the very end of his career, toward a myriad detail."

I think the Professor cares little for art. And this would explain his reluctance to look at it, for he passes actual art works in a cloud of unseeing. Making some point about Hellenistic religious *malaise*: the Pergamon Altar, says he, "visualizes its major gods as involved in mortal combat and having a very bad time of it"; but one slow look would have shown that the gods are winning hands down. The ground plan of Borromini's S. Carlo, he says, "comprises curves both concave and convex"; but one good look would have shown that the alternation is of concave and straight. After describing Bernini's *Ecstasy of St. Theresa*, he comes to the flanking reliefs of the donors who sit, he says, in "niches unmistakably like boxes at the opera" and "in poses too casual by half—watching the show." Another look would have shown that what they occupy are imagined church aisles, that not one is casually posed, and that of the eight donors the eldest alone watches the saint.

I will not challenge the hundreds of errors that disfigure this book. Worse than mistakes is the attitude which distorts what an artist has made in order to support some prefabricated rebuke.

One word crops up with silly obsessiveness. Listen: Wherever (as in Hellenistic times) "art tends to be realistic, there is big business in the portrait trade." Raphael's fame spread wide because his engraver "did a big business all over Europe." Though portraiture can never "lead toward the full greatness of art," "portraits formed a constant part of Titian's business." Rembrandt, in 1631, "set himself up in business," and "Murillo made it part of his business to depict miracles."

Teaching art has long been the author's business, and perhaps some of his practice has rubbed off on his

notions, for if this book is, as suspect, compiled from his lecture notes, then he has been teaching the subject without love or understanding.

Does it surprise anyone that the author spurns modern art? Having delivered nearly 900 pages, he turns his own century over to a critic best known for invective. Indeed, the most successful feature of this whole book is the perfect match of its two authors. For a careful reading of Mr. Canaday's contribution to this textbook, as well as a rereading of some of his *New York Times* articles and of his recent collection of them in *Embattled Critic* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1962, \$4.50) convinces me that he too owes his success with his readers largely to (a) his dislike of art; (b) his reluctance to look at it; (c) his cunning in explaining the unintelligible in modern art as the simple effect of cupidity—it's good business.

Proof that Mr. Canaday dislikes art is that whenever his writing has a personal tang, it's an outpouring of anger and ridicule. And whenever he wants something positive to say about art, out comes a cliché so flat that his keen journalist's sense rouses him to denounce something at once. His style drops to textbook banality when he tries to explain why, for instance, sculptures made of junk parts may have positive value: "It is possible," he writes, "to regard them as pure shapes with their special colors and textures, and to combine them in an arrangement that has its own character aesthetically." He writes more amusingly about, say, "the crew-cut or mop-haired néo-dada yearlings who now capitalize on dada's innovations."

Proof of Mr. Canaday's reluctance to look at actual pictures is his unfailing practice of seizing upon the nearest familiar art-political issue, ignoring the works themselves. He bestowed high praise on the Chrysler collection at Provincetown for displaying "atypical" works (*New York Times*, June 17, 1962), without noticing what kind of pictures they were—a kind soon to be indicted as scandalous forgeries by the Art Dealers Association of America; Mr. Canaday himself recanting after being tipped off. Similarly in a brief piece on Velazquez he reproduced a



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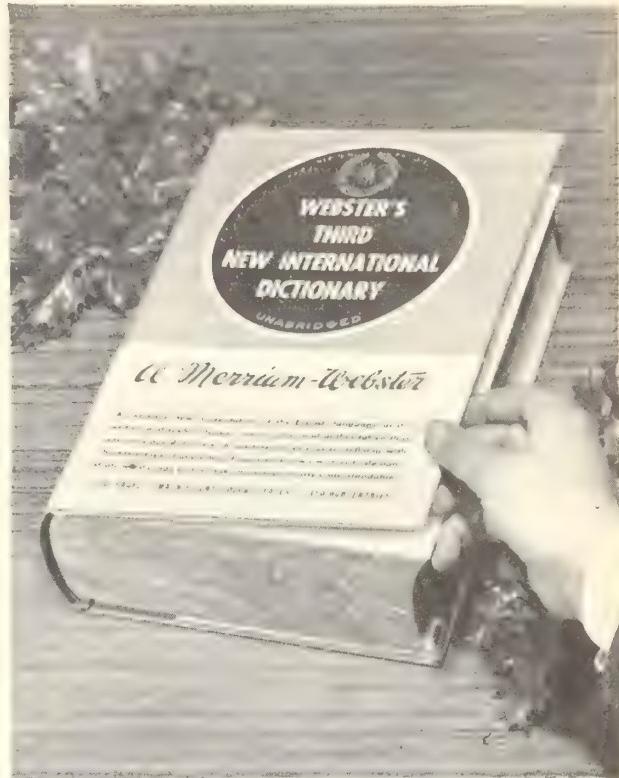
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harsh copy for a famous original and would not look long enough to notice that the object being surrendered at Breda is not a sword but a key. And when he has praise for an artist, for instance, the painter James Kearns, he rejoices because Mr. Kearns is painting the figure, even though he concedes that Mr. Kearns is not painting it well. His eye is simply not held long enough by a picture to pluck from it more than the gross classification he already had in mind when he approached. No wonder he finds so much art unintelligible.

He makes up for it by claiming to understand artists' motives. In his essay "Magic and Caprice," he writes (referring to a unique piece by Rauschenberg): "At least one stuffed goat has been offered for aesthetic appraisal—and for sale, a far from incidental consideration." And though he prides himself on knowing no artists, he knows that for most of them a choice of style is determined by considerations of "quickest profit." What a relief to learn that it's no more than that! Only the old profit motive, after all, and that, thank God! is something we know all about. In fact, some of us could teach these artists a thing or two.

In his contribution to Professor Sewall's textbook, Mr. Canaday has a chance at last to show how he views twentieth-century art whole. And I find his treatment of it a case of pathetic intellectual sloth. Here is his summary of Cézanne (page 880): "Basically, his innovation consisted of two parts"—the first of which is: "the concept that natural form serves the painter best not as something that should be imitated or idealized, but as something that may be warped, bent, flattened, distorted in any way the artist pleases for the purpose of creating a pictorial structure." Ten pages later, where Cézanne is used to belittle the Cubists, we hear that "Cézanne remained always an artist who was intent upon interpreting nature, while the Cubists were most intent upon developing theories for their own sake."

It is not really interesting to document Mr. Canaday's predicament, his bumbling misunderstanding of Cubism and consequent irritability confronted with Abstract art. For America's cultural history, however, it is a fact of some interest that the

most popular art critic on our leading newspaper is a man who keeps his back turned to art and his gaze fixed on his readers.

BRIEF NOTES

The following four are among the finest picture books of the year:

The Doric Temple. Text by Elisabeth Ayrton. Photographs by Serge Moulini (Clarkson N. Potter, 1961, \$17.50). This book is a masterpiece. A terse, compact theme and a good text. Photography embodies a passionate personal vision and a layout of such proud geometric severity as to make other art books seem fleeting and frivolous. For once also truly imaginative use of the gutter.*

Early Christian Art. Text by Wolfgang Fritz Volbach. Photography by Max Hirmer (Harry N. Abrams, 1961, \$25).

Treasures of the Vatican. Introduction by Dioclecio Redig de Campos and text by Maurizio Calvesi (Skira, \$27.50).

Japanese Painting. Text by Terukazu Akiyama (Skira, \$22.50).

Several important books have reappeared in revised and expanded editions: Margarete Bieber: **The Sculpture of the Hellenistic Age** (Columbia, 1961, \$27); J. C. Stobart: **The Grandeur That Was Rome** (Hawthorn Books, 1961, \$8.50); John Rewald: **The History of Impressionism** (Museum of Modern Art, 1961, \$20). (I recommend the review of it by Daniel Catton Rich in *Arts Magazine* January 1962.)

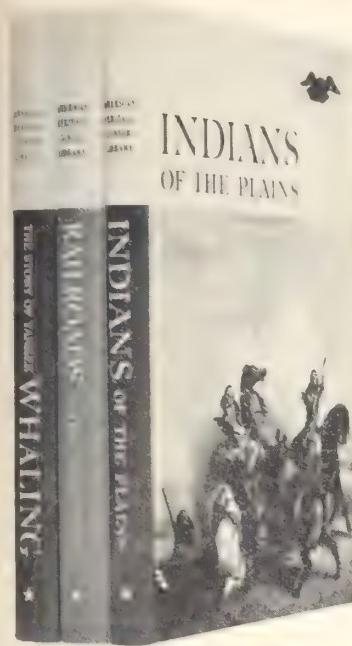
Two small books I found good to read and to look at:

Pierre Courthion: **Romanticism.** "The Taste of Our Time" Series. Translated by Stuart Gilbert (Skira, 1961, \$6.50). A neat essay, centered on Delacroix, written with warmth and eloquence and rendered in faultless English.

Vivyan Holland: **Goya: A Pictorial Biography** (Viking Press, 1962, \$5.95). Though it lacks any special distinction of style or scholarship, this book is so clean-cut and intelligent that I recommend it, especially for a young library.

*Modern art editors tend to lay out their double spreads as if the gutter did not exist, a neglect of real conditions which in any other field of design would be heavily penalized. But the gutter always creases the image or even engulfs part of it—which can lead to astonishing reinterpretations, e.g., of Leonardo's *Last Supper*. In the Leonardo volume of the **Complete Library of World Art** (Hawthorn Books, 1961, \$3.95), the picture is reproduced on a center spread, but since the central figure disappears in the gutter, the commotion at table is about nothing.

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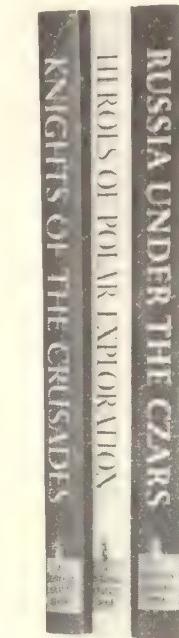
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and brilliance. In HEROES OF POLAR EXPLORATION, he embarks with history's first polar hero, Pytheas the Greek, on his voyage to Iceland in 325 B.C.; then follows the intrepid men, from the Vikings to the scientists of the I.G.Y., who dared the frozen wilderness at the ends of the earth. In KNIGHTS OF THE CRUSADES, he rides into the Battle of Hastings with the Norman horsemen, swords swinging and lances poised; then relives the whole fascinating, feudal age with its brave, bloody struggle to win the Holy Land from the Saracens.

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The year's outstanding paperback reprints include:

Sir Joshua Reynolds: **Discourses on Art**. New introduction by Robert Lavine (Collier Books, 1961, 95 cents). A welcome but poorly glued reprint that falls apart at the touch.

Bernard Berenson: **Rudiments of Connoisseurship** and **The Sense of Quality** (Schocken Books, 1962, \$1.95). Two volumes of early essays which include much of Berenson's best writing. Erwin Panofsky: **Studies in Iconology** (Harper Torchbooks, 1962, \$2.25).

—L. S.

BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

It's a Battlefield, by Graham Greene.

One so often wants to query or praise an author directly on some section of his book. It's a pleasure to have, with this revised version of a novel first published here in 1934, an introduction in which Mr. Greene himself raises the questions, answers them, and also praises and disparages very satisfactorily. The book is packed with ideas—which will be no surprise to his readers. What is justice? Who gets it? What is integrity? But for me there are too many of them and too many scenes for one novel (every character interests him too much) though the excitement of both ideas and narrative carry one to the end without complaint. One finishes thinking only that Mr. Greene has, in later books, learned to simplify, to concentrate, with a resulting intensification of impact. But he discusses this himself and he and I both agree on the best scene in the book—an interview between the wife of a man convicted of the murder of a policeman, and the wife of the dead policeman. It is one of the most beautifully—and even hilariously—underplayed confrontations I have ever read of.

Viking, \$3.95

The Shattered Glass, by Jean Arris.

It is hard to explain why some books are movingly quick (alive) and others though sometimes clever and better written seem remote from life. This is surely one of the "quick" ones. The reader from the first page is inextricably involved in this story of a tragic love affair between a suburban housewife and mother, and an alcoholic architect. One travels with the characters the intense road of hope and despair as the man's problem becomes apparent. They are not bad people or good people; they are simply two well-meaning members of the human race (called throughout the book "the man" and "the woman"), trying, like anybody, to do their best and find some happiness along the way. They and their problems are *alive*. (I have discovered since writing this note that Miss Arris' first novel which I have not read was called *The Quick Years*. I wonder, of course, in which sense she uses the word.) Knopf, \$4.95

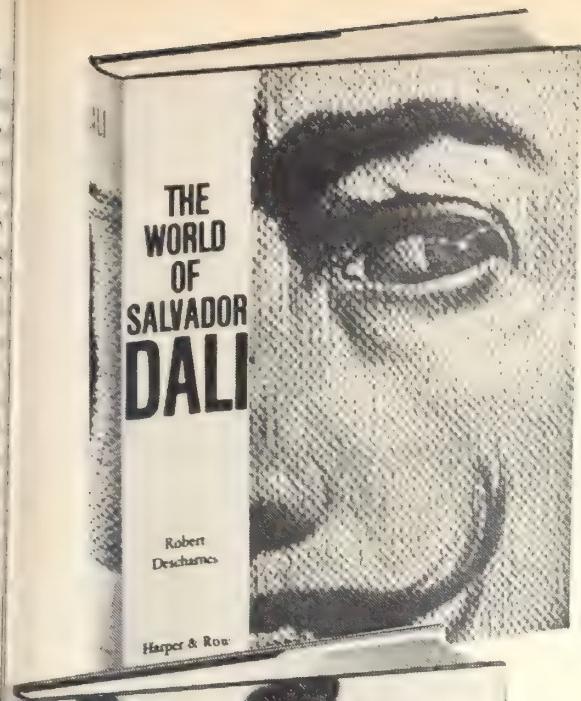
The Golden Spur, by Dawn Powell.

A young man from the Middle West comes East having learned from his dead mother's journal that the secret of his paternity might perhaps be discovered at the still existing Greenwich Village bar—then speakeasy—where she had spent much of her youth in the 1920s. What his search does to the lives of several middle-aged gentlemen as well as to himself makes an amusing comedy of manners and has a lot to say about life and sex in the Village in both 'twenties and 'fifties.

Viking, \$3.95

Life at the Top, by John Braine.

The author of *Room at the Top* has lost none of his narrative skill. This continuation of his story of the poor, ambitious Joe Lampton who married the factory owner's daughter in a Yorkshire industrial town, gaining (though losing his true love) all the hoped-for perquisites, is just as lively as but less convincing than the first novel. The boredom of Joe's life ten years later and the sexual interludes which relieve it are very real and the author makes it plain how much alike rich suburban life and its status symbols are in England and here. As in the first book, the reader's sympathy and disgust



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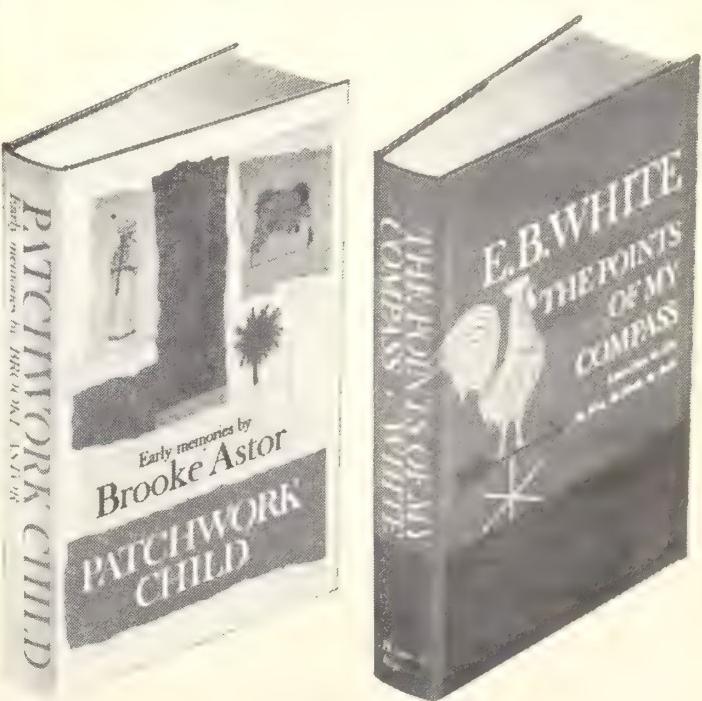
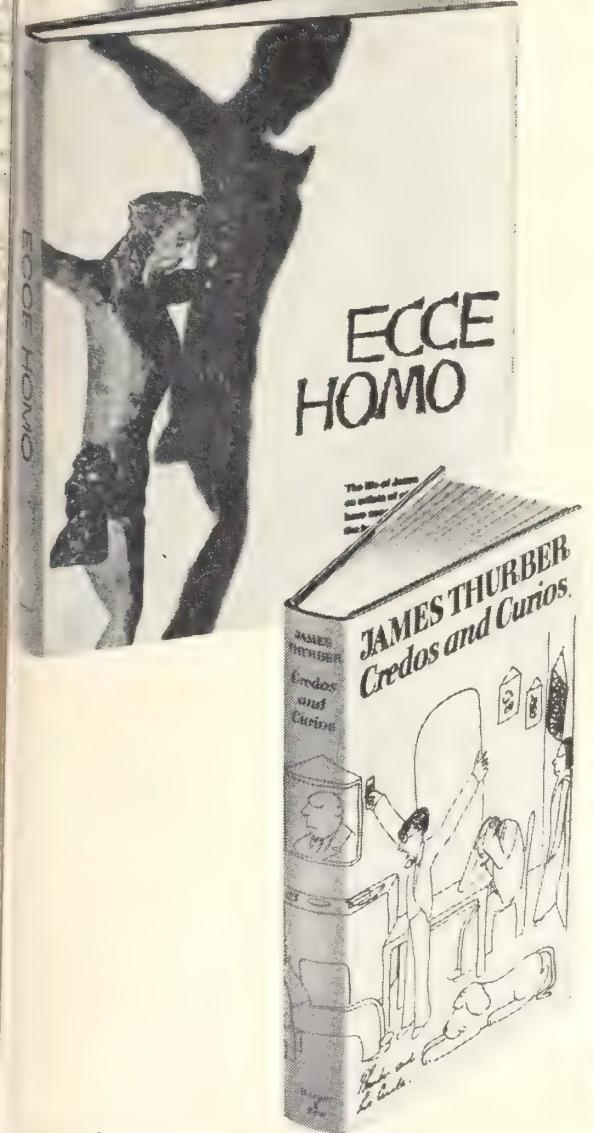
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

with the "hero" fluctuate back and forth as frequently as he loses patience with himself. But though many of the scenes are memorable and the insights often discerning there is too much adultery, both real and imagined, too many volatile and sometimes sentimental emotions, too many right-about-faces to make this as affecting and credible as its predecessor. Houghton Mifflin, \$4.50

Mr. Seidman and the Geisha, by Elick Moll.

That same indomitable, successful, not-quite-retired owner of a small New York garment business of *Seidman and Son* takes his wife to Japan on a holiday. He relates his adventures there in being entertained by business associates, and the result is both very funny and very touching in his vivid Seventh Avenue Jewish recital. In an odd way it has for me overtones of another sentimental journey to the Orient, Donn Byrne's *Messer Marco Polo*.

Simon & Schuster, \$3.75

NON-FICTION

The World of Carmel Snow, by Carmel Snow with Mary Louise Aswell.

To anyone interested in the world of fashion or in the *haute monde* of the last half-century, this life story of the mysterious and powerful and inspired editor of *Harper's Bazaar* will be fascinating. The layout (designed by her own distinguished art director, Alexey Brodovitch) and the photographs in her book live up to her own standard of excellence and would please her, I'm sure, as would the editing of her tape recordings and notes done after her death by Mrs. Aswell, her fiction editor for eleven years. McGraw-Hill, \$6.95

Passionate Paradox: The Life of Marie Stopes, by Keith Briant.

"Brilliant in her way, but trying, very trying." This was H. G. Wells's summation of the eccentric genius who founded the world's first birth-control clinic, crusaded—in both word and deed—for woman's sexual freedom, made major scientific contributions to paleobotany, wrote terrible poetry, and counted among her intimates G. B. Shaw and Lord Alfred Douglas. This crisply written

biography manages to make an improbable character not only believable but on the whole sympathetic.

Norton, \$5

Wolf Willow, by Wallace Stegner.

A great fiction writer turns his storytelling talents and reportorial skill to bringing to life again "the last plains frontier"—the borderland between Montana and Saskatchewan where he grew up and where his family homesteaded from 1914 to 1920.

Viking, \$5.95

CHRISTMAS SPECIALS

Cartoons

Which Way Did He Go? by Ronald Searle.

The English master of the thin straight line and the finer intricate, curly line cheerily lampoons England, Paris, Germany, America, and the human race against some magnificent architectural drawings.

World, \$4.95

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A rich anthology of visual satire by an artist who, as Mr. Lynes says, "makes the ordinary both ridiculous and endearing."

Harper & Row, \$3.95

Drawn and Quartered, by Chas Addams.

A reissue after twenty-four years of the first collection by the master of the macabre.

Simon & Schuster, \$3.95

Hazel Time, by Ted Key.

The first roundup in four years of the activities of that remarkable far-ranging domestic. From the *Saturday Evening Post*. Dutton, \$3.50

Wines

The Story of Wine in California.

Text by M. F. K. Fisher, photographs by Max Yavno. Foreword by Maynard Amerine.

In effective pictures and simple, readable prose this book tells just what the title indicates.

University of California, \$15

The Wines and Vineyards of France, by Louis Jacquelain and René Poulaïn.

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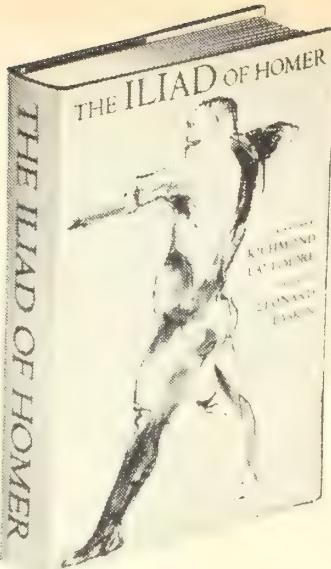
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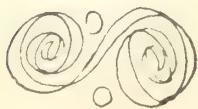
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THREE GREAT OPERAS REVIVED

Handel with a contemporary cool approach . . . "Fidelio" so beautifully sung that its flaws don't count . . . and a "Walküre" where everyone works a little too hard.

George Frederick Handel composed around forty operas, not one of which is a repertory item any more, though occasionally one or another is trotted out for special occasions. Why the neglect? For one thing, the librettos are generally impossible: based on mythology, relatively actionless, full of stilted characters. For another, Handel composed for castrati, and in many of his operas there are one or more castrati roles. These men with women's voices and large lungs obviously had a kind of vocal technique that died with them; a quick look at the scores will show a type of florid coloratura writing in which phrase succeeds phrase without pause for breath. Even the non-castrati roles are difficult enough. Some vocal connoisseurs believe that the golden age of singing was not around the turn of the twentieth century, but in the eighteenth century, the age of the castrato singer.

Then there are stylistic problems. The secret of baroque vocal ornamentation has long been forgotten. It is known that no singer in Handel's day sang the notes as written; but exactly how did they depart from the text? The chances are that a vocal line as sung by a Farinelli would be so decorated that it would be unrecognizable today. (The castrati were vain creatures, spoiled by adulation, and were the butt of contemporary jokes, many of them, not unexpectedly, bawdy jokes. And they could not act; they just stood there and sang. A contemporary critic wrote of the famous Farinelli: "What a pipe! What modulations!"

What ecstasy to the ear! But heavens! What Clumsiness! What Stupidity! What offence to the Eye! . . . If thou art within the environs of St. James's, thou must have observed in the Park with what Ease and Agility a cow, heavy with calf, has rose up at the command of the milkwoman's foot: Thus from the mossy bank sprang up the divine Farinelli.")

And now London Records has released *Alcina*, one of Handel's most beautiful operas (London A 4361, mono; OSA 1361, stereo; both 3 discs), with a brilliant cast consisting of Joan Sutherland, Teresa Berganza, Monica Sinclair, Luigi Alva, Graziella Sciutti, and Ezio Flagello. The London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus are conducted by Richard Bonynge. He is Sutherland's husband (and her quondam teacher, coach, and accompanist).

Bonynge is an authority on baroque ornamentation, and he has introduced some into the opera for Sutherland. She is, after all, about the only living singer who can begin to take technical command of a Handelian vocal line with all its trills, scales, arpeggios, and miscellaneous flourishes. She has the voice for it, the range, the breath control, also the taste and intelligence. All of these attributes are put to good use in *Alcina*. There has been a complaint in some critical circles that Sutherland is far too intent on voice, not intent enough on text and the meaning of the words. It is a complaint not echoed here. Sutherland, true, may be cool in her approach, but that does not mean she lacks feeling and understanding.

The rest of the cast is by no means merely "supporting." Berganza is a strong, supple mezzo; and the high-voiced Sinclair sings with exceptional purity and beauty of tone. Alva and Sciutti are elegant, light-voiced artists; and Flagello is one of the few living bassos who can throw the voice around with a degree

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A Hymn to the Spirit

Two other recently recorded operas merit serious consideration—Beethoven's *Fidelio* and Wagner's *Die Walküre*. Both have been recorded before, but the new versions have something special to be said for them.

Otto Klemperer conducts the new *Fidelio*, and it is the best all-around performance the work has ever received on records. In the cast are Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Gottlob Frick, Walter Berry, and Ingeborg Hallstein. Klemperer leads the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus (Angel 3625, mono; S-3625, stereo; both 3 discs). Many consider *Fidelio* to be one of the greatest operas ever written. Others are bothered by its clumsiness (Beethoven never had the deep insight into the human voice that the great composers of opera have), by a libretto that gives the tenor but one brief scene and only one aria, and by a type of philosophical thinking that is sentimental to the extreme. One can pick all kinds of flaws in *Fidelio*.

And yet, as one listens to it, the flaws somehow disappear, and the bigness of the music comes through. It may be obvious, but it nevertheless is a hymn to the unquenchable human spirit. Substitute your pet hate for Don Pizarro: he can represent—what? Communism, Fascism, Nazism, atheism, segregation, bigotry. What you will, but in any case the forces of evil against the force of good represented by Leonore: slow and patient, ever-hopeful, trusting that right will conquer. In real life that is not necessarily so, but we forget that unpleasant fact while listening to Beethoven's opera.

The curiosity in this cast is the presence of Christa Ludwig in the title role. This is a role supposed to be the property of a dramatic soprano, not a mezzo (though Marianne Brandt sang it at the Metropolitan Opera in the 1880s, and Brandt was a mezzo). Ludwig handles it beautifully. Mezzo or not, her

voice ascends to a good, strong high B (all that is required in this opera) and her interpretation is a model of intelligence and musicianship.

Nor is there a weak singer in the cast. Hallstein, as Marzelline, produces a lovely flow of appealing tone, and Vickers is a powerful resonant Florestan. Frick (as Rocco and Berry (Pizarro) cannot be faulted. The hero of the occasion is Klemperer, whose conception has power and compassion. There is something monolithic about his approach; and yet he works closely with the singers, producing not only an orchestral unity but a fusion of song and orchestra. No previous *Fidelio* on records has come close to matching this.

The Stereo Is Super

And if *Die Walküre* has little competition on records, that is because the new one has had only one competitor in the past. Erich Leinsdorf conducts the London Symphony Orchestra in this first stereo version, with a cast consisting of Birgit Nilsson, Jon Vickers, George London, Gre Brouwenstijn, Rita Gorr, and David Ward (Victor LD 6706, mono; LDS 6706, stereo; both 5 discs).

On the surface of things the current version is spectacular. The stereo is super-stereo, there is a wind machine to make nature noises (not, incidentally, in the score), the singers go about their work lustily. But after hearing it a few times, some irritation begins to set in. For despite all the polish, there is only one really great singer in the cast—Nilsson. London has not the depth or resonance of voice to make him a great Wotan. Vickers pushes too hard. Gorr sometimes is a little unsteady.

Basically, though, there is a feeling that everyone is working too hard—the engineers as well as the orchestra, conductor, and singers. Everything sounds *loud*, even when the volume is down. And so one returns to the old recordings of Melchior, Leider, Traubel, and the others, to remember how *Die Walküre* really should sound when great voices are used. At that, the new complete version is better than the old Furtwängler album which had too many weak voices in it. At least the new one does have the greatest Brünnhilde since Flagstad and Traubel.

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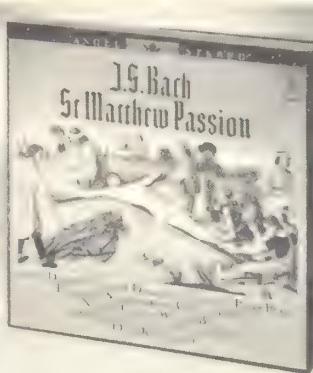
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JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

AMBASSADORS A.I.

There is a fiction according to which jazz is the all-purpose, universal good-will solvent, guaranteed to melt people of every clime and color like Americans, and fall all over themselves in approval of our foreign policy. Like any really dangerous fiction, this one has some germ of truth in it. Jazz knows no honor of national and social boundaries. It carries with it a built-in aroma of forbidden fruit, of defiance of authority, of promise that things need not be always as they are. It is invariably hated and mistrusted by authoritarian regimes. It is a well-known poisoner of youth. It is heap big medicine.

But there are several other senses in which jazz, in this role of handy-dandy substitute for the State Department leaves something to be desired. Set abroad to represent us, for one thing, it offers those who wish to ignore American pre-eminence in classical music and there are such—an opportunity to do so. For another, it comes to foreign aficionados at varying and unpredictable stages of sophistication. Were we being square in sending Benny Goodman to the Russians, when they might already have been advanced enough to prefer Dizzy Gillespie? We will never know.

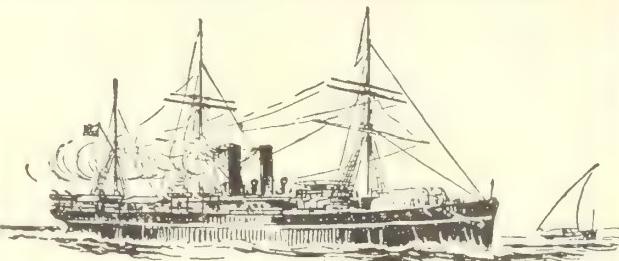
These meditations are brought upon me by a record recently arriving from Columbia, in which Dave Brubeck and his wife have put together a series of songs (the sum of it is in fact the score of a musical comedy) celebrating the power of jazz to improve race relations and end the Cold War, and generally bring on the day of Jubilee. In it they have had the assistance of Louis Armstrong, Carmen McRae, and the trio of Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross. It is a worthy effort, in fact painfully worthy, and that somehow undoes the whole idea.

Jazz has a public face which varies from year to year, made up more than we care to admit of vaudeville hokum and night-club phony glamor. It is the voice of the m. c., the half-wit dee-jay; it is our worst foot forward. It is practically the only way jazz people know of speaking about jazz, and it will make no sense whatever overseas. Where will this music find enemies to save it from its friends?

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